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OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1913—FEBRUARY, 1914

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

SEPTEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Whenever, on the occasion of some anniversary or other, any magazine that has achieved anything really worth while sees fit to print its literary reminiscences, the event is likely to be of considerable importance. Such was decidedly the case with the August number of *McClure's Magazine*, which celebrated that periodical's twentieth birthday. In the first place, we wish to congratulate *McClure's* on the production of a number of unusual variety and brilliance. After that our chief concern is with the pages devoted to the past and especially with the account written by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder of the days when *McClure's* began. When Miss Gilder first knew Mr. S. S. McClure he was a clerk in the publishing department of the Century Company with a small salary and an abundance of ideas. One day he went to Mr. Roswell Smith with the dummy of a projected periodical in which he suggested that it would be a good idea to print stories and short articles and exploitations of the *Century Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, and any books the company might be publishing. His plan was to circulate the little paper through the newspapers, selling it or giving it for Sunday editions. Mr. Smith endorsed the idea as a good one, but said that it was not for the Century Company.

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 1

Very soon after Mr. McClure was laying the foundations of his syndicate.

• • •
He began by buying from Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen, then a popular story writer, a short story, for which he paid him one hundred and fifty dollars. This story he had put in type by a friendly New York newspaper, and he sold enough copies of it for simultaneous publication in other newspapers to make him a handsome profit. In this way the syndicate was established, and the foundation laid for *McClure's Magazine*. In those days there were no magazines selling for less than twenty-five cents a



ROBERT BRIDGES, ENGLAND'S SIXTEENTH POET
LAUREATE



S. S. MC CLURE AT THE DOORWAY OF THE IRISH COTTAGE OF HIS BIRTH

copy. Mr. McClure knew just what he wanted. It was not merely a magazine, but one with a purpose. Yet the early days were days of struggle and anxiety, for money was lacking. Miss Gilder recalls that once the enthusiastic founder came to her with the suggestion that she and her brother take twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of stock in the new venture. After long deliberation the offer was declined. Dr. Henry Drummond, whose book, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, was the "best seller" of that day, showed wiser judgment, and supplied the necessary funds. But here is the gem of Miss Gilder's literary reminiscence. She tells how, one day, in "the anxious year of '93," Mr. McClure came to her office and said: "I am going to tell you the name of a writer who is going to make the biggest literary sensation we have known in years. Get out your pencil," he added, "and write the name down; for it is a strange one, and you might forget it." Then he spelled out the name of Rudyard Kipling, whom he had just discovered and whose writings he had secured

for his syndicate and magazine. "I will give you another name," said Mr. McClure, "and you can write that down too; but it is easier to remember. It is Robert Louis Stevenson, and you will find him a close running mate to Kipling." These, Miss Gilder portentously informs us, were the kind of little surprises he was always springing on them.

• • •

That is a good story. It really seems a shame to spoil it. But, as Mr. Gradgrind said, "facts are facts." If, in the summer of 1893 Stanley had just found Livingstone in the heart of Africa, we can imagine his holding out a pencil to the Doctor with the suggestion that the latter write down the name of Rudyard Kipling. But in the office building in the city of New York which was the home of *McClure's Magazine*, *The Critic*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and the bookstore of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the incident must be regarded in the light of a rhetorical flourish. In 1893 *School Boy Lyrics* was twelve years old, *Echoes* nine years old, *Department Ditties* seven years old, and



JAMES HOPPER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES"

Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, and Wee Willie Winkle five years old. In 1890 Kipling had found himself famous in London. In 1891 his *American Notes* were published in book form to rouse a storm of comment. To the books already enumerated he had added *Life's Handicap, The Light That Failed, Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Naulahka*. Still there was Mr. McClure imparting his tremendous secret and handing Miss Gilder a pencil in order that she might write down the name of Rudyard Kipling. When we recall that Robert Louis Stevenson died in 1894 the imparted information in his case is even more astonishing.

Other discoveries which Miss Gilder generously attributes to Mr. McClure are Stephen Crane, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, and Miss Ida Tarbell, all of which will probably be something of a surprise to Mr. Hawkins and Sir Arthur. The case of Miss Tarbell is somewhat different. She had been sending some articles to McClure's syndicate, and Mr. McClure went over to Paris from London to find her living, up four flights, in the Latin Quarter.

One day there came a knock at her door. "Entrez," she called, supposing it was some one of the French people about the house. To her surprise, there stood a man, out of breath from running up four flights, a man whom she had never seen before. "I am S.



MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Mrs. Frederick, author of "The New Housekeeping," Consulting Household Editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, declares that the women of this country can save a million dollars a day by the application of scientific management to their household affairs.

S. McClure," he said; and, pulling a watch from his pocket, he added: "I have come from London to see you, but I have only fifteen minutes to spare." Miss Tarbell invited him in. He sat down, and they talked steadily for two solid hours! What they talked about was *McClure's Magazine*, which was then only an idea buzzing in Mr. McClure's head. He stayed in Paris for a week, and they discussed the proposed magazine every waking hour of that week. He



COVER TO THE GERMAN TRANSLATION OF HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ'S "HEART BREAK HILL"

wanted Miss Tarbell to go back to America with him and take an editorial position on the proposed magazine. As she had some important work under way, she had to decline the flattering offer; but she had promised to be a contributor, for she was greatly interested in the idea, and had caught the enthusiasm that Mr. McClure so well knew how to create. After her return to this country, she was staying with her family in Titusville, Pennsylvania, when a telegram came from Mr. McClure, whose magazine had just been launched, telling her to come

to New York at once, as he wanted her to write a life of Napoleon.

Besides Miss Gilder's astonishing account of Mr. McClure's discovery of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson in 1893, there is another paragraph in the August issue of *McClure's* which is, to say the least, rather misleading. Under a portrait showing Stevenson with the Hawaiian King Kalakana there is information to the effect that *The Ebb Tide* began to appear serially in *McClure's* in 1894, and that *St. Ives* "started in March, 1897, and ran through nine months, being uncompleted at Stevenson's death." Stevenson died December 3, 1894.

The circle of the readers of the books of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé was a wide one only comparatively. Yet this audience was an exceedingly discriminating one. All of Mr. Vielé's books, *The Inn of the Silver Moon*, *Heart Break Hill*, *The Last of the Knickerbockers* and *Myra of the Pines*, have had many admirers in England and on the Continent. A new German edition of *Heart Break Hill* has just been issued and a reproduction of the cover is herewith reproduced.

Here is a story concerning Mr. William H. Taft and Mr. Alfred Noyes. It was as Professor Taft, of Yale, that our former President first met the English poet at the banquet of the Yale *Daily News* last spring. Just before the assembled company sat down at the table there was a casual introduction, and Professor Taft said: "Noyes, Noyes, let me see, are you Bill Noyes's son of the crew?" As Mr. Noyes had been on his college crew when an undergraduate at Oxford, he was quite aware of the vast disparity in importance between a Varsity oar and a mere poet. Therefore he thoroughly appreciated the compliment.

In a spirit neither of endorsement nor of objection, but because estimates of this kind are always more or less interesting, we print the list of the fifteen best works of fiction published thus far during the present year according to the opinion of William Stanley Braithwaite in the *Boston Transcript*:

The Happy Warrior—A. S. M. Hutchinson.

The Combined Maze—May Sinclair.

Jean Christophe: Journey's End—Romain Rolland.

Comrade Yetta—Albert Edwards.

'Twiixt Land and Sea—Joseph Conrad.

In Accordance With the Evidence—Oliver Onions.

Hagar Revelly—Daniel Carson Goodman.

Widcombe Fair—Eden Phillpotts.

Stella Maris—W. J. Locke.

Wilsam—S. C. Nethersole.

V. V.'s Eyes—Henry Sydnor Harrison.

The Inside of the Cup—Winston Churchill.

The Catfish—Charles Marriott.

The Amateur Gentleman—Jeffery Farnol.

The Ghost Ship and Other Stories—Richard Middleton.

• • •

Mr. Clement Shorter is responsible for the following story about Owen Seaman, who has been the editor of the *London Punch* since 1906.

Contemporaries

When Mr. Seaman issued his *Horace at Cambridge* his publisher sent a canvasser to one of the largest London bookselling firms, who assured the head of this firm that this was a particularly valuable book. The reason he gave for this opinion was that he knew for a fact that Mr. Seaman was at Cambridge with Horace!

• • •

There is a little story involving Mark Twain in connection with Mr. James Branch Cabell's recently published *The Soul of Millicent*.

Some years ago Mr. Cabell wrote a short story for *Harper's* in the vein of mediæval romance, and

for the sake of local colour wrote under its title "translated from the French of Nicolas of Caen"—a purely imaginative personage. When the story was published in book form Mr. Cabell referred, entirely at random, to an untranslated book of the same author, the *Roman de Lusignan*. Mr. Clemens found the first book to his liking, and advised Mr. Cabell to "translate" the *Roman de Lusignan* also, and Mr.



JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Cabell did so in *The Soul of Millicent*. The good inhabitants of Caen, however, were not aware that the story was written around a title invented previously for a non-existent book by a fanciful author. After its appearance in magazine form they started a fund to commemorate Nicolas as one of the town's notables. After ransacking the Bibliothèque Nationale they were unable to find out anything about him and wrote Mr. Cabell for information.



THE BAOBAB VILLA. TARASCON

In the instalment of the "Literary Baedeker" for July a page was devoted to a description of the writer's pilgrimage to Tarascon to follow the footsteps of Tartarin in his own city—Tartarin Chez Lui. By a curious coincidence the issue of *Les Annales* appearing July 6th was a Tartarin issue. There was one article on "The Real Tartarin," written by a certain Charles Le Goffic, which contained a bit of information which we are certain is absolutely new in this country and probably has been known to very few French readers. Alphonse Daudet in his own note-books has recorded that Tartarin in his first serial incarnation was called Barbarin; that a real Barbarin existed, and threatened all kinds of lawsuits unless the name was changed. But Daudet never mentioned the fact that there was an actual original of his illustrious lion hunter. That information M. Le Goffic obtained from Frederic Mistral. According to Mistral, the real Tartarin came from Nîmes. His name was Reynaud (it may be given back to him now that he is dead) and he was Daudet's own cousin. He had travelled among the Turks, he talked of nothing but lion hunts; he talked of them like Tartarin, with his lower lip thrust out with a terrible pout that gave an appearance of foolish ferocity to the brave face of the

little Nîmois fund holder (*rentier*). He recognised his own portrait so readily in the hero that he broke absolutely with Daudet. It was years before the cousins were reconciled. As for the home of Tartarin, the Baobab Villa, Daudet placed it for all times. It was the third house on the left beyond the city gates on the road for Avignon.

• • •

Novelists seem to be going to the stage more than ever for their heroes and heroines these days, and a literary note from the Messrs. F. A. Stokes Company introduces a new writer, Juliet G. Sager, as the author of a book entitled *Anne, Actress*. Like most of the others who have been writing novels with theatrical backgrounds, Miss Sager has herself had theatrical experience, including work in New York successes, in stock companies, vaudeville, and a few adventurous weeks with a repertoire company. But while speaking of these new books we wish to call attention to an old one that has never received one-twentieth of the recognition to which its charm entitled it. That is *Brichanteau*, from the pen of M. Jules Claretie, so long director of the *Comédie Française*. The hero of the story was an old actor who, though reduced to the position of announcer at a track for bicycle races, still cherished all the finer traditions of his

profession. At times he could be persuaded to tell the story of his life, and he had had many adventures. Perhaps the most memorable of them dealt with an episode connected with the siege of Paris. Brichanteau has often played in the *Three Musketeers*, and taking a leaf from the attempted rescue of Charles I, he planned to kidnap the King of Prussia in the midst of his armies, and to hold him captive as ransom for the integrity of French soil. Of course the face of history was against Brichanteau, as it had been against Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. *Brichanteau* was issued in this country about fifteen years ago, and for some reason had little material success. Yet to-day when you find a man or a woman who has read the book at all, you find an enthusiastic admirer. We think that some publisher would find it not unprofitable to bring out the story in a new form.

• • •

The accompanying portrait shows Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Undergraduate Days*, and Mr. George Middleton, author of *Embers, Tradition* and various other plays, in the rôles of Professor Babbit and Lord Mulberry respectively; in the old Daly success, *A Night Off*, as it was presented by the Columbia University Dramatic Society in 1900. Mr. Harrison's part was that of a college professor who had written a play which he was bringing out surreptitiously. The future author of *Queed* was a keen follower of amateur theatricals while an undergraduate, and was considered a very good actor. Also he was a shining light in the literary work at Columbia, being an editor of *Morningside* and *The Spectator*. Mr. Middleton as an undergraduate was stage manager for the dramatic society and after leaving college devoted himself exclusively to the writing of plays. Incidentally he is now making the dramatisation of Vaughan Kester's *The Prodigal Judge*, which is to be produced this autumn. Mr. Middleton and the late Mr.

Kester were close personal friends and after her son's death Mr. Kester's mother gave to the playwright the pipe that the novelist had smoked while writing *The Prodigal Judge*. Mr. Middleton found in it the inspiration for his dramatisation of the story. A short time ago we had occasion to comment that the



JULIA C. SAGER

sales of popular novels were not what they were in former years. But *The Prodigal Judge* seems to be an exception. When, recently, the book went into a cheap edition, the first issue is said to have been one hundred thousand copies. A uniform edition of Mr. Kes-

ter's works, by the way, is to be brought out. The six volumes are to be *The Manager of the B. & A.*, *The Fortunes of the Landrays*, *John o' Jamestown*, *The Prodigal Judge*, *The Just and the Unjust*, and a collection of short stories gathered from magazines.



HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON AS PROFESSOR BABBIT

GEORGE MIDDLETON AS LORD MULBERRY

As a kind of preface for forthcoming books by Stewart Edward White, Mr.

Eugene F. Saxton has prepared a monograph
Notes on S. E. White about that author which
is to be published some

time this autumn. It is an interesting sketch of an interesting personality, the result of a long talk about boyhood days and first efforts at writing just before Mr. White's departure from New York for his second African exploring expedition. The brief outline of the early years is familiar enough. Brought up in Michigan, which was at that time the greatest of lumber States, Stewart White lived for eight or nine years in a small mill town, whence the family moved to Grand Rapids, then a city of some thirty thousand souls. He attended no school until he was sixteen years of age. When he did finally go, far from being behind his fellows, he entered junior class in high school with boys of his own age and was graduated at eighteen, president of his class. He won and still holds the five-mile record of the school. A few years later he was graduated from the University of Michigan.

• • •

As for the eight or ten years which most boys spend within the four walls of a schoolroom. These, in the eyes of Mr. Saxton, were some of the most fruitful of Stewart White's life. Continually in the woods and among the rivermen, in his own town and in the lumber camps, he was alive to every impression. No grown up observation or study could have so made this life his very own. Then, from 1884 to 1888 he was in California.

Readers of *The Adventures of Bobby Orde* will remember that Bobby's first rifle was a Flobert .22 of which the lad became the proud possessor at the age of seven, through the gift of Ad Pierson. Stewart Edward White was the original "Bobby" and the Flobert was his own. His first *real* gun succeeded the Flobert and was a Scot 16 gauge, the first ever brought to the Pacific Coast, and men used to follow the lad into

the fields to see "if that pop-gun would really kill anything!" These days were spent largely in the saddle, with many excursions into the back country, where he saw much of the wild life of the old ranchers.

• • •

From 1888 to '91 ornithology attracted him and every moment that he could spare he spent in the woods. The result was an intimate knowledge of bird life and six or seven hundred skins now preserved in the Kent Scientific Museum. But perhaps the most important outcome of this period was the thirty or forty articles on birds for scientific publications. These were Stewart Edward White's first published writings, and the pleasure of seeing them in print and the confidence their publication gave him, had a very stimulating effect. One of these papers, *The Birds of Mackinac Island*, the Ornithologists' Union brought out in pamphlet form and it is to this that Mr. White smilingly refers as his "first book." While in college, his summer vacations had been spent cruising the Great Lakes in a 28-foot cutter sloop and thus he traversed the waters of the greater part of these backwoods. Upon graduating, he spent six months in a packing-house, acquiring much information and less wealth at the rate of six dollars a week. He then set out for the Black Hills in the height of a gold rush—and came back broke. This was not an unusual experience; but the charge did not lie entirely on the debit side of the account, for it was on the experience gained in this venture that he drew for material in writing *The Claim Jumpers* and *The Westerners*. Doubtless much that is superficially a loss in life is in reality a long-term investment, earning good interest.

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Then followed a winter of special work at Columbia University under Brander Matthews and in some law courses that interested him. It was during this time that Mr. White wrote, as part of his class work, a story entitled *A Man and His Dog* which Professor Matthews urged him to try to sell. It was bought by *Short Stories* for \$15.00 and was his first paid story. Others followed in *Lippincott's* and *The Argonaut*, "but I did not get rich at it," remarked Mr.

White. Thirty-five dollars was high-water mark. With some notion of learning how to become a successful author, Mr. White next secured a position with A. C. McClurg, book-sellers, of Chicago. A better knowledge of human nature and nine dollars a week were about the only net results, however, and after some little writing, which found its way into review columns and magazines, White set out for Hudson Bay. It was about this time that he completed the manuscript of *The Claim Jumpers*, which was brought out by Appleton and had a very favourable reception. *The Westerners*, finished later, was bought by Munsey for serial publication for \$500. The author was paid in five dollar bills and he says that when he had stuffed the money in his pockets he left abruptly for fear some one would change his mind and want all that money back. The publication of this story marked the turn in the tide. Stewart Edward White had arrived.

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The Blazed Trail was written in a lumber camp in the depth of a Northern winter. The only hours Mr. White could spare for writing were in the early morning, so he would begin at four A.M. and write till eight o'clock, then put on his snow shoes and go out for a day's lumbering.

When the manuscript was finished he gave it to Jack Boyd, the foreman, to read. Boyd began it after supper one evening and when White awoke the next morning at four o'clock he found him still at it. As Boyd never even read a newspaper, White regarded this as a triumph and felt that success was assured. In connection with this book Mr. White tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman who came into a bookshop where he happened to be and asked the clerk for a copy of *Blasé Tales*. He thinks she must have been terribly disappointed.

• • •

Conjurer's House was written in New York after Mr. White's return from the Hudson Bay country, and *The Silent Places* during the ruffled grouse season in Michigan. At the time the author was busy training a Llewellyn

setter, and gave to the writing of the latter book what intervals this important occupation afforded him.

He laughingly refers to this book as the best example of "literary atmosphere" that he knows, and thereby hangs a story. His aunt began reading *Silent Places* one summer evening and after an hour or more was observed to get up, quite absorbed and book in hand, draw a shawl about her shoulders and resume her reading. "This," says Mr. White, "is what is known as 'getting an atmosphere'—and a cold one, too!" *The Forest* Mr. White regards as one of the most instructive books he has ever written—that is, for himself. It was the story of a canoe trip and was published serially in the *Outlook*. In the course of the narrative the author innocently mentioned that he had discovered a good, tight tent and would be glad to tell any one really interested where it could be had. In the first year that the book was out he received 1,100 inquiries and they are still coming. "This taught me two things," he remarked: "not to do it again, and that it pays to advertise."

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On the twenty-fifth of this month will be published *The Destroyer*, a tale of international politics and intrigue, by Burton E. Stevenson. This publication date was chosen in deference to Mr. Stevenson's wishes, for it is the second anniversary of the event with which the tale opens, the mysterious destruction of the French battleship *La Liberté*, in the harbour of Toulon. Mr. Stevenson has a superstition about that date for, by the merest chance, it was on the first anniversary that the tale was completed, and this seemed to him a coincidence so singular that he determined to follow it up. In fact, there are a number of singular things about the story, which, aside from the tale itself, are in themselves of considerable interest.

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"I don't believe much in publicity," said Mr. Stevenson, "for usually all any one wants to know about a book he

can find out by reading it, but there are one or two things I should like to say about *The Destroyer*. In the first place, I never intended to write it. I had just finished *The Gloved Hand*, and had arranged to go away and rest, when I woke up one night with the central idea of *The Destroyer* in my head. (I was distinctly conscious of the process of cerebration—the breaking down of brain tissue—which accompanied the idea, whether as cause or effect I am too little of a psychologist to know. But I remember lying there and wondering at the peculiar sensation.) The next morning the idea still had hold of me, but I went ahead with my preparations for departure, for certainly I had no intention of beginning one story within a week of having finished another one. One mystery story a year is about my limit (as a matter of fact, I have written only five in ten years). But my intentions didn't seem to cut any figure in the matter; the idea grew, developed, took on shape, without any conscious effort on my part—in fact, in spite of my effort to stop it. At the end of a week, to my own astonishment and the astonishment and lively disapproval of the whole family, I was at work. I had never before worked so hard or so continuously, but the work didn't exhaust me as I had feared it would. In fact, if any book ever wrote itself, that one did, and I don't feel that I am wholly responsible for it. One night, about six weeks later, I wrote 'The End' at the bottom of the manuscript, turned out the light and went downstairs. 'Well,' I said, 'it's done. We can start for New York whenever you're ready.' My wife looked at me. Then she looked at her desk calendar. 'Let me see,' she said, 'this is the twenty-fifth of September.' And then she looked at me again. 'Why it's the anniversary of the destruction of *La Liberté*!' she cried, and I confess that I, too, felt a little queer, for I had lost all track of dates."

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Whatever pleasant amenities may be exchanged between Mr. John Henry

Mears and his predecessor as the holder of the time record for encircling the earth, M. André Jaeger-Schmidt, of Paris, both of them are deeply in debt to the shade of that phlegmatic Englishman of fiction, Mr. Phileas Fogg, of Saville Row, Burlington Garden, and the Reform Club. For it was Fogg and his creator, Jules Verne, who started the fashion for racing round the globe, and however rapidly new records may come to supplant old ones, that time-honoured title, *Tour of the World in Eighty Days*, will never entirely lose its charm. It required forty-one years to reduce the eighty days of the novel to the somewhat less than thirty-six days of the latest achievement. When we read the account of Charles Dickens's travels in the United States and realise the immense amount of time then required to go from one city to another the progress indicated by Phileas Fogg's itinerary in 1872 seems vastly more impressive than the advance which enabled Mr. Mears to reduce the eighty days of Verne's story to thirty-five days, twenty-one hours and thirty-five minutes.

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As a matter of fact, if we eliminate the long sea journeys from Brindesi to Suez and thence to Bombay, and from Calcutta to Hongkong and Yokohama which were made unnecessary by the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, the disparity is not so great as it appears on the surface. In the schedule planned before Phileas Fogg's departure, thirty-seven days were allotted for those journeys. Mr. Mears in travelling over land from St. Petersburg, was able to sail from Yokohama on the *Empress of Russia* twelve days after his departure from the Russian capital. That alone meant a saving of twenty-five days due to the change of route. In 1872 nine days were required from New York to London. In 1913 this part of the trip consumes a little more than five days. Fogg was expected to travel from the Pacific to the Atlantic, starting from



THE HOUSE OF PHILEAS FOGG IN SAVILLE ROW WHERE PASSEPARTOUT LEFT THE GAS BURNING

San Francisco, in seven days. Mr. Mears, leaving Victoria at 8:30 on the morning of August 2nd, reached his destination in New York city, 4 days, thirteen hours and forty minutes later. The greatest advance, where the race between 1872 and 1913 was on parallel lines, was in the passage of the Pacific. Twenty-two days were required for the journey forty-one years ago whereas the latest record holder was able to accomplish it in something less than nine days.

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Speaking of Phileas Fogg, that personage offers an additional line for the

compiler of the "Literary Baedeker" in London. Twelve years ago Mr. Walter Hale wrote and illustrated a paper for THE BOOKMAN dealing with "Historic Englishmen on the American Stage." One of the drawings showed the house of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in Saville Row. That house happened to be the very one that Jules Verne selected for his hero's residence—the house in which Passepartout forgot to extinguish the light in the hurry of departure, leaving it burning during the entire time of the journey around the world. To quote the language with which the story be-

gins: "In the year 1872 the house No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died, in 1814—was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most singular and noticed members of the Reform Club of London." Saville Row must have undergone the process of renumbering, for in Mr. Hale's article, written in 1901, the number is given as 14.

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Worth reprinting is the graceful and humorous comment of the supplanted champion, M. André Jaeger-Schmidt, in his paper, the *Excelsior*, of Paris.

I must confess that the title of record man for a tour of the world was a certain source of pride to me. It gave me a standing among lots of people whose ideas of geography are vague. My barber often asks me for information about Central Africa. Cab touts replace the usual "Mon Prince" with "Monsieur le Record Man" when offering to look for a cab for me. The conductor of the autobus in which I travel often congratulates me on having escaped from the hands of cannibals during my trip.

Now that I am beaten perhaps my indulgent friends will still leave me the courtesy title just as ex-presidents are always called "Monsieur le President." Then in a few more years people will point to me as the man who went around the world in thirty-nine days and wonder why I took so long about it.

• • •

Although, as we said last month, Henri Rochefort, during the last years of his life, had ceased to be a power, his importance in the eyes of the older generation is indicated by the vast amount of anecdotes about him that has been appearing in French periodicals since his death. In the course of several pages in *Les Annales*, of Paris, devoted to anecdotes of his duels, his escapes, his deportations, his enmities, and his friendships, there is a curious little paragraph explaining his persistent refusal to acquaint himself with any other language than

French. His knowledge of English at the end of his enforced stay in London was no greater than it had been at the beginning. "It is one of my theories," he explained. "I believe that it is disastrous for a writer to speak another language than his mother tongue. Unconsciously he assimilates the foreign turns, phraseology and idiom, and little by little he loses his original and personal



ESCAPE



THE CODE



PICTORIAL GLIMPSES OF ROCHEFORT—DEPORTATION

qualities. He comes to resemble those polyglot journalists who write correctly in all languages and do not write well in any. If I had begun to express myself in English to-day I should think in English and my articles in *L'Intransigeant* would look like translations from the *London Times*."

A number of literary associations are recalled by the publication of *The Art of the Wallace Collection*, which comes from

Sir Richard
Wallace

the press of the L. C.
Page Company, of Bos-

ton. In the first place there has always been the unanswered question: "Who was Monsieur Richard?" No final answer is possible; but two theories have been advanced, both of which lead back to the pages of *Vanity Fair*. One theory makes Richard the natural son of the



SIR RICHARD WALLACE

fourth Marquis of Hertford, himself a son of the third Marquis, the original of George Gaunt, Marquis of Steyne. The other theory credits him with having been a late-born son of the famous "Mie Mie," the Marchioness of Steyne of the novel. It will be recalled that Thackeray alluded to "secret reasons" why the Marchioness was so submissive to her husband. No reader of *Vanity Fair* will be likely to forget the scene in which Steyne bullies his wife and daughter into inviting Mrs. Rawdon Crawley to Gaunt House.

"This house," he broke out with a laugh,

"who is the master of it? and what is it? This Temple of Virtue belongs to me. And if I choose to invite all Newgate here, or all Bedlam, by ———, they shall be welcome."

• • •

Then again when that wonderfully entertaining "fake," *An Englishman in Paris*, appeared in the early nineties, the impression went abroad that the book was the work of Sir Richard Wallace. For considerations of publicity this impression was fostered by the real author, who later turned out to be a Dutch journalist named Vandam. Wallace was one of the very few Englishmen—possibly the only Englishman—who was in a position to have the experiences described in the narrative. Of course if Wallace had written the book it would have implied incredible violations of confidences. But at first people did not see that, nor did they realise how improbable were the coincidences which brought the author just round the corner at the very moment of some momentous happening. Richard Wallace, who had lived so much of his life in Paris, did not desert the city when it was invested by the German army. Instead he devoted nearly two and a half million francs of the wealth that he had recently inherited from the fourth Marquis of Hertford to the equipment of ambulances, the founding of hospitals, and the feeding of the poor. But after the Commune he decided to transfer the Hertford treasures to the old mansion of the family, that is, Hertford House, in Manchester Square, London. The mansion had to be considerably changed and reconstructed and for a time the treasures were loaned to the Bethnel Green Museum.

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An anecdote of which Mr. Shelley speaks as interesting "not only because it is a pertinent illustration of British obstinacy and official obtuseness, but also for the light it throws on the character of Sir Richard Wallace" deals with Wallace's presentation of Teborch's masterpiece, "The Peace Munster," to the National Galler

When the canvas was put up for auction Sir William Boxall, on behalf of the Gallery, bid up to six thousand pounds, the limit of his commission, but the picture went to another purchaser who exceeded Sir William's offer by more than a thousand pounds.

Three years later, an unknown gentleman, not too smartly dressed, was announced at the National Gallery, and Sir William Boxall, after repeated refusals, gave way to the stranger's persistence for a moment's interview. The visitor carried with him a small picture-case, and when he began to open it in order to show the picture within, Boxall peremptorily ordered him to do no such thing—"he was too busy"—"it was against the regulations"—"the thing might be left and he would look at it when he had time" and so forth—or, really, if the stranger would be so persistent, he had better take it away at once and altogether. "But you had better just have a glance—I ask no more," said the stranger, and he unfastened one strap; but as soon as he began to unbuckle the second, Sir William, by this time really annoyed, proceeded to buckle up the first. At last the stranger insisted and threw open the case, and Boxall, struck dumb at the sight of the picture it has been his dream to add to the national collection, raised his eyes to those of his visitor. "My name is Wallace," said the stranger quietly, "Sir Richard Wallace; and I came to offer this picture to the National Gallery." "I nearly fainted," said Boxall to a friend of mine who recounted the story to me as I now tell it; "I had nearly refused 'The Peace of Munster,' one of the wonders of the world!"

...

A new travel book of more than usual interest announced for publication this autumn is A. Henry **Across South America** Savage-Landor's two-volume work, *Across Unknown South America*, in which the veteran explorer tells of his fourteen thousand mile journey through vast unexplored regions of Brazil and unfrequented parts of Peru, Bolivia, Chili and the Argentine. It is now six-

teen years since Mr. Savage-Landor made the journey in Tibet which resulted in the book about which there was so much discussion and acrimonious dispute. Since then he has not been idle, having shared in the Boxer Rebellion in China, penetrated supposedly inaccessible parts of Persia and Afghanistan, and crossed the African continent. His South American journey covered a period of eighteen months. His equipment at the beginning was well chosen; experience having taught him what foods to carry and what instruments and weapons were needed. It was impossible, however, to secure coöperation from the Brazilian Government, although he received a gift of twenty thousand dollars after his task was finished. Of his six companions four were ex-convicts. That in itself was another complication and menace.

...

The department of "Personal Portraits" in this month's issue deals exclusively with men of letters who have received diplomatic appointments under the present administration, Walter H. Page, Henry Van Dyke, and Thomas Nelson Page. A literary man of the last administration was Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark. A word must be said about Meredith Nicholson who is understood to have declined the appointment of Minister to Portugal. Also, at the time of the writing of this paragraph, the name of Brand Whitlock, known not only as a successful author, but also by reason of his activities as Mayor of Toledo, is being mentioned in connection with the Embassy to the French Republic.

...

In our July issue we expressed the opinion that the discussed revival of interest in the books of George Borrow differed from most revivals in the fact that it had a sound basis. In England they seem to be taking it rather seriously, and



RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES, THE SCENE OF BORROW'S EARLY LABOURS

every other column of literary chat in British periodicals opens with an account of the writer's pilgrimage to Norwich. From all accounts there must have been many ardent Borrowians in the ancient city the first Saturday in July. Conspicuous among these pilgrims were Mr. Clement Shorter and Sir William Robertson Nicol. The latter, in writing of the celebration, made much of the point that Borrow, unlike most of the scribes of his day, was never quite appreciated by his contemporaries.

Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Browning, and the rest were at the zenith of their fame when they died. They enjoyed the praises of the most fastidious critic, and, in addition, they had immense popular success. The early books of Bor-

row, and especially the *Bible in Spain*, sold well, but the later and greater masterpieces went off very slowly, and were but grudgingly praised. When Borrow died the *Times*, I am told, devoted six lines to his record, and from a gentleman who visited him in his last years I learned that the close of his life was cheerless and disquieted. It may be said that he himself refused to assign honour to his contemporaries, but that is not quite true. No one wrote more warmly of Dickens's early work than Borrow, who spoke of him as a second Fielding, who chained all such readers as had the capacity to comprehend him. So far as I remember, neither Dickens nor any one of the illustrious band had a good word to say for Borrow. True, he had some to praise him—Lockhart, Whitwell, Elwin, Richard Ford, and others, but there is a cer-



THE VILLAGE OF OULTON



EAST DEREHAM, BORROW'S BIRTHPLACE



MRS. ROMELLY FEDDEN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPARE ROOM," IS AN AMERICAN BY BIRTH, BUT HAS LIVED ABROAD FOR TEN YEARS SINCE HER MARRIAGE TO ROMELLY FEDDEN, THE ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTER. "THE SPARE ROOM," WHICH IS MRS. FEDDEN'S SECOND BOOK, DEALS WITH THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY A YOUNG BRIDAL COUPLE BECAUSE OF THEIR TOO GENEROUS HOSPITALITY

tain flavour of condescension in their references; in fact, three of the worthiest testimonies I can recall were given by women. The first is by Felicia Hemans, who met Borrow in 1830. He behaved to her with grace and courtesy, gallantly handing her from one room to another, and rushing into a sort of gallopade which nearly took her breath away. "I do not know when I have heard such a flow of varying conversation—odd, original, brilliant, animating. . . . It is like having a flood of mind poured out upon you." I remember, but cannot at present trace, some worthy and noble words of Mrs. Browning, and Charlotte Brontë laid an unerring finger on the most magnificent passages of Borrow's first recognised work. In fact, Borrow was one of the great company who now and then come close to the fulfilment of their heart's desire, but never quite reach it.

The announcement of a forthcoming novel to be called *Fatima*, of which Rowland Thomas is the author, recalls the time, some eight or nine years ago when Mr.

Thomas's "Fagin" won the first prize of five thousand dollars from among the thirty thousand manuscripts entered in the short-story contest conducted by *Collier's Weekly*. Though by no means a masterpiece, "Fagin" was unquestionably a very good story, and no impartial reader was inclined to criticise the verdict which awarded the prize to Mr. Thomas. Above all, "Fagin" was a story of promise. It struck a new and original note. Yet so far Mr. Thomas has been a good deal of a disappoint-



MISS GERALDINE BONNER

MISS BONNER'S RECENTLY PUBLISHED "THE BOOK OF EVELYN" IS THE FIRST NOVEL SHE HAS WRITTEN IN THE FIRST PERSON. IN SPEAKING OF IT SHE SAYS: "I FOUND THE STYLE SO EASY A FORM THAT I WOULD LIKE TO GO ON AND DO ANOTHER IN THE SAME WAY. STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE 'I' SEEMS TO BANISH SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS"



ROWLAND THOMAS

ment. He produced a novel entitled *The Little Gods*, in which "Fagin" was incorporated, but that was nothing astonishing. Beyond *The Little Gods* we recall nothing coming from his pen. In view of the whole matter we are in-

clined to look forward to the appearance of *Fatima* with considerable curiosity. If that book proves not to amount to anything it will be reasonable to regard "Fagin" as having been a mere flash in the pan.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

HENRY VAN DYKE

ONE of the sources of Dr. van Dyke's versatility and popularity is his vitality. In the arts vitality is a very considerable element in what we call genius. For genius is not, as some people seem to think, a matter of pure intellect; it is often notably deficient in method and clearness of operation; it can rarely explain itself. There are painters who can define with precision their way of working; but there are many more who have no faculty for rationalising either the principles of their art or their practice of it. They see things clearly, they feel things freshly, and they have the knack of making other people see and feel: that sums up their genius. Now the individual vision, the freshness of feeling, the energy of expression which renew the joy of living in every generation by recalling the first surprise and the early "careless rapture" of the imagination when it discovers the world for itself, have their source in vitality. The brain power of the productive man is not only unusual, but it is highly energised. For this reason writers of original quality are, as a rule, prolific to a degree which imposes on society the task of deciding what shall be carried on the journey which humanity is making and what shall be left behind.

Dr. van Dyke has done many so well that in an age of specialisation some sluggish folk suspect him of possessing a kind of uncanny dexterity; if the law made provision for such cases they would indict him as a monopolist. And now that he is to try his hand at diplomacy they will have a new grievance against him.

But Dr. van Dyke's gift for expression in so many forms is easily explained; he has both brain and vitality.

His energy is insatiable; indoors and out-of-doors he is always at work; for play with him is a preparation for work. There is probably, among living Americans, only one other man as highly energised as he.

This means that he feels acutely both the joy and the pain of living; that Nature is to him a series of fresh impressions to which the response of his imagination is instant. The world does not grow so familiar that it loses distinctness; the colours do not fade; the songs do not lose their haunting music.

Men of Letters have been, in several instances, very successful diplomatists; not because they were good writers, but because they were clear-headed and vigorous men. Their training and profession helped them to represent the country on the higher levels of its thought and achievement. They have represented intellectual and spiritual, as well as political America. It was a great advantage to have in England a man who could write the "Commemoration Ode" and meet men of generous culture in their own fields on terms of equality; it was a still greater advantage that this accomplished ambassador could interpret "Democracy" with such luminous intelligence as to give an occasional address the quality of a classic.

Dr. van Dyke has the prestige of his achievement and the good fortune to bear a name dear to Holland; he has also the mental alertness, the independence of judgment tempered with knowledge of the world, and the force of character, which even in the most friendly country are sometimes suddenly called upon and imperatively needed. He is, above all, a clear-cut American, free from the provincialism which makes some Americans ridiculous when they are only patriotic in a child-like, back-country way. In his lectures deliv-



HENRY VAN DYKE

ered in the Sorbonne and in the French provincial universities three years ago, Dr. van Dyke interpreted the American spirit and described American institutions with that quiet assumption of their fundamental soundness which is far more convincing than the most ardent advocacy. The radical differences between a society inspired by democratic ideas and organised to give those ideas practical effectiveness, and the most open-minded society developed under a different social order, could hardly have been more distinctly stated or more emphatically endorsed; but there was no note of narrow patriotism in them; there was none of the assumption of superiority of the partisan who feels that his principles need the force of appeal behind them.

Dr. van Dyke knows his country in

its history, institutions and conditions as well as its spirit; he knows the West as well as the East, the South as well as the North; he has the national point of view; and, although his appointment comes from a Democratic Administration, his interests and his knowledge will make him the representative of the United States and not of a party or of a section. Moreover, The Hague will like him, which is a matter of no small moment in a diplomatic position. They will enjoy the vivacity of his temperament, the quickness of his mind, his wit and his capacity for good-fellowship. If the Puritans had stayed longer in Holland they might have gained more ease of mood without any loss of ethical vigour. Dr. van Dyke has both qualities.

Hamilton W. Mabie.



WALTER HINES PAGE

II

WALTER HINES PAGE

ONE day about ten years ago the writer was driving down a dusty road in Kansas with an eminent citizen of that State who has done more to put her name on

the map than all her grasshoppers and statesmen combined. Suddenly he turned and said:

"That chief of yours is one of the few big editors who knows that there is some other place in the United States besides New York."

He was referring to Walter H. Page, and in his blunt, Western way he had accurately sized up one of the chief qualities of the new Ambassador to Great Britain. For, from the beginning of his editorial career, which ranges from country newspaper to full-bodied metropolitan magazine, he has believed in the big outlook, beheld always the larger vision. While many other editors coddled literary genius, he was busy interpreting the swift and dramatic march of events.

The way the magazine that he founded, and which has given him his largest editorial opportunity, got his name is characteristic. It happened back in that precarious time when he and his dynamic colleague, Frank N. Doubleday, had just launched the publishing firm which bears their names. It was a settled conviction in those days (subsequent and costly experience has proved to the contrary) that every full-fledged publishing house should have at least one magazine. The new enterprise felt that it ought to be in the periodical procession. Of course Page was to be editor. He had graduated from the *Forum*; had piloted the academic way of the *Atlantic Monthly*—whose placid atmosphere he had rudely disturbed by ordering articles by wire.

A conference was held to determine the character of the new magazine. Rudyard Kipling was in this country, and being a member of the so-called "D. P." family, he "sat in." Doubleday, so the story goes, was for a magazine with a literary flavour.

"No," said Page; "we want a magazine that is live, virile, constructive—that will be the voice of the democracy."

After he had his way, the question of a title came up. Kipling, who had listened attentively, spoke up:

"What you really want is a magazine that deals with the work of the world."

In a flash Page leaped to his feet, pounded the table (for he is very demonstrative), and said:

"There it is—*The World's Work*.

Kipling has given us our title." And thus the infant was christened.

Mr. Page has made his magazine more than a panorama of contemporary achievement. Under his direction it became a far-flung force for the upbuilding of backward sections—an inspiration for the economically and the socially weary. His vision—and this is one of the biggest things in his equipment—has swept the whole world, but especially his own country. He was the first important magazine editor to exploit the new science of agriculture; he saw the romance of grimy industry; he even plucked human interest out of those duldest of subjects—good roads and education. These activities are cited merely to show the versatility of the man who first encouraged Mary Johnston and Ellen Glasgow, to say nothing of that later literary host to whom he has been discoverer, philosopher, friend and guide.

If you asked him the biggest requirement in his kind of magazine making, he would say, "Concrete facts." This is why association with him is a liberal education in getting at the bald and essential thing. He is the Great Condenser of the American magazine profession. Over-expression affects him like a plague. This recalls a very characteristic incident. He was discussing an article with a contributor who was more wordy than effective. The subject had been agreed on; it remained only to speak of space.

"I think I can cover it in twenty thousand words," said the writer.

"That's too long," said Mr. Page.

"But it's impossible to tell it in less," protested the man.

The editor sat silent for a moment. Then with the utmost gravity he remarked:

"It is possible, my friend. Have you ever stopped to realise that the story of the creation of the world—the biggest news item that ever happened—was told in a single paragraph?"

Mr. Page practises what he preaches. His style, while eloquent and graceful, is a marvel of compressed simplicity. His writing models have been the Bible



THOMAS NELSON PAGE

and Lincoln. There is something Lincoln-like, too, in his bearing, his dignity and his presence.

The charm and suavity of his letters are proverbial. That oft-repeated story, first told by O. Henry, that his letters of rejection were so admirable that they could be discounted at the bank, was not outside the facts. He talks as effectively as he writes, and whatever the activity, he is guided by two cardinal rules, the larger sense and the cheerful mood.

Mr. Page is big of bone; almost craggy of face, with a manner that acts like a tonic and a laugh that explodes like a shell. His North Carolina accent still ripples in his voice; he is one of the

few who make you realise that the old age of fine courtesy is not gone.

The world knows Walter Page as successful publisher and editor; as friend of the writing folk; as eloquent speaker and author of serious and helpful books. But it is not familiar, perhaps, with a phase of him that possibly more than any other will make him live among the makers of the nation. Like the distinguished occupant of the White House who sent him abroad, he, too, is a teacher, but, to quote one of his favourite phrases, in the "larger sense."

It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Page is to-day the foremost exponent of the New South, the South of

awakened industrial and intellectual energy; of constructive ideals; of intelligent understanding. With tongue and pen he has laboured for the Reconstruction that is of the hand and of the mind. His office in New York has always been a sort of unofficial capital of that growing part of Dixieland which is wiping out prejudice and unproductive sentiment.

It is violating no confidence to say that Mr. Page is the Nicholas Worth whose *Autobiography*, first partly brought out in the *Atlantic*, was later published as *The Southerner*. Here is the voice of that New South flaming in passionate protest against the old and backward order. It is the thin novelisation of the ideals of our new envoy to the Court of St. James, and likewise the biography of an unheralded fight for progress.

There is no better summing up of the creed of this man than an inscription that he once wrote in his first book, *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths*, for a co-worker. Here he said: "Magazines, books and schools are all machinery to do the same work, and the best of it is that we who turn some of the wheels catch a little of the glory of the great result that a democracy at last works out."

Isaac F. Marcossou.

III

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

WHEN President Wilson announced the name of the new Ambassador to Italy it was natural for waggish Washington to say that since there was to be a literary diplomacy it followed that it must, of necessity, include many Pages! Fortunately, as one of them remarked, since none of them had a "past," there would be no complications when one was mistaken for the other.

As a matter of fact, no sooner had Thomas Nelson Page's appointment been published, than letters intended for him began to pour in on Walter Hines Page in London. This led our new British Ambassador to disclose a secret pact between the writing Pages. The

late editor of *The World's Work* said:

"Many years ago Tom Page and I began to get each other's mail, so we made an agreement that when we opened it by mistake we would promptly forget the contents."

But, seriously, there is much similarity in these two men chosen for high diplomatic service. They are both Southerners, linked with the oldest traditions of the two oldest Southern States. Where Walter Page is an emancipated school teacher, Thomas Nelson Page is, as he jokingly says, a "reformed lawyer."

His early days were full of struggle and hardship. It is told of him that he took to writing in order to earn money to pay his board. One of his first stories was "Marse Chan," and it was written late at night, after the day's lonely vigil in the little law office was over.

Yet had the creator of *In Ole Virginia* clung to Blackstone instead of becoming a creative artist, the loss to Southern literature would have indeed been a serious one. For he has done for Virginia what Hamlin Garland did for the Middle West, Mary E. Wilkins for New England and James Lane Allen for Kentucky. In other words, he helped to annex these States to the United States of Literature. He has been the Boswell of the old-time negro, and his only full brother in print is F. Hopkinson Smith.

Thomas Nelson Page's life has been more or less secluded in the sense that there is no fund of anecdote about him. Like the practical man that he is, he capitalises his material himself and puts it into his books. If you should meet him on the street or in a club, he would scarcely suggest the writing man. Rather does he give the impression of being a prosperous man of affairs who might be head of a great commercial enterprise. There is a kindly twinkle in his eyes—a fine sense of grace and courtesy in his manner. But when he talks you get the lilt of Old Virginia; something of the accent that ripples through his books,

that makes the memory of them something of the memory of an old-time song heard down in the cotton fields.

Unlike his diplomatic colleague of the same name in London, he has not gone in for public service. He has, of course, been interested in various activities in Washington, where he has made his home, but with characteristic modesty

he has gone the aloof tenor of his literary way.

To a post which demands the highest courtesy he will bring the best American traditions of dignity and good manners. It will be interesting to see the translation of Old Virginia into modern Italian Court atmosphere.

Hugh Thompson.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

III—A PLEA FOR A LITERARY SHOW

CAPE NEDDICK, MAINE,
September 1, 19—.

MY DEAR PODMORE:

I wonder if you as General Secretary of the Federated Word-Workers Association of America could get our much beloved Literary Union interested in a scheme which has recently obsessed my mind to the exclusion of pretty nearly everything else? You have possibly observed that in this age of highly specialised effort the old-time Annual Exhibitions of the many Trades, Arts, Sciences and Crafts have been superseded by Shows of one kind and another, each devoted to a demonstration of Man's Progress in certain particular lines of individual endeavour. I remember that as a boy in New York, more years ago than I like to realise, I used to take great delight in an Exhibition of nearly all the Industries at what its promoters called "The American Institute Fair," which was to the world of Trade, Science and Art what the County Fair still is in a faintly echoing sort of a way to the Husbandman. There we used to see all sorts of fine, new, mechanical apparatus; the latest things in woven fabrics; most excellent exhibits in haberdashery, perfumes, carriages, and the like *ad lib.*, running from glass-blowing to telegraphy, from lace-making to the latest wrinkle in tin-

types. It may be that this one-time delightful institution still exists—I do not know—but I do know that if it does yet exist—or persist—its exhibitions no longer attract the same degree of widespread public attention as formerly, having given way to specialised Millinery Shows, Automobile Shows, Dog Shows, Electrical Shows, Food Shows and so on. I am told that in these horseless days there is even a Horse Show, devoted to the demonstration of Man's achievement in Sartorial Glory and Smart Manners, still surviving—but, in any event, it is the fact that they all seem in some way to have become disassociated, their managers preferring to go off on their own hook, as it were, rather than to devote a single month to a glorious manifestation of human progress as a related whole. It is no exaggeration to say that everybody has a Show, even the Painters, with their exhibitions at the National Academy, and at the Water Colour Society. At private galleries we see the work of Secessionists, Recessionists, and Precessionists; the Seceders, the Receders, and the Proceeders, in blocks of five, eight, ten, and twelve, all have their glad hour of publicity, but we Word-Mongers, we Best-and-Worst-Sellers, where do we come in? What kind of a Show have we got, my dear Podmore, to say nothing of the Square

Deal? The answer is obvious—WE HAVEN'T ANY! And perhaps that is why no political platform ever says a word about a PURE ENGLISH LAW; ever so much as offers a plank calling for the protection of American Authors as against the unholy competition of Norwegian Gloomerists, Manx Apostles of Sunshine, Teutonic Prose-Mongers, Gallic Essayists, Celtic Bards, and British Unrealists, who have for years found in the Great Republic the surest source of an ever-increasing Royalty Revenue. Is it because we have not stood together, and by an impressive demonstration of our powers shown ourselves worthy of consideration, that the miner of tungsten ores receives a greater measure of protection from our Government than do we who delve in the mines of thought, to whom even the sop of an adequate copyright law is denied? It may be so—I should not dare say that it is so, nor would I dare say that it isn't—but in any event, a greater solidarity among us would not be lacking in taste, and a well-conducted Show might do good.

I belong to a certain well-beloved Institution in New York yclept a Club—it is The Hyperion—and I have never ceased to rejoice over the privilege it affords me of getting close to an intimacy with the Sons of Parnassus, but even here the literary man is at a discount. The Painters of the Club every month from October to June hold an exhibition of their wares in a gallery specially set apart for their use, but do we word-painters ever have a professional "look-in" on that gallery? It is the sad fact that we do not. Not once in the twenty-odd glorious years that I have revelled in the Hyperion joys has anybody once suggested an exhibition of our masterpieces, sold or unsold. Chromely has for ten successive seasons exhibited a Study in Tomato Ketchup which he calls "Sunset at Ponkapog," until last year, to the relief of everybody, his grandmother came in and bought it, but have I once—EVEN ONCE—had a chance to put any of my rejected manuscripts on

view? Has anybody ever asked Pilkington, Barrowdale, or Quigley-Morris, to make glad those gallery walls with Sonnets, Triolets, Essays, Novels, or other literary bric-a-brac? Not one of us, Podmore, has ever been asked to add to the gaiety of nations or our own prosperity by any such act, until we have been forced to conclude that the only persons under the canopy who cannot get their works on the "line," from the glass-blower to the wash-woman, are the literary folk of the hour.

Wherefore, my suggestion—that at the next meeting of the Federated Word-Workers of America you propose a LITERARY SHOW, to be held at the Madison Square Garden, or in some other fit arena, either next year or the year after—say as soon as it can properly be arranged for. I am sure it would be a glorious success, especially if you went after it in a broad way and upon a large scale. Perhaps it would be well if, in order to convince you the more readily of the value of the idea, and so fortify you in your plea before the Union, I were to set down here a few of my notions as to possible exhibits—they pour in on me in such lush profusion that of course I cannot hope to get them all down in the brief compass of a letter such as this. A few of the salient features of the Show, however, would be:

I. A SECTION DEVOTED TO THE BEST-SELLERS.—This should be informing and educative, and to that end I should arrange to have Jarroway Henderson, Tommy Wimpleton, Bradbury, and Traymore on exhibition for as much of the time as they could conveniently spare; and in order that they may be able to spare more time, what could be better than to have them all at work during the morning, afternoon, and evening sessions of the Exhibition? It would make a mighty edifying spectacle, for instance, if Henderson could be induced to appear nightly dictating his marvellous yarns of high-life to seven or eight stenographers simultaneously, keeping as many stories in the air at

once as ever a juggler kept oranges or billiard balls, while Spurling, his Publisher, stands at his elbow, speeding him up with cries of "faster, faster," in order to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand for his work. Equally interesting would it be to show dear little Wimbleton sitting in a dainty white and gold boudoir, with a canary bird singing on the table before him, writing those blood-curdling tales of Adventure, with their appalling mortality of three sanguinary deaths to a page, for which he has become so justly famous. Then as for Bradbury and Traymore, I would suggest a nightly Marathon Run of twenty-five thousand words, starting promptly at eight o'clock, as a demonstration to the public of the marvellous facility of these remarkably facile leaders of verbosity. It would be mighty exciting to see these Masters in the Thesaurian Arena with their sporting-blood up, racing on from paragraph to paragraph, over lofty periods, through the tangled thickets of subtle thought, past the swampy mazes of suggestive situation, scaling the peaks of punctuation, leaping the chasms of uncertain fact, on to a whirlwind finis, amid the cheers of the populace, the encouraging shouts of their respective publishers, and the clanging bells and whirring wheels of their madly straining type-writers.

This exhibit alone, my dear Podmore, would be worth the price of admission, but it wouldn't be all, for passing on from the Best-Sellers we should come next to

II. THE WORD-PAINTERS AND CHARACTER DELINEATORS.—By these of course I mean those subtle artists of the hour who in a very few words outline so vividly the special figures about whom their stories centre—so vividly, indeed, that none but a particularly dull and soggy reader can fail to visualize clearly the lineaments of hero and heroine the moment the words on the printed page greet the eye. In this Department of the Exhibition we might have a real test of skill, using real people for models, in which test I would suggest as

competitors for the honours of the exhibition such writers as Miriam Winkletop, who for subtlety of feminine interpretation is unsurpassed; William Wintergreen Bodley, whose *Pastels and Passepartouts of Prominent Personages* you have doubtless read with ever-increasing amazement; and possibly Tompkins Hardenbrooke, whose *Ping-Pongs of Parnassians* so cleverly punctured the pretensions of certain illustrious Pensters to Olympian honours when they first appeared in the advertising columns of the *Friday Evening Gazette*, winter before last. Perhaps, as I do, you will recall at the old American Institute Fair a clever little man who used to cut out Silhouettes of passers-by—he was always an attractive feature of that treasured institution—and what he was to it, I would have the WORD PAINTERS and CHARACTER DELINEATORS become to our Literary Show. As visitors come along, let all three of these interpreters embalm them imperishably in WORD SILHOUETTES, as a demonstration of their unique powers, using pen, ink, and words, for the purpose instead of mere black paper and a pair of scissors. A little sign, bearing such a legend as this, perhaps—

WORD PORTRAITS

SILHOUETTES IN SYLLABLES WHILE
YOU WAIT

GET YOUR PING-PONG IN PARAGRAPHS

100-WORD SKETCHES OF YOURSELF
FIVE CENTS A WORD

would attract thousands to this Department, and not only enrich Bodley and Hardenbrooke, and Miss Winkletop, but interest the public as well in a kind of literary activity which the modern demand for the straight and rapidly moving narrative is inexorably pushing to the wall.

III. A third exhibit, as the thing shapes itself to my eye, would be a very small bit of space, railed off so as to prevent intrusion, wherein we shall exhibit a STYLIST, engaged in polishing up his paragraphs. Of course we should

have some difficulty in finding anybody to put on exhibition, the old-time passion for Style having become almost wholly, if not quite, obsolete in these accelerated days. I fancy, however, that somewhere, say among the "Six Worst Sellers," perhaps, we shall find one or two such writers who for the sake of their evanishing art, and in the hope of doing something, if only a little, looking toward a revival of popular interest therein, would be willing to undertake the work for a limited number of nights. Perhaps you will remember an afternoon a number of years ago at the Hyperion, a number of us were discussing this question of Style, and somebody—I think it was Traymore—remarked that he'd heard that Walter Pater frequently spent a whole week polishing up a single paragraph, to which our good friend, and true wit, Roland Therford, retorted that that was nothing, that he had "frequently spent a whole month polishing up a single word!" How we laughed at the witticism—indeed, when did we ever fail to extract what Gilbert's *Mikado* called

"innocent merriment"

from the delicious epigrams that always fall from the smiling lips of that kindest of our satirists, and freshest of our wits! And yet, how equally sure as the wit was the cynicism of that retort! For even then, without our realising it, we were hurrying on into that Decay of Distinction which has become the leading literary mortification of the present hour. Traymore had himself at that time to his credit more than one book that placed him high as a writer of fastidious notions as to what he was willing to put his name to—and look at him now! Poor Traymore! Alas, dear Podmore, if "the evil that men do lives after them, and the good is oft interred with their bones," as Antony had it, how small a grave and how appallingly large a superficial area will be needed to accommodate the literary remains of our poor rich Traymore! Ah well—I did not start in to preach a Memorial Ser-

mon over the dead body of Style, but to place before you the outward and visible lineaments of a Show, and with the one injunction that in decent regard for what has been you do not overlook such a Department as this, let me pass on to number

IV, in which we might restore the jaded spirits of our visitors by an exhibition of THE HUMOURISTS. I can hear you chuckle as you ask if I really think it would restore the jaded spirits of our visitors to contemplate the sad, careworn faces of the Humourists, for these Merry-Makers of ours are indeed a mournful-looking lot; but I still maintain that it would be good to show them if in the showing we could do something to give them a chance. Humour is a precarious thing, and of course there are humourists and humourists, made up of those who have humour and those who have not. My own private judgment is that the greatest of them have passed on. Certainly if Cervantes was a Humourist we have none remaining, and equally sure is it that if Mark Twain was one, the clan is extinct, for nowhere in the whole field of humorous writing do we detect the strong undercurrent of keenly observant philosophy of the one, nor the wonderful historic and social values of the other. What has happened to our Story-Tellers has happened also to our Humourists. The Speeder as the substitute for the Reader has again wrought his fell work, and just as in story-telling the tale alone's the thing, so in humour has that minor quantity of true wit, the joke, become the thing. The story is the end and the means, all at once, and in our merriment we demand the laugh without any regard to the truth or the pertinency of the thought. Still, as the world accounts humour we yet have producers of it—it is a sad fact in art as well as in agriculture that what the world demands it always gets—and it is just possible that if in some way the world and the humourists can be brought face to face, so that they can see and study each other, good will

result. Between you and me I think all that is needed to re-establish the Humourist is a better understanding between himself and his readers. A greater sympathy with human foibles would come to the Jester if he knew more of the world, and a deeper appreciation of the serious thinking of the Joke-Wright would come to the Reader if he knew more of the Humourist's desire to use his gift rather as a Means To An End than as merely an End In Itself. How it would surprise the public for instance if it were to learn from meeting him in the flesh how deep and true a philosopher, how keen a student of life, and how little of a frivolous jester is the creator of Mr. Hooley—the "greatest man the country ever knew." And what a broadening of his intellectual horizon would come to Larremore Squibley if he could meet his public face to face just once, and discover for the first time that a goodly percentage of them have tolerably high foreheads, and have developed spiritually past the point where the slap-stick, slang-whanging, rib-tickers from his satiric bludgeon satisfy their taste for light reading. Yes, Podmore, this Humourist Exhibit would be a fine thing; and if there could be placed in the centre of the booth in a glass case a specimen joke, just as in Mining Shows we invariably find a nugget of pure gold on show, a joke free from cynicism, free from malice, free from irreverence, free from the sneers and jeers that wound, representing true humour, pure, unalloyed, significant of something that is related to life itself,—how helpful and illuminating it would be!

And then of course there are—V—THE POETS, in which Department could be shown our progress in the creation of "Near-Poetry," the mercerised rhymings, the almost-silken lyrics, the feather-bloom inspiration, the Mystic, Near-Mystic, and Never-Would-Be-Mystic writings of our latter-day Magazine bards; the Page-Poets; the Half-Page Sonnetteers; and the Singers of The Fillers, those poor inch-worms on the

slopes of Parnassus, who are chosen rather for their brevity than for their wit—alas, I have not space to go into the details of an exhibit that would do much to bring our Singers and those they sing to into a closer and for both sides more profitable relation than now seems possible.

Then there is, VI, THE SOCIOLOGY OF LETTERS, to be shown in wax-figures, one of which might present the pathetic tableau of a poor, weazened-faced, word-Samson supporting a family of seven sons, two daughters, and a fashionable wife on the nib of his pen; with another showing a Novelist of Exposure, note-book in hand, standing at the area gate of a handsome dwelling, getting local colour as to the doings of high-society from the cook or the housemaid; and a third showing a Poet snap-shotting for the purposes of a lyric of heart-interest the broken figures of a mother and father weeping over a baby suffering from the ricketts—and so on, comprising a sort of Literary Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, alongside of which Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Oleomargerine Potentates Past and Present would sink into insignificance.

It is hardly necessary for me to go more deeply into the detail of this proposed Show, my dear Podmore. Your own intelligence will suggest to you the many other Departments that might be covered to advantage—those of Criticism, Biography, Reminiscence, Magazine Editing, and what not. I feel, however, that I ought perhaps to mention the possibility of a Department of Literary Mechanics, showing the various new devices said to be used these days as substitutes for Editors—as, for instance, The Ventrometer, a watch-like apparatus which, when placed over the stomach of a Joke-Reader, records the vibrations of his laughter; the Electric Fanteditor, used in some quarters, I am told, to assort manuscripts by blowing some off the table and leaving others on, so that the Printer's Devil may gather up one or the other for publication, according to the Publisher's choice; and

so on, and so on, and so on yet again.

Lay this matter before the Federation at its next meeting, my dear Podmore, and acquaint me with the results. If the decision is favourable I will do my share toward making it a success by sending you my unrivalled collection of

printed Rejection Slips—eight or ten thousand in number—as my contribution to the Department of Literary Curios, together with a hundred or more manuscripts of my own for which neither the Editors nor I have any further use.

Cordially yours,
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"AN ocean of books." Such is the description sometimes given of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the greatest library of France and probably of the world. That of the British Museum of London is the only one to approach it in the number of its volumes. In its wealth of historical associations and the value of its treasures, the Paris institution holds an unique place. It is an ocean with this peculiarity, that the tide is always rising and never falls. The yearly wave of increase amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes and MSS., a wave that grows larger and larger. If the three million two hundred thousand volumes of the Bibliothèque Nationale were placed on one shelf, this shelf would stretch from Paris to Fontainebleau, a distance of some thirty-five miles.

With the recent completion of an important addition to the great library and the appointment last April of a new librarian-in-chief, M. Homolle, of whom great things are expected, a new era opens for the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is not an exaggeration to say that in the past the French Government has been more than lax in its care of the vast literary treasures committed to its charge; the collections of books have been moved about in a haphazard way, the catalogues have been absurdly deficient, the public was invited to stay out rather than to come in. For cen-

turies, it must be remembered, the treasures of the library, books, manuscripts, prints and coins, were considered the private property of the kings of France. The guardians appointed by royalty looked upon the collections as personal affairs. It is recorded that when a certain Abbé, keeper of the medals under Louis XV, went to Italy in 1735, he locked up the rooms under his care and took the keys with him. He was away two years, during which time they remained locked. The character of the librarians appointed was sometimes deplorable. Thus when the nephew of the Duc d'Argenson was appointed librarian his uncle, who procured the appointment, said to him laughingly: "You will now have an opportunity of learning to read." Kings were not always friendly to the institution. They sometimes shared the Mahometan prejudice: "If books agree with the Koran, they are superfluous; if they disagree, they ought to be burned." Thus even Francis I, the patron of arts and letters, considered printing somewhat of a curse. In June, 1535, he ordered the suppression of all the printing establishments of the kingdom. To be sure, the absurd mandate was annulled a month later. But only twelve printers of Paris were authorised to issue books, and then only such as were approved or necessary. It was, however, under Francis I that the rule was established by which every

printer was required to deposit in the royal library one copy of every book he issued, thus beginning the wave of books that has gone on rising ever since.

The history of the Bibliothèque Nationale begins under Charlemagne, who had a collection of manuscript books at Aix-la-Chapelle. Most of these have been lost or stolen, but a few remain. Then St. Louis gathered some books in the Sainte Chapelle, the church he built to house the Crown of Thorns he brought back from the Crusades. Charles V seems to have been the first real book collector. He maintained a corps of copyists at the Louvre and gathered books right and left, entrusting them to the care of Gilles Malet, his valet de chambre. At his death the royal library contained nine hundred and ten volumes, of which Malet's inventory or catalogue remains. Fires, thefts and gifts reduced the number to eight hundred and fifty in 1423. The library was kept in various chateaux until 1594, when in the time of Charles IX it was moved to Paris, part to the Collège de Clermont, and part to the Louvre. It was increased by eight hundred volumes from Catherine de Medicis, many of the books bearing her arms remaining to this day. Louis XIV, the great Louis, was the first king of France to take an active and intelligent interest in the library. Colbert, his minister, carried the collection to his house in the Rue Vivienne, to the spot where now stands the magnificent institution of which Paris is proud. At the death of Louis XIV (1715), the number of volumes barely exceeded seventy thousand, so that the present vast collection may be said to have been made since then—just about two centuries.

Until Colbert's time the royal library was open only to friends of the king and his servants. It was only in 1692 that the Abbé de Louvois, chief librarian, decided to open the library twice a week to students—an experiment that does not seem to have worked well, for the privilege was soon withdrawn. It was in 1720 that the Abbé Jean Paul Big-

non threw open the king's library to all accredited savants, French and foreign, who might wish to study there. It was also open to the public once a week, but only for two hours. During the forty years preceding the Revolution it was open to the public twice a week, from nine to two o'clock, and to savants every day. About one hundred persons took advantage daily of this privilege. The number of volumes had increased to three hundred thousand. This notwithstanding constant thefts, of which the most famous was that committed in 1705-7 by an apostate priest, Jean Aymon, who under pretext of obtaining arguments against heresy, stole several thousand rare MSS. and books, which he sold in Holland and elsewhere.

II

Under the Revolution the libraries belonging to monasteries and convents and from the chateaux of the nobles who fled the country and the guillotine, were confiscated by the State, resulting in an enormous increase in the number of books. They were heaped up in piles, in cellars and garrets. Then came the Napoleonic conquests, which resulted in thousands of volumes from all over Europe. The famous soldier had good taste in books, pictures and works of art and a taking way. Most of these treasures were, however, returned after Waterloo to the libraries thus despoiled. The Revolutionists were not of a literary turn of mind; the librarians of the Bibliothèque had a hard time of it. One of them, Carra, was guillotined; another, Chamfort, committed suicide, and a third, Van Praet, one of the most distinguished, escaped from France. Nevertheless, the library grew steadily. In 1793 a law had been passed compelling printers and authors to deposit two copies of every book or engraving published in the national library. In 1807 the library, which had suffered greatly during stormy years from wholesale theft, contained about 250,000 printed

books, 83,000 manuscripts, 85,000 medals and coins and 1,500,000 engravings. During the first half of the eighteenth century these collections grew by leaps and bounds, although they were so loosely guarded that thieves still made rich hauls.

The thefts of Libri are famous. Count Libri (Guglielmo Brutus) was an Italian, born in Florence in 1803. As a young man he showed a vast aptitude for mathematics, attracting the at-

Charges were brought and Libri fled to England. Although Guizot maintained his innocence to the last, it was fairly well proved that the rare books for which Libri received a fortune in London were the result of systematic thefts, amounting in value to enormous sums. He died in Fiesole, near Florence, in 1869.

The Bibliothèque Nationale now occupies the whole block bounded by the Rues Vivienne, des Petits Champs, Rich-



FAÇADE ON THE RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS

tention and friendship of Arago and of Guizot. Thanks to their assistance he was made Inspector of Public Instruction. Part of his duties consisted in visits to the libraries of France. After each of these visits of inspection it was remarked that rare books had disappeared. Suspicion became certainty when at a London sale of books owned by Libri there appeared an Aldine Theocritus of 1495, which had vanished from the library of Carpentras at the time of Libri's "inspection" five years before.

elieu and Colbert. On the Rue des Petits Champs is the palace built in 1633 for Tubeuf, minister of finances. At the corner of the Rue de Richelieu is the pile built for Cardinal Mazarin by Mansart, the architect who, as Mansard, has been made responsible for so many atrocities in our own land. On the other streets are the buildings that once housed the bank of the famous Law, whose bankruptcy in 1720 shook the finances of Europe. For a time the Bourse of Paris found a home here.

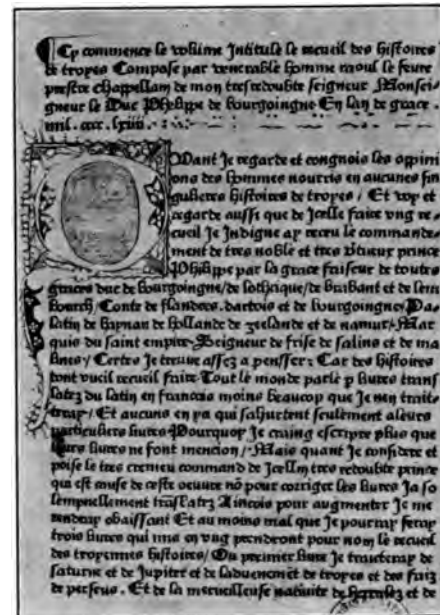


PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF PASCAL'S "PENSÉES"

Thus almost every part of the vast institution is of historical interest. The present reading-room, opened in 1868, remains almost unchanged. It has seats for three hundred and forty-four readers and room for about one hundred more, who can stand up at long desks to consult the twenty thousand volumes of reference on the open shelves around the room. The main reading-room is open only to those holding a card from the director. If a foreigner, it is necessary to obtain from one's ambassador or consul a note of introduction, upon presentation of which a card is given. Without some such restriction the room would be filled with persons having no serious business there. For those who come to read for amusement there is the free reading-room, with no restrictions as to entrance, where forty thousand volumes may be consulted.

To an American visiting the Bibliothèque Nationale for the first time the process of obtaining a book seems rather complicated. If he goes to the main room for the purpose of study, he must

first get his card from the director. The guard at the door, who scrutinises this card, hands him a blank, upon which he must write his name, address and the number of the desk he selects. This blank must be deposited with a clerk at the main desk. Only then is the visitor at liberty to fill out another blank calling for the book he wants. As the printed catalogue of the library is not half-finished after twenty years of work, the chief resource of readers is the card catalogue, in which is supposed to be found a record of every work received since 1872. It is not a card catalogue, such as is to be found in our American libraries, but a collection of small volumes containing slips in alphabetical order. On one side of the main desk are the slip catalogues by subject, on the other side by author. Every slip bears a letter of the alphabet and a number, which must be put upon the demand blank—also the name of the author, title of volume and if possible date of publication. And again the visitor must



PAGE OF THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN FRENCH.
LE FÈVRE'S "HISTORY OF TROY"

write out his name, address, and the number of his desk. The book is brought to that desk by an attendant. When through with a book the reader takes it back to the main desk, where a clerk examines it and stamps *Rendu* on the blank obtained at the door, and this blank must be given up on passing out of the room. Thus it is as difficult to get out of the library as into it.

The writer's experience with the Bibliothèque Nationale, an experience which dates back for many years, has been that everything possible is done to help the reader. The librarians are all trained men, most of them graduates of the Ecole des Chartes, who obtain their places upon merit. Considering the small salaries paid—about half of what is paid in New York or Boston—they show remarkable ability. Some of the writer's data for finding the books needed were quite inadequate and yet most of those called for were brought to me in what Americans would consider "record" time. The French appear to be more careful in the appointment of the assistants than of the heads of the library, posts in the obtaining of which politics may play a part. It has already been noted that one chief librarian was felicitated upon having a chance of learning to read. Upon the other hand, the learned Abbé des Housayee, librarian of the Sorbonne under Louis XV, describes at length the long studies he undertook in order to obtain his place. He notes that the would-be assistant librarians of his time had to be "young men of at least fifty years of age whose character and tastes were a guarantee of their advancement in the arts and sciences."

III

The new director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, J. Théophile Homolle, is an archæologist by profession, born in Paris in 1848. From the Ecole Normale he went to Athens in 1869, and from 1875 to 1887 was director of the researches made in the island of Delos, where he

did valuable work. Returning home in 1888 he became professor of Greek antiquities in the Collège of France, but was sent back to Athens in 1891 as head of the French Academy there. He was recalled to become director of the national museums, and it was his misfortune to bear the brunt of the trouble over the loss of the Mona Lisa. He had to resign in response to popular



J. THÉOPHILE HOMOLLE, THE NEW DIRECTOR. FORCED TO RESIGN AS DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM ON ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE MONA LISA, HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

clamour, but that the Government considers him a man of exceptional value was shown by his appointment as director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, a post for which there is always fierce competition.

The Bibliothèque Nationale comprises four departments—(1) Printed books; (2) Manuscripts; (3) Medals and Coins; (4) Engravings. It is governed by a director (*Administrateur générale*) appointed by the Government, and one assistant for each of the depart-

ments. These assistants must be graduates of the Ecole des Chartes or of the Ecole des Langues Orientales. The sub-librarians must have bachelors' diplomas and face an examination before the chief librarians.

The department of manuscripts is of course the oldest of the four departments, many of its treasures dating back to Charlemagne, notably a precious *Book of Hours* made by the order of that emperor in 781 on purple vellum, with

scripts numbered twelve hundred, a great library for that day, the list of which is preserved in Malet's hand and dated 1373. Only about one-tenth of the manuscripts enumerated now remain in the library. Many of them were sold to the Duke of Bedford in 1425 and taken to England. The terrible Louis XI was the patron of Jean Fouquet of Tours, the artist who made the miniatures for the two splendid volumes of the *Antiquities and Wars of the Jews*



THE MAIN READING-ROOM

gold initials and miniatures of extraordinary interest. Until the Revolution it was the chief treasure of the church of St. Sernin of Toulouse, which city offered it to Napoleon I in 1811. St. Louis gathered in the Sainte Chapelle a large collection of MSS., some of which remain. Charles V not only collected manuscripts, but ordered to be translated into French "*pour le proufit et utilité du royaume et de toute la Chrestienté*" scores of famous works by Greek and Latin authors. His manu-

of Flavius Josephus. These constitute one of the most valuable sources of information known concerning the architecture and costumes of the Middle Ages. They were preserved for centuries in the library. The second volume disappeared about 1600 and was not found until a few years ago, when it turned up in England and was restored to the Bibliothèque Nationale by the late King Edward. In it is the famous picture of the destruction of the walls of Jericho by the blast of trumpets. Ac-

according to the artist, Jericho, at the time of the catastrophe, was full of timbered houses of the thirteenth century. Among the manuscripts are the *Books of Hours* of Louis XI, Anne of Brittany, Henri II and Henri IV, all of value to artists and historians. Under Louis XIV the library acquired two hundred and sixty rare manuscripts presented by Jacques Dupuy, almost all of which remain.

Rouget de Lisle's copy of the "Marseillaise," and manuscripts of Lamartine, Hugo, Renan, Zola, and so forth. At present the collection of manuscripts, numbering about one hundred and fifteen thousand volumes, is the richest in the world.

The history of the catalogues deserves more space than can be given. Malet's inventory under Charles V has been mentioned. In 1622 Nicolas Rigault



THE READING-ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

The invention of printing meant of course the death of the scrivener's art, but until the time of Louis XV the department of manuscripts continued to be enriched by purchase or by gifts from nobles and monasteries. One collection alone, given to Louis XV in 1732, contained nearly eight thousand manuscripts. Besides the vast number of illuminated missals and historical works on vellum, the Bibliothèque Nationale contains priceless modern manuscripts, such as Pascal's original copy of his *Pensées*,

prepared what is preserved as the first catalogue. In 1645 the brothers Dupuy, who added their private library of some nine thousand two hundred and twenty-five volumes to the royal collection, made a fairly complete list of the books and MSS. Nicolas Clément devoted nine years (1675-84) to the preparation of a catalogue which fills fourteen volumes, and describes by subject thirty-five thousand volumes. Various later attempts were made in this field, but nothing satisfactory was done until 1870,



"BOOK OF HOURS" OF METZ. TENTH CENTURY.
BINDING OF LEATHER WITH SILVER MOUNT-
INGS AND IVORY CARVINGS

when the great general catalogue now under way was begun. When completed it will fill eighty volumes of eight hundred pages. The work is disheartening in its magnitude, but has now reached the letter H. M. Homolle hopes that it will be finished by 1925. In the meantime the library issues many bulletins giving the list of books received and the card catalogues are well maintained. And there have been published a number of special catalogues, the most important of which is that of works relating to the history of France. Begun in 1854 and finished in 1897, it consists of twelve large volumes.

IV

Among the unique treasures of the institution in the way of printed books is the first book printed in Paris, the *Letters of Gasparin de Bergame* (1470) in Latin, and the *Chronicles of St. Denis* (1476), the first French volume printed in Paris. In first editions of famous books of French authorship the

collection is of course incomparable. The series of books from the early printers of Germany, Holland, Italy, and England is superb. Outside of Paris forty-one French cities are known to have printed books before 1500, beginning with Lyons in 1473, and ending with Valenciennes in 1500. The Bibliothèque Nationale possesses first editions of thirty-nine of these books. Two are still missing, a breviary printed in Narbonne in 1491, of which that city has a copy; and a breviary printed at Perpignan in 1500, of which the only known copy belongs to the library of Ste. Geneviève in Paris. Many of the bindings, bearing the arms of the kings and great nobles of France, are of incomparable richness. Under Louis XVI the library obtained two copies of Gutenberg's Mazarin Bible. Also an unique copy of Michael Servet's *Christianismi Restitutio*. The reformer was denounced for the publication of this work by Calvin, who had him arrested and burned alive in Geneva, in October, 1753. The whole edition, with the ex-



MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S COPY OF TASSO'S "LA GERASALEMME L'BERATA." VENICE, 1745

ception of this copy, was burned with him. According to the English physician, Richard Mead, this copy was saved from the fire, of which it still bears the marks. What makes its value still greater is that it was apparently that in which Colladon, one of Servet's judges, had marked the passages upon which he was condemned. The book was sold in 1763 for three thousand francs and bought in 1784 by the Bibliothèque Nationale from the collection of the Duc

Henri II as one of the most important. The medal collection of Henri IV at Fontainebleau contained a treasure of coins, engraved gems and works of art so extensive that the king appointed in 1602 a special administrator. This nucleus was the foundation of the collection now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Under Louis XIV it was enriched by the gift of Gaston, duc d'Orléans, a famous collector, and by that of Hippolyte de Béthune, a nephew



THE COURT OF HONOUR

de la Vallière for thirteen thousand francs.

The department of medals and coins (Medailles et Antiques) had its beginnings in the sixteenth century. François I was the first royal coin collector of note. Hubert Goltz published in 1557 an account of two hundred collections of medals in Holland, one hundred and seventy-five in Germany, three hundred and eighty in Italy and two hundred in France, of which twenty-eight were in Paris. He mentions that of

of Sully, who refused for his collection one hundred thousand crowns offered by the queen of Sweden in order to give it to France. Louis XIV's ambassadors found that no gift better pleased the "Roi Soleil" than the rare medals and gems they could send to Versailles, where the king kept his collection. The best artists and engravers of the day were kept busy upon medals designed to commemorate events of the great reign. This policy was continued under Louis XV, who moved the collection to Paris.

Mme. de Pompadour, the patroness of Jacques Guay, the greatest engraver of semi-precious stones of modern times, gave to the king in 1764 the priceless collection of masterpieces that Guay had made for her. One purchase alone under Louis XV comprised thirty-two thousand Greek medals. Under the Revolution the collection was enriched by the treasures from churches and monasteries. Later it suffered, as did

jewelry of much beauty, hundreds of statuettes of bronze and silver, the ivory chess set presented, according to tradition, by Haroun al Raschid to Charlemagne, and the sword of Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada.

The department of engravings (Cabinet des Estampes) owes its earliest treasures to Jacques Dupuy, who, in 1654, presented to the king in addition to his books a fine collection of Dutch and



FAÇADE OF THE SQUARE LOUVOIS RUE RICHELIEU

the books, by theft. In 1831 two thousand gold medals of priceless value were stolen by thieves, who melted their loot for the gold. At present the collection numbers two hundred and twenty-five thousand pieces. Of the cameos the most famous is that known as the great cameo of the Sainte Chapelle, which was given by the Emperor Badouin II to Saint Louis. It represents Tiberius and Livia receiving Germanicus. The collection comprises Greek and Roman

Flemish engravings, among them many drawings by Rembrandt and Dürer. In 1666 the Abbé de Marolles, an enthusiastic collector of engravings, sold to Louis XIV for the equivalent in our money of three hundred thousand francs, his collection of one hundred any twenty-three thousand pieces in five hundred and twenty volumes which the king had magnificently bound in green and red morocco with the royal arms. These splendid volumes still remain in the li-

brary. From 1750 to 1790 Hugues-Adrien Joly, the best administrator the collection of engravings ever had, devoted his energies to gathering the masterpieces of French art, especially contemporary portraits, of which, thanks to him, the Paris library is the richest in the world. In recent times the growth of the collection has kept pace with that of the books. During the last ten years more than one hundred thousand pieces have been added.

Several interesting problems concerning the Bibliothèque Nationale must be dealt with in the next few years. Notwithstanding the recent additions to the buildings it is only a question of a short time when the ocean of books will overflow the present reservoir. It has been found necessary to send some of the material of least value to Fontainebleau—all the prayer-books, thousands of them all of the same type, and hundreds of thousands of works, mostly theological, that are not called for once in twenty years. The present buildings are not fireproof, and while fires are rare in Paris, the possibility of a great conflagration in the Rue Vivienne is enough to make all book lovers shudder. This is one reason why artificial light is so sparingly used and the library never opened at night. M. Camille Bloch, the general inspector of French libraries, made a report recently in which he suggests opening the library at night and increasing the seating capacity of the reading-room. The amount of money allowed to the library by the government is small as compared to that spent upon the British Museum library or the library of Congress in the United States. Thus for new books and for the purchase of old books offered at auction the sum allowed to the Bibliothèque Nationale is less than twenty thousand dollars a year; the national library of Berlin has forty-six thousand dollars a year for this purpose, the British Museum seventy thousand dollars, and our li-

brary of Congress one hundred thousand dollars. The cost of maintaining the Bibliothèque Nationale averages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, of which sum ninety thousand dollars are expended for salaries and the rest for new books, binding, and heating. During the last ten years the number of readers using the library has grown from one hundred thousand a year to one hundred and eighty-seven thousand.

Like every great library the Bibliothèque Nationale has had its share of eccentric patrons. One of the most singular of recent years was an old Italian who talked to no one, but who for twenty years worked at the same desk, demanding always the same books, over which he pored from the time the reading-room opened until it closed. To the chief librarian he said that he was compiling a Turkish-French dictionary. After his death it was discovered that he knew no Turkish and but little French. Another constant visitor was a crack-brained poet who, having lost his reason after some love affair, came regularly for fifteen years to read two books of poems—always the same ones—which having finished, he at once began over again. Every morning, summer and winter, as the clock struck nine he was at the door with his ticket. When one morning he failed to appear, the attendants knew that he must be dead. And upon sending around to his lodgings so it proved.

The pictures and much of the information contained in this article are taken, with permission, from an exhaustive account of the Bibliothèque Nationale by M. Henry Marcel, who preceded M. Homolle as director. This interesting book, to which may be referred any one who wishes to know all that can be known of the great library of France, is published by Henri Laurens of Paris.

ROBERT BRIDGES AS LYRIST

BY MILTON BRONNER

WHEN it was announced that Robert Bridges had been appointed to succeed the late Alfred Austin, one American newspaper informed its readers that the new poet laureate was "a little old doctor who sometimes wrote poetry." All of which is one more proof of the aloofness of Bridges's muse, the scantiness of his reputation with the general public, and the popular ignorance of his work. Even the great New York dailies, rushing into print with special signed articles, presented merely a hasty patchwork of the ideas of Arthur Symonds and Professor Herbert Warren of Oxford, unmindful of the fact that the late Edward Dowden eighteen years ago proclaimed his faith in the poetry that has now been crowned.

The number of critics who have seriously considered Bridges's work is very small. Yet there is no poet who has pursued his own path with more assiduity and none who has remained more independent of his age, while quietly scripts are the *Book of Hours* of Louis criticism will not willingly allow to die.

The necessary facts about his life can be presented in a half dozen lines. He was born in 1844 in Kent, and was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. As a student, he was not only interested in his classical course, but also in cricket and boating. Graduating in the arts, he spent some time in travel on the Continent, and then returned home, where he studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and at Oxford. He practised his profession as a member of the staff of St. Bartholomew's and of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, London, until 1882, at which time he retired, settling in Yattendon, Berkshire, where he still lives.

One would naturally think that there would appear in Bridges's verse a revelation of the man of scientific training, warmed through by the tender sympathies of him who had ministered unto the sufferings of little children, but of these things there is no sign. It was no doctor who added a new province to English verse and gave us the unique rhymes "In Hospital," but a mere layman, a patient in a hospital—William Ernest Henley.

Bridges is neither a modernist nor a futurist. As near as may be, he is timeless. There are strains in his poetry that seem late Elizabethan or early Jacobean. There are lines that are reminiscent of the Italians or of the younger and blither John Milton. There are plays with words that hark back to the "metaphysical school" and John Donne. And so one might go on. But the truth is that the real Bridges—not the reminiscent one—sings of the things that are eternal as subjects of poetry and sings in his own manner and mode. He celebrates the sorrows and the joys of love. He thrills with the approach of spring, and saddens with the first signs of the oncoming of autumn and winter. He pictures the beauties of the silver Thames. He listens with delighted ear to the robin and the nightingale. He looks tenderly at fragile flowers. There is in him a great fund of pensiveness, a melancholy induced by the fact that all lovely things perish, all happy moods pass away. Time and change, the flux of matter—these things incline him to a grave music, despite his own proclamation:

But since I have found the beauty of joy
I have done with proud dismay;
For howsoe'er man hug his care
The best of his art is gay.

Now the best of his art is not gay.
The best of his art is the lyric that
muses, that ponders, that sighs "alas!",
that weeps gently, that breaks into an
elegy. Indeed more than any recent
poet Bridges is given to elegiac strains.
It amounts to an obsession with him,
whether it be the elegy over his lost
boyhood—

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Or an elegy over a lost sweetheart:

'Twas here we loved in sunnier days and
greener;
And now, in this disconsolate decay,
I come to see her where I most have seen
her,
And touch the happier day.

Or finally in the lines on a dead child:

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—
Death, whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster
of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to
warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the
dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have
known and have heard of, fail us.

It will be noticed that in such things
there is no faintest echo of the questions
that disturb our modernists. The poet
remains supremely indifferent to our
problems. The age of the flying ma-

chine, the automobile and wireless telegraph, and of the thousand and one new inventions and endeavours of men, has apparently no effect upon the trend of the thought of this singer. So far as he is concerned, all these matters are as if they were not, or but as an idle dream. He is more interested in watching his garden in September, or in observing a flock of starlings in November. The truth is that his muse is best when it sings of such subjects. When Bridges writes a drama dealing with Greek themes, or a narrative poem like "Eros and Psyche," the best that can be said of it is that it sounds like a very good translation from the Greek. When he becomes, at rare intervals, very contemporary, swinging to the other extreme, and writes jubilee songs and peace odes, the result is not very successful. But let him muse over the uncertainties of love, or grow joyous in praise of his sweetheart, or tender over a scene connected with a fondly remembered past, and there at once you have the best that is in him.

So much for his moods in general. His manner, too, presents an interesting study. There are times when he seems to rival the Euphuists and John Donne. He plays with an idea juggler-like, as in these lines:

She loves me first because I love her, then
Loves me for knowing why she should be
loved,
And that I love to praise her, loves again.
So from her beauty both our loves are
moved,
And by her beauty are sustain'd.

Or he dallies by the way with a figure of speech:

O my life's mischief, once my love's delight,
That drew'st a mortgage on my heart's
estate,
Whose baneful clause is never out of date,
Nor can avenging time restore my right.

We are unwilling to believe that any
man, least of all a man of our time, ever

thought in such a strain. But such citations after all do not represent the real Bridges, the Bridges who is best worth knowing. The real poet is a man whose utterances are marked by an exquisite simplicity and tender beauty. The music is unforced. It seems spontaneous. And this, despite the fact that Bridges is a learned versifier whose studies of the prosody of Milton and Keats, and whose experiments in classical rhymes are unique. His more perfect lyrics are true examples of the art that conceals art. They rank with the simplicities of Blake at his best, of Wordsworth, and in our own day of William H. Davies, the tramp poet, who often sings like a lark of the fields.

Let us look at one of these typical Bridges songs:

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Here is a song like a flower, like an air, and like these things, just as difficult to analyse, to explain. Its beauty is immediately sensed and admitted. Once again hear him:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I, too, will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

No man of our time has created lyrics more sure of life than such as these. And yet one has a slight feeling of disappointment as one goes through his books of poems. This singer is too restrained. His muse is too subdued, too chaste. There may be a subtle heat, a repressed emotion in these lines, but one misses the great passions. One would be more convinced of his ordinary humanity if there were occasionally an unpremeditated outburst, if there were a touch of common earthiness, if there were a flare of gold and scarlet and azure, instead of these milder tints so beautifully blended; if there were a clangour or a discord, instead of this smooth and skilful and accomplished music. A good shock to the ear or the eye would not seem amiss. You get no nearer to him when he writes a frigid jubilee song or an occasional ode. Nor does one come across the naked, unashamed emotions in his sonnet-sequence, "The Growth of Love." Here are some very accomplished sonnets, many of them in the Italian form. Here is a careful psychological study of the passion, and there are some very fine sonnets on detached subjects as in this noble tribute:

O flesh and blood, comrade to tragic pain
And clownish merriment; whose sense could
wake

Sermons in stones, and count death but an
ache,

All things as vanity, yet nothing vain:
The world, set in thy heart, thy passionate
strain

Reveal'd anew; but thou for man didst make
Nature twice natural, only to shake
Her kingdom with the creatures of thy brain.

Lo, Shakespeare, since thy time nature is loth
 To yield to art her fair supremacy;
 In conquering one thou hast so enriched both.
 What shall I say? for God—whose wise
 decree
 Confirmeth all He did by all He doth—
 Doubled His whole creation making thee.

Fine as this is, there is nowhere in this sonnet series a passionate heart-cry such as one reads in Shakespeare's broodings over his dark lady, nor a piercing note such as Mrs. Browning gives us, nor a sensuous lovely passage such as we find in Rossetti. In only one of his lyrical pieces does Bridges give this warm human note. For once he achieves the genuinely romantic. He is touched with mystery and otherworldliness and presents his theme in couplets that are entirely adequate for the due setting forth of a masterpiece in petto:

Long are the hours the sun is above,
 But when evening comes I go home to my
 love.
 I'm away the daylight hours and more,
 Yet she comes not down to open the door.
 She does not meet me upon the stair,—
 She sits in my chamber and waits for me
 there.

As I enter the room she does not move;
 I always walk straight up to my love.
 And she lets me take my wonted place
 At her side, and gaze in her dear, dear face.
 There as I sit, from her head thrown back
 Her hair falls straight in a shadow black.
 Aching and hot as my tired eyes be,
 She is all that I wish to see.
 And in my wearied and toil-dinned ear,
 She says all things that I wish to hear.
 Dusky and duskier grows the room,
 Yet I see her best in the darker gloom.
 When the winter eves are early and cold,
 The firelight hours are a dream of gold.
 And so I sit here night by night,
 In rest and enjoyment of love's delight.

But a knock at the door, a step on the stair
 Will startle, alas, my love from her chair.
 If a stranger comes she will not stay;
 At the first alarm she is off and away.
 And he wonders, my guest, usurping her
 throne,
 That I sit so much by myself alone.

Now even this poem has a subtlety about it that prevents its being popular. Bridges will never be a people's poet, however much he may be a poet's poet. His walks are too often too far away from the common haunts of men. He strikes most readers as cold. And he is fully conscious of the fact that his lyrics have induced but faint response. He recurs to the thought not once, but many times:

O my uncared for songs, what are ye worth,
 That in my secret book with so much care
 I write you, this one here and that one
 there,
 Marking the time and order of your birth?
 How, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
 A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
 Look ye for any welcome anywhere
 From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?

Nor—now that he is poet laureate—can one venture to predict a very largely increased audience. He is not a happy singer of songs for occasions such as a true laureate, perhaps, should be. His lyrics are the perfect products of a patient waiting upon moods. One cannot imagine him thrilling England with drum and fife lines of victory. His Boer War verses were poor stuff. One cannot picture him, hat in hand, courtier-wise, loyally singing the glory of the wedding of some princeling. But the death of royalty—ah! there the pensive elegiac strain may stand him in good stead!

THE ORDER OF THE LITERATI

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Society of Tinkling Symbols met in their pleasant rooms at No. 4, Poetic Mews. Spring had passed, so their fancy was lightly turning to other matters than Love, and it chanced to turn lightly to the Cubist Movement in Art.

"Of course," mused President Swinburne, rolling his eye in an especially fine frenzy, "this movement will strike the poets next."

"Na," said Dante Gabriel Rossetti, refraining for a moment from the refrain he was building, "we must be ready for it."

"We must advance to meet it," said Edgar Allan Poe, who was ever of an adventurous nature; "what's it all about?"

"The principles are simple," observed Robert Browning, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; "in fact, it's much like my own work always has been. I was born cubic. You see, you just symbolise the liquefaction of the essence of an idea into its emotional constituents, and there you are!"

"Dead easy!" declared Alfred Tennyson, who went out poeting by the day, and knew how to do any kind. "What's the subject?"

"That's just the point," said President Swinburne; "preëminently and exclusively it's subjective, and you must keep it so. On no account allow an object of any kind to creep in. Now here's one of the Cubist pictures; they call it 'A Nude Descending the Staircase.' They pick names at random out of a hat, I believe. Take this, you fellows, and throw it into poetry."

"Any rules or conditions?" asked William Wordsworth.

"Absolutely none. It's the Ruleless School."

Then the Poets opened the aspiration valves, ignited the divine spark plugs,

and whiz! went their meter-motors in a whirring, buzzing melody.

Soon their Cubist emotions were splashed upon paper, and the Poets read with justifiable pride these symbolic results.

President Swinburne tossed off this poetic gem without a bit of trouble:

Square eyelids that hide like a jewel;
Ten heads,—though I sometimes count
more;
Six mouths that are cubic and cruel;
Of mixed arms and legs, twenty-four;
Descending in Symbolic glories
Of lissome triangles and squares;
Oh, mystic and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Stairs.

You descend like an army with banners,
In a cyclone of wrecked parasols.
You look like a mob with mad manners
Or a roystering row of Dutch dolls.
Oh, Priestess of Cubical Passion,
Oh, Deification of Whim,
You seem to walk down in the fashion
That lame lobsters swim.

Here we have Mr. P. B. Shelley's noble lines:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Nude thou never wert.
Not from Heaven or near it
Breathed thy cubic heart
In profuse stairs of unintelligible art.

What thou art, we know not;
What is thee most like?
Snakes tied in a bow-knot?
Stovepipes on a strike?
Or Bellevue inmates on a Suffrage hike!

We look before and after,
And pine thy face to see;
Our sincerest laughter
Is aroused by thee.
Art thou perchance the sad cube root of 23?

Mr. R. Kipling felt a flash of his old
fire, and threw in a high speed:

On an old symbolic staircase,
Looking forty ways at once;
There's a Cubist Nude descending,
With the queerest sort of stunts.
For the staircase is a-falling,
And the Noodle seems to say,
"Tho' you hear my soul a-calling,
You can't see me, anyway!"

Oh, this Symbol balderdash,
And this Post-Impression trash;
Can't you see their paint a-chunkin' in a
hotchy-potchy splash?
Where the motives bold and brash
Of the Cubist painters clash,
And the Nude descends like thunder down
a staircase gone to smash!

But Mr. D. G. Rossetti, ever a sweet
singer, warbles thus tunelessly:

The Blessed Nude at eve leaned out
From the gold staircase rail;
Her paint was deeper than the depth
Of waters in a pail.
She wore three bonnets on her heads,
And seven coats of mail.

And still she bowed herself and swayed
In circling cubic charms.
And the pigments of her painted soul
Were loud as war's alarms.
But the staircase lay as if asleep
Along her fourteen arms.

(I saw her move!) But soon her path
Was cubes instead of spheres;
And then she disappeared among
The staircase barriers;
And after she was gone, I saw
She'd wept some large paint tears!

Mr. R. Browning finds the subject
greatly to his liking:

Who will may hear the Staircase Story told;
All its blobs, splotches, facets,—what you
will;
The vague Nude, compassed murkily about
With ravage of six long sad hundred stairs,

Dizzily plunging with tumultuous glee!
Whirling the staidust, hazarding oblique.
The moon safe in her pocket! see she treads
Cool citric crystals, fierce pyropus stone;
While crashing sunbeams in a triple line
Smirk at the insane roses in her hair,
And Strojavacca, frowning, looks asquint
To see that trick of toe,—that dizen'd heel,—
As she, the somewhat, hangs 'twixt naught
and naught
A perfect Then,—a sub-potential Now—
A facile and slabsided centipede.

And here is Mr. B. Jonson's little
jingle:

Still to be cubed, still to be square,
As you were going down a stair;
Still to see lurid pigments sluiced,—
Lady, it is to be deduced,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not square, all is not round.

Give me a cube, give me a line
That makes a whirling maze design;
Robes made of sheet-iron, flowing free,—
Such sweet device more taketh me
Than masterpieces of old Rubes
Which charm not eyes attuned to cubes.

And Mr. J. W. Riley sings in his
usual comforting strain:

There, little Nude, don't cry!
You've descended the stairs, I know;
And the weird wild ways
Of the Cubist Jays
Have made you a holy show!
But Post Impressions will soon pass by.
There little Nude, don't cry, don't cry!

Sir A. Tennyson caught the Cubical
spirit neatly, thus:

As the staircase is, the Nude is; thou art
painted by a freak,
And I think that he has knocked thee to the
middle of next week.
He will paint thee (till this fashion shall
expend its foolish force),
Something like a rabid dog,—a little larger
than a horse.

Semblance? Likeness? Scorned of Cubists!
 This th' evangel that he sings;
 Any picture's crown of glory is to look like
 other things.
 So thou art not seen descending in the ordi-
 nary way.
 But like fifty motor-cycles, breaking speed
 laws in Cathay.

Mr. C. Kingsley was gently inter-
 ested:

My Cubist Nude, I have no song to give
 you;
 I could not pipe you, howsoe'er I tried.
 But ere I go, I wish that you would teach me
 That Staircase Slide!

Be skittish, child, and let who will be grace-
 ful,
 Do whizzy whirls whenever you've the
 chance;
 And so make life, death and that grand old
 staircase
 One song and dance.

Oscar Wilde was moody and this was
 his mood:

Adown the stairs the Nudelet came;
 (Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
 Hark! to the smitten cubes of flame!
 Ah, me! Ah, jamboree!

Her soul seethed in emotions sweet;
 (Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
 Symboling like a torn-up street;
 Ah, jamboree! ah, me!

And still the Nude's soul-cubes are there,—
 (Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
 In writhen glory of despair,—
 Ah, me! Ah, Hully Gee!

Mr. W. Wordsworth was frankly
 disdainful:

She trod among the untrodden maze
 Of Cubists on a spree;
 A Nude when there were none to praise,
 And very few could see.

A violet 'neath a mossy stone,
 Quite hidden from the eye,
 Is far more easy to discern
 Than that same Nude to spy.

She lived unseen. Though some few fakes
 Pretended her to see;
 But if she's on the stairs, it makes
 No difference to me.

Mr. Longfellow fairly let himself go:

The picture's done! And the Staircase
 Falls like the crash of night.
 And the Nude is wafted downward
 Like a catapult in flight.

There's a feeling of strange emotion
 That is not akin to art;
 And resembles a picture only
 As a Tartar resembles a tart.

Such art has power to rouse
 Our laughter at any time,
 And comes like electrocution
 That follows after crime.

And Mr. Bunner's poetic gem has a
 charm all its own:

It was an old, old, old, old, lady,
 On a staircase at half-past three;
 And the way she was painted together
 Was beautiful for to see.

She wasn't visible any,
 And the staircase, no more was he;
 For it was a Cubist picture
 With a feeling of deep skewgee.

'Twas a symbol of soul expression,
 Though you'd never have known it to be!
 That emotional old, old lady
 On a staircase at half-past three.



"AH, THERE, MRS. LIBERTY," CALLED A
CLEAR, ROLICKING SOPRANO VOICE
THROUGH THE STILL MIDNIGHT AIR

"IS THAT YOU, MISS DIANA? EXCUSE MY
NOT TURNING MY HEAD. I'M NOT AS
FLIGHTY AND WHIRLY-WHIRLY AS SOME."
"THE LADY HIGHER UP"

ABOUT NEW YORK WITH O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

A MAP showing the literary trail of O. Henry would take in the entire Union with the possible exception of the New England States, stretch down to include all of Central America and wander on into certain countries of South America. An entire magazine article might be written to illustrate his scope on American soil. To indicate it by a brief mention of a few familiar stories, we have Washington in "The Duplicity of Hargraves," Texas in "Friends in San Rosario," New Orleans in "Cherchez la Femme" and "The Shamrock and the Palm," the Virginia Blue Ridge in "A Blackjack Bargainer," North Carolina in "The Emancipation of Billie," Alabama in "The Ransom of Red Chief," Arkansas in "A Retrieved Reformation," and the Middle West and the Far West in the stories that make up *The Gentle Grafter* and *The Heart of the West*. He began his career as a story spinner with scenes in the tropics in *Cabbages and Kings*, and back to the tropics he returned for the inspiration of such tales as "The Fourth in

San Salvador," "The Theory and the Hound," "The World and the Door," "Two Renegades," "A Matter of Mean Elevation," "Phoebe," and "A Double Dyed Deceiver." Frank Norris's assertion that the only "story cities" in the United States were New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco, he took as a challenge, and sat down to transmute the matter of fact Rand and McNally description of Nashville, Tennessee, into the grim and memorable tale which bears the title "A Municipal Report." Once at least, in *Roads of Destiny*, he crossed the seas to draw a fanciful picture of Old France.

But despite the fact that O. Henry came to know New York only in the later years of his life, it is the "Big City" that stands out, the protagonist of two-thirds of his maturer work. To him it was ever a thing of amazing mystery, a veritable Bagdad on the Subway, where Aladdins were continually rubbing their wonderful lamps, and the emissaries of countless bands of Forty Thieves were placing chalk marks on doors. It was a

town where one walking through a side street had only to look up to see a startled face outlined against a window, where letters calling for assistance or hinting at the maturing of some stupendous crime were constantly falling at the traveller's feet. He himself trudged through it from end to end in the spirit of a modern Haroun-al-Raschig, in imagination exorcising evil Genii, succoring the oppressed, and bestowing prodigious rewards upon the virtuous. It



"TWO MEN WERE SITTING ON A STRINGER OF A NORTH RIVER PIER." "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

was in the haphazard, unsystematic mood befitting an Oriental Caliph that O. Henry sought out the Street of the Little Cobbler, or the Bazaar of the Harness makers, and appropriately it is in the same at-random mood that these notes about his trail are jotted down.

II

To look at the matter in its chronological aspect, the first appearance of New York in the romance of O. Henry

was probably in the last part of *Cabbages and Kings*. There is a picture of two men sitting on a stringer of a North River pier while a steamer from the tropics is unloading bananas and oranges. One of the men is O'Day, formerly of the Columbia Detective Agency. In a moment of confidence he tells his companion of the mistake which has brought him to his unenviable condition, and incidentally clears up for the reader the rather ugly mystery that throughout the book obscured the marriage of Frank Goodwin and the lady known in Coralio as Isabel Guilbert. To begin in another way, that is at the gateway of the city and of the new world, in the story "The Lady Higher Up," O. Henry pictures a dialogue between Mrs. Liberty, on her pedestal in the bay, and Miss Diana at the top of the tower of Madison Square Garden. Even the thick brogue which Mrs. Liberty has acquired cannot hide her envy of the other lady. In the matron's opinion Miss Diana has the best job for a statue in the whole town, with the Cat Show, and the Horse Show, and the military tournaments where the privates "look grand as generals, and the generals try to look grand as floorwalkers," and the Sportsman's Show, and above all, the French Ball "where the original Cohens and the Robert Emmett-Sangerbund Society dance the Highland Fling one with another."

But even before his first glimpse at Mrs. Liberty the visitor from a foreign shore has a sight of O. Henry's New York as, from the deck of the transatlantic liner, the great wheels and towers of Coney Island are pointed out to him. Among these wheels and towers Alexander Blinker, the owner of "Brick Dust Row," walked with Florence, his chance acquaintance of the boat, learned a lesson and saw a light. No more was the jostling crowd a mass of vulgarians seeking gross joys. Counterfeit and false though the garish pleasures of the spangled temples were, he perceived that deep under the gilt surface they offered saving and apposite balm and satisfaction to the restless human heart. Here, at

least, was the husk of Romance, the empty but shining casque of Chivalry, the breath-catching though safe-guarded dip and flight of Adventure. He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal. Again here, in the enchanted chicken coop of Madame Zozo, there was reading of "Tobin's Palm," and prophecies of a dark man and a light woman, of trouble and financial loss, of a voyage by water, and of a meeting with a man with a crooked nose. In "The Greater Coney" Dennis Carnahan expatiated ironically on the new city which has risen, Phoenix like, out of the ashes of the old, and the wiping out process, which, to his way of thinking, consisted of raising the price of admission from ten to twenty-five cents, and having a blonde named Maudie to take tickets instead of Micky, the Bowery Bite. The Babylonian towers and the Hindoo roof gardens blazing with lights, the camels moving with undulating walk, and the tawdry gondolas of artificial Venetian streets. These were what Mazie knew. Mazie of "A Lickpenny Lover." These things her little soul of a shop girl saw when the millionaire painter-traveller Irving Carter, whose heart she had so strangely won, proposed to her and drew his eloquent picture of a honeymoon in lands beyond the seas. These and no more. The next day her chum in the store asks about her "swell friend." "Him" is the retort, "Oh, he's a cheap skate. He ain't in it no more. What do you suppose that guy wanted me to do? He wanted me to marry him and go to Coney Island for a wedding trip."

"A Lickpenny Lover" is just one of the stories in which the specified location is not merely a scene of the tale, but partly an explanation of it. For example, the next time that the reader of these notes happens to be at that point of New York City where Sixth Avenue, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street meet, let him recall "Mammon and the Archer." In that story O. Henry is at his O. Henriest. Listen. The last opportunity that the hero of the story, Richard Rockwell, was to have to see

Miss Lantry before her departure the next day for a two years' absence in Europe, was to be in the hansom cab in which he was to take her from the Grand Central Station to a box party at Wallack's Theatre. His father, the old soap manufacturer, cheered him with expression of rough optimism and offered to back him with his money. His aunt gave him as an amulet his mother's wed-



"BLINKER CONSIDERED THE TEMPLES, PAGODAS, AND KIOSKS OF POPULARISED DELIGHTS. HOI POLLOI TRAMPLED, HUSTLED AND CROWDED HIM. BASKET PARTIES BUMPED HIM, STICKY CHILDREN TUMBLED, HOWLING, UNDER HIS FEET, CANDYING HIS CLOTHES. INSOLENT YOUTHS, STROLLING AMONG THE BOOTHS WITH HARD WON CANES UNDER ONE ARM AND EASILY WON GIRLS UNDER THE OTHER, BLEW DEFIANT SMOKE FROM CHEAP CIGARS INTO HIS FACE. THE PUBLICITY GENTLEMEN WITH MEGAPHONES, EACH BEFORE HIS OWN STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION, ROARED LIKE NIAGARA IN HIS EARS." "BRICKDUST ROW"

ding ring in wishing him God-speed and success. Robert took the ring and started out on knightly quest. As the cab approached the crossing indicated the ring dropped tinkling to the pavement. In the few minutes' resulting delay the traffic assumed a tangled condition which held hero and heroine prisoners for

hours, and late that night the boy's aunt went to the father with the news that the young people were engaged, and a warning hat he should never boast of the power of money again, as the little gold band, an emblem of love and loyalty had done what mere wealth could not accomplish. The story should have ended there, but with the characteristic touch,



"IN NEW YORK THERE IS AN OLD, OLD HOTEL. IT WAS BUILT—LET'S SEE—AT A TIME WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ABOVE FOURTEENTH STREET EXCEPT THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL TO BOSTON AND HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE. SOON THE OLD HOSTELRY WILL BE TORN DOWN. AND, AS THE STOUT WALLS ARE RIVEN APART AND THE BRICKS GO ROARING DOWN THE CHUTES, CROWDS OF CITIZENS WILL GATHER AT THE NEAREST CORNERS AND WEEP OVER THE DESTRUCTION OF A DEAR OLD LANDMARK. CIVIC PRIDE IS STRONG IN NEW BAGDAD; AND THE WETTEST WEEPER AND THE LOUDEST HOWLER AGAINST THE ICONOCLASTS WILL BE THE MAN (ORIGINALLY FROM TERRE HAUTE) WHOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD HOTEL ARE LIMITED TO HIS HAVING BEEN KICKED OUT FROM THE FREE LUNCH COUNTER IN 1873." "THE ENCHANTED PROFILE"

O. Henry introduced into the soap manufacturer's office the next morning a man who wore a red necktie and who answered to the name of Kelly. "Well," says the millionaire, "it was a pretty good bilin' of soap and how much do I owe you?" To which Kelly makes the reply that he has had five thousand dollars on account, that he had got the express wagons and cabs mostly for five dollars, but that the truckmen and motor-men cost him ten dollars apiece, and the policeman twenty-five and fifty, but," he adds enthusiastically "when I got through I had a stage setting that would have made David Belasco envious. Why a snake couldn't have got across Thirty-fourth Street."

III

It is not likely that the Fourth Avenue of to-day would have had much to appeal to O. Henry's imagination. As it was half a dozen years ago it was one of his favourite thoroughfares, and reached its apotheosis in "A Bird of Bagdad." There O. Henry pictured it as a street that the city seemed to have forgotten in its growth, a street, born and bred in the Bowery, staggering northward full of good resolutions. At Fourteenth Street "it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its highborn sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broad-waisted cousin to the east." Then it passes what O. Henry in "The Gold that Glittered" called "the square presided over by George the Veracious," and comes to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides into a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. "Men in rusting armour stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron bumpers, Hauberks and helms, blunderbuses, Cromwellian breastplates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of

an army of dead and gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light." This mediæval solitude forbodes an early demise. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens? "Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glory of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again."

Three of the city squares, Madison Square, Union Square, and Gramercy Park play conspicuous parts in O. Henry's stories. His tales are full of human derelicts and where is there a more natural background for such than the public benches of these parks? He shows you the Bed Liners stamping their freezing feet, and the preacher standing on a pine box exhorting his transient and shifting audience. In this Bed Line were Walter Smuythe and the discharged coachman, Thomas McQuade, the night that the red motor car humming up Fifth Avenue, lost its extra tire as narrated in "The Fifth Wheel." It was on a bench of the Square that the millionaire Pilkins found the penniless young eloping couple Marcus Clayton of Roanoke County, Virginia, and Eva Bedford of Bedford County, of the same State. It was perhaps on the same bench that Soapy sat meditating just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlieus of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm



"WITH A CRASH AND A SHRIEK FOURTH AVENUE DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE TUNNEL AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN." "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

Beach and Riviera for the winter months. It was nearby at least that Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valle Luna, known otherwise as Dopey Mike, looked up at the clock in the Metropolitan Tower and gave sage advice and consolation to the young man who was waiting to learn his fate as told in "The Caliph, Cupid and the Clock." While the auto with the white body and the red running gear was waiting near the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and



THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

Fifth Avenue, Parkenstacker made the acquaintance of the girl in grey and listened to the strange story born in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. Over on the sidewalk just in front of the Flatiron building Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness, the Cumberland feudists, shook hands "Squaring the Circle."



"WHERE BROADWAY SKIRTS THE CORNER OF THE SQUARE PRESIDED OVER BY GEORGE THE VERA-CIOUS." "THE GOLD THAT GLITTERED"

In following the trail of O. Henry's men and women through Madison Square you have the choice of many benches. This is not the case when Union Square is introduced in the story of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." The writer tells you that when • Stuffy Pete went to the Square to await

the coming of the tall thin old gentleman dressed in black and wearing the old-fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on the nose—the old gentleman who had been Stuffy's host every Thanksgiving Day for nine years—he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." Across Union Square Hastings Beauchamp Moreley sauntered with a pitying look at the hundreds that lolled upon the park benches in "The Assessor of Success." One evening in the Square Murray and the dismissed police captain Marony were sitting side by side trying to think of schemes to repair their fallen fortunes. When opportunity came both acted "According to their Lights." The captain was reduced to the point where, to use his own words, he would "marry the Empress of China for one bowl of chop suey, commit murder for a plate of beef stew, steal a wafer from a waif, or be a Morman for a bowl of chowder." But his code of honour he still retained. He would not "squeal." It is to the other extreme of society that O. Henry takes us when he deals with Gramercy Park. All about that private square with its locked gates are the severe mansions of his aristocrats. There dwelt Alicia Van Der Pool before she married Robert Walmesley in "The Defeat of the City." A house facing the west side of the park was unquestionably the home of the Von der Ruyslins. That illustrious family had dwelt there for many years. In fact, in a spirit of obvious awe, O. Henry imparted the information that the Von der Ruyslins had received the first key ever made to Gramercy Park. In "The Marry Month of May" we learn that near the Park old Mr. Coulson had a house, the gout, half a million dollars, a daughter, and a housekeeper. It was the daughter who thought to chill her father's springtime ardour by the introduction of a thousand pounds of ice into the basement. It was the housekeeper that thwarted the scheme with the result that the old millionaire uttered his deferred proposal while Miss

Van Meeker Constantia Coulson ran away with the iceman.

IV

Following the trail down to old Greenwich Village you will find, for example, the squatty three-story brick buildings at the top of which Sue and Johanna had their studio. There Johanna fell desperately ill with pneumonia and old Behrman achieved his masterpiece at the cost of his own life, by painting on the wall outside the sick girl's window "The Last Leaf" that won her back to strength and health. There, too, —in the red brick district, was "The Furnished Room," with its suggestion of mignonette. A few blocks away to the south and west is Abingdon Square. In "The Things that Play" we are told "there stands a house near Abingdon



ABINGDON SQUARE. "THE PLAY'S THE THING"



"NEAR THE SAD SCENE OF THE THOROUGHFARE'S DISSOLUTION STOOD THE MODEST RESTAURANT OF QUIGG." "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

Square. On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold." There Mrs. Frank Barry, deserted on her wedding night on account of a strange misunderstanding, lived out her life awaiting the return of her husband. Retracing our steps northward we find Sixth Avenue as the scene of "The Fairy of Unfulfillment." There the Man from Nome found the Girl from Sieber-Mason's. In the midst of the Sixth Avenue rush Greenbrier Nye singled out his old comrade of the plains, Longhorn Merrick, made over into an inmate of the City Directory, and in his company, lost some of his scorn for the effete east and listened to "The Call of the Tame."

Then the East Side. Somewhere there you will find the famous Café Maginnis, where Ikey Snigglefritz, in the proudest, maddest moment of his life shook the hand of the great Billy McMahon. An indication as to the Café Maginnis's exact whereabouts is given in the information that Ikey, leaving it, "went down Hester Street, and up Chrystie and down Delancey to where he lived. Ikey's home was in a crazy brick structure, "foul and awry" and



"THE VON DER RUYSLINGS STILL LIVE IN THAT LITTLE SQUARE ABOUT WHICH SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID, AND IN WHICH SO LITTLE HAS BEEN DONE. TO-DAY YOU HEAR OF MR. TILDEN'S UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, AND YOU HEAR MR. GOULD'S OVERHEAD PASSAGE, AND THAT ABOUT ENDS THE NOISE IN THE WORLD MADE BY GRAMERCY SQUARE." "THE DISCOUNTERS OF MONEY"

there Cortlandt Van Duykinck found him and shook his hand, thereby completing the social triangle. There somewhere was the saloon of Dutch Mike where the Mulberry Hill gang and the Dry Dock gang met in the Homeric conflict the outcome of which sent Cork McManus to strange lands west of the Bowery and the adventures narrated in "Past One at Rooney's." There may be found the Second Avenue boarding-house where Miss Conway showed Andy Donovan the locket containing the portrait of her purely imaginary lover ("The Count and the Wedding Day"). Between the Bowery and First Avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest, was the Blue Light Drug Store, where Ikey Schoenstein concocted the love philtre that was to work the downfall of his rival, Chunk Macgowan. In Orchard Street were the rooms of the Give and Take Athletic Association where, as told in "The Coming Out of Maggie," Tony Spinelli played Prince Charming at the ball of the Clover Leaf Social Club under the pseudonym of Terry O'Sullivan; and farther up on the East Side, over against the elevated portion of the railroad, were the Beersheba Flats, from which the



"THE VON DER RUYS-
LINGS . . . RECEIVED
THE FIRST KEY EVER
MADE TO GRAMERCY
PARK." "THE DIS-
COUNTERS OF
MONEY"

variegated tenants were driven forth by official edict to the grass of the park, and "The City of Dreadful Night."

But Fifth Avenue or First, Riverside Drive or Division Street, Broadway or the Bowery, Corlears Hook Park or Gramercy; no matter what the locality or the social scale of its denizens, it is always Bagdad. And with the night comes the glamour that belongs not to Arabia alone. In different masquerade the streets, bazaars, and walled houses

of the Occidental city of romance are filled with the same kind of people that interested Haroun-al-Raschud in his golden prime. Clothes may be different, but underneath men and women are unchanged. With the eye of faith the traveller can see the Little Hunchback, Sinbad the Sailor, Fitbad the Tailor, the Beautiful Persian, the one-eyed Calenders, the Barber and his Six Brothers, and Ali Baba and Forty Robbers on every block.

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY. IV.

The fourth and last installment of Mr. Arthur Page's "Little Pictures of O. Henry" will appear in the October issue. It will deal with O. Henry's later life in New York City, the period of his achievement.

A LIBRARY SERIES

In the October number we shall print the first of a series of library articles from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, of the St. Louis Public Library. This paper will deal with "Books as Room-mates." Later papers in the series will be: "The Art of Browsing," "A Literary Laboratory," "The Boy and the Book," and "Recuperative Bibliography."

THE AMERICAN HUMAN COMEDY

American literature has not yet begotten a Balzac. Among all our novelists there has been none so versatile, so many-sided, so colossal in creative power and tireless productiveness as to sum up in a single series the infinite complexities of our social and political human comedy. Perhaps the extent of territory and variation in customs and ideals are too diverse, too lacking in centralisation, ever to be summed up by any one writer, even though he be a giant of his kind. But it is quite another question, and a very interesting one, to ask whether it would be possible to select from existing American fiction a series of volumes which, in subject matter, serious purpose and quality of workmanship, might stand as a sort of composite American Balzac, a collective Human Comedy of the United States of to-day. Probably no two persons would quite agree as to the volumes entitled to admission to such a group; the very sub-divisions of Balzac's scheme,—Scenes of City Life, Scenes of Country Life, Scenes of Military Life, etc.,—conjure up scores of suggestive titles for candidacy for such a list. The article on this subject, from the pen of Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, which is to appear in the October issue of the BOOKMAN, makes no claim to finality of choice. It will simply discuss in a general way the extraordinarily wide range of Balzac's outlook upon life, and point out such volumes as, with due allowance for differences of race and environment, have seemed to the writer to be the more obvious American parallels to "Père Goriot," "César Birotteau," "Cousine Bette," "Eugénie Grandet" and other familiar friends of the Comédie Humaine.

UNCHANGING PROBLEMS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

To the superficial observer, it would seem as though the innovations of modern life must have vastly multiplied the opportunities for our makers of fiction. The progress of science, the spread of education, the emancipation of woman, would all seem to unite in shattering the very foundations of the old dispensation and inaugurating the new. In short, there has grown up a sort of popular superstition that not only our modern social structure but our intellectual and emotional life as well has undergone a revolution that is only feebly symbolised by the contrast between the novels, let us say, of Jane Austen and those of Mr. H. G. Wells. All of which, if we take the trouble, to look even slightly beneath the surface, turns out to be nothing but a plausible little fallacy.

The simple truth is that in the face of changing conditions, human nature remains a wonderfully constant quantity. We might, of course, amuse ourselves by conjecturing what angelic qualities might be acquired in the course of a few aeons of time if the human race were endowed with those physiologically impossible wings in which the early Italian masters delighted; or by prophesying the extent to which the right of equal franchise would, after the lapse of a thousand centuries, rob woman of the eternal feminine. But such theorising touches the human life of to-day no more nearly than a computation of the number of stars in the milky way. The man whose present delight is to skim over the state roads at something better than forty miles an hour, may be as genuinely in love with his wife,—or as untrue to her,—as his grandfather who boasted a mare that could trot in two-forty, ever

was with his; and the woman who has just walked to the nearest polls and cast her vote, may nurse her child through an attack of croup with as much skill as her grandmother, who sat at home and did tatting. The advent of the flying-machine may complicate the law of trespass and facilitate an elopement from a ninth story window; but it is powerless to unsettle the basic principles of common law, or modify the pulse-beats of the human heart.

These ideas, which as a matter of fact, have no more originality than the current fiction which suggested them, are peculiarly apposite in connection with the present month's instalment of books. At first sight they appear peculiarly modern, dealing with problems born of conditions which simply did not exist a few generations ago. There is, for instance, the problem of incompatibility due to the wealth of the wife and poverty of the husband,—a situation that could not have arisen in the days when a married woman had no property rights at all. Then again, there is the situation of a young couple, otherwise happily mated, whose special apple of discord is professional jealousy, because they are both following the same calling, and the wife happens to be the more successful of the two. This also was an impossible situation in the days when the housewife's time was divided between the spinning-wheel and the kitchen fire. Then again, there are a couple of books which by sheer accident form companion pictures, each of them the story of a married couple, the embers of whose burnt-out illusions are dependent on the precarious health of a feeble child. These volumes are exceptionally mod-

ern in spirit, full of a disastrous knowledge of diseased nerves and strange maladies. The characters, one and all, curiously torture themselves and each other by forever listening to hear themselves think and keeping a probing finger ruthlessly pressed upon the pulse of their emotions. This sort of psychological vivisection would have been unthinkable in those simpler days when the wholesome round of duties left no time for morbid introspection. And still another book handles the problem of courage to grasp the modern opportunity. In these days of territorial expansion is it the first duty of sons and daughters to dedicate their lives to conserving the old order of things by remaining within the little narrow circle to which they were born, slaves to tradition, or have they the right to seize the chance that offers itself, even though it takes them to the ends of the earth, leaving behind them parents and friends and all the inherited customs in which they were nurtured?

Ultra-modern all these themes sound, do they not? And yet it takes such a very little probing to discover that the modernism is all surface trappings, a thin veneer overlaid upon problems and emotions that, if not as old as the human race, at least date as far back as the art of story-telling. Many a woman was born with a miserly instinct before the world dreamed of passing a Married Woman's Property Act; and many a couple have been estranged, because the husband discovered his wife's besetting sin and told her of it, and the chief sting lay in the fact that the wife knew the charge was true. Many a man with a mean nature was envious of his wife, before the days of women doctors and lawyers and journalists; the specific cause of rivalry is a mere detail,—the essence of the situation hinges upon wounded masculine vanity; and to a certain type of nature it is equally unpardonable for a wife to outshine her husband, whether she does it socially or professionally,—equally galling to be known as "pretty Mrs. Smith's husband," or to hear it said, "I think he is a physician; anyhow

his wife is the famous Dr. Clara Jones." And, to take up the third type of novel above mentioned, all the metaphysics and neuropathic psychology in the world will not modernise the situation of a man and woman essentially uncongenial and held together only by the fragile bond of a child's life. The mere ability to diagnose the child's state of nerves and their own does not in any way alter the sum total of their anguish when the hour of the child's death is rung.

Now, it is no reproach to the novels of to-day that their modernity is less than skin-deep, for, after all, modernity is a matter of the passing hour; the things that really count are those that were modern in the time of Shakespeare, are modern to-day, and will still be modern for centuries to come. It is well that the novels of to-day should wear the outward trapping of their decade, just as it is well that you and I should follow the season's fashions in the curve of our hat-brim and cut of our coat. But let us remember that modernism in fiction is not in itself a merit; at most, it is simply a matter of course. The novel of to-day which lacks it is an eccentricity, an anachronism, like a man who insists upon wearing a hat made on the model of 1860. Those of us whose memories of the theatre go back sufficiently far have had the experience of seeing some old-time favourite play revived after a lapse of two score years or so. Well, when the play in question was originally produced, it was a picture of contemporary life; now, after the lapse of forty years, it has been converted into a "costume play"; hats, gowns, the way of dressing the hair, have all become odd, unfamiliar, antiquated. Well, this is precisely what happens in a few years to the most modern of novels, they so speedily become what for the lack of a better term, we may call "costume novels," definitely labelled as belonging to a bygone year. For the passing hour, a murder achieved by the agency of radium or a germ culture has a more potent appeal than that of the time honoured deadly potion of

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the Borgias; but in a generation more, it is an even wager that the latter will be the fresher, less hackneyed method of the two. The enduring properties of the craftsman of fiction are dateless.

"EVER AFTER"

Ever After, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is the volume already alluded to as a study of the trouble growing out of a wife's independent fortune. Lucy Cuyler is a girl handicapped by the inheritance of an income many times greater than any reasonable young woman could devise methods of spending. And along with it she has inherited a spirit of saving that amounts to a vice. She will spend freely when her sympathies are touched, but will grudge the needless outlay of a single penny. She will buy a lame and decrepit old horse, to save it from a few years of misery, but will walk a mile to avoid spending a car-fare. She is persuaded into founding a summer colony of a Bohemian sort, for the benefit of needy artists, musicians and authors, and then decides to spend the summer there herself,—chiefly, the reader suspects, because it will cost her nothing. In this colony she meets Dana Malone, happy-go-lucky Irishman and born musician, who loves her at first sight, not knowing she is an heiress, and later on marries her in spite of her money, assuming, cheerful optimist that he is, that wealth is no obstacle where love exists, and that Lucy will be as glad to give as he will to accept. But before the honeymoon has begun to wane Dana has caught glimpses of Lucy's ruling passion. With the cheque-book in his possession, he proceeds to spend money with the recklessness of one long habituated to throwing away his last dollar with a smiling face; while Lucy, taught from her cradle that it is a sin to spend more than a tenth of her income, suffers untold agonies over the generous deeds done in spite of her with her own money. To an unbiased reader, the author's attitude seems decidedly unfair; it is distinctly over par-

tial to the man. For a husband of only a few weeks' standing to settle down contentedly on his wife's money, take possession of it, fling it away like water on his personal hobbies, buy back his birth-place, adopt a homeless waif who happens to be a musical genius,—and all this without so much as saying, by your leave, to his wife, is frankly inexcusable, no matter how happy-go-lucky and how Irish he may chance to be. The quarrels and estrangement that follow are inevitable, and in spite of the author's best efforts to alienate sympathy from Lucy, one feels that she had ample cause for resentment. But in any case the situation had only one logical outcome, namely, Dana's decision that, in order to maintain his self-respect he must find a way of earning his own living, and that until he can establish a home and maintain it by his own exertions, he has no right to ask his wife to come back to him. But at this point the author seems to have realised that she has led her characters into a rather hopeless *impasse*. The couple have separated, and Dana has refused to live with Lucy until he can earn an income which, for a man of his Bohemian instability and artistic shiftlessness it is simply an impossibility ever to earn. So, to extricate them from the dilemma, the author has hit upon the ingenious compromise of having Lucy draw up a deed transferring her whole fortune to Dana, whose sensitive pride sees no objection to accepting his wife's fortune, as soon as a seal and a little red tape maintain the neat little fiction that it is his own. According to the suggestive title, the young couple are supposed to live happily ever after: but the perspicuous reader knows better. Dana is never going to outlive his reckless generosity, and yet never going to be quite happy in spending the money that after all belongs to Lucy; while she, for her part, will retain to her dying day the inborn instinct of thrift, and will suffer untold pangs, even though she learns to conceal them, for every elusive dollar that might have been saved. Happiness of

the "ever after" kind needs to be based upon firmer foundations.

"HELENA BRETT'S CAREER"

Professional jealousy between husband and wife is portrayed with considerable cleverness by Desmond Coke, in a volume entitled *Helena Brett's Career*. In Hubert Brett, the husband of Helena, we have one more portrayal of the so-called artistic temperament, done this time with an incisive irony that approaches the verge of caricature, but is saved through the multitude of little touches that are unmistakably drawn straight from life. Brett is the author of half a dozen novels, none of which has achieved a genuine popularity, while the majority have been damned with the faint praise of a *succes d'estime*. Incidentally, he is a master of the art of self-advertisement: his literary methods, his working hours, his favourite books, the surroundings of the sanctum in which his immortal productions are evolved,—all this and more of the same sort are given forth with becoming modesty as items for the literary brevities of the daily papers. Even his marriage with Helena, the simple, untutored product of an English village, appeals to him chiefly as another opportunity for seeing his name in print, and he is deeply offended to find that none of the wedding notices mentions the fact that he is an author or gives the names of his novels. Well, after the marriage the young couple enter upon the inevitable period of mutual readjustment, only in their case it is a rather harder process than usual. Brett is a confirmed bachelor in habits; he has posed so long, and cultivated little eccentricities so diligently that they have ceased to be affectations and have become necessities. Through fooling the public, he has ended by fooling himself. Helena soon finds that her chief duty in life is to foresee the trend of his difficult and changeable humour; she must coax him in the morning away from the breakfast table to his study,—otherwise he will waste the morning over his coffee and newspaper, and it

will be her fault. But, on the other hand, she must not hurry him or be too obvious in her diplomacy, for that would ruffle his temper and drive all his ideas out of his head. And once in his den, he must be guarded against the remotest possibility of interruption; no domestic tragedy is of sufficient magnitude to justify her in intruding upon him. Now, this neat little scheme for obtaining a wife, a worshipper and a household drudge all in one would have worked well if Helena had chanced to be the meek, unenlightened little country mouse that Brett believed he was marrying. But, instead, she is a remarkable personality lying dormant and waiting only for an opportunity to awaken and fulfil her natural destiny. At first she takes her husband very seriously, humours all his whims, believes that genius is burning when as a matter of fact he is quietly napping over a magazine article, and diligently tries to train herself to understand the artistic temperament and live up to its demands. It is not until Brett throws aside his literary ideals and deliberately undertakes to write a cheap and sensational "best seller" that the scales wholly fall from her eyes,—not until then that she takes refuge from her disappointment, her loneliness, her lost ideals, in a sort of intimate diary into which she pours out, not the actual facts of her own life, but a sort of fictional version of them, an exaggeration of her own personality and his. And, little by little, as the journal progresses, she finds herself elaborating the fiction side, creating imaginary characters that come to life and insist upon asserting their own individualities and writing the story to suit themselves. In short, without knowing it she has developed the true creative gift. And when the story is published anonymously, without her husband's knowledge, the public is quick to recognise real genius, and she achieves at one bound a success both literary and financial such as poor Brett himself will never even remotely approach. Unfortunately the book has been cleverly and widely advertised as the genuine confes-

sions of a novelist's wife, and it represents the husband as a model of blind, unthinking egotism. Curiosity is rife over the identity of the author in question, and when the public press is filled with random guesses and letters of denial are pouring in from scores of indignant authors, some one betrays the secret, and Hubert Brett for once in his life receives more newspaper notoriety than he desires. His mortification, his rage, his blind resentment against his wife are more easily imagined than described,—and as a crowning touch to his humiliation, his "best seller" proves to be an utter failure, while Helena receives the offer of a thousand pounds in advance for the rights to her second novel. Just how the breach caused by professional jealousy is healed may be left for the reader to discover for himself. But at least it will do no harm to say in conclusion that the title contains, perhaps unintentionally, the finest touch of irony in this distinctly ironical little volume.

"JAMES HURD"

It is ten years since an unpretending volume bearing the non-committal title of *Voysey* and the unknown signature of R. O. Prowse drifted into the hands of the present reviewer, was opened with a desultory curiosity, and promptly awakened a deep and lasting admiration. Since that time, it has occasionally happened that the mention of the name *Voysey* in a miscellaneous gathering of persons more or less conversant with books has unexpectedly struck an answering spark of appreciation. From the publisher's standpoint, *Voysey* was undoubtedly a failure, so far as the American public was concerned, but none the less there exists a small and select little group, the members of which for the most part are unaware of one another's existence, but whose common tie is an unwavering cult of *Voysey*. What other books have come from the same pen, the present writer does not know; but none has found an American publisher until the present season, when in

the same unheralded way, *James Hurd* has made its appearance. It is easy to understand why this new volume has small chance of popularity. It is too sombre, too unsparing, too remorselessly grim. It has the prevailing leaden grey-ness of Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, without the latter's breadth of canvas and sense of dim distances. It is hard reading, too, with its veiled suggestiveness, its vague hints of lurking mystery and unspoken heart-aches. One might safely hazard a guess that R. O. Prowse has gone to school rather faithfully to Henry James,—the later Henry James, of the *Golden Bowl* and *Awkward Age* period. And yet, in spite of vagueness and mannerism, there is no escape from the swift and sure recognition that here is a work of exceptional quality, a work of sterling, even if somewhat self-willed and undisciplined genius. The theme may be summed up in a score of words: James Hurd and his wife are living in a waking nightmare. To all appearances, they were peculiarly blessed with the good things of life; they had their mutual love, an abundance of material prosperity, and the crowning joy of one child, a little boy. And then, suddenly, at the age of five, the boy met with an accident: and two years later, when the intimate friend of the family who tells the story, visits their country home, he has the impression of walking on a smouldering volcano of unguessed suffering. The child is not well, and according to the doctors, he never will be well again. Not that his affliction has taken any visible, tangible, outward form, any obvious malformation to which surgery could give a name. But he is unmistakably abnormal, uncanny, with a sly, malignant gleam in his eyes that surreptitiously peeps out in odd flashes. It is this hint of dormant insanity, foreshadowed by fits of ungovernable rage, and more especially of morbid resentment toward the mother, that gives to the whole house the sense of an avenging nemesis ready to strike without warning. It is a cruel book, a haunting book, one that you al-

most hate the author for having written, and yet one that, having read it, you would not blot out from your memory, even if you could.

"DYING FIRES"

Another strong yet depressing book, picturing the influence exerted on a married couple by the brief existence of one little child, is *Dying Fires*, by Alan Monkhouse. Richard Peel marries Letitia Drayton for the same odd assortment of motives that, so the author wishes us to believe, enter into a substantial majority of present-day marriages. Peel has no desire to marry, he is well content with his bachelor freedom. But his friend, Morice, has a good deal to say on the subject, all of which sinks in and bears fruit; and then, Letty is certainly an attractive young woman, and it might be pleasant to have a cozy fireside to come home to, and a pretty face to welcome one on arrival. So they are married, and for a few brief months passion flames up and masquerades as love. Then comes Jim, the only child, idolised by both parents, the embers of whose ardour kindle to a renewed warmth in the genuine glow of their love for him. But after a few brief years Jim dies, and no other child is born to take his place. And at this point the real strength of the story begins to show itself. It is a minute, insistent, unsparing portrayal of the dead monotony of married life after the fire has died out, the hopeless deadening of sensibilities as a result of endless days of companionship devoid of affection. Just once in all these loveless years Letitia experiences a brief awakening; her husband's friend, Morice, has secretly loved her from the first, asking nothing, giving no hint of his own feelings. But there comes a time when his pity for the grey hopelessness of her life gets the better of his sense of honour, and he offers his life to her, to do with it as she pleases. The woman is sorely tempted; social conventions do not hold her back, she is beyond all that; furthermore, her husband,

knowing by some clairvoyant instinct what her temptation is, does not raise a finger to hinder her, his heart is too numb to care. And yet when the time comes, she decides to stay instead of going; and the only way that she can explain her decision is on the ground of sheer force of habit. She has lived so long in a rut, the very surroundings, the never-to-be-forgotten shadow of little Jim's death, have all united to weave an invisible net of custom that her will is not strong enough to break. Altogether, a book of rare strength, but wrapped in a thick mantle of gloom.

"THE FEAR OF LIVING"

It is twelve years since Henry Bordeaux compelled French critics to take him long by the production of his first serious novel, *The Fear of Living*. It is now translated for the first time, and the only wonder is that some one did not think it worth while to give it an English raiment much sooner. The theme of the story is the brave martyrdom of a middle-aged widow who, from a happy wife and mother of seven children, has seen her family circle shrink year by year, her husband taken from her in the height of his professional career as an honoured country doctor, her fortune sacrificed to tide over the financial blunders and disgrace of a foolish brother-in-law, and her sons, one by one, emigrating to profitable business ventures in the far East or entering upon valiant service in the army. This unselfish spirit, insisting that her sons and daughters should bravely grasp the opportunities that life held out, regardless of the heart-ache of separation, the wrench of uprooting all the ties that bind them to the soil of their native village, is held up in contrast to the monumental selfishness of another mother, whose ruling passion is to arrange her children's destinies to suit her own pleasure, to insist that they should enter upon vocations for which they had no taste and marry where they felt no love, in order to remain and stagnate safely within the narrow family circle. The

book is extremely French in its views of family life and domestic conventions; but it is abundantly imbued with blended humour and pathos, and its philosophy of life is eminently sane and wholesome.

"APRIL PANHAZARD"

April Panhazard, by Muriel Hine, is a blythesome little volume, whose chief fault is due to the fact that the author did not know enough of her art to be aware when she had reached a logical stopping point, and so maundered on aimlessly for about five chapters too much. The bizarre title is taken from the fictitious name adopted on the spur of the moment by the heroine who wished temporarily to bury herself alive in an isolated little village, to escape the unpleasant notoriety thrust upon any Englishwoman who dares to defy custom and divorce her husband. The law gives "April Panhazard" six months in which to think better of her rash resolve, after which, if she still wishes it, the decree will become absolute. The story hovers lightly on the borderline of farce comedy, drops into melodrama once or twice, shifts suddenly into grim tragedy, and ends comfortably with a love match and the distant tinkle of wedding bells. It is an admirable example of the summertime hammock novel, and rather above the average of its type.

"SUNIA AND OTHER TALES"

Maud Diver is already known as a new-comer in the special field that Kipling once on a time claimed as his own; but, unless memory is at fault, this is her first published volume of short stories. They average excellently well; there is the pervading sense of deadly heat, the feverish social gaiety and reckless abandon that we remember so well from the early *Plain Tales*, and there is the familiar background of the summer refuge of Simla and other hill stations. To discriminate, where one and all of these stories are distinctly good, would be ungracious; but since space forbids a detailed comment on all, we may take at random the one entitled "When Beauty Fades." It is a cruel little story, picturing a foolish little woman who for forty-five years has defied the ravages of time. And all the while, her staid, elderly, hard-working husband has waited patiently, loving her with the fidelity of a dumb animal, watching her mad pursuit of feverish pleasures and silly flirtations, and biding his time,—the time when she will awaken to the bitter knowledge that she is old, and will turn to him for refuge and comfort. It would be a mistake to spoil an admirable bit of art by further analysis. But it is distinctly a story to read; it is easily worth the price of the whole volume.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY"*

"My luncheon, consisting of a sandwich and a drink, usually costs ten cents, unless I frequent a free-lunch counter, when it costs five. Since looking at the expanse of cheek in the picture which you send (and for which I thank you kindly) I have about resolved to inter-

*Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

mit lunches for the time being. If this sounds too Spartan, remember that a great deal of nourishment can be bought between Washington Square and Central Park, if you still feel atrophied after lunching with me. For dinner I pay (including tip) from sixty to eighty-five cents, except on rare occasions when I feel proud and sassy—on which occasions I sometimes reach the dizzy and disastrous peak of a dollar ten."

Thus writes a real poet of real life, putting to shame the joyous imaginings

of O. Henry and the fictive Bohemianism of Mr. Alfred Noyes's *Mermaid Taverners*. It is a light hearted bit from a letter of the late William Vaughn Moody, written in the days of his early struggle and reprinted in a small volume that has a genuine charm. Particularly in the first years spanned by this slender collection, Moody was, by the evidence of his correspondence, a man of exuberant spirit, of lively fancy and alert interest in all kinds of life. That there was more than one side to his nature may be guessed from his plays; but his first fame was as a poet of profoundly serious intention. There is nothing in *The Masque of Judgment*, for instance, to suggest that its author was capable of this amusing doggerel:

"Gutters sing.
Is it spring?
Does old winter
Now beginter
Quit?
Nit!
Long time yet,
You bet,
Ere G. S.
Comes to bless
Us, I guess
Yes."

"These 'Thoughts on a Thaw' I think of submitting as my contribution to the next edition of *The Poets of Indiana*, an Anthology; just published by Macmillan. At present I'm not represented, but I'll force them to recognise me yet."

It is indeed a slight and not very impressive memorial, this slender collection of letters to a few friends. It renews the regret that must be felt at Moody's too early death by emphasising, in spite of the light tone of most of the letters, the straitened intellectual life he must have led through most of his productive years. Writing from Chicago, where he held an instructorship in the University, he bewails more than once the uninspiring "Western heartiness and unflexity" of that metropolis. Though Western born, he turned to the East as his home. He writes from New York in 1898:

If I mistake not, my lines are apt to be cast in these places permanently in the not distant future, and I have a good chance now to make some acquaintances and learn the ropes of New York life against that desirable time. I have already met a number of capital chaps here at the Players, where Carpenter has kindly set me down—chiefly playwrights, not very big ones, I suspect, but full of enthusiasm and practical expedient. The great thing about them is that they get their things played, and that sort of thing, begad, begins to appeal to me. Do not believe me quite recreant to ideals; Cambridge and her elegiac air seems still lovely and of good report. But these chaps here, though very moderately elegiac and of a dubious report, are splendidly American and contemporary; and I feel convinced that this is the place for young Americans who want to do something. (N.B.—I have not enlisted in the marine.)

That Moody was a maker of phrases is as easily discernible from these letters as from his published work. There is an amusingly inconsequential catalogue of observations in an extract from a letter addressed to a fellow-craftsman, Miss Josephine Preston Peabody:

Mr. Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago. God is a very considerable personage—So is Mr. Rockefeller—So am I, but for a different reason. Towers of Babel are out of fashion. Ride a Rambler. Four-fifths of William Blake would not be accepted for publication by the *Harvard Advocate*. Life at a penny plain is d—d dear. Eat H. O. The poet in a golden clime was born, but moved away early. A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a good Laodicean. Art is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short. There will be no opera or steel engraving in the twentieth century. An angleworm makes no better bait because it has fed on Cæsar. Wood fires are dangerous. So is life at a penny plain, but for a different reason. Towers of Babel, though out of fashion, are well received in Chicago. There were no birds in the Tower of Babel. God is a very considerable personage—So is Olga Nethersole—So are you, but for a different reason. I am owner of

the spheres, and grow land-poor. Literature is a fake and Nordau is its prophet. God bless McKinley. Love is not Time's fool: he was turned off for lack of wit. Eve was born before Ann Radcliffe, so the world goes darkling. Tom's a cold. I am old-rose, quoth'a. God's pittykins 'ield ye, zany, for thy apple-greenness! 'T would gi' the Ding-an-Sich a colic to set eyes on 'e. Natherless Monet was a good painter, and colour-blind."

Ward Clark.

II

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN'S "VOICES OF TOMORROW"*

These Voices in the Wilderness, tested and selected by Edwin Björkman, make up an interesting and a stimulating choir: Strindberg, and Björnstjerne Björnson; Selma Lageröf; Francis Grierson, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Henri Bergson linked respectively as Prophet, Poet, and Philosopher of "The New Mysticism"; Gissing, and Conrad; Robert Herrick, and Edith Wharton. It is a book close packed with personality and personalities, illuminating lines and probing interpretations.

One cannot read Mr. Björkman's thoughtful and sympathetic study of the true colour of August Strindberg's soul through a detailed analysis of the man's contradictions and bitter loneliness without feeling a decided access of tolerant comprehension of Strindberg's work that is too often dismissed as stuff made up of hate and bias and heavy prejudice. "Personally," writes Mr. Björkman, "I believe that he never wrote a line that did not contain something of truth in it. But I believe also that frequently he mistook a truth for the truth. At heart he was, I think, an incurable sentimentalist, and, like all true sentimentalists, he was, on the surface, all contradiction, all conflict, all vain struggle to reach a point of equilibrium where the million paradoxes of life should become resolved into a single absolute truth. His reason was clear and more comprehensive than that of most men; yet it was insufficient

*Voices of Tomorrow. By Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

for the adequate control of the emotional pressure from within. His reason furnished a channel for his every expression. It was the main outlet of all his activity as man and artist. Where another man might have been stirred into murder he was moved into merciless "analysis of his own and other people's soul states. But his motives were always rooted below his head, so to speak."

And again, at the end of the study: "In more respects than one he was comparable to one of those loud-voiced and sharp-tongued old Hebrew prophets, whose temper and language he seemed to share in equal degree. Once he was named by a critic the artistic conscience of his country. But as I see him, he shared with Ibsen and Tolstoi the soul-saddening task of being the spiritual conscience of the entire period to which he belonged—a period which we have outlived, but whose lessons we have still to master."

Also the analysis of Strindberg's attitude to women in this study should not be passed by, if the layman is interested in understanding at once *The Father*, *Countess Julie*, and *The Creditor*.

The Gissing study coincides acutely here and there with the analysis of Strindberg. It is full of poignant detail of a brave and piteous life—there are two or three pages of details of Gissing's poverty-ridden life that make Poverty seem something that is blind and stupid and heavy and alive, that can be and ought to be killed. Gissing, too, saw life as something ineffably sad: "Art," said he, "nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life." Yet he was braver than Strindberg, less personal in his point of view, less resentful against a state of environment that, he admitted calmly, he at least could not change.

Robert Herrick has two reviews given his work, one an earlier criticism, the other written for this volume. Herrick, too, according to Mr. Björkman, is a mystic, but a disgruntled mystic, a pessimist without hope; not, as Grierson is called elsewhere, a practical pessimist. Mr. Björkman sees in *The Healer*, "the

book of a man who has grown tired of aiming at the unattainable. It is an apotheosis of spiritual faint-heartedness, one might say, with not a trace left of any straining toward those sunlit heights that were so nearly reached in the previous book. Strindberg's eager acceptance of conflict as life's main attraction is wholly foreign to him." Herrick's attitude to women receives, too, its large analysis.

But the illuminating chapter of the book is that one called *The New Mysticism*; the triple study of Grierson, its Prophet; Maeterlinck, its Poet; and Bergson, its Philosopher.

The personal story of Francis Grierson is charmingly told, particularly for those readers to whom his name has been something remote, foreign, impersonal. He, too, knew Lincoln. And he, too, is a pessimist, but his critic has this to say of that "practical pessimism": "In the end it amounts to this: that he sees life as a striving and not a holding, as a journey and not an arrival. To him the fatuous optimism of the early eighteenth century, for instance, meant nothing but a belief that some day life will reach a final equilibrium; while that 'modern melancholy' with its 'natural gesture of disillusionment' to which he sometimes refers as 'practical pessimism,' means a realisation, on the part both of the individual and the race, that eternal disharmony is the price which must be paid for eternal progress."

Maeterlinck's most significant contribution to the New Mysticism is held to be "the intimate connection he has established between certain mysterious powers within ourselves, and certain equally mysterious powers on the outside. What he shows—or tries to show—is that these two sets of powers are at the bottom identical. The fear with which man has regarded fate tends thus to change into happy faith—and in dealing with life, destiny, providence, man begins to feel at last as if he were dealing with another self." Toward mankind, says Maeterlinck's present interpreter, Maeterlinck holds not only a vast tolerance, but an unshakable confidence.

"One reason for his power over our time is his untiring effort to turn us in childlike wonder toward that ocean of dumb life out of which we have risen into unique articulateness. Like Bergson, he wants to teach us how to soften the noise made by our reasons in order that we may catch the unspoken messages passing from the rest of life into our instincts and intuitions. But to do so we must cultivate the simplicity of spirit that sends him out to watch his beloved bees in the early morn of every day, and that helps him to define the new mysticism he feels coming as 'nothing more than a knowledge of self that has far overstepped the ordinary limits of consciousness.'"

The third study of the trilogy makes straight for the heart of the French philosopher's attitude toward the riddle of life, and presents it within the range of a score of pages—this new philosopher who, says Mr. Björkman, is "quoted as their spiritual authority by the leaders of the Syndacalistic labour movement in France and by the young Tory Democrats of England, by the Modernist reformers within the Catholic Church and by those audacious iconoclasts who, as Post-Impressionists, are startling the world with a new art form."

The whole effect of this volume of studies of personalities so diverse expressing themselves in work so unlike in form, so near in their separate sensings of the new spirit, tends to fix—if that word may be used in this connection—the concept of the eternal flux of life; the realisation that when we have arrived at the ultimate solution of life, it is not there, nor ever will be.

Baldwin Macy.

III

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN'S
"THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT"*

"The symbol of the honest man in politics" is the phrase which Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan applies to John Bright. It is as good a phrase as any,

*The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

though perhaps it is slightly tinged with aggressiveness. A man may be at once honest and tactful. "Only a deep and tender humanity of disposition," Mr. Trevelyan adds, "could make so strict a truth-teller a tolerable member of society." In this biography—the final authority, perhaps, so far as any biography can be final—he is able to convey to the reader at least an inkling of the lovable qualities which underlay Bright's sturdy and uncompromising adherence to his convictions. He was, by general acknowledgment, the greatest orator of his time. His chief rival was Gladstone; and Gladstone, though he had the peculiar persuasiveness which for the moment could convince the hearer against his will, could not leave that permanent impress upon mind and conscience which Bright left. It is idle to seek in manner or in matter the secret of Bright's success. His simple but majestic style does not explain it, nor the merit of his cause. There was something in the man which drew hearts to him. "My life is in my speeches," he once remarked. They reveal him as nothing else could. Mr. Trevelyan does well to include so many important passages from them in this volume.

We are apt in these days to think of John Bright as a great Radical. He stood for free trade at a time when conservatism opposed it. He made himself the mouthpiece of a class politically unrepresented; he felt that he was the especial representative of the working classes. Yet as a manufacturer he fought many things that the "uplifters" of to-day would consider essential—the regulation of the hours of labour for adults among them. There was a strain of hardness in his character—Mr. Trevelyan calls it the Old Testament strain—which one might expect from his sympathy with the *laissez faire* doctrines of the Manchester school. It would not be accurate to say that he lacked imagination; but

his imaginative powers were circumscribed by his environment and by his religious and political principles. He could never have played the part that Disraeli, for example, played; or even that of Gladstone. There is a curious story in this volume of the effort made by Disraeli, just after the death of Peel, to get Bright, Cobden and their friends to join him in an attractive programme of reform; nor could he understand Bright's reluctance to do anything so inconsistent. "A man of genius and power," he insisted, "may do anything with a large constituency." But Bright was not Disraeli; and even if he could have persuaded to a change in his political relations, he could never have carried it off with the jaunty assurance essential to an adventurer in this kind.

Perhaps Bright's greatest work was his fight for the repeal of the Corn laws. He was not a constructive statesman; his experience of official life was brief and not especially happy. But as the advocate of a great cause he was unexcelled. He was heard, not merely because it was a pleasure to hear him, but because his sincerity was not to be doubted. There were those who wondered at his opposition to Home Rule; but none who knew him could have expected anything else. To him the Irish Nationalists were "rebels"; nor could he forget the rights of "loyal Ulster." His sympathy with the North during our Civil War is equally explicable; it was an inevitable consequence of his position and character. Mr. Trevelyan is no hero-worshipper; he does not hesitate to touch on Bright's faults; but he brings out the sterling character of the man with admirable lucidity. His work is valuable, too, because it gives a vivid view of the background of events through which the Quaker statesman moved. There are interesting portraits in the volume, and some reproductions of cartoons from *Punch* bearing on Bright's activities.

Edward Fuller.

EPICURES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

SOME of the novelists—Thackeray and Dickens, for instance—thrust their personal attitude toward the pleasures of feasting and the sequence of sauces directly upon the passive reader. Others gently insinuate their knowledgeable epicureanism through their characters, and, as in life, there are a thousand hearty, pleased eaters to one epicure. But epicures wander through fiction, sometime with no more detailed atmosphere than the epicure's aura itself—as Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist*, who knew wines. Others bubble with the secrets of their delicate feastings, and gormandise verbally for the delectation of the enhungered reader.

Emerson Hough, in *The Mississippi Bubble*, has a hero who knew a mint julep. He had just met Colonel Blount of the Old South, and introduces himself as follows:

"Well, Colonel Blount, in our family we used to have an old silver mug—sort of plain mug, you know, few flowers round the edge of it—been in the family for years. Now you take a mug like that, and let it lie in the ice-box all the time, and when you take it out, it's got a sort of white frost all over it. Now my old daddy he would take this mug and put some fine ice into it—not too fine. Then he'd take a little loaf sugar in another glass, and he'd mash it up in a little water—not too much water—then he'd pour that over the ice. Then he would pour some good corn whiskey in till all the interstices of that ice were filled plumb up; then he'd put some mint——"

"Didn't smash the mint? Say, he didn't smash the mint, did he?" said Colonel Blount, eagerly, hitching over toward the speaker.

"Smash it? I should say not, sir! Sometime, at certain seasons of the year, he might just sort of take a twist at the leaf, to sort of release a little of the flavour you

know. You don't want to be rough with mint. Just twist it gently between the thumb and finger. Then you set it nicely round the edge of the glass. Sometimes just a little powder of fine sugar round on top of the mint leaves, and then——"

"Sir," said Colonel Blount, gravely, rising and taking off his hat, "you are welcome to my home!"

Most self-revelation is sublimated fiction, so Mary Maclane's choice of relishes—if we are making up a menu according to the heroes and heroines—will not be barred. Mary Maclane loved olives, and she tells us how to eat them:

"I take the olive in my fingers and I contemplate its green oval richness. I set my teeth and my tongue upon the olive and bite it. It is bitter, salt, delicious. The saliva rushes to meet it, and my tongue is a happy tongue. As the morsel of olive rests in my mouth and is crunched and squeezed lusciously among my teeth, a quick, temporary change takes place in my character—'Oh, dear, sweet, bitter olive!' I say to myself."

And on and on for a chapter on the olive. Also Mary worshipped at the incensed shrine of young green onions from California. Marie Bashkirtsef tells us that "the incomparable commencement of a dinner is a cup of broth, a hot calatch, and some fresh caviar." "Calatch" is a species of bread, but one must go to Moscow to eat it.

Thackeray, or his minor heroes, on soups is interesting authority. The choice may be Mirobalant's own for Blanche: "a little potage à la reine, as white as her own tint, and compounded of the most fragrant cream and almonds. Or a clear stock made by the nonchalantly extravagant recipe of Cavalcadour, the pupil of Mirobalant, who stunned Mrs. Gashliegh with his demand for "a

leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham." In exactness of quantities Jennifer, Peter Stirling's black man, may serve us better with his clean-cut statement concerning his famous soup: "Dar aint nuffin' in dat soup, but a quart o' thick cream, an' de squeezin's of a hun'erd clams."

Thackeray "On Fish" is trustworthy. Likewise dependable is Colonel Carter of Cartersville, who served "fish, boiled, with slices of hard-boiled eggs fringing the dish, ovaled by a hedge of parsley, and supplemented by a pyramid of potatoes with their jackets ragged as tramps.

Here is Colonel Carter's Chad on ter-rapin:

"Tar-pin jes' like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the dish.

"Now, Major, take up yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebry mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat's de way *we* eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dar's *tar'pin*!"

And Colonel Carter himself on game cannot be omitted from this symposium. The canvasbacks were brought in, and the Colonel spoke:

"Lay 'em here, Chad, right under my nose. Now hand me that pile of plates sizzlin' hot, and give that carvin' knife a turn or two across the hearth. Major, dip a bit of celery in the salt, and follow it with a mou'ful of claret. It will prepare yo' palate for the kind of food we raise gentlemen on down my way. See that red blood, suh, followin' the knife? There, Major, is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Carter Hall—Now Chad, the red pepper."

"No jelly, Colonel?" said Fitz, with an eye on the sideboard.

"Jelly? No suh, not a suspicion of it. A pinch of salt and dust of cayenne; then shut yo' eyes and mouth, and don't open them

except for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mawnin' that you are tastin', suh, not molasses candy. You Nawtherners don't really treat a canvas back with any degree of respect. You ought never to come into his presence when he lies in state without takin' off yo' hat."

On the etiquette of the serving of venison Colonel Carter also spoke feelingly:

"Ven'son is diff'nt. That game lives on moose buds, and the soft bark of the sugar-maple, and the tufts of sweet grass. There is propriety and justice in his ending his days smothered in sweets, but the wild duck, suh, is bawn of the salt ice, braves the storm, and lives a life of pey'il and hardship. You don't degrade an oyster, a soft-shell crab, or a clam with confectionery. Why a canvasback duck?"

One might well cook quail as the Frederick Carrols of Jesse Lynch Williams cooked theirs, "encased in an envelope of oiled paper to retain the flavour and juices." And an interesting course prepared by your own recipe could be tagged "Frawgs' laigs à la Delmonico" à la *The Virginian*.

Poor Cousin Pons ate good food with Cibot, prepared by Madame Cibot; a ragout, for instance, "made of scraps of boiled beef bought at a cook shop and fricasseed in butter with onions cut in fine strips until the butter was wholly absorbed by the meat and onions and had the appearance of something fried. Other days there were odds and ends of chicken sauté, or a fish cooked in a sauce of Madame Cibot's own invention in which a mother might have eaten her children without perceiving it."

In "Au Soleil" Maupassant gives a verbatim recipe for a dish not half bad to try as a gastronomic or literary experiment. Says he:

It is made of chicken or mutton. After cutting the meat into cubes, it is fried in a little butter. Then take hot water (I should think broth would improve it) and add a large quantity of red pepper, a dash of pi-

miento, pepper and salt, onions, dates and dried apricots, and boil these until the fruit is quite soft, when it is poured over the meat. It is simply delicious.

In *Virgin Soil* the Subotcheffs had "fowl roasted on a spit with saffron," that is distinctively foreign to Anglo-Saxon cookery, and is smoothly savoury.

Or, to go back to Mirobalant, his method of serving roast lamb may be filched for quaint, modern use, "laid in a little meadow of spinaches, surrounded with croustillons representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers," finished the passionate lover, Mirobalant.

As for salads, Turgenev hints darkly many times of the varied content of Russian salads. George Horton, in *The Long Straight Road*, that novel of mediocre American life, discusses the amount of vinegar and oil due an American potato salad, and cites this detail of a Crissey Sunday dinner:

"What's this," asked Crissey, as Lena brought on something in small dishes. Oranges?"

"Taste it and see how you like it," replied his wife. "It's orange salad. I got the recipe out of this morning's paper. How do you like it, Miss Aikin?"

It was one of those abominable dishes which we Americans perpetrate under the absurd name of salad—in the present instance, sliced oranges, lettuce, peanuts, and garlic, with olive oil.

"As for me," commented Crissey, in a judicial manner, "I prefer my lettuce in a Christian manner, with vinegar and sugar."

George Ellwanger's *The Story of My House* contains full directions for "A Blue Violet Salad" that might be quoted here:

There was a great bunch of double violets on the table, the lovely dark variety (*Viola odoratissima flore pleno*) with their short stems, freshly plucked from the garden, and the room was scented by their delicious breath.

A bowl of broad-leaved Bavarian endive,

blanched to a nicety and alluring as a siren's smile, was placed upon the table. I almost fancied it was smiling at the violets. A blue violet salad by all means! there are violets and to spare.

On a separate dish there was a little minced celery, parsley, and chives. Four heaped salad spoonsful of olive oil were poured upon the herbs, with a dessert spoonful of white wine vinegar, the necessary salt and white pepper, and a tablespoonful of Bordeaux. The petals of two dozen violets were detached from their stems, and two-thirds of them were incorporated with the dressing. The dressing being thoroughly mixed with the endive, the remaining flower petals were sprinkled over the salad and a half dozen whole violets were placed in the centre. The lovely blue sapphires glowed upon the white bosom of the endive!

A wide choice there is of literary desserts. From *Pierre et Jean* may be culled one of "four high dishes, one containing a pyramid of splendid peaches; the second a monumental cake gorged with whipped cream, and covered with pinnacles of sugar, a cathedral in confectionery; the third slices of pineapple floating in clear syrup, and the fourth black grapes brought from the Southland."

Or there is the Christmas pudding from *David Harum*, "of steamed Indian meal and fruit, with a sauce of cream sweetened with maple sugar." Or Owen Wister who has sent *The Virginian's* "Frawgs' laigs à la Delmonico" to deathless fame, can supply the sweet in Lady Baltimore cake.

Lord Henry Wootton, in *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, dallies exquisitely with dessert at the close of a dinner: "He spilt into his plate a little crimson pyramid of seeded strawberries, and through a perforated spoon snowed white sugar upon them."

Then, for the closing note, what better than Hichen's detailed Eastern coffee, made by Hamza for Bella Donna:

There was a saucepan containing water, a brass bowl of freshly roasted and pounded

coffee, two small, open coffee pots with handles that stuck straight out, two coffee cups, a tiny bowl of powdered sugar, and some paper parcels which held sticks of mastic, ambergris, and seed of cardamon. Hamza poured water from the saucepan into one of the coffee pots, set it on a brazier and sank into a reverie. Presently there came from the pot a murmur, and Hamza took it instantly from the brazier and the bowl of coffee from the ground, let some of the coffee slip into the water, stirred it with a silver spoon, and set the pot once more on the brazier. Then he unfolded the paper which held the ambergris, put a

carat weight of it into the second pot and set that too on the brazier. The coffee began to simmer. He lit a stick of mastic, fumigated with its smoke the two little coffee cups, took the coffee pot and gently poured the fragrant coffee into the pot containing the melted ambergris, let it simmer for a moment, then poured it out into the two coffee cups, creaming, and now sending forth with its own warm perfume the enticing perfume of ambergris, added a dash of cardamon seed—

And looked toward Bella Donna to add the sugar.

HENRI FABRE: HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

I

OF the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles, I doubt if four hundred had ever heard of Henri Fabre before the publication of Maeterlinck's essay on *The Insect's Homer*. I certainly was not one of those four hundred; but the essay stimulated me to immediate enquiries. I found that, at the time, the London Entomological Society owned only a part of the volumes forming the *Souvenirs entomologiques*; that there was a complete set at the British Museum and not, as far as I could discover, anywhere else in London; and that a condensed translation of the first volume had been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, in 1901, under the title of *Insect Life*. I thought that it would be a desirable and pleasant task to translate the remainder; and I was preparing to negotiate with Paris for the English and American rights of the whole work, when Messrs. Adam and Charles Black sent for me.

It appeared that this leading firm of publishers had acquired the right to issue an English edition of *La Vie des Insectes*, an illustrated volume of extracts from the *Souvenirs*, which had lately been published in France, and that they

wished me to undertake the translation. This "popular" form of publication did not exactly coincide with my views, which contemplated a complete and uniform edition of the whole series of essays, uncurtailed and figuring in their order as written; but the agreement between the French and English publishers was already signed and I accepted the offer of the translation, which received the title of *The Life and Love of the Insect* and appeared in 1911. It was arranged that, if the same house issued the English edition of a second, similar volume, I was to translate this also; and I was a little surprised, early in the following year, to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin was announcing *Social Life in the Insect World*, by Henri Fabre, translated by Bernard Miall. I was also more than a little disappointed, not so much because the work had not fallen to me—for Mr. Miall is one of our very ablest translators and his version was admirably done—but rather because this somewhat scattered method of publication threatened to frustrate my comprehensive plan of a uniform edition. It must be mentioned that the two volumes had also found different publishers in America, where they were issued by

the Macmillan Company and the Century Company respectively.

I felt that, if the uniform edition was to be saved in both countries, I must take action without delay; and I accordingly entered into direct relations with M. Charles Delagrave, the French publisher of all Henri Fabre's production, who, on the strength of a very generous personal recommendation from M. Maurice Maeterlinck, ended by signing a contract that placed in my hands the sole control of the unpublished material for both England and America. I was now able to plan out my cherished scheme for a uniform edition in the English language of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* and found no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on this side of the Atlantic and, in New York, with my friends Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the publishers of the Collected Works of Maurice Maeterlinck. Obviously, as some forty essays had been picked at random from the ten volumes of the *Souvenirs* to form the two books of extracts, my original intention of preserving the chronological order had to be abandoned, as involving too many marked gaps in the sequence of the chapters; and I devised instead a series of volumes each of which would be devoted to a specific order of insects.

The first of these has already appeared, under the title of *The Life of the Spider*, and contains all that the author has written about many different species of spiders, which, although not actually insects, are fully described in the *Souvenirs entomologiques*, as is the Languedocian scorpion, the only scorpion that has come within Fabre's ken. I could speak at great length, if the space at my command allowed me, of the engrossing character presented by my task of translation and also of its technical difficulties, which are immense, to one who, like myself, has had no training nor the least experience as an entomologist. These difficulties would have baffled me to some purpose if I had not been assisted in the first place by

Mr. Marmaduke Langdale and afterward by Miss Frances Rodwell and Miss Nora Power, while a young American engineer, Mr. W. S. Graff Baker, and a young English chemist, Mr. Edward Cahen, were of the greatest help to me in elucidating the mathematical and chemical technicalities that occurred in many chapters of this and the other books.

The Life of the Spider will be followed, in the autumn of the present year, by *The Life of the Fly*, which includes all the chapters on the genus *Dipteron* with, interspersed in their order as first published, the ten or eleven purely autobiographical chapters, which may be numbered among the most fascinating contributions of Henri Fabre to the literature of his time. They are inserted here so that the book may be of the same length as the others and also because I considered that Fabre's English and American readers would be well pleased to make the personal acquaintance, so to speak, of their author at this early rather than at a later stage of the publication. The next volume after *The Fly* will be devoted to *The Wild Bee* and will include a chapter on *The Red Ants*; and then, in due course, we shall hope to produce the life-histories of *The Beetle and the Weevil*, *The Wasp*, *The Grasshopper*, *The Butterfly and the Moth*, *The Bug* and *The Scorpion*, some of which will make two volumes, while some, according to the amount of material at hand, will be collected to form one. Thus I propose that, before many years are over, the reader shall have the whole of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* at his disposal in a definite and permanent English edition issued in a worthy fashion.

II

It is time to turn to Henri Fabre's personality and career. I have never had the advantage of meeting him. Twice within the last ten months—in November, on my way to the Mediterranean, and in April, on my journey

back to England—I passed within a few miles of his home at Sérignan; but I hesitated to intrude upon the privacy of this great old man, still busily engaged upon his normal activities in his ninetieth year. I, who was wholly incompetent to discuss his special subjects with him on any sort of terms of equality, had no real claim upon his time, his interest or his kindness, save that resting upon my efforts to make him a little better known in England and America, efforts which had evidently brought me their own reward. Every minute given to me would have been a minute stolen from his work, which is the property of mankind.

Nor could Fabre, with his amply-filled but essentially simple life, have told me much about himself that I had not already learned. Fame came late to him, but it came; and with it, two Lives, partly based upon and partly supplementing the autobiographical chapters that will be read shortly—and, I venture to think, eagerly read—in *The Life of the Fly*. These two Lives of J. H. Fabre are in one and two volumes respectively and are from the pens of his friend and disciple, Dr. G. V. Legros, and of his namesake and distant kinsman, M. Augustin Fabre. They tell us how he was born, on the 23rd of December, 1823, at Saint-Léons, a small parish in the canton of Vézins, district of Haut Rouergue, forming part of the ancient province of Guyenne, so that, though Fabre will always be regarded as a Provençal, he is not really a Provençal save by adoption. He came of peasant stock and of an exceedingly poor peasant stock, numbering no well-to-do farmers among its members, who considered themselves lucky when they held, by inheritance or marriage, a small bit of land to call their own. His paternal grandfather was one of these small farmers; his grandfather on the mother's side followed the calling of a process-server or sheriff's officer. Henri Fabre's own father at one time had a farm, but in the author's earliest childhood became smitten with the love of town-life and kept a humble café at one small provincial

town or village after the other. Not many of his immediate forbears and scarce any of the more remote were able to spell out even a few lines of a newspaper or to write their own names. He himself cannot account for his love of learning, his love of literature, his love of nature or his love of science by any explanation based upon the theory of heredity. He sees no "throw-back" in himself to a cultured ancestor or ancestress, however distant.

He was taught nothing at home, not even good farming; for, as I have said, the farm was abandoned in his infancy and his sole agricultural experience seems to have been the driving of a flock of ducklings to and from the village pond. Nor did he receive any but the most haphazard education at the rustic school to which he was sent as a tiny boy, a school where the master was constantly called away by other duties and where the chickens and pigs made frequent inroads. He learnt to read, mainly by his own efforts and initiative; he learnt a little arithmetic. When he had grown a year or two older, he received gratis instruction at a secondary school, in return for his services as an acolyte in church; and thus, little by little, he acquired knowledge—mostly self-taught—and the habit of learning, until at last he received his appointment as an assistant-master at Carpentras, to which was attached a wretched salary of seven hundred francs a year.

Meanwhile, his love of natural history had long asserted itself and, as he tells us, had to be suppressed, in order that he might apply himself to the study of mathematics for his degree. After a while, he was promoted to the post of lecturer on physics at Ajaccio, at a salary of eighteen hundred francs, by no means a large income on which to support a wife and a growing family. Here, in Corsica, he came into contact with two travelling naturalists, Requien of Avignon and Moquin-Tandon of Toulouse; and the latter, perceiving the special bent of Fabre's mind, recommended him to throw mathematics over-

board and "to devote himself to the animal." The young man acted on this advice, added a third degree, that of natural science, to those of mathematics and physics and received, in 1854, his nomination to the college of Avignon.

Fabre's first notable entomological work appeared in 1855, when he was thirty-two years of age, and took the form of an essay on the *Cerceris*-wasp published in the *Annales des sciences naturelles*. He had little time at this period for study or writing, though he had the greatest need for both, seeing that his stipend had fallen from eighteen hundred to sixteen hundred francs and remained at the latter figure during the whole of almost twenty years which he spent, as an assistant-professor, at Avignon College. Fortunately, he was endowed with a positive lust for work; and on every Sunday and every Thursday half-holiday he escaped to Carpentras, there to prosecute his observations on insects in the open air.

You will read in *The Life of the Fly*, in a chapter entitled "Industrial Chemistry," how he tried—and failed—to earn an independence at Avignon by setting up a factory for producing madder-dye; how he was sought out by Victor Duruy, the minister of education; how he was dragged to Paris, much against his will, presented to the Emperor Napoleon III and decorated with the Legion of Honour. You will have read in *The Life and Love of the Insect* (London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: the Macmillan Company) how he was visited by Pasteur; and you will read, a year hence, in *The Wild Bee*, how he corresponded with Charles Darwin and assisted him by making a number of complicated experiments on his behalf. Darwin called him "the incomparable observer"; Fabre, though he refers to Darwin as "the illustrious scientist" and so on, never entirely reciprocated the older man's admiration and, throughout the *Souvenirs entomologiques*, displays for the English naturalist a feeling which I would venture to describe as one of good-humoured, but

quite friendly scorn. You may agree with him or you may not; I agree with him and you may not; but you and I alike must love and respect and revere this humble practical observer tilting with undaunted courage at the successful and self-opinionated theorists whose views on the evolution of species, in which he refuses to believe, were rapidly gaining ground. He chaffs them merrily, but never bitterly; and his witty sallies against the exponents and adherents of evolution, transformism, mimesis and the rest of the "theories" will always count among the most brilliant and delightful passages in the *Souvenirs*.

I have a particular reason for mentioning Fabre's relations with Darwin at this point. There is no doubt that Fabre is a supremely Christian philosopher and that his quarrels with the evolutionists are due, in no small measure, to his belief that they are too prone to leave the will of God out of their reckoning. Now the irony of fate brought about that Fabre himself, because he talked to his pupils of the beasts and the flowers and the stars and all the wonders of nature, became looked upon, by the narrow-minded inhabitants of the provincial town where he resided, as a "dangerous" and "irregular" person. It also happened that, at this time, he had lost his protector, Duruy, who had himself fallen a victim to the persistent attacks of his abscurantist adversaries. The opportunity was seized to form a local cabal against Fabre; and his enemies made tools of two maiden ladies, a pair of elderly spinsters who owned the house in which Fabre lived, and induced them to give him a month's notice to quit. He held no lease, had not the least scrap of a written agreement to show, was without remedy of any kind; and he had to submit and go.

At that moment he was so poor, so utterly denuded of all resources, that he had not even the wherewithal to pay for the removal of his belongings. The Franco-German War was devastating the country; Paris was besieged; and Fabre had ceased for the time to receive

the meagre royalties which his school-manuals and his books of popular science for children were just beginning to yield. Owing to the retired life which his studious and laborious habits caused him to lead, he had no friends at Avignon; and he possessed no credit. In his distress, he turned to John Stuart Mill, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy during the philosopher's many stays in the City of the Popes. Mill, who was now Member of Parliament for Westminster, at once sent him three thousand francs, as a loan without security, to be repaid at his friend's convenience. Fabre thereupon shook off the yoke of the college, withdrew to Orange and here, after some seeking, found a house to suit him on the outskirts of the town. He discharged his debt within two years and to this day relates the story of Mill's kindness in terms of fervent gratitude.

Mill died at Avignon in 1873. In the same year, Fabre received his dismissal as keeper of the Requien Museum, a subsidiary post which he had retained on leaving Avignon, visiting that city twice a week regularly from Orange. Such time as he could spare from the education of his children was now devoted to writing; but it was not until 1878 that he was able to collect enough of his serial essays to publish the first volume of his monumental *Souvenirs entomologiques*, which, issued at rare intervals during the subsequent three decades, were to end by forming a work in ten volumes, consisting of over three thousand seven hundred pages and containing nearly twelve hundred thousand words.

In 1879, he left Orange for Sérignan, where he purchased a small house and garden and also the famous piece of waste ground, the wild paddock or *har-mas*, to which such frequent reference is made in his writings. Here his wife died. His children were all grown up, some were married, the others were on the point of leaving him; and he foresaw the time when he would be left alone, with not even his aged father, the old

café-keeper of Pierrelatte and other places, for a companion. The son, moreover, had inherited the father's unpractical ways, his inability to cope with the exigencies of life, his domestic unfitness.

For this reason, after remaining a widower for two years, Fabre married again. He was over sixty, but physically and mentally as young as he had ever been; and he took to wife a young, industrious woman, full of life and vigour and in every way suited to satisfy that need of order, peace, calmness and moral tranquillity which was essential to his existence. Three children, a boy and two girls, were born in rapid succession; and before long the youngest of his daughters by the first wife returned home. Thus a family was reconstituted to surround him with its cares in his old age.

From this time onwards, aided by his wife and children, he pursued without distraction the career of his own choosing, applying himself exclusively to the studies that have made him celebrated all over the world. He has survived his second wife; but his son and his daughters still live by his side. He has never known a state far removed above poverty, has always, even of late years, had to live very nearly from hand to mouth; but the stories of his pitiful destitution, which were promulgated so lavishly last year by a well-meaning press, are highly coloured and exaggerated. He has at no time, since the publication of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* began, been in want of the necessities of life, necessities small indeed in the case of a man of his astonishingly simple ways; nor has he ever lamented the absence of life's luxuries. What has distressed him, from the start to the approaching finish of his career, is the lack of means with which to buy the finer and more expensive scientific instruments that would have been so useful to him in the pursuit of his studies. Time after time, he describes to us the apparatus employed by him in his experiments and investigations; and these appliances are mostly of a makeshift character. The reader

knows how stupendous the results have been, in spite of it all.

Fabre is and will always remain "the incomparable observer," an entomologist by the grace of God. It is an open question, however, whether posterity will not regard him rather as a mighty man of letters. There is a marvellous attraction about his style. Men more competent to judge than I, Frenchmen, have assured me that he does not write absolutely pure French, that Provençal idioms creep in here and there in his work, that he uses words occasionally in a sheer Provençal sense, that he writes, in a manner of speaking, with a southern accent. This may be so. I cannot tell. It is true that, in translating him, I have many times come upon a word which I do not find in Littré, or which I find in Littré defined in a sense different from that which Fabre intends it to convey. But how does this affect the question of style? We all know what a prig and pedant your Frenchman is in the matter

of his own language. While he looks upon it as a made and perfect implement, he will often welcome a neologism, proudly labelling it as such; but the introduction of a provincial term, however happy, however mellifluous, however robust, from east, north, west or south of Paris, shocks him as barbarous. Let him be shocked: Fabre's style remains none the less delightful. It is as simple as Victor Hugo's, as lucid as Chateaubriand's; it trips along with a graceful lilt of its own; it has ever the right word in the right place.

Fabre's work translates into excellent English; and I have always thought that this quality—the quality of being readily rendered into a foreign tongue—is a test of good writing. It is the tortuous, laboured, fantastic, would-be "original" style that hampers the translator. Fabre's style is invariably straightforward, radiant and magnificent; he writes as a classic from the moment that he takes up his pen.

CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE

BY J. H. FABRE

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

I. THE HARMAS

THIS is what I wished for, *hoc erat in votis*: a bit of land, oh, not so very large, but fenced in, to avoid the drawbacks of a public way; an abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land, favoured by thistles and Hymenoptera. Here, without fear of being troubled by the passers-by, I could consult the *Am-mophila* and the *Sphex* and engage in that difficult conversation whose questions and answers have experiment for their language; here, without distant expeditions that take up my time, without tiring rambles that strain my nerves, I could contrive my plans of attack, lay my ambushes and watch their effects at every hour of the day. *Hoc erat in votis*. Yes, this was my wish, my dream, always cherished, always vanishing into the mists of the future.

And it is no easy matter to acquire a

laboratory in the open fields, when harassed by a terrible anxiety about one's daily bread. For forty years have I fought, with steadfast courage, against the paltry plagues of life; and the long-wished-for laboratory has come at last. What it has cost me in perseverance and relentless work I will not try to say. It has come; and, with it—a more serious condition—perhaps a little leisure. I say perhaps, for my leg is still hampered with a few links of the convict's chain.

The wish is realised. It is a little late, O my pretty insects! I greatly fear that the peach is offered to me only when I am beginning to have no teeth wherewith to eat it. Yes, it is a little late: the wide horizons of the outset have shrunk into a low and stifling canopy, more and more straitened day by day. Regretting nothing in the past, save those

whom I have lost; regretting nothing, not even my first youth; hoping nothing either, I have reached the point at which, worn out by the experience of things, we ask ourselves if life be worth the living.

Amid the ruins that surround me, one strip of wall remains standing, immovable upon its solid base: my passion for scientific truth. Is that enough, O my busy Hymenoptera, to enable me to add yet a few seemly pages to your history? Will my strength not cheat my good intentions? Why, indeed, did I forsake you so long? Friends have reproached me for doing so. Ah, tell them, tell



J. H. FABRE

those friends, who are yours as well as mine, tell them that it was not forgetfulness on my part, weariness, nor neglect: I thought of you; I was convinced that the *Cerceris*' cave had more fair secrets to reveal to us, that the chase of the *Sphex* held fresh surprises in store. But the time failed me; I was alone, deserted, struggling against misfortune. Before philosophising, one had to live. Tell them that; and they will pardon me.

Others have reproached me with my style, which has not the solemnity, nay, better, the dryness of the schools. They fear lest a page that is read without fatigue should not always be the expres-

sion of the truth. Were I to take their word for it, we are profound only on condition of being obscure. Come here, one and all of you—you, the sting-bearers, and you, the wing-cased armour-clads—take up my defence and bear witness in my favour. Tell of the intimate terms on which I live with you, of the patience with which I observe you, of the care with which I record your actions. Your evidence is unanimous: yes, my pages, though they bristle not with hollow formulas nor learned smatterings, are the exact narrative of facts observed, neither more nor less; and whoso cares to question you in his turn will obtain the same replies.

And then, my dear insects, if you cannot convince those good people, because you do not carry the weight of tedium, I, in my turn, will say to them:

"You rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity, whereas I cause it to be loved; you labour in a torture-chamber and dissecting-room, I make my observations under the blue sky to the song of the *Cicadas*; you subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations; you pry into death, I pry into life. And why should I not complete my thought: the boars have muddied the clear stream; natural history, youth's glorious study, has, by dint of cellular improvements, become a hateful and repulsive thing. Well, if I write for men of learning, for philosophers, who, one day, will try to some extent to unravel the tough problem of the instinct, I write also, I write above all for the young. I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly to the domain of truth, I avoid your scientific prose, which too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom!"

But this is not my business for the moment: I have to speak of the bit of land long cherished in my plans to form a laboratory of living entomology, the bit of land which I have at last obtained in the solitude of a little village. It is

a *harmas*, the name given, in the district, to an untilled, pebbly expanse abandoned to the vegetation of the thyme. It is too poor to repay the work of the plough; but the sheep passes in spring, when it has chanced to rain and a little grass shoots up.

My *harmas*, however, because of its modicum of red earth swamped by a huge mass of stones, has received a first attempt at cultivation: I am told that vines once grew here. And, in fact, when we dig the ground before planting a few trees, we turn up, here and there, remains of the precious stock, half-carbonised by time. The three-pronged fork, therefore, the only implement of husbandry that can penetrate such a soil as this, has entered here; and I am sorry, for the primitive vegetation has disappeared. No more thyme, no more lavender, no more clumps of kermes-oak, the dwarf oak that forms forests over which we step by lengthening our stride a little. As these plants, especially the first two, might be of use to me by offering the Hymenoptera a spoil to forage, I am compelled to reinstate them in the ground whence they were driven by the fork.

What abounds, without my mediation, is the invaders of any soil first dug and then left long to its own resources. We have, in the first rank, the couch-grass, that execrable weed which three years of stubborn warfare have not succeeded in exterminating. Next, in respect of number, come the centauries, grim-looking one and all, bristling with prickles or starry halberds. They are the yellow-flowered centaury, the mountain centaury, the star-thistle and the rough centaury. The first predominates. Here and there, amid the inextricable confusion of the centauries, stands, like a chandelier with spreading orange flowers for lights, the fierce Spanish oyster-plant, whose spikes are as strong as nails. Above it, towers the Illyrian cotton-thistle, whose straight and solitary stalk soars to a height of three to six feet and ends in large pink tufts. Its armour hardly yields before that of the oyster-

plant. Let us not omit the lesser thistle-tribe. And first the prickly or cruel thistle, which is so well armed that the plant-collector knows not where to grasp it; next, the spear-thistle, with its ample foliage, ending each of its veins with a spear-head; lastly, the black knap-weed, which gathers itself into a spiky knot. In among these, in long lines armed with hooks, the shoots of the blue dewberry creep along the ground. To visit the prickly thicket when the Hymenopteron goes foraging, you must wear boots that come to mid-leg or else resign yourself to a smarting in the calves. As long as the ground retains a few remnants of the vernal rains, this rude vegetation does not lack a certain charm, when the pyramids of the oyster-plant and the slender branches of the cotton-thistle rise above the wide carpet formed by the saffron heads of the yellow-flowered centaury; but let the droughts of summer come and we see but a desolate waste, which the flame of a match would set ablaze from one end to the other. Such is, or rather was, when I took possession of it, the Eden of bliss where I mean to live henceforth alone with the insect. Forty years of desperate struggle have won it for me.

Eden, I said; and, from the point of view that interests me, the expression is not out of place. This cursed ground, which no one would have had at a gift to sow with a pinch of turnip-seed, is an earthly paradise for the Hymenoptera. Its mighty growth of thistles and centauries draws them all to me from everywhere around. Never, in my insect-hunting memories, have I seen so large a population at a single spot; all the trades have made it their rallying-point. Here come hunters of every kind of game, builders in clay, weavers of cotton goods, collectors of pieces cut from a leaf or the petals of a flower, architects in pasteboard, plasterers mixing mortar, carpenters boring wood, miners digging underground galleries, workers handling goldbeater's skin and many more.

Who is this one? An *Anthidium*.

She scrapes the cobwebby stalk of the yellow-flowered centaury and gathers a ball of wadding which she carries off proudly in the tips of her mandibles. She will turn it, under ground, into satchels of cotton felt to hold the store of honey and the egg. And these others, so eager for plunder? They are Megachiles, carrying under their bellies their black, white or blood-red reaping-brushes. They will leave the thistles to visit the neighbouring shrubs and there cut from the leaves oval pieces which will be made into a fit receptacle to contain the harvest. And these, clad in black velvet? They are Chalicodomæ,* who work with cement and gravel. We could easily find their masonry on the stones in the harmas. And these, noisily buzzing with a sudden flight? They are the Anthophoræ, who live in the old walls and the sunny banks of the neighbourhood.

Now come the Osmiæ. One stacks her cells in the spiral staircase of an empty snail-shell; another, attacking the pith of a dry bit of bramble, obtains for her grubs a cylindrical lodging and divides it into floors by means of partition-walls; a third employs the natural channel of a cut reed; a fourth is a rent-free tenant of the vacant galleries of some Mason-bee. Here are the Macroceræ and the Euceræ, whose males are proudly horned; the Dasypodæ, who carry an ample brush of bristles on their hind-legs for a reaping implement; the Andrenæ, so manifold in species; the slender-bellied Halicti. I omit a host of others. If I tried to continue this record of the guests of my thistles, it would muster almost the whole of the honey-yielding tribe. A learned entomologist of Bordeaux, Professor Pérez, to whom I submit the naming of my prizes, asked me if I had special means of hunting, to send him so many rarities and even novelties. I am not at all an expert and, still less, a zealous hunter, for the insect interests me much more when engaged in its work than when stuck on a pin in a cabinet. The whole secret of

my hunting is reduced to my dense nursery of thistles and centauries.

By a most fortunate chance, with this populous family of honey-gatherers was allied the tribe of hunters. The builders' men had distributed here and there, in the harmas, great mounds of sand and heaps of stones, with a view to running up some surrounding walls. The work dragged on slowly; and the materials found occupants from the first year. The Chalicodomas had chosen the interstices between the stones as a dormitory where to pass the night, in serried groups. The strong Eyed Lizard, who, when close-pressed, attacks both man and dog, wide-mouthed, had selected a cave wherein to lie in wait for the passing, Scarab; the Black-eared Chat, garbed like a Dominican, white-frocked with black wings, sat on the top stone, singing his short rustic lay. The nest, with its sky-blue eggs, must be somewhere in the heap. The little Dominican disappeared with the loads of stones. I regret him: he would have been a charming neighbour. The Eyed Lizard I do not regret at all.

Hunters that have not disappeared, their homes being different, are the Ammophilæ, whom I see fluttering, one in spring, the others in autumn, along the garden-walks and over the lawns, in search of a caterpillar; the Pompili, who travel alertly, beating their wings and rummaging in every corner in search of a spider. The largest of them waylays the Narbonne Lycosa, whose burrow is not infrequent in the harmas. This burrow is a vertical well, with a curb of fescue-grass intertwined with silk. You can see the eyes of the powerful Arachnid gleam at the bottom of the den like little diamonds, an object of terror to most. What a prey and what dangerous hunting for the Pompilus! And here, on a hot summer afternoon, is the Amazon-ant, who leaves her barrack-rooms in long battalions and marches far afield to hunt for slaves. We will follow her in her raids when we find time. Here again, around a heap of grasses turned to mould, are Scolinæ an inch and a half long, who fly grace-

*Mason-bees.—*Translator's Note.*

fully and dive into the heap, attracted by a rich prey, the grubs of *Lamellicorns*, *Oryctes* and *Cetonixæ*.

What subjects for study! And there are more to come. The house was as utterly deserted as the ground. When man was gone and peace assured, the animal hastened up, seizing on everything. The Warbler took up his abode in the lilac-shrubs; the Greenfinch settled in the thick shelter of the cypresses; the Sparrow carted rags and straw under every slate; the Serinfinch, whose downy nest is no bigger than half an apricot, came and chirped in the plane-tree-tops; the Scops made a habit of uttering his monotonous piping note here, of an evening; the bird of Pallas Athene, the Owl, hastened along to hoot and hiss.

In front of the house is a large pond, fed by the aqueduct that supplies the village-pumps with water. Here, from half a mile and more around, come the Batrachians in the lovers' season. The Natterjack, sometimes, as large as a plate, with a narrow stripe of yellow down his back, makes his appointments here to take his bath; when the evening twilight falls, we see hopping along the edge the Midwife Toad, the male, who carries a cluster of eggs, the size of peppercorns, wrapped round his hind legs: the genial paterfamilias has brought his precious packet from afar, to leave it in the water and afterwards retire under some flat stone, whence he will emit a sound like a tinkling bell. Lastly, when not croaking amid the foliage, the Tree-frogs indulge in the most graceful dives. And so, in May, as soon as it is dark, the pond becomes a deafening orchestra: it is impossible to talk at table, impossible to sleep. We had to remedy this by means perhaps a little too rigorous. What could we do? He who tries to sleep and cannot needs becomes ruthless.

Bolder still, the Hymenopteron has taken possession of the dwelling-house. On my door-sill, in a soil of rubbish, nestles the White-banded SpheX: when I go indoors, I must be careful not to damage her burrows, not to tread upon the miner absorbed in her work. It is

quite a quarter of a century since I last saw the saucy Cricket-hunter. When I made her acquaintance, I used to visit her at a few miles' distance: each time, it meant an expedition under the blazing August sun. To-day, I find her at my door; we are intimate neighbours. The embrasure of the closed windows provides an apartment of a mild temperature for the Pelopæus. The earth-built nest is fixed against the freestone wall. To enter her home, the Spider-huntress uses a little hole accidentally open in the closed shutters. On the mouldings of the Venetian blinds, a few stray Mason-bees build their group of cells; inside the outer shutters, left ajar, a Eumenes constructs her little earthen dome, surmounted by a short, bell-mouthed neck. The Wasp and the Polistes are my dinner-guests: they visit my table to enquire if the grapes served are really ripe.

Here, surely—and the list is far from complete—here is a company both numerous and select, whose conversation will not fail to charm my solitude, if I succeed in drawing it. My dear beasts of former days, my old friends, and others, more recent acquaintances, all are here, hunting, foraging, building in close proximity. Besides, should we wish to vary the scene of observation, the mountain* is but a few hundred steps away, with its tangle of arbutus, rock-roses and arborescent heather: with its sandy spaces dear to the Bembeces; with its marly slopes exploited by different Hymenoptera. And that is why, foreseeing these riches, I have abandoned the town for the village and come to Sérignan to weed my turnips and water my lettuces.

Laboratories are being founded at great expense, on our Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, where people dissect small sea animals, of but meagre interest to us; they spend a fortune on powerful microscopes, delicate dissecting-instruments, engines of capture, boats, fishing-crews, aquariums, to find out how the vitellus of an Annelid is put

*Mont Ventoux, an outlying summit of the Alps, 6,270 feet.—*Translator's Note.*

together, a question whereof I have never yet been able to grasp the full importance; and they scorn the little land-animal, which lives in constant touch with us, which provides psychology in general with documents of inestimable value, which too often threatens the public wealth by destroying our crops. When shall we have an entomological laboratory for the study not of the dead insect, steeped in alcohol, but of the living insect; a laboratory having for its object the instinct, the habits, the manner of living, the work, the struggles, the propagation of that little world, with which agriculture and philosophy have most seriously to reckon?

To know thoroughly the history of the destroyer of our vines might perhaps be more important than to know

how this or that nerve-fibre of a Cirriped ends; to establish by experiment the line of demarcation between the intellect and the instinct, to prove, by comparing facts in the zoological progression, whether human reason be an irreducible faculty or not; all this ought surely to take precedence of the number of joints in a Crustacean's antenna. These enormous questions would need an army of workers; and we have not one. The fashion is all for the Mollusc and the Zoophyte. The depths of the sea are explored with many dragnets; the soil which we tread is consistently disregarded. While waiting for the fashion to change, I open my harmless laboratory of living entomology; and this laboratory shall not cost the ratepayers one farthing.

THE COWARD

BY MADISON CAWEIN

He found the road so long and lone
 That he was fain to turn again.
 The bird's faint note, the bee's low drone
 Seemed to his heart to monotone
 The unavailing and the vain,
 And dirge the dreams that life had slain.

And for a while he sat him there
 Beside the way, and bared his head:
 He felt the hot sun on his hair;
 And weed-warm odours everywhere
 Waked memories, forgot or dead,
 Of days when love this way had led

To that old house beside the road,
 With white board-fence and picket-gate,
 And garden-plot that gleamed and glowed
 With colour, and that overflowed
 With fragrance; where, both soon and late,
 She mid the flowers used to wait.

Was it the same? or had it changed
 As he and she with months and years?
 How long now had they been estranged?
 How far away their lives had ranged
 Since that last meeting, filled with tears,
 And manly hopes and maiden tears!

He closed his eyes, and seemed to see
 That parting now: The moon above
 The old house and its locust tree;
 The moths that glimmered drowsily
 From flower to flower, the scent whereof
 Seemed portion of that oldtime love.

Her face was lifted, wan and wet;
 Her body tense as if with pain:
 He stooped—yes; he could see it yet—
 A moment and their young lips met,
 And then—— There in the lonely lane
 He seemed to live it o'er again.

Why had he gone?—'Twas for her sake.
 But what had come of all his toil?
 The City, like some monster snake,
 Had dragged him downward, half-awake,
 Crushing him in its mighty coil,
 Whence none escapes without a soil.

He was not clean yet. She would read
 Failure, vice-written, in his face.
 But, haply, now she had no need
 Of him, whose life, a useless weed
 Had grown; whose evil would replace
 The love of her heart's garden space.

He could not bear to look and see
 The question in those love-pure eyes:
 What answer for that look had he?—
 He thought it out. It could not be.
 What! would he live for only lies?—
 Better to break all oldtime ties.

And then he rose. The house was near;
 There where the road turned from the wood.
 Whose voice was that he seemed to hear?
 Then in his heart there grew a fear,
 And turning, as if death-pursued,
 He fled into the solitude.

THE STORY OF DAUDET'S BOOKS

BY FIRMIN DREDD

IN brief sketches here and there in the volumes *Thirty Years in Paris* and *Memories of a Man of Letters* Daudet gave us a history of his books which is not only invaluable to all who read him with genuine interest, but which, as showing the manner and method of work of a real story-teller, is worth more to the appreciative and discriminating literary aspirant than a hundred essays "On the Art of Writing a Great Novel" and a thousand recipes for style, construction and dramatic effect. These sketches, taking up the story of each of his books from the time when studying some great structure, symbolic of a certain phase of Parisian life, the germ idea flashed through his mind, show all the labour, the care, the infinite patience by which the finished novel was evolved. The initial idea, the seed thought, which came suddenly, unexpectedly, was in itself very little; a sort of arrow, pointing the ultimate, far-distant goal.

For instance, the first suggestion of *Les Rois en Exil* came to Daudet one evening in October as he was standing on the Place du Carrousel looking at the tragic rent in the Parisian sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Dethroned princes exiling themselves from Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on the Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering these ruins—such was the first vision of *Kings in Exile*. This was at once the inspiration of the first and last chapters of the book. It was very typical of Daudet; almost all of his works were built up about some such vague impression. There is no pleasanter or more profitable occupation for the reader or the playgoer than that of taking up some book or drama and endeavouring to pick out of the whole structure the founda-

tion stone—to trace back the complete work to the original idea or seed thought. Sometimes this will be found in a particular situation; again, in some striking social type. More often the book or the play has been constructed about some problem or some vague phase of human life. Daudet generally worked from the inanimate to the animate, but not always. *Kings in Exile* was born of the impression derived from the rent in the sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Looming up in every page of *The Immortal* is the great dome of the Institute. The first idea of *Fromont and Risler* came into his mind while studying the stage-setting of a theatre during a general rehearsal of one of his own plays. But it was with kings, and not palaces, that *Kings in Exile* had to do. The painted streams and forests of the theatre stirred him to think of the less romantic but deeper dramas that are always being played unconsciously in every-day life. Of *The Immortal*, the Institute itself was only the symbol. The book was built on the meditated scorn of years.

Daudet was indefatigable in filling note-books. It was his system of work. All through his literary life he was jotting down observations and thoughts, sometimes condensed to one finely written line, by which he was able afterward to recall a gesture, a word or a tone, and to develop and magnify it for use in some important work. He was forever blackening sheets. In Paris, in the country, travelling, these little note-books were always with him. He was constantly looking out for striking proper names, believing with Balzac that there was in names a characteristic physiognomy, a certain likeness of the people who bear them. And of his characters one may say, as one says of Balzac, that

the substitution of other names would make them seem incongruous.

All the characters of *Fromont and Risler* had living originals. Planus the cashier was really named Scherer. "I knew him," said Daudet, "in a banking house on the Rue de Londres, where he would stand in front of his well-filled safe, shaking his head and murmuring in his German accent with tragi-comic distress: 'Ja, ja, money, much money; put I haf no gonfidence.'" There was also an original of Sidonie and her parents' home. The true Sidonie, however, was not so black as the heroine of the book. Risler was a memory of Daudet's childhood, an Alsatian factory's draughtsman, who worked for the author's father. Daudet transformed him from an Alsatian to a Swiss, in order not to introduce into the book sentimental patriotism. The immortal Delobelle was the summing up of all that Daudet knew about actors, their manias, the difficulty they find in recovering their footing in life when they go off the stage, in maintaining an individuality in so many varying masks. Once, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the novelist attended the funeral of a great actor's daughter. There he found all the details that he introduced later at the death of little Desirée—"the typical *entrées* of the guests, their pump-like action in shaking hands, varied according to the practices of their respective rôles, the tear caught in the corner of the eye and looked at on the end of the glove." In the original scheme of the book Desirée was to have been a doll's dressmaker, a trade characteristic of the noisy, humming Marais. But in discussing the novel with one of his friends he learned of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*, where there is the same conception of a young cripple, who is a doll's dressmaker; and so instead Desirée became a worker on ornaments for birds and insects. *Fromont and Risler* was written in an old house in the Marais, where Daudet's study with its great windows looked out upon the foliage, the blackened trellises of the garden. Out-

side of that zone of quiet was the bustling life of the faubourgs—the factory smoke, the rumbling of vans, the noise of the workshops—in short, the very atmosphere with which the story is drenched.

Among Daudet's note-books there was one bound in green, full of closely written notes and baffling erasures. This green note-book bore the title *The South*, and from it Daudet drew *Numa Roumestan* and the stories of the prodigious Tartarin. It was probably the strangest and the fullest of all his note-books. In it were jotted down the distinguishing characteristics of his native province, its climate, accent, temperament, morals, the gestures, fits of frenzy and passionate outbursts, which come of its sunshine, and "that artless need of lying which is due to an access of imagination, to an expansive, chattering, good-natured madness, so utterly unlike the cold-blooded, wicked, deliberate lying of the North." These notes were gathered everywhere. First of all, he drew from his inner self, as one must do who hopes to write true. All the memories of his early years—that life which he painted so vividly when telling the stories of *Little What's-His-Name* and Elysée Méraut of the *Kings in Exile*—were pencilled there. It was full of the local ballads, the proverbs and homely sayings of the South, the cries of its hawkers, its epithets and its extravagances of speech.

From that book I drew *Tartarin de Tarascon*, *Numa Roumestan*, and, more recently, *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. Other books dealing with the South are vaguely outlined there, fanciful sketches, novels, physiological studies—Mirabeau, Marquis de Sade, Raouset-Boulbon, and the *Malade Imaginaire*, whom Molière surely imported from the South. Yes, and even serious history, too, if I may believe this ambition lying in a corner of the little book: *Napoleon, a Southerner—the whole race embodied in him*.

Mon Dieu, yes. In anticipation of the day when the *Novel of Manners* should weary me by the confined and conventional limits of its frame, when I should feel the need of

enlarging my field and of soaring higher, I had dreamed of that—of striking the dominant note in Napoleon's supernatural existence, of interpreting that extraordinary man by this simple phrase, *The South*, of which Taine, with all his learning, never thought. The South, pompous, classical, theatrical, fond of parade and gorgeous costumes—with a spot or two in the creases—platforms, plumes, banners and trumpets flaring in the wind. The family-loving, tradition-ridden South, inheriting from the Orient loyalty to the clan of the tribe, with the fondness for sweet dishes and that incurable content for woman which does not prevent its being passionate and lustful to the point of madness. The cajoling, cunning South, with its reckless eloquence, luminous but colourless—for colour is a Northern quality—with its short but terrible outbreaks of wrath, accompanied by much pawing of the ground and grimacing, always more or less simulated, even when they are sincere—now tragic, now comic—typical Mediterranean hurricanes, ten feet of foam on top of calm water. The superstitious, idle-worshipping South, readily forgetful of the gods in the excitement of its salamander-like life, but remembering the prayers of its childhood as soon as disease or misfortune threatens. (Napoleon on his knees praying, at sunset, on the deck of the *Northumberland*, and hearing mass twice a day in the dining-room at St. Helena.) Lastly, and above all, the most prominent characteristic of the race—imagination—which was never so vast, so frenzied in any man as in him. (Egypt, Russia, the dream on conquering the Indies.) Such was the Napoleon whom I would have liked to describe in the principal acts of his public life and the trivial details of his private life, coupling with him as a foil, for a Bompard, imitating and exaggerating his gestures and his display another Southerner, Murat of Cahors, the poor and intrepid Murat, who was captured and driven to the wall, having attempted to effect a little return from Elba on his own account.

When *Numa Roumestan* appeared and for a long time afterward all Paris insisted, despite what Daudet said to the contrary, that the character of its hero

was in a measure drawn from Gambetta. Numa, in reality, was made up of scraps and fragments, as was the case with every one of the people in the book, with the exception of the most ridiculous and improbable of them all—the chimerical and delirious Bompard. The character of the *tambourinaire*, Valmajour, was suggested by a musician named Buisson, who came to Paris with a letter to the novelist from the poet Mistral. It was from Buisson's lips that Daudet heard the little tale beginning: "It came to me at night." The house in Nîmes in which Numa was born was one in which Daudet lived as a child; the Brothers' school of the book was one of his earliest memories. There were others besides Gambetta who were recognised or who recognised themselves in Numa Roumestan. Numa Baragnon, a Southerner and an ex-minister, misled by the similarity of Christian names, was the first to protest. The legend about Gambetta was started by an article in a Dresden newspaper. Gambetta himself never believed it, and he and Daudet laughed over the story together.

As we were dining one evening side by side at our publishers' table, he asked me if Roumestan's "*When I don't talk, I don't think*," was a manufactured sentence or one that I had heard somewhere.

"Pure invention, my dear Gambetta."

"Well," he said, "at the council of ministers this morning one of my colleagues, a Southerner from Montpellier, informed us that he never thought except while he was speaking. Evidently the idea is indigenous to your country."

Of all Daudet's books, the one with which he had most difficulty, the one which he carried longest in his head in the stage of title and vague outline, was *Kings in Exile*. The chief trouble in the building of the story was in the search for models and for accurate information. He was obliged to press into service all his acquaintances from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. He interviewed the upholsterers who furnished the mansions of exiled kings and the

great nobleman who visited these homes socially and diplomatically. He pored over the records of the police court and the bills of tradesmen, going in this way to the bottom of those royal existences, discovering instances of proud destitution, of heroic devotion side by side with manias, infirmities, tarnished honour and seared consciences. It was for a long while believed that the King and Queen of Naples were the originals of Christian and Frederika of Illyria. Here, again, Daudet contradicted the popular idea. Elysée Méraut, however, was taken from life. The original of the character was a young man named Constant Thérion, whom Daudet used to meet soon after he arrived in Paris in company with his brother Ernest—a young man who was forever coming out of book-stalls or burying his nose in old volumes in front of the shops that surround the Odéon; “a long, dishevelled devil, with a peculiar trick, constantly repeated, like the spasms of the St. Vitus dance, of adjusting his spectacles on a flat, open, sensual nose instinct with love of life.” To the figure of this strange Bohemian, who used to stalk about the Quartier, shouting his monarchical opin-

ions, Daudet brought the impression of his own Southern childhood. “It occurred to me to make him a countryman of mine own, from Nîmes, from that hard-working *bourgade* from which all my father’s workmen came; to place in his bedroom that red seal, *Fides, Spes*, which I had seen in the house of my own parents, in the room where we used to sing *Vive Henri VI*” Méraut having been invented, Daudet began to study out the problem of how he could be introduced into the royal household. The idea came of making him the tutor of a prince; hence, Zara. And while at work on this part of the book an accident took place in the family of a friend, a child struck in the eye by a bullet from a parlour rifle, suggested the idea of the poor king-maker destroying his own work. Daudet had originally intended to describe in the book the funeral of an exiled king from the impressions which he had derived from watching the funeral procession of the old King of Hanover pass the Librairie Nouvelle, the Prince of Wales at its head. Unfortunately, he was embarrassed by parallel episodes in some of his former works.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Parrot & Co. Macgrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Desert Gold. Gray. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.35.
4. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) \$1.20.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Impressions and Opinions. Moore. (Brentano.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The World's Great Snare. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) \$3.50.
2. Robert Browning's Complete Poetical Words. Camberwell Edition. (Crowell.) \$9.00.
3. Life and Letters of Robert Browning. Orr. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. Browning Encyclopedia. Berdoe. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Aunt Jane's Nieces Series. Van Dyne. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Song of Six-pence. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Daddy Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts on Panama Canal. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Scarlet Rider. Runkle. (Century Co.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Robin Hood. Pyle. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Michael. de la Pasteur. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
4. The Pathos of Distance. Hunecker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Catfish. Marriott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
2. The Republic. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
4. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. What Katy Did Stories. Coolidge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. Toby Tyler. Otis. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Way Stations. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century.) \$2.00.
4. Socialism and Democracy in Europe. Orth. (Holt.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Woman in Black. Bentley. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Plays. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Panama. Fraser. (Cassell.) \$1.75.
3. The Drift of Romanticism. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) \$1.00.
3. Little Mamselle of the Wilderness. Seaman. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. Auto Blue Book. Vol. 4. (Auto Blue Book Co.) \$2.50.
3. Syndicalism and the Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
3. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Under the Sky in California. Saunders. (McBride, Nast.) \$2.00.
3. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Daffodil Fields. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. Jennie Bryce. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. Isobel. Curwood. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Toya the Unlike. Kelly. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. The Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Martin. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. Ellen Key. Nystrom-Hamilton. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. Personal Power. Keith. (Cassell.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) \$1.20.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Career of Dr. Weaver. Backus. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Personal Power. Thomas. (Cassell.) \$1.75.
2. A Dirge of the Sea Children. Rand. (Sherman French.) \$1.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Pussy Black Face. Saunders. (Page.) \$1.40.
3. The Magic Aeroplane. Henderson. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A History of the People of the United States. Vol. VIII. McMaster. (Appleton.) \$2.50.
2. Auto Blue Book. (Auto Blue Book Publishing Co.) \$2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Pedagogical Anthropology. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
2. Americans in Panama. Scott. (Statler.) \$1.35.
3. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Gods are Athirst. France. (Lane.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Song of the Cardinal. Stratton-Porter. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Jezebel. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) \$1.00.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Sa' Zada Tale. Fraser. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
2. El Dorado. Orczy. (Doran.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Michael. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
6. An Affair of State. Snaith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. (Scribner.) \$7.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
4. The Life of John Paul Jones. De Koven. (Scribner.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Household Helps. Andel. (Andel.) \$1.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. A Dear Little Girl's Summer Holiday. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
3. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
2. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Fishermen. Pendexter. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.00.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Punky Dunk. (Volland.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Ambassadors. Wriothsley. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Thurston.) \$1.20.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Jumping-Off Place. Shackelford. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Way Stations. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Martin. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. Our World. Strong. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Open Window. Thurston. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

4. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys on the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Little Thank You. Connor. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
3. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) \$1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.00.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Making the Farm Pay. Bowsfield. (Forbes.) \$1.00.
4. The American Flower Garden. Blanchard. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. How to Play Baseball. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.
5. The Scarlet Rider. Runkle. (Century Co.) \$1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
2. Care Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) \$1.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Physical Culture Publishing Co.) \$1.50.
3. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
4. Poems. 3 vols. Masfield. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Texan Scouts. Altsheier. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) \$1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Army Boy in the Philippines. Kilbourne. (Penn.) \$1.20.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. The Rover Boys on the Border. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggars. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Air Pilot. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp, Clark.) \$1.50.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Mason.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.35.
6. Degarmo's Wife. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed Time Stories. Gans. (Fenno.) 60 cents.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 439
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 350
3. The Southerner. (Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35. 141
4. The Judgment House. Parker (Harper.) \$1.35 119
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35 81
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25... 69

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1913

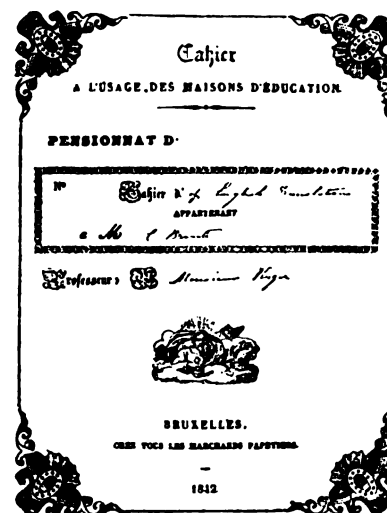
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

PERHAPS the most conspicuous literary sensation of the past summer was the publication by the London *Times* of the newly found letters written by Charlotte Brontë to M.

Constantin Heger. To this revelation of the Brontë story the *Times* gave eight columns and a leading article in one issue, and three columns in another. Yet interesting as the letters were, they can hardly be regarded as throwing any startling new light on the case. Summing it all up, matters are about as they were before. Charlotte Brontë lived for a long time—now as pupil, now as governess—in a school in Brussels. There she met M. Heger, a man many years older than herself, respectably married, and the father of a family. Simply on account of the fact that he was the man nearest at hand she fell in love with him. It was a purely intellectual infatuation, which gave her the excuse for writing long letters, and afterward for introducing the portrait of the object of her affections in the pages of *Villette* and *The Professor*. M. Heger on his part did not respond at all, or else responded very coldly. He was a respectable married man, and exceedingly conscious of the fact. After Charlotte left Brussels he contributed to the correspondence between them, but the enthusiasm was obviously all on her side. As a matter of

fact we shall always believe that M. Heger was unutterably bored by the persistence of the talented little Englishwoman, but that he was too polite to let her see it.

There is probably no one living to-day better equipped to discuss any aspect of Charlotte Brontë's life than Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and he has pointed out again and again the absolute futility of any attempt to find the suggestion of intrigue by reading between the lines in



CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S COPYBOOK WHEN A PUPIL OF M. CONSTANTIN HEGER

the correspondence with Constantin Heger. Of course many such attempts have been made; for example, that in the monograph by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, published in 1877, but they have all been too trivial for serious consideration. In discussing the publication of the letters in the *Times*, Mr. Shorter, in a recent number of *The Sphere*, calls attention to one curious error made by Mr. Marion Spielmann in his translation. Mr. Spielmann gives the name of Shelley instead of Southey as one of Charlotte Brontë's correspondents. "The idea of Miss Brontë taking Shelley into her confidence," comments Mr. Shorter, "is humorous apart from the fact that Miss Brontë was only six years old when Shelley died."

...

In connection with the widespread discussion of the activities of the militant suffragettes in England, the following excerpt from a letter written by Helen Keller to an English woman suffragist during the political campaign in England in 1911, is significant. The letter appears in Miss Keller's new book, *Out of the Dark*.

I do not believe that the present government has any intention of giving woman a part in national politics, or of doing justice to Ireland, or to the workmen of England. So long as the *franchise* is denied to a large number of those who serve and benefit the public, so long as those who vote are at the beck and call of party machines, the people are not free, and the day of women's freedom seems still to be in the far future. It makes no difference whether the Tories or the Liberals in Great Britain, the Democrats or the Republicans in the United States, or any party of the old model in any other country get the upper hand. To ask any such party for women's rights is like asking a czar for democracy.

Are not the dominant parties managed by the ruling classes, that is, the propertied classes, solely for the profit and privilege of the few? They use millions to help them into power. . . .

There is one probable result of the great feminist movement to which we have as yet seen no allusion. That is that the playwright of the future will be building

Women and Plays

his plays about comparatively fewer men and comparatively more women. For example we have before us a cover advertisement of nine plays for acting purposes. They are not new plays, three of them are Shakespeare's, and none is later than the middle of the nineteenth century. In a word they belong to the time when women on the stage were confined to three types, the young girl, the mother, and the adventuress. Thus we have *As you Like It*, Comedy in Five Acts, Thirteen males, four females; *Camille*, Drama in Five Acts, Nine males, five females; *Ingomar*, Play in Five Acts, Thirteen males, three females; *Mary Stuart*, Tragedy in Five Acts, Thirteen males, four females; *The Merchant of Venice*, Comedy in Five Acts, Seventeen males, three females; *Richelieu*, Play in Five Acts, Fifteen males, two females; *The Rivals*, Comedy in Five Acts, Nine males, five females; *She Stoops to Conquer*, Comedy in Five Acts, Fifteen males, four females; *Twelfth Night*, Comedy in Five Acts, Ten males, three females." In all one hundred and fourteen males to thirty-three females.

...

We have spoken of the playwright of the future. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the tendency toward emphasising the increased importance of woman is already decidedly manifest. For example, as a contrast to the sex division in those old plays already enumerated, take a similar cover advertisement of nine plays by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. *The Amazons*, Seven males, five females; *The Cabinet Minister*, Ten males, nine females; *Dandy Dick*, Seven males, four females; *The Gay Lord Quex*, Four males, ten females; *The Hobby Horse*, Ten males, five females; *Iris*, Seven males, seven females; *Lady Bountiful*, Eight males, seven females;

Letty, Ten males, five females." In all seventy-two males and fifty-six females. Continuing through another list of nine Pinero plays consisting of *The Magistrate*, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, *The Profligate*, *The School Mistress*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Sweet Lavender*, *The Times*, *The Weaker Sex*, and *A Wife Without a Smile*, we find that they sum up in all seventy-two males and forty-nine females. Thus the average in the older plays was a cast of seventeen, of which thirteen were males and four females; and in the Pinero plays, a cast of fourteen, of which eight were men and six women.

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No matter what those in authority in England think of the laureateship, there is no doubt as to the opinion of the man in the street. A short time ago a popular penny newspaper of London asked for a vote of its subscribers as to their nominee for the office of poet laureate. The result was that Rudyard Kipling obtained twenty thousand votes and all the other poets of England put together did not receive as many. That indicates very clearly where Mr. Kipling stands in the eyes of the multitude. Nor is it merely the voice of the man in the street. For the military and naval services, for the vast number of men of action, Kipling is the only living poet—perhaps the only poet that they read.

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Last month we commented upon Miss Jeannette L. Gilder's account of how S. S. McClure "discovered" Rudyard Kipling in the autumn of 1893, some time after the name of the Anglo-Indian had become a byword in every quarter of the civilised globe. Had the date been 1889 instead of 1893, the story would have presented a very different aspect. Here, we think, is the true account of how Rudyard Kipling's work first found its way to the attention of the American public. In the spring of 1889 Robert

B. McClure, a younger brother of S. S. McClure, was sent to England in the interests of the McClure Syndicate. Some months later—either late in 1889 or early in 1890, Mr. McClure was calling on Edmund Gosse. "By the way," said Mr. Gosse, "I met a young man at Andrew Lang's Sunday afternoon tea whose work may be of interest to you. Lang seems to think very highly of him. He has recently arrived from India, his name is Rudyard Kipling, and a book by him was brought out in India a year or two ago."

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In the course of the day's work, Mr. McClure soon after sought out the new writer. He found him living in a structure known as the "Embankment Chambers" in Villiers Street, one of the side streets that lead from the Strand down to the Thames. Mr. McClure's first impression of his host was as a small, nervous man who was a great deal more like an American than an Englishman. The visitor began by introducing himself, saying that he had come at Edmund Gosse's suggestion, and then went on to explain the syndicate and its wants. Among other things Mr. McClure mentioned that they were conducting a Youth's Department under the editorship of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Possibly the Anglo-Indian writer might have something suitable for this department. "I have just the story for you," said Rudyard Kipling; "it is called *A Soldier and a Gentleman*. Now that will suit you down to the boot heels." He proceeded to outline the projected tale. It was a story of a boy in Sandhurst, the English military academy, which corresponds to our West Point, a boy who rises through his sense of responsibility and *noblesse oblige*, gets his commission and goes to India. The boy was of course the dominant character. So far that story has never been written, but the character made his appearance years later as the Stalky of *Stalky and Company*. Mr. McClure's next letter to New York contained much about the young man from India, and in due time

stories by Rudyard Kipling came to the hands of American compositors. In view of the enormous prices which Kipling's later work has commanded here is an interesting note. Through a London agent the American serial rights of *The Light That Failed* were sold to *Lippincott's Magazine* for the sum of two hundred pounds. At the time that price seemed exorbitant, so much so that Mr. McClure thought it unwise to make a higher bid in order to secure it for the Syndicate.

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Ten pounds apiece is said to have been the price that Rudyard Kipling asked of American editors for some of the very finest of his stories at the time of his first visit to the United States. He found very few editors who were willing to pay him the ten pounds. Possibly that may explain a little bit of the intense bitterness of *American Notes*. Kipling's case is not the only one showing neglected opportunity. When Dr. Conan Doyle was a practicing physician at Southsea, and writing stories on the side, it is probable that a downright payment of fifty pounds would have secured all the American rights to his literary work for four or five years to come. *A Study in Scarlet* he sold outright for half that sum. The first six or eight stories that make up *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*—tales like "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Red Headed League," "A Case of Identity," and "The Speckled Band" earned him approximately one hundred dollars apiece. They proved unusually successful, and the remaining narratives of that first collection were bought by the Harpers for an advance price, said to have been one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece. At one time the American rights of the stories which made up *The Dolly Dialogues*, a book which, with *The Prisoner of Zenda*, established Anthony Hope's reputation, could have been bought for fifteen dollars apiece. Twenty-five dollars a story was the price paid for the tales that made

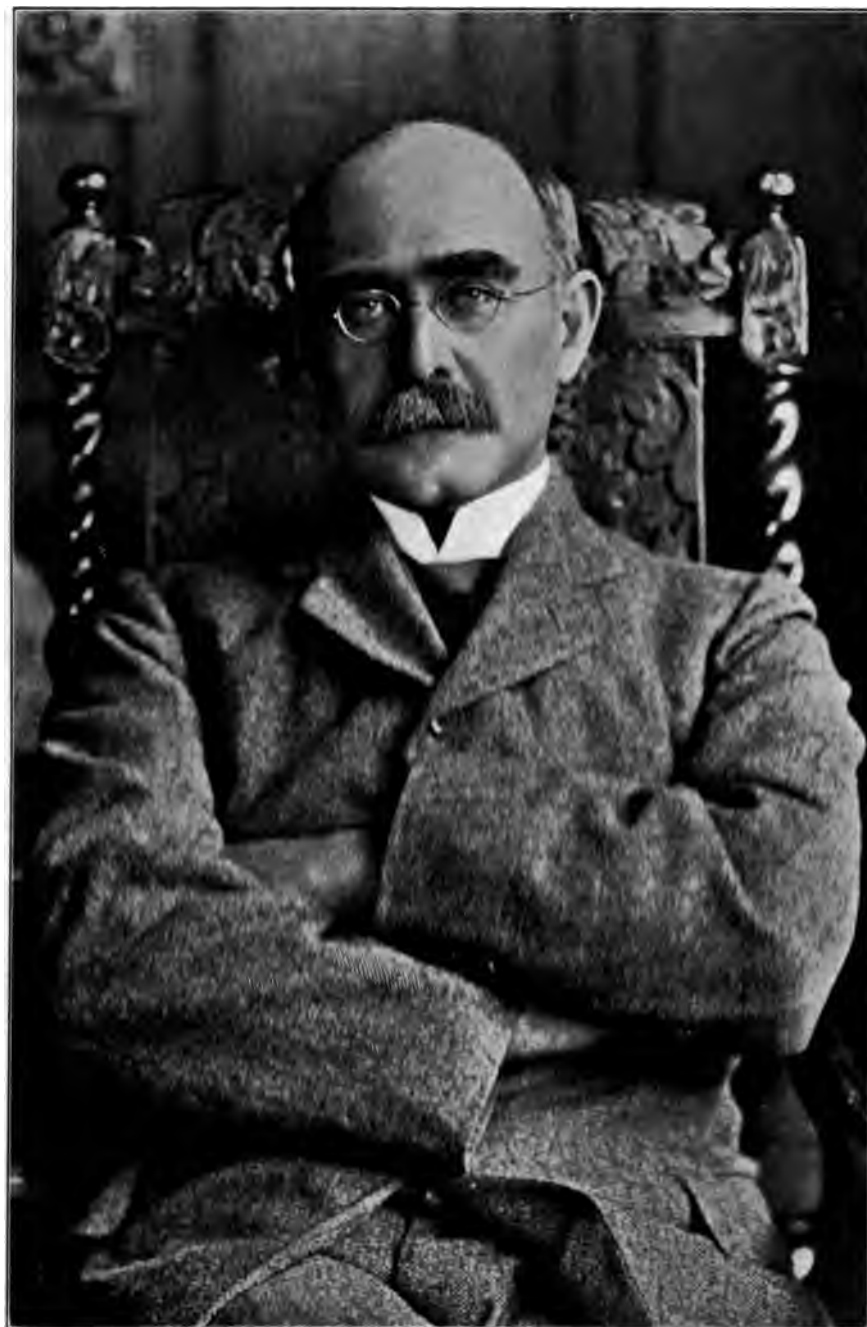
up *The Amateur Cracksman*, the first book to introduce E. W. Hornung's Raffles to the reading public.

• • •

And, speaking of prices, what bit of literary work past or present has been best paid? There are stories of this novelist or that commanding twenty cents, forty cents, a dollar a word. But there is one poem which needs no introduction to American readers. That is James Whitcomb Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." From the very best source we heard the estimate the other day that that bit of verse had yielded Mr. Riley more than five hundred dollars a word.

• • •

Probably every one who has ever been associated with the publication of books or magazines has at some time deplored the opportunities that have been lost by others that did not come his way. "If it had only been to my office that Rudyard Kipling had brought the unsold manuscript of "The Man Who Would be King." If I had only had first chance at Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, or Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, or Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, or General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, or Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York!* Such opportunities were in the hands of others, who let them slip away. Why have they never come to me?" Of course the obvious answer is that there are just as many neglected opportunities to-day as there ever have been and that the author of the most successful novel of 1915 may, at present writing, literally be in the act of scowling at his seventh perfunctory rejection slip. Yet every day adds to the story of the early vicissitudes of books which have eventually made good. For example, there is the Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Now how any professional reader of even mediocre perception could have read that tale in manuscript and not seen its possibilities is beyond us. Yet the novel was offered to a full dozen of English publishers, who



RUDYARD KIPLING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN FOR THE LONDON "SPHERE"



A LATE PORTRAIT OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

The one contemporary portrayer of child life upon whose shoulders, according to the author of the article on "The Human Comedy of American Life," appearing in this issue, the mantle of Miss Alcott has descended.

The Scarlet Pimpernel was written first as a play. As such it was accepted and tentatively produced in a small English city, where it achieved an instant success. Despite this success, it was laid aside for twelve months, until Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry were able to secure a suitable theatre for its production in London. Meanwhile the novel was written and was going the rounds. One or two of the publishers to whom it was offered mitigated the bald "declined with thanks" with the suggestion that if the play proved a success it might be submitted to them again. Finally the novel found mild favour with a house that made a specialty of theatrical publications, and the book was published on the day that the play was produced. But while the book so tardily accepted was received with a chorus of acclaim by critics and public, the play that met such immediate

acceptance was decried by almost all the critics, though the public hailed it with unqualified enthusiasm. It was staged at the New Theatre on January 5, 1905; the house, crowded in every part, witnessed it with intent excitement and applauded it without stint. But, says the Baroness, "next morning came a rude awakening! With the exception of one or two papers (not more), the play received from the dramatic critics the soundest round of abuse that any play, to my knowledge, has ever had. It was 'melodramatic,' 'incoherent,' 'stagey,' 'the audience was made up of friends, who tried to cheer the actors and loudly condemned the authors.' One well-known critic wrote: 'Even for a firstling it is too unpromising to prompt such leniency as is encouragement—the author is deficient in invention and in craft alike'; another said he 'sat out the tedious play



THE BARONESS ORCZY

through three weary hours, looking in vain for something to praise'; whilst one of the most widely read of the dailies was even more thorough in its condemnation: 'The pimpernel, as every countryman knows, is a little red flower that grows up and dies in one very short season. It would have been, therefore, impossible to

select a more suitable title for the new romantic comedy produced last night at the New Theatre. We cannot help thinking that the Baroness Orczy and her husband would have been better advised had they allowed their own particular little pimpernel to blush and die unseen.' "



GEORGE BIRMINGHAM

Our next literary visitor is G. A. Birmingham, author of *Spanish Gold*, *The Adventures of Dr. Whitty*, and various other books of Irish life that have recently been attracting some attention in this

country, who is expected to arrive in New York late this month. He has prepared four lectures, "The Stage Irishman," "The Irishman in English Fiction," "The Literary Revival in Contemporary Ireland," and "The Economic Revival." Of course it is generally known that G. A. Birmingham is the pen name of J. O. Hannay, Rector at Westport, County Mayo, and Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Canon Hannay is unquestionably a dignified figure in contemporary letters, and is said to be an accomplished lecturer. It is not likely, however, that his visit will cause a furore, that there will be any repetition of the astonishing success achieved by the late Ian MacLaren on his first visit to this country, when the fame of *Beside the Bonny Brier Bush* was on every tongue. Speaking of distinguished visitors, it was striking, though perhaps not surprising, to see how comparatively little interest was manifested in the recent brief stay in the United States of Maitre Labori. Had the conspicuous legal defender of Captain Alfred Dreyfus come over here twelve or thirteen years ago the American newspapers would probably have devoted quite as much space to his visit as they did to that of Prince Henry of Prussia.



CANON HANNAY'S RECTORY AT WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND

Not only in the literary circle of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, as related by Miss Laura Stedman in papers which appeared in our April and May issues, was the "Confession" a favourite diversion in the seventies. It seems to have held sway in Europe as well as in this country, for M. Augustin Filon in *The Prince Imperial*, which has just come in an American edition from Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, ascribes the following "Confession" to the ill-fated son of the Third Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie in the summer of 1873.

What is your favourite virtue? Courage.
Your leading passion. Patriotism.
Your idea of happiness. To do good.
Your idea of unhappiness? To live in exile.
If you were not yourself, who would you like to be. Anybody!

Where would you like to live? In France.
Your favourite author in prose? Bossuet.
In verse? Corneille.
Your heroes in history? Napoleon, Cæsar.
Your heroine in history? Joan of Arc.

• • •
The object of your aversion in history?
Judas.



AN IMPRESSION OF ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE BY
BOOTH TARKINGTON



A CARICATURE OF THIERS, DRAWN BY THE
PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Your present state of mind? Sad.
For what faults have you most indulgence?
For those that spring from a kindly feeling.
Your motto? Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.

• • •
M. Filon was the Prince's tutor. He followed the Imperial family to England after the War of 1870 and directed the Prince's studies even during the term of service at the English military school at Woolwich. But of the tragic end he writes, of course, only what he heard from others. The death of the Prince Imperial was doubly pathetic for the reason that it was so unnecessary. Like La Tour d'Auvergne, he died splendidly on the field of honour. But it was not in a desperate charge or a last defence that his life was sacrificed. It was thrown away through sheer stupidity and carelessness on the part of the officer in charge of the escort which accompanied the Prince on the first of June, 1879. The spot chosen for the bivouac was manifestly unsafe, and no precaution was taken to guard against a surprise. At the attack of the Zulus, the commanding officer was the first to spring into his

saddle and dash away to the safety of the camp. When the Prince attempted to mount the girth of his saddle broke and he fell to the ground. A private soldier cried out to Lieutenant Carey that the Prince was down. Carey did not hear, or would not stop; he signalled to the men to go on.

However, the Prince has risen to his feet. From the place where he was—this has since been proved—he saw the men in flight. His horse, thoroughly maddened, had climbed the other slope of the ravine, and he could hear the sound of his galloping hoofs leaving him.



CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

What had he left to defend himself? One of his revolvers, which he carried in his belt; the other was in his holsters. As for his sword—an historic sword that the Duc d'Elchingen had presented to him—it was no longer at his side; it must have slid from the scabbard when the Prince fell. All hope was lost; there was nothing left for him but to die like a soldier. He faced his enemies and walked toward them. He held his revolver in his left hand. Why in his left hand? Perhaps because his right arm, struck by his

horse's hoofs, was useless. However, he still had strength to seize with this hand the assegai of one of the blacks who surrounded him. He fired three shots at his assailants, but they adroitly swerved, and no one was hit. Defending himself, he thrust his left foot into a hole; he slipped and the blacks took advantage of this to come close. An assegai pierced his left side with a mortal thrust. He went down, the Zulus rushed upon him and speared him again and again; all was over. The fight, according to their account, did not last more than a minute.

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Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whose new volume of poems, *Beyond the Stars*, is announced for publication by Mitchell C. H. Towne Kennerley, has a place, in one respect, in very limited and distinguished company. In the library of the late J. Pierpont Morgan there are but three manuscripts by living authors. One of them is a Thomas Hardy manuscript, another a Henry James manuscript, and the third is the manuscript of Mr. Towne's *Manhattan*. Mr. Morgan's librarian, Miss Belle da Costa Green, greatly admired Mr. Towne's poem and secured the original manuscript for the library. Mr. William Dean Howells wrote in terms of high praise of *Manhattan* in the "Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*.

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It is not likely that any reader of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* has forgotten the huge wooden elephant which was the home of Gavroche, and which furnished shelter for the other two little Parisian street waifs whom he put up for the night. The structure was a freak of Napoleon's. It was over seventy feet high and was destined to tower aloft in the Place de la Bastille. The original idea was to have the figure finished in bronze, the bronze to come from cannon to be captured from Wellington in Spain. Water was to spout from the trunk, and there was to

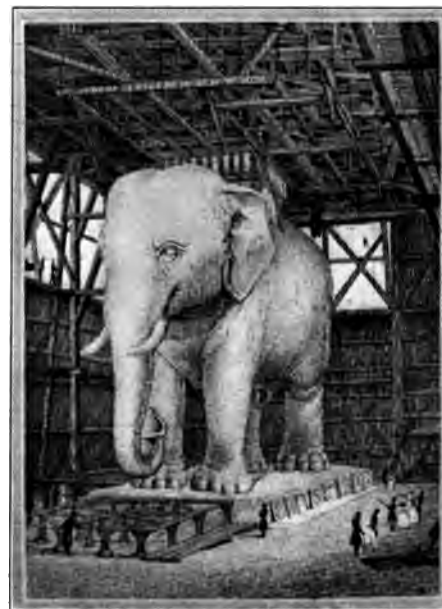
have been a howdah on the elephant's back reached by a winding staircase designed to lead through one of the ponderous legs. This elephantine fountain was to be decorated below with twenty-four bas reliefs representing the arts and sciences. The decree which ordained the construction of the thing was dated February 9, 1810, and the masonry of the foundations was at once constructed and placed into position. The accompanying old print, which is reproduced from a recent issue of the *London Sphere*, shows what the wooden model was like in its prime. The structure described in the pages of Victor Hugo was the elephant in a state of decay.

...

This is the story of a man who was lured from the British army by some vegetables in a window: Horace Annesley Vachell was educated at Harrow School, passing from there into the Royal Military



MEREDITH NICHOLSON AT MACKINAC ISLAND



THE HOME OF GAVROCHE

College, Sandhurst. He became a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in 1883. In 1882, however, he visited America, and after a big game trip into the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming travelled on to the Pacific Slope, fishing and shooting. By the odd luck of things, some immense vegetables exposed as an advertisement in a shop window in San Francisco challenged his attention. They had been grown in San Luis Obispo County. Mr. Vachell bought a ticket for San Luis Obispo, the old Mission town, and paid it a visit. Within a few weeks he had bought a tract of land near Arroyo Grande. His first venture was to plant Early Rose potatoes upon ground for which he had paid five dollars an acre. The net profit from the sale of these potatoes averaged over one hundred dollars per acre. Mr. Vachell bought more land, and ultimately resigned his commission in the British army, when it came to him some twelve months later. His next purchase was a cattle ranch, which he still owns. His brothers joined him and several other Englishmen. They started polo in 1882, presumably the

first polo played west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1895 Mr. Vachell returned to England, and since then he has resided in the New Forest. He began to write about the time of the dry years, in '93 and '94, when time hung upon his hands. His first novel, *The Romance of Judge Ketchum*, was published in England and America in 1895. Since then he has written more than twenty novels, and produced two successful plays, *Her Son* and *Jelf's*. His

have substantial grounds for exasperation if it proves less interesting than it should be. The first instalment we have already read in advance proofs. It begins with the early life of Mr. McClure in Ireland and comes down to the time that the family emigrated to the United States and settled down in the middle west. To say that this first part is not at all astonishing is in no sense hostile criticism. We counted on nothing else. Chapter One is the straightforward nar-



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S ENGLISH HOME

first big success was with the novel *Brothers*, which has run through five and twenty big editions. This was followed by *The Hill*, a story of Harrow School, which was equally popular. *The Hill* has run through twenty-one editions in England alone.

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We have every reason to look forward to the *Autobiography of S. S. McClure*, of which the first instalment is appearing in the October number of *McClure's Magazine*, with very unusual interest. We shall

have a fine flavour of literary anecdote was not to be expected. That should come with the story of the years of achievement.

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As a matter of fact no one has ever had a richer opportunity than Mr. McClure to write a volume of literary reminiscences. He has seen the passing of the old and the coming of the new. As the organiser of one of the earliest syndicates and of *McClure's Magazine* his acquaintance has included practically every well-known writer in this country and England in the past two decades.

See p. 100

all refused to have anything to do with it. The anecdote, the sidelights on the men and women, are all at his disposal. He has trained others in the art of presenting material in the right way, and in doing so he should have learned the lesson himself. There was published some years ago the recollections of an eminently dignified American diplomat. As our minister and ambassador to various European countries, he had spent years with the men who made history in the latter half of the nineteenth century. But when he came to set it down in his memoirs it was apparent that he felt it his first duty to tell what, on this occasion or that, he had said to the Kaiser, or the Czar, or Prince Bismarck. And to his mind it was not in the least necessary to record what the Prince, or the Czar, or the Kaiser happened to say in reply. Now we are very much interested in Mr. McClure as a personality, but we are even more interested in what new light he can throw for us on Rudyard Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and William Ernest Henley, and Harold Frederic, and two score more men and women of letters of Great Britain and America. There are a thousand and one anecdotes at his disposal—some of them more or less trivial perhaps, but interesting—and we want them all. To indicate, we should like to hear, for example, the office side of the story of the publication of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, how it came to *McClure's Magazine*, the work of an absolutely obscure writer, whose attention it first attracted, how quickly it was accepted, and how profound was the belief in its ultimate success. In a word we are looking to Mr. McClure to tell us stories not only of many men, but also of many stories.

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There are two stories in Mr. Owen Johnson's recently published *Murder in Any Degree* which have an interest entirely apart from the merits of the tales themselves. These are the one from which the volume derives its title, and the second story, which

is called "One Hundred in the Dark." Both narratives begin with a group of men sitting round the fireplace of a club in New York City and discussing the varied complexities of modern life. The club is no mystery to any one who has ever known the charm of the original, and there have been many shrewd guesses ventured as to the identity of the men whom Mr. Johnson depicts as sitting round its fireplace. Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages," is generally accepted as a portrait of a highly talented American painter who incidentally happens to be an exceedingly brilliant and also exceedingly persistent talker. Of him the story is told that in a certain club of Boston some wag changed the sign "Exit in case of Fire" to "Exit in case of Quinny." No, the wag in question was not Mr. Oliver Herford. Then there is Steingal, with the black-rimmed eyeglasses, the military mustaches, and the closely cropped beard. In him may also be recognised a painter and illustrator of wide reputation, a genial companion, and a teller of admirable stories, among them the immortal one about Boo Hoo, Corporal Smith and the glorification of the British flag in the savage island realms of King Kanamahaha. Again there is De Gollyer with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels. De Gollyer is unquestionably the portrait of one of the cleverest and best writing of American art critics, a man who, curiously enough, has made a specialty of rather obscure European painters. In real life, just as in Mr. Johnson's story, this critic is given to explaining his strange invasion of a remote field by saying, "My dear boy, I never criticise American art. I have too many charming friends."

...

The subject of Mr. Johnson and the season of the year recall a tale of a green hat. It was just two years ago that Mr. Johnson's *Stover at Yale* was appearing serially and attracting wide attention. One

of the early instalments of the story described very vividly a Yale-Princeton football game at New Haven. The *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, discussing the tale editorially, spoke of Mr. Johnson's generosity in making Princeton the winner by a score of 18-0. This comment provoked an aggrieved letter which involved the tale of the green hat. Three facts concerning the writer of the letter are obvious, that he was a personal friend of Mr. Johnson's, that he was a member of the Players Club of New York City, and that he was a Princeton man of the class of 1894. Beyond that we are able to learn nothing, and after all, his identity is a matter of no great moment. It is the tale that counts. Here is the letter, reprinted from the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* of December 6, 1911:

To the Editor of

The Alumni Weekly:

Last week you called attention to Princeton's 18 to 0 victory over Yale in November *McClure's*, supplementing the 6-3 victory at New Haven. It may be of some interest to readers of *The Weekly* to know of the genesis of that victory in Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale*. The writer of this letter and Mr. Johnson have for years been close personal friends who wisely never have put friendship to the strain of attending a Yale-Princeton game together. Early in the football season of 1908 Mr. Johnson appeared in the writer's office one morning wearing a new green Tyrolean hat—a most appalling and dreadful affair. Natural and violent expressions of derision from the writer led to a bet, the terms of which were that if Princeton won the game that year the writer would have the privilege of cremating the hat, publicly and with appropriate ceremonies, in the Players Club of New York, while in the event of a Yale victory the writer should buy the twin to the monstrosity, and wear it until Princeton defeated Yale in some major sport. Not to dwell upon unpleasant details (even in this, the winter of our full content) the Monday after the game Mr. Johnson appeared to collect his "pound of flesh," and the writer, figuratively chained to the conqueror's chariot, was "peeraded,"

wearing the hat, through the Players, Mr. Johnson introducing monstrosity and man with what he apparently considered highly humorous remarks. It was a long time from that dull November day to the Commencement game the following June, and Mr. Johnson saw to it that the debt was paid to the full. However, some faint sentiments of pity lurked in the Eli breast, for last spring, when *Stover at Yale* was being planned, the writer, by pathetic allusions to the seven months of branded servitude, wrung from Mr. Johnson the promise that Princeton should win the game in the story. At that, there was never any real sense of security, for when there was a disagreement of any sort, Mr. Johnson got his own way by darkly threatening the "double cross," hinting that Yale might come back in the second half, and it was with somewhat the same emotions of relief (in a minor degree) with which he heard the final whistle on November 4th and November 18th, that the writer saw the last proof of the third instalment of *Stover at Yale* O.K'd, and knew that the die had been irrevocably cast. Bitter as is the memory of the seven months of martyrdom, it is softened by another memory—that of Mr. Johnson the Monday morning after this year's game tearing his hair and bemoaning the fact that Time was up for him too, and that he could not change the score. In your comment you say "Mr. Johnson generously, etc." I protest. With mingled humility and arrogance, I protest. *He also served who merely wore that hat.* And if you had only seen the hat!

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The French press, by the way, has been manifesting an interest in Mr. Johnson's work that is all the more unusual on French account of the general indifference of French newspapers to anything that happens outside of France. A recent issue of *La Liberté*, of Paris, contains a long account of the American writer and his work from the pen of François de Tesson, who is translating Mr. Johnson's latest story, *The Salamander*, for French serial publication. The same story moved Ur-

bain Gohier, in *Le Journal*, to a discussion of the American woman in which he prophesies that "salamander" will be the usual term of to-morrow for a certain type. He writes, in part:

The American woman, even in the States where she has not the ballot, can follow all the professions, hold all public offices. Married, she is the queen of the household; as a young girl she enjoys liberties and privileges that astonish us. . . . Like Salamanders, they have the faculty of touching the flame without being scorched by it. The Salamanders! It is the title of a novel that is consecrated to them. To-morrow it will be the name of these innumerable young girls who leave the paternal farm to make a place for themselves in the big cities, claiming the same right to see the world and to judge it, to undergo experiences and to choose their own lives that their brothers have.

. . .

On the eighth of September, in Baltimore, Eugene Lemoine Didier died at the age of seventy-six.

A Scribe of Yesterday He was best known on account of his *Life of Poe*, which, published

in 1876, ran through nineteen editions. Ten years ago this month Mr. Didier wrote for THE BOOKMAN an article entitled "The Confessions of a Literary Quill Driver." It was a curiously interesting document, illustrating vividly the life of a scribe of yesterday, and the conditions which prevailed in the American literary market in the sixties and seventies of the last century. Despite a letter of kindly warning from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Didier, at an early age, embarked upon a literary career. His first field was the *Home Journal*, to which he contributed numerous sketches, receiving praise from N. P. Willis, and from Mr. Phillips, the editor and business manager. When, however, he ventured to suggest that a slight compensation would be acceptable, he was informed that it was such a distinction to write for the *Home Journal* that more gratuitous contributions were offered than could be printed, and that "Mr. Willis has often remarked that we

might sell it for a high price." Then Mr. Didier found an opening in a Philadelphia magazine which wanted historical and critical essays, for which it paid one dollar a printed page. At the end of six months of the hardest work of his life he had earned from this source eighty dollars.

. . .

For a time Mr. Didier worked as a shorthand reporter on the *New York World*, then under the editorship of Manton Marvel. But he was ambitious to be himself an editor, and he returned to his home in Baltimore and started *Southern Society*. To quote Mr. Didier,



STENDHAL IN ITALY. FROM A DRAWING BY ALFRED DE MUSSET

"the entire literary talent of the South was engaged and *Southern Society* was pronounced the best and most beautiful weekly journal in the country.

William Gilmore Simms was paid \$50 a week; Paul H. Hayne received \$25 for three small poems; John R. Thompson asked and received the same amount for "Music in Camp," a beautiful poem, which was copied by many newspapers, and became a part of the war literature of the South. Father Ryan contributed "In Memoriam," a pathetic dirge in memory of his young brother who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. John Esten Cooke was paid \$500 for a serial story, *Hilt to Hilt*. Fanny Downing received \$25 for a short story; and thus the money

went. But subscriptions did not come in very freely, and, in six months all my money was gone, and the paper was losing \$100 a week. I thought it time to discontinue "the best and most beautiful weekly in the country," and I did.

...

It was while he was secretary for Chief Justice Chase of the Supreme Court that Mr. Didier wrote for *Scribner's* "The Baltimore Bonapartes." Four years later, "Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe" also appeared in *Scribner's*. The story of this latter literary "find" is interesting. When the old Patterson mansion on South Street, in Baltimore, was pulled down, the vast collection of family letters, which had been accumulating for seventy-five years, was sold to a junk dealer. A curio fancier, in raking among the rubbish, chanced upon a bundle of letters endorsed "From Betsy." He found they were letters written by Elizabeth Patterson to her father, William Patterson, from Europe, from 1805 to 1835. He saw their value, and took them to a lawyer, a friend of Mr. Didier, who was told of the "find," and read the letters. Mr. Didier communicated with the editor of *Scribner's*, who, remembering the sensation created by the article on "The Baltimore Bonapartes," ordered a series of three papers, of which the letters were to be the basis. In the meantime, Madame Bonaparte died in Baltimore, aged ninety-five, and Mr. Didier went to work on her *Life* for immediate publication. The *Life* was written in five weeks, went through four editions in a month; an English edition soon passed to a third edition; and, later, a French edition was published in Paris. The author was naturally delighted by this success, and expected to realise from all these editions, at home and abroad, a small fortune from the book. To his surprise and disappointment he received his first payment a cheque for \$171.75, followed at long intervals during five years by various small cheques, amounting altogether to \$265.60, including the American and English editions. From the French edition he received nothing;

the translator, who was a Greek, neglecting to make the agreed payment.

...

Then for more than ten years Mr. Didier collected everything accessible on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe, interviewing surviving relatives and friends, ransacking libraries, filling notebooks and scrapbooks, talking Poe in and out of season. The result of this labour was the *Life*, and a vast number of subsequent Poe articles. As a kind of summing up to his "Confessions" Mr. Didier gave the following extraordinary and naïve record of his more important earnings from his pen. No article is mentioned for which the compensation was not, at least, \$25. Hundreds of articles, for which some ranging from \$5 up were received, helped to swell the aggregate amount to something less, in round numbers, than \$10,000. "This," commented Mr. Didier, "for a man the time of whose actual literary work does not represent ten years."

"The Baltimore Bonapartes," <i>Scribner's Monthly</i>	\$ 80.00
"The Calvert Family," <i>Lippincott's Magazine</i>	31.00
"The City of the Sultan," <i>The Chau-tauquan</i>	30.00
"Poe, Real and Reputed," <i>Godey's Magazine</i>	25.00
"American Biography," <i>Appleton's Cyclopedia of Amer. Biog.</i>	85.00
"American Biography," <i>Amer. Supt. Encyclopedia Britannica</i>	140.00
"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," <i>International Review</i>	70.00
"Some Richmond Portraits," <i>Harper's Magazine</i>	150.00
"The Social Athens of America," <i>Harper's Magazine</i>	125.00
"The American Graces," <i>Harper's Magazine</i>	60.00
"European Correspondence," <i>Literary World, etc.</i>	200.00
"The American Bonaparte," <i>International Review</i>	60.00
"Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe," <i>Scribner's Magazine</i>	150.00

Recent Biography. <i>North American Review</i>	40.00	and which we believe to be the invention of Mr. Francis W. Crowninshield.
Articles About Europe, etc., New York <i>Mail and Express</i>	115.00	Mr. Crowninshield has gathered together such
"Court of Appeals of Maryland," the <i>Green Bag</i>	100.00	hardened writers of verse as Miss Carolyn
"The Literary Salons of London," <i>The Chautauquan</i>	100.00	Wells, Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford, and Charles Hanson Towne and started them "rymbelling." The idea of the
"Jefferson Davis Speaks," New York <i>Sun</i>	150.00	"rymbel," as we understand it, is that the last word of every verse be the first word of the following verse, but that the meaning be entirely different. At any
Letters to the Washington <i>Capital</i> ..	190.00	rate Mr. Crowninshield has explained the game very clearly in the <i>Century</i> . Now as a matter of fact we can trace the "rymbel" back to many progenitors.
"Unveiling of the Lee Statue," Philadelphia <i>Press</i> , Memphis <i>Appeal</i> , etc.	35.00	For example, many years ago, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. O'Leary, who was milking the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago, Mr. W. J. Lampton wrote for the New York <i>Sun</i> something like the following, which is quoted entirely from memory.
"Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago <i>Times</i>	66.00	Dead is Mrs. O'Leary: dead in Chicago now, Finished her earthy labours; gone to join her <i>cow</i> .
"The Cabinet, the Senate, the House, and Supreme Court," <i>Chautauquan</i> .	120.00	<i>Cow</i> that is ever famous; more than heart could desire,
"Poe's Female Friends," <i>The Chautauquan</i>	30.00	Famous because she started the great Chicago <i>fire</i> .
"Colonial Dames," <i>Vogue</i>	40.00	<i>Fire</i> that swept the city, city of brick and frame
"Baltimore Beauty—Past and Present," <i>Vogue</i>	40.00	Went up in a blaze of glory, that brought undying <i>fame</i> .
"Loves of Edgar A. Poe," <i>Godey's Magazine</i>	25.00	<i>Fame</i> for being a bigger fire than ever blazed
"Baltimore and Baltimoreans, Past and Present," Baltimore <i>News</i> ...	200.00	In any other city and left the world <i>amazed</i> .
"In the Footsteps of Lord Byron," <i>Munsey's Magazine</i>	35.00	<i>Amazed</i> that from her ashes Chicago could arise
"Groups of Eminent Women, French, English, and American," <i>Chautauquan</i>	75.00	And grow with magic swiftness to such enormous <i>size</i> .
"The Carrolls of Carrollton," <i>Munsey's Magazine</i>	50.00	<i>Size</i> that is simply wondrous, distending everywhere
"Reminiscences of Chief Justice Chase," <i>Youth's Companion</i>	35.00	With the wind which is, de facto, coagulated <i>air</i> .
"Personal Recollections of Poe, by Witnesses of His Life," <i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	50.00	
"Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," Baltimore <i>American</i> , Philadelphia <i>Times</i> , etc.	35.00	
"Centennial of the Death of Washington," Saint Louis <i>Globe-Democrat</i> , Washington <i>Post</i> , etc.	42.00	
"The American Bonapartes," <i>The Cosmopolitan</i>	70.00	
"The Vacant Room," Baltimore <i>Home Journal</i>	25.00	
• • •		

The *Century Magazine* has lately been experimenting with a new form of light verse which it calls the "rymbel,"

Air that is filled with thickness, that makes
her sun as red
As the blood in her slaughter houses, where
the wine of her life is *shed*.

Shed that her wealth and glory might deco-
rate the brow
Of the one and only city kicked to fame by
a *cow*.

Cow of Mrs. O'Leary, a lamp, a kick, and
a shed,
A wonderful combination numbered now
with the *dead*.

Dead is Mrs. O'Leary, gone to the bye and
bye.

Go build her a tomb of granite—a hundred
stories high.

• • •

Few among diplomats have been more
honoured metrically than Thomas Nel-
son Page. In our Au-
More Lines to gust issue we printed the
T. N. P. verses by Mr. Robert
Bridges that were read
at the dinner given at the Lotus Club
of New York, in Mr. Page's honour
just before he left the United States to
take up his duties as our Ambassador
to Italy. That was not the only fare-
well dinner and those were not the only
verses. Here, for example, are the lines
"To Marse Tom and Meh Lady," writ-
ten by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs and
read by him on a similar occasion:

My knowledge of Italian phrase is miserably
scanty,
Confined to macaroni, and sphagetti, and
chianti,
With here and there a vagrom line from
good old Brother Dante.

I know of course its meaning when I hear
of "Charivari"—
I learned that much of Roman when I
visited in Paree—
I realise my duty when forbidden to "fu-
mare."

I hum *Cavalleria* with its measures rich and
rosy;
I whistle *Pagliacci*, and peruse *Promessi
Sposi*;

I've pondered liquid "poems" by the Broth-
ers of Certozy.

And yet I cannot master quite the language
of the ages,
Spoke fluently by Poets, Popes, and sundry
other sages,
Or put in terms Petrarchal how I feel about
the PAGES.

So with your kind permission I'll incorpo-
rate my "frenzy"
In lingo more like Roosevelt's than that of
poor Rienzi,
And offer our Ambassadors the following
cadenzy:

Now here's to Marse Tom, who is going
away

To visit the Land of the Cæsars, they say,
To ease off the kinks that may rise to annoy
Betwixt Uncle Sam and the Sons of Savoy!
And here's to Meh Ledy, who's going like-
wise

To lend a new glow to old Italy's skies—
She'll prove, I am sure, at the Court, as at
home,

The fairest PAGE yet in the ANNALS of
ROME!

How fruitless attempts to involve us in war
With HIM to AMBASS, and with HER
to ADOR!

• • •

We believe that the white slave traffic
as a theme for fiction and for the stage
is going to have an ex-
ceedingly ephemeral
Tiger vogue. We are not
sure that the present
exploitation of the subject will not work
more harm than good. However that
may be, there is no question that novel-
ists and playwrights are finding it an
unusually rich field at the present time.
First there was Miss Robins's story of
last winter, and then the play, *Any
Night*, which was presented at the Prin-
cess Theatre in New York under the
direction of Mr. Holbrook Glynn. The
beginning of the present theatrical season
has already produced two plays in the
same vein, *The Lure* and *The Fight*.
Finally, in book form, appears Mr. Wit-
ter Bynner's little play, *Tiger*. While,

on account of its subject, we are not willing to endorse *Tiger*, it would be unfair, since we mention it at all, not to say that it is a bit of work exceedingly well done.

. . .

In the Literary Baedeker for the July issue there was a footnote to the effect that number 24 Rue Tournefort, the Pension Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot*, had recently been torn down. Here is a letter to the writer of the series from Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson which pleasantly contradicts that statement. The letter bears the date of August 17, 1913.

I have news that will bring joy to your heart—the Pension Vauquer is *not* torn down, nor is there any indication that it is going

to be. I was there this morning—five blocks down from the Pantheon and then to the right—number 24 Rue Tournefort—shabby, disreputable, and romantic. The great gate into the courtyard is open; one can enter; the concierge comes to her window and looks at you inquiringly, then smiles sympathetically when you tell her why you have come, and motions you inside. There it is—with its shabby house on the street side and on the left, with the ragged garden in the right-hand corner behind its iron railing; the old well, no longer used; and glimpses into the interior through the open windows—indeed the “show place among all the shrines of great fiction.”

One thing has changed here in Paris. One can no longer, alas! mount to the imperiale of the Madeleine-Bastille bus. The busses on that line and on most of the others inside the town are now one-storied affairs, where one must sit inside.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

I—BOOKS AS ROOM-MATES

THE selection of anybody or anything that one is to live with—animate or inanimate—is always an event of moment. But the precise importance of the act, and the way in which it must be done, are closely conditioned by the degree of intimacy of that life and by its relationships. One does not select a cook and a wife in the same way or for the same reasons. A suit of clothes and a picture are not chosen for the same qualities. And a book—which is a curious compound of the animate and the inanimate—the recorded soul of a human being clothed in paper and ink—may be selected for reasons that affect only its inanimate part or its soul as well. If it is to serve only as a decoration (“books do furnish a room so!” as we frequently hear it said) the soul may be disregarded; even the paper-and-ink parts of

the clothing may be absent. Why should we laugh at the newly rich who lines his “library” with dummies? He knows what he wants, and governs his selection accordingly. The man who buys books because it is the thing to have them, or because he thinks he will some day read them, or because he chooses to be considered “the owner of a library,” will want the paper and ink part as well as the binding; but just what it may contain is of secondary importance. The “collector,” who wants the books for their fine bindings or the rarity of the edition or the eminence of their former owners, will consider these points, and these only, in making his choice. He is not forming a library at all in the proper sense, and it is only chance that has made the objects of his solicitude books rather than postage-stamps, or pottery, or old

guns. His zeal is commendable enough, but it does not bring him within our present purview.

We shall consider only the man who wants his books as room-mates—so near to him that from his accustomed seat he can reach out a hand and select almost any one of them. For such close relationship love is the only tolerable condition. The test to be applied here for ownership is the test of personal liking—that, and only that. This means a small collection, except under conditions that we shall consider later. I am inclined to think of a private library as Poe thought of a poem—that a large one is a contradiction in terms. And even the small library is too often a misfit—no indication of its owner's abilities, or tastes, or aspirations. The trouble is that human nature, as in the days of old, still seeks for "a sign." We are readier to do something pointed out by others than to strike out in ways of our own. And yet every advance in civilisation is begun with some unaccustomed act, scandalising or surprising or amusing our less progressive neighbours.

Particularly do we seem to lack originality in the choice of reading. We demand lists of books that some one else thinks we ought to read or might enjoy, while the great ocean of literature lies all around us to be tested, and cherished or cast aside, as we will.

In taking our physical nutriment we are not so dependent on others' tastes. The invalid, indeed, may obediently eat what his physician commands, and here and there we see a spineless soul who consumes breakfast food or condiment simply because he has seen it advertised over the trolley-car windows or in the pages of his daily paper; but we largely eat what we like. At any rate, no sane person goes about asking for lists of foodstuffs or demanding guidance in a course of eating. There is no reason why we should not be at least as independent in our choice of mental nutriment as of physical food. It is proper, we may suppose, to assume that the man who desires to own books has at least

read a few, and that among these are one or two that he really likes, probably novels. Selecting one of these, let him re-read it, not critically, but for the mere joy of it. Having done so, let him ask himself, "Why do I like this book?" For the mere story? for the character-drawing? for the description of localities or customs? If the description of locality particularly pleased him, he will probably like another book about the same place, or a neighbouring place, or another place with similar characteristics. After turning over the leaves of a dozen such books, whether fiction or non-fiction, it will be strange if he does not meet with some paragraph, some chapter-heading, or even some picture that kindles a desire to test the book further. The reading of it may not reveal a book to be owned and re-read; but at least it may lead, by some hint, some allusion, the jogging of some forgotten memory, to another book, or another kind of book, to be read and tested. After a little of this, the reader will find that, instead of wondering what he ought to read, he will have before him hundreds of books that he wants to read and has no time to read. Instead of asking some one for a list that means nothing to him but a present task with possible disenchantment, he will have a list of his own, each one chosen for a purpose and each certainly productive of the joy of testing as well as bearing the possibility of intimate love and ownership.

Having reached this stage, it may be proper for him to ask advice, for in decrying the blind following of a leader at the outset, I do not mean to exclude the book-buyer from all contact with other human minds. It is one thing to ask, "What shall I read?" and another to say, "I am looking up books on Peru; can you recommend one that you have read?" Only it should be remembered that asking and taking advice are two different things. We may laugh at the man who advises with all his friends and then goes his own way after all; but this may have been the very wisest course. To disregard advice wrong-

headedly is foolish; to do so because amid all the possible ways pointed out to you, you recognise your own as best, and take it, is the height of wisdom. And in this matter of book-selection one is not confined to a single path. He may have his own way and take the advice of all his friends besides. He may test his own book on Peru and all those that his friends have named to him. He may like none well enough to buy it, or he may love and purchase all—though this is scarcely likely. But if he buys not from love but from mere reliance on advice, then he is false to the principles that I am trying my best now to inculcate.

II

It will be noted that in the method of book-selection here recommended—the following out of threads of personal interest—it is absolutely necessary to have access to a large collection of books to be tested. Fortunately, in the modern public library we have an institution, developed in its present form within the past quarter-century, that fulfils this condition, especially since its adoption of the free-access system by which at least part of its books may be seen and handled with absolute freedom by users. The universal employment of classified arrangement on the shelves enables the user to go without delay to a collection of works on Arctic exploration, or wireless telegraphy, or the German drama, or whatever may be the special subject in which he wishes to subject books to his test. And the prevalence of the circulating feature—the facility with which books may be borrowed for home use, makes the careful reading of the final test possible under the most favourable conditions. All this would have been impossible fifty years ago. That the trend of the public library, an institution thought by some to make the private ownership of books unnecessary, should have thus been toward conditions that favour the most intelligent and rational selection of books for one's own library is certainly interesting, if not surprising.

The public library may thus perform important functions in the selection of books for private ownership, serving as a great storehouse for reference and for testing one's likes and dislikes. If one can afford it, of course, he may own books for these purposes also, as well as the small, intimate, personal collection that I have chosen to call his library *par excellence*. There must, of course, be some place where the book is seen and handled for the first time. The beginner can not tell much from catalogues. This place of first intention may be the public library, or the house of a friend, or a good bookstore. A bookstore can never fulfil the complete functions of a testing laboratory, but to one who desires to own the books that he is testing, as well as those that have passed the test, it is superior in most respects to a public library for the preliminary handling. The ease with which books may be inspected in our best bookstores often puts our public libraries to shame. And not only so, but the bookstore, being a commercial enterprise, naturally carries duplicates in far greater numbers than the library. Where the latter can afford a dozen copies of a popular work, the store has hundreds, and a goodly number of them are piled together on its show counters. There is no danger that the book will be "out," or even that it will be in the hands of another curious experimenter. All frequenters are possible customers, and if you are such not only *in posse* but *in esse*, every door will fly open to you.

The real book-enthusiast, of course, will make his tests wherever he finds his material—at library and store, at railway stall and in private collection. The advertisements in the trolley cars and the reviews in the papers and magazines are all so much scent on the trails that he seeks.

The mass of technical literature—the books and magazines about books—the lists, and the lists of lists, and the lists of lists of lists—is confusion worse confounded to the tyro, and it is increasing daily in bulk and complexity. For the

man who is beginning to purchase books as room-mates it is better to disregard it all. Later, when he has his bearings, he may profitably use it as "scent"—to use the metaphor employed above. He will never purchase from it directly for his inner circle, but it may guide him to books, especially new ones, that he may want to test. The confirmed book-buyer will spend precious hours running over reviews and lists and auction catalogues with this in view.

It has been suggested above that the branching tree of interest, which alone can bear fruit of good reading, may have its root in the reading of a book. It may, of course, take its origin equally well in anything that may stimulate interest. Most men of active minds have these foci of interest entirely apart from books, but it is remarkable how many of them, even those with scholarly and bookish tastes, have failed to realise that these interests may be led, enlarged and expanded by reading. The reason for this is not far to seek. Not so very long ago the subjects of books were predominantly "scholarly"—they were literary, philosophical, speculative. They did not touch daily life or its practical needs in more than one point out of every hundred. The result is that while the traditionally bred man looks to books for information on history, poetry, philosophy or astronomy, he would never think of going to them for data on carpentry or plumbing, for directions regarding factory cost-keeping or the sailing of small boats, for instruction in potato-culture or the dressing of windows for advertising purposes. Even those who know vaguely that there are books on all these subjects, and on a thousand others quite as practical, are astonished when they first discover the volume of literature that is available regarding them. The content of our current literature has in fact become enormously enlarged on the side that brings it nearer to life—the life of action, in distinction to the life of speculation or of emotion, which has always been well represented in literature.

The man whose interest is already strong in some subject, such as boat-building, may send for a catalogue of works on the subject, which will give him all he wants to do for years in looking over books, picking out those for testing, reading them and selecting what he wants for intimate companionship. It is only within the last few years that the public library has discovered this huge, growing annex to literature. It has, indeed, been so tardy in its recognition, that hundreds of special libraries have sprung up, gathered by individuals, firms, associations and companies that are specially interested. We thus have club libraries on yachting or fishing, insurance libraries owned by the great companies, libraries on chemical technology, electric engineering or pottery, collected by industrial organisations. The Bell Telephone Company alone has collected and uses constantly no less than five of these industrial libraries on as many subjects connected with the operation of its lines. Many of these libraries, of course, are necessary independently of the existence of great public collections, but many others owe their existence solely to the unaccountable neglect of this great field by the organisations whose particular business it is to get close to the public needs.

Where the book-expert himself has thus erred it is not remarkable that the layman in most cases remains ignorant. Trained to consider a library as a collection of books on literature, history and the pure sciences, it is not remarkable that the content of these special libraries has in most cases remained to him a closed book.

Nor must another influence in this direction, far removed from the scholarly, be overlooked. The so-called "practical man," accustomed to look on all "book-learning" as impractical and idealistic, can not quite accustom himself to this invasion of his field by the forces of print and paper. To him a book on plumbing is as ridiculous as one on the Fourth Dimension. Doubtless he has some reason, for at one time exact knowledge of

plumbing and of English composition did not reside in the same person, and the latter was often favoured at the expense of the former. This is now rarely the case, but to the "practical" man the fact that information is put down in print still militates against its accuracy.

Readers of this magazine may possibly remember a series of comic pictures, running through the daily papers, whose hero was "Book-Taught Bilkins." Bilkins relied on the information to be obtained from books, and made himself ridiculous, in one instance after another, until he had fatigued the public taste. The significant thing was the reliance of the artist, apparently well founded, on the public recognition, as an elementary fact, of the inherent absurdity of getting anything "practical" out of a book. Thus the uneducated, as well as the educated, classes hold the opinion that books are for the "scholarly" and the "literary" alone.

The book-buyer, of course, may go too far in his reaction against this feeling. If he is a man with a hobby he may become seriously one-sided by following too literally the method of book-selection along lines of personal interest. He may find himself, for instance, collecting a whole library on bee-culture, or aviation, or gardening, or pedagogy. Not that this in itself is to be condemned. He may do it; but he should not leave other things undone. He should search himself, even as if he were apparently devoid of all interests, for those germs of interest that he must possess in other directions. The enthusiastic gardener will be a better man if his library has in it well-thumbed volumes of history, economics or travel; the mechanic will not be harmed by a love of the poets and the essayists; the man who is crazy about numismatics will advantage himself by the perusal of novels. Only—and this cannot be repeated too often—the reading and the owning of all these books must proceed from interest and not from a sense of duty. One's intimate library will reflect his own personality. If he is an "all-round" man, it will be an "all-round" library; if he is a faddist, it will

be a faddish library; if his tastes are inferior, it will be an inferior library. If the inferior man fills his room with superior books and thinks that he is "improving" himself by that act alone, he is committing a crime against himself. Desire for improvement is commendable, but improvement should—and it always can—proceed in the paths of interest.

III

The requirement that the books in a real, permanent library—the books that are one's room-mates—should be intimate friends, bars out, almost without exception, the "complete works" of any author whatever. When I see on a friend's shelves, nicely bound "sets" of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and George Eliot, I grieve—not so much because I doubt his taste as because he should have so erred in judgment as to think that his proper and commendable love for the immortal works of these authors should necessitate his taking to his bosom also the balderdash, the "pot-boilers," the failures, among their writings. It is as if, when you invite a dear friend, you should at the same time ask all the rest of the village, including fools, criminals and idiots. Every man and every book should be loved on his own merits.

Once in a while, to be sure, we find a reader whose enthusiasm for an author is so great as to glorify all his inferior works. If such a man really loves every bit that Stevenson, or Pater, or Lamb ever wrote, I have nothing to say against his set of "works"; but such cases are surely unusual.

And if the "complete works" must be banished, what shall we say of the fortuitous "set"—the books forced together, good and bad, put into uniform, and placed on the market in the hope—too often warranted—that the good will sell the bad? Shall we buy the *Great African Humorists*, the *Patagonian Statesmen*, the *Hawaiian Scientists*? I have indeed written in vain if it is necessary to waste space at this point in answering such a question. These "sets," absurdly high-priced, in innumerable vol-

umes, are rarely to be acquired through the ordinary channels of trade; they are sold by agents, through personal solicitation, and often on the instalment plan, and they have been largely the means of throwing an honourable profession into disrepute. Certain works are necessarily and properly sold by subscription; and it is a pity that it has become necessary—as it has—to warn the inexperienced purchaser that he must buy of agents only after careful consideration and the advice of those who know. In any town where there is a public library the telephone will bring such advice willingly from the librarian.

I shall be told, I am sure, that all this is very vague, especially as compared with the delightful directness and definiteness of the adviser who hands you a list of books. This is true. Original work is always more vague and unsatisfactory to a certain type of mind than imitation. The joy of copying can never equal the joy of creation; but it is attained at the expense of far less energy. The trouble is that no one can tell his neighbour exactly how to be original.

It may be of interest, in closing these words of advice to prospective book-owners, to say a word about the decline of private ownership of books, which some critics say is upon us. In particular, we occasionally hear the complaint that the public library, by its free lending of books, is discouraging the book-owning habit. This complaint does not come from the publisher and bookseller so often as it did once; for these, apparently, are gradually accepting the librarian's point of view, which is that the public library, by fostering the reading habit on a large scale—a vastly larger scale than that on which it can offer the public loan of books—has been also encouraging a commercial demand for literature. And this is doubtless the broader point of view. The existence of cheap restaurants does not lessen the number of housekeepers; nor does the free school interfere with schools and colleges that give education for a fee. In fact, the number of such institutions has

multiplied since the free school came into being. Create a demand by creating or stimulating an interest, and you have created a market.

As I have just said, this broader view is coming to be accepted by the book trade. But there is an occasional scholar, one of those who are, at bottom, doubtful of the expediency of educating the masses, who utters a belief that private book-buying is becoming a thing of the past, owing to the activity of the public library. For instance, a writer in *The Providence Journal* recently expressed himself thus: "We are simply doing our best to pauperise readers. They know that they do not need to buy books; a benevolent fate will provide them gratis; and so they go without."

The question is, *do* they go without? The yearly reports of the publishing houses do not support such an idea. The very writers who bewail the influence of the Library also lament the flood of literature, overwhelming in its mass, however light and frothy in its quality, that issues yearly from the presses. Booksellers will tell you that comparatively little of this goes to libraries. Librarians have for years been striving vainly to persuade the book trade that the bulk of their purchases entitles them to special consideration in the way of discounts. We are assured in return that we are wrong—that the amount of our purchases, compared with those that go into private hands, is inconsiderable. There is still, therefore, a vast amount of private ownership of books.

To encourage this ownership, to increase its amount and to enhance its quality, should be the aim of every one who is interested in popular education, and this can best be done, not by advising purchasers to buy books about which they care nothing, but by pointing out to them the way to realise their own personal interests, to extend and expand them by book-reading and book-ownership, and so finally to gather a collection of books that will be the expression of personality instead of merely the embodiment of somebody's catalogue.

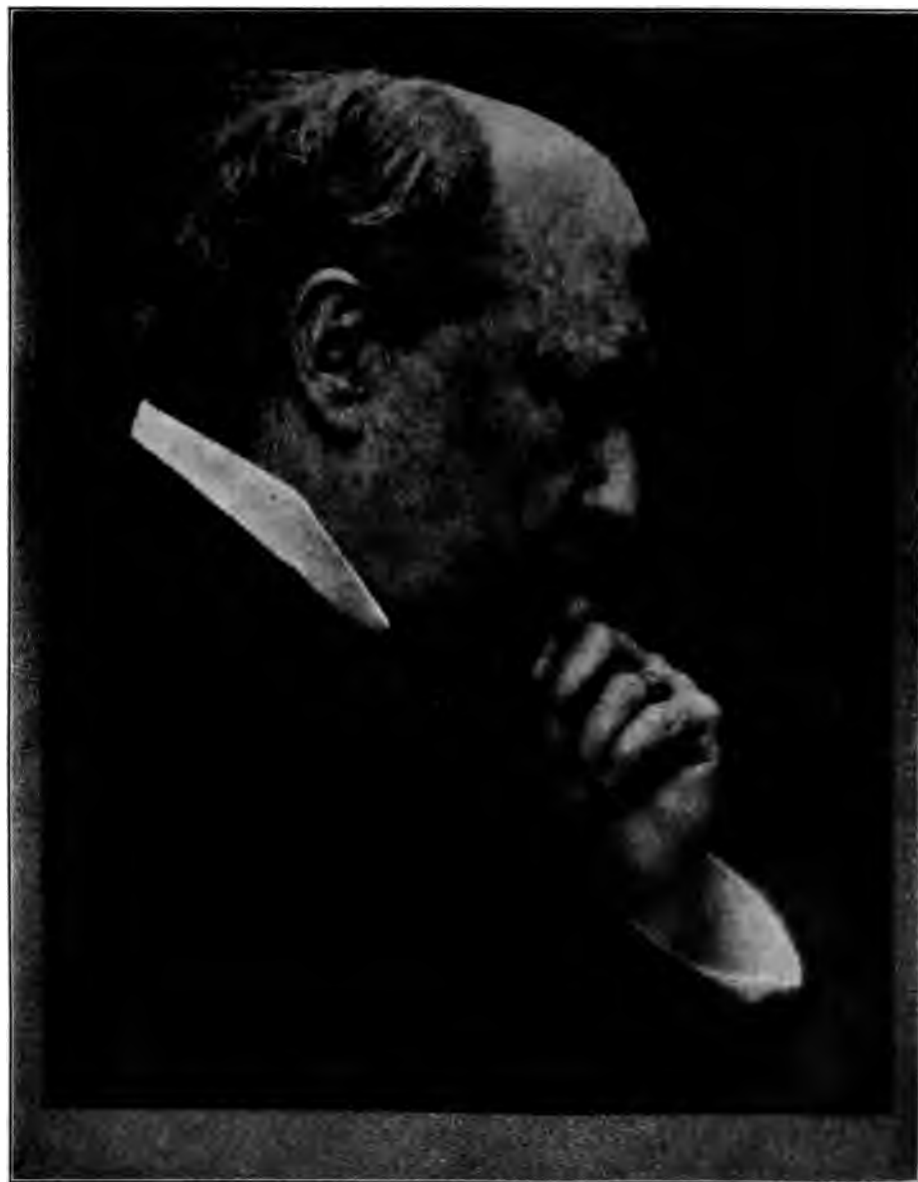
LITERARY PORTRAITS BY A. L. COBURN



Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

JOHN MASEFIELD

These portraits are from "Men of Mark," by Alvan Langdon Coburn
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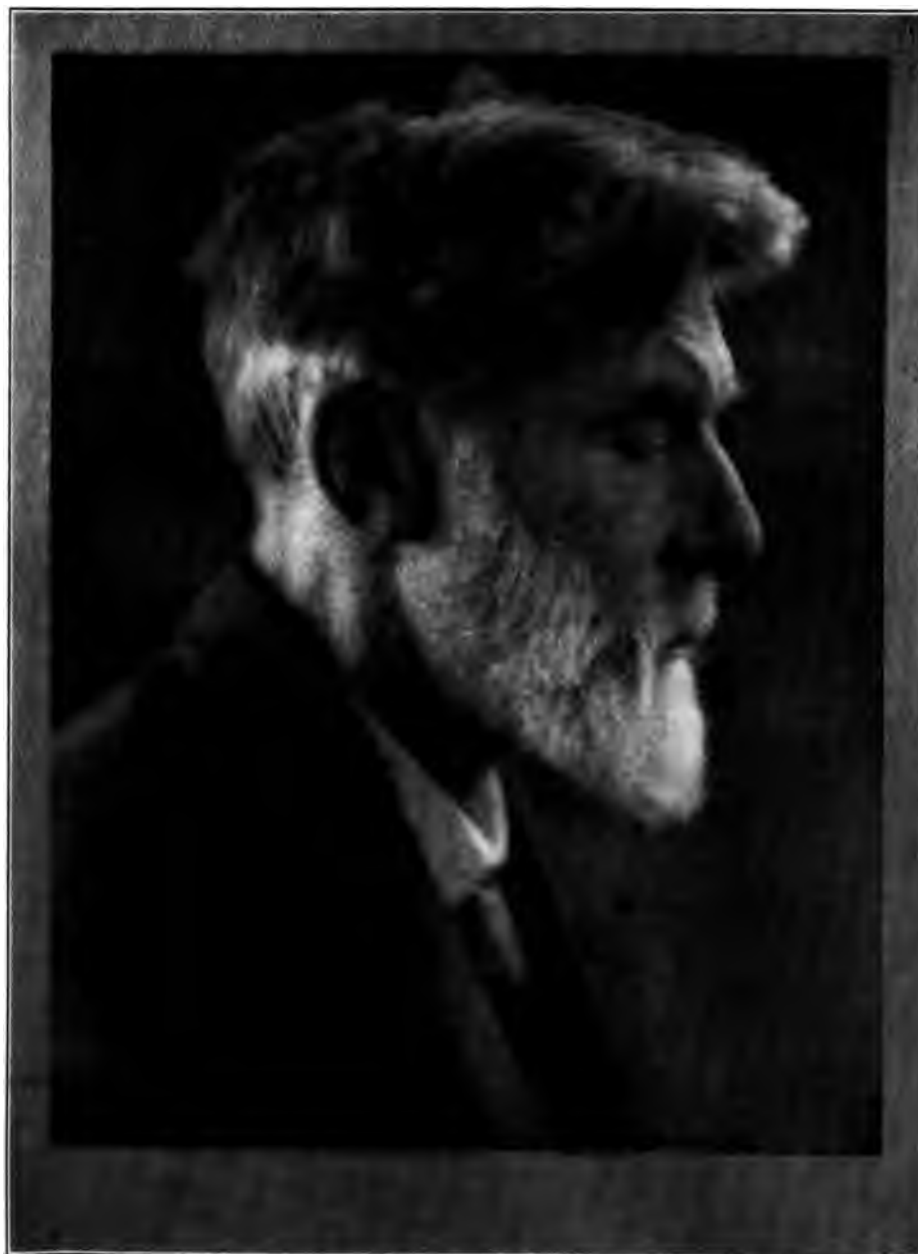
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THE DRAMA IN ILLUSTRATION



"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—ACT I

"Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter have relinquished none of their popularity by stepping bodily out of the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* into a Broadway theatre; and the comedy in which their amiable wranglings are exhibited is the most successful entertainment of the early autumn season."



"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—ACT II

Potash and Perlmutter summarily eject a book-agent whom, for a time, they have suavely welcomed, under the impression that he is a rich and famous banker.



"THE LURE"—ACT II

The hero is a federal agent who is fighting a white slave gang. In the second act, he enters a house of prostitution, and rescues the heroine and another girl from the clutches of the malefactors.



"THE FIGHT"—ACT III

"The grafting politicians organise a run on the heroine's bank, which all but reduces her to ruin; but from minute to minute she manages to hold off the impending disaster by one clever expedient after another, until she finally succeeds in beating her opponents at their own game."



"HER OWN MONEY"—ACT II

"This comedy sets forth an interesting study of the trivial and intimate details of the daily lives of two couples who are doomed to worry continually about matters of money."



"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"—ACT II

The hero, together with a professional bad man of the mountains, is captured at the pistol's point by the daughter of the sheriff of a wild county in Colorado.

TIMELY TOPICS IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE American drama at the present time seems to be hovering in a state of transition between that initial period during which it was made up of mere theatrical machinery and discussed no topics of serious importance to the public, and that still future period during which it will ascend to the revelation of permanent realities of life. Meanwhile, it is devoted mainly to an exhibition of the events of the hour and a discussion of the topics of the day.

Our most successful playwrights, for the moment, are those who hold their noses close to their newspapers. They gather what is being talked about in the daily press and set it forth upon the stage before a public that naturally wants to see what it has been reading of for many months. As one topic after another is promoted to the first pages of our journals, it also comes forward in our theatres and assumes the centre of the stage. Three or four seasons ago, the favourite subject for discussion in our drama was the iniquity of big business, last year it was the methods used by malefactors to evade our laws, and this fall it seems to be the white slave traffic. An interest in these public evils having previously been worked up in the press, our playwrights have taken advantage of the occasion to show the public what the public has been reading about.

There is no surer avenue than this to immediate success within the theatre; and yet it is scarcely necessary for the critic to point out that in thus allying their work with journalism our playwrights are withholding it from literature. Our one most serious handicap to the development of a national drama that shall have some value as literature is the craze of our theatre for keeping, as the phrase is, up to date. In this en-

deavour to make our work, at all costs, timely, we label our plays as belonging to the vintage of 1911, 1912, or 1913; whereas in the best plays of our British contemporaries like *Mid-Channel*, for example, or *Don*, or *What Every Woman Knows*—there is nothing to indicate precisely the year when they were written. But Time is sure to take revenge on all things timely; and these British plays will still seem new a dozen years from now, whereas our dated efforts will be out of date, like the journals of yesterday, fit only to make soft padding under carpets.

In the interesting preface to his recently published play, entitled *The Divine Gift*,* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones remarks, "No play that has lived has set out to tackle the latest newspaper and political problems in the spirit and by the methods of the social reformer. If I may whisper a caution to young and aspiring playwrights, I would say, 'Never choose for your theme a burning question of the hour, unless you wish merely for a success that will burn out in an hour. If you wish your plays to live, choose permanent themes and universal types of characters.'"

These words of the sagacious mentor of the modern British drama sum up what is mainly the matter with our American drama at the present time. It deals with types of character that are local instead of being universal, and discusses themes that, instead of being permanent, are merely temporary. Our playwrights think too little of the ultimate aim of art and too much of the immediate aim of social reform. Reform is the only enterprise that annihilates its own existence by success; and, when

**The Divine Gift*. A Play in Three Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company.

once a current topic has been settled, there can arise no reason for reopening discussion of the point. The more successful our journalistic plays may be, the more quickly must they go to a grave of their own digging. But a drama that expounds the great recurrent problems of humanity may remain as immortal as the human race itself.

On the other hand, however, in these years while we are waiting for the great American drama that is to be, it is surely better that our playwrights should attack the social problems of the hour than that they should discuss no problems whatsoever. Our theatre has advanced far from that initial period when it merely discoursed sweet nothings to awaken easy tears. The newspaper is nearer to life than the picture story-book; and it is but another step from the newspaper to the novel. If we are merely lighting candles that will burn out in an hour, we are at least casting a momentary light upon some problems that, for the moment, are in need of illumination; and, in discussing the white slave traffic on the stage, we have moved nearer to the mood of literature than our Victorian predecessors stood when they exhibited a *matinée-hero* plucking the petals of a daisy and murmuring, "She loves me" and "She loves me not." Though some of us may not particularly like what our playwrights are at present discussing in the theatre, it is at least a reassuring sign that they are discussing something.

This opinion, which is based upon a very earnest interest in the development of the American drama through its present mood of journalism to its future mood of literature, has recently been opposed by a certain portion of the public. These people, who, only a year ago, applauded the timely and fashionable plays in which a slippery evasion of the law was speciously set forth in the light of a virtue to be emulated, have been shocked by the shift of journalistic attention to those devices by which innocent young girls are allured, against their will, into a life of shame. They

have been so shocked that they have written letters to the newspapers deploring what they call the "immorality" of two plays in which the white slave trade is discussed, either as the main theme, or as a subsidiary feature, of the action; and those same newspapers which for months have been printing on their leading pages the very facts out of which these dramas have been fabricated have come forth with Victorian editorials in which a whole thesaurus has been ransacked to furnish synonyms for the adjective "indecent" to hurl against these plays. The burden of most of the letters published has been this:—"What is our stage coming to? Of course I have not seen either of these vicious plays, for I would not debase myself by attending such an obscene exhibition; but what if my daughter should see them?" After several days of this sort of clamour, the police were called upon to exercise the last resort of censorship; and at the moment when this article was written, a police-magistrate was solemnly endeavouring to decide whether or not to stop all further exhibition of the two plays in question,—namely *The Lure* and *The Fight*.

In the midst of such a hullabaloo as this, it seems useless for the critic of the drama to reiterate the axiom that the morality of a play depends not at all upon its subject-matter but upon the integrity and sanity of mind with which that subject-matter is set forth. The only test of morals in the drama is the test of truthfulness. A play is immoral if, in defiance of the laws of civilised society, it makes a hero of a gentlemanly burglar, or if it extols the undeniable picturesqueness of the crime of arson without also reminding the audience of its inconvenience to the neighbours; but it is not immoral if it sets forth sexual iniquity as a thing to be abhorred. This point is obvious to any thinking mind; but it never seems to occur to city-magistrates. "What is the play about?", is asked by these officials. "Incest" [let us imagine] is the answer. "That's indecent; arrest the manager," remarks the

moral magistrate. The play in question, incidentally, is *Edipus the King*.

No good citizen would deny that it is the duty of the police to prevent public exhibitions of indecency; but most sane citizens must be amazed by the illogical manner in which the police are called upon to exercise this censorship. Nobody ever objects to the public appearance in our music-halls of notorious courtesans whose only bid for popularity is the sinister allurements of their salacious reputation; nobody complains of the exhibitions of a certain manager whose boast is that his chorus-girls make a keener sexual appeal than those employed by any of his rivals; and nobody ever thinks of asking the police to aid us to escape the prurient vulgarity of many of our so-called musical comedies. No scandalised parent writes a letter to the editor asking, "What if my daughter should see these entertainments, in which vice is made to look alluring to untutored minds?" Oddly enough, the interference of the police is invoked only in the case of serious and earnest dramas, like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* for example. The presumption is that the young person may be seriously injured by listening to the sober thoughts of Mr. Shaw, whereas the same young person can be nothing less than edified by watching a certain vaudeville performer take off most of her clothes and execute a series of erotic gyrations.

In the midst of this welter of illogic, there is little that can effectively be said in defence of the inherent right of the serious dramatist to discuss any subject whatsoever, provided only that he never tells a lie; for it is extremely difficult to meet the opposition on any common ground. It would be easy enough for the critic to determine whether or not a given drama told the truth about the white slave traffic,—whether or not, in other words, it offered a moral representation of its subject-matter; but such a reasonable procedure would make little impression upon the parent who writes, "What if my daughter should see it?" And the case would scarcely be closed

by the entirely reasonable answer, "My dear sir, if she is *your* daughter, I infer that she really ought to see this play, since doubtless you have kept her ignorant of the social dangers it reveals."

With both the merits and the defects, as works of art, of the two plays which have called forth this recent clamour, it shall be our purpose presently to deal, but meanwhile, even if their defects were greater than they are, it would be our duty to defend these plays from attacks which have been directed not against any alleged deficiencies in their integrity as representations of life, but solely against the fact that they have dealt with a subject which, in itself, constitutes the greatest shame of our contemporary social system. It is the duty of the critic to defend the serious drama against those who would impose upon it that conspiracy of silence concerning all phases of sexual iniquity which is our latest lingering heritage from the Victorian period; for this passive conspiracy of silence has wrought more harm to our social system than many active crimes like forgery and theft. The very possibility of seduction is rooted in the fact that innocent girls are unprepared to fight against it because of their tragic unawareness of the methods of attack. The time is past when ignorance can be considered a defence to virtue. And surely, as a public policy, it is worth our while to call a harmless blush into the cheeks of a thousand girls if by doing so we may ultimately save one soul, of all that thousand, from disaster.

Any analysis of sexual iniquity upon the stage which is at all truthful in its elements must have the effect of disgusting the impressionable observer with the phase of life that it attacks; it cannot possibly act as an allurements to vice or as a stimulus to prurient imagining. If a play that deals with prostitution is shocking to the audience, that very fact is in itself a proof that the playwright has not committed the unpardonable sin of confusing right with wrong and making evil seem attractive. If the author falsifies the facts of life by sentiment-

talising them, the public will revolt against his piece and condemn it to financial failure: but if, in spite of that unpleasantness of tone which must necessarily attend a truthful handling of the theme, the public is willing to patronise the play in large numbers, there can be no sane reason for asking the police to prohibit the performance. The police might be better occupied in fighting the actual iniquity that owes its insidious continuance to public prudery than in suppressing a counterfeit presentment of it whose avowed purpose is to inform the theatre-going public of the nature of the evil to be fought.

"THE LURE"

Whatever opinion may be held of the dramatic value of *The Lure*, there can be no question of the integrity of the author's purpose in setting forth this study of the methods employed by white slave traders to lead young girls astray. The piece was written by Mr. George Scarborough, a trained newspaper writer, who has had, however, no previous experience as a playwright. For several years he has been engaged, as a special agent, in combating the organised evil which he has depicted in this play, and his subject-matter has been gathered from his own actual experience in this public service. In view of this fact, it seems unfair to impugn his motives in setting forth *The Lure* on the ground that he must have known that his play would make money because its subject-matter has been so much exploited latterly in the pages of those newspapers which, since his piece appeared, have chosen to accuse him of indelicacy. A man who has something to say may be pardoned for evincing a desire that it should be heard by large numbers of the public. His play shows an earnest effort to state facts without falsification; no passage of it is indecent or impure; and if its second act is shocking to a portion of the public, it is only because the sad conditions it exhibits are necessarily abhorrent to all sensitive minds. This

much being said, we may proceed to consider the piece upon its merits as a work of art.

So considered, it exhibits two defects. First of all, the methods employed by the white slave gang to lure the heroine into their toils are of so elementary and obvious a nature that it seems incredible that she should have been so easily entrapped, since she has been depicted in the first act as a working girl of sound sense and considerable experience. The play would have been more unpleasant, but would have taught a more serviceable lesson, if the girl had been led astray by means more subtle and insidious. The method expounded in the dialogue, for instance, as having been employed to entrap another victim who subsequently sought release in suicide would have offered a more dramatic subject for the main intrigue.

In the second place, it is difficult to believe in the behaviour of the hero at the climax of the play. This young man is a Federal agent who is fighting the malefactors. In the second act he enters a house of prostitution in search of a girl who has disappeared from her home in the country, and finds there the heroine, whom, in the preceding act, he has all but asked to marry him. It is to be presumed that a man of his experience would see at once that the girl he loves had been lured to this place against her will. Naturally, his first act would be to get her out of the house; and only afterwards could it occur to him to waste any time in asking how she got there. So, at least, a real man would behave in such a situation. Instead, this hero behaves like a veritable puppet of the theatre, and, instead of endeavouring to shield the girl from harm, denounces her as a vicious creature and tells her at great length that frailty is the name of woman. This passage rings untrue. That is the way that heroes always behave in melodrama; but we can never quite repress the hope that, in the new play that we may see, some lover may not show himself so ready to believe the worst of a woman whom, up to the cli-

macteric curtain-fall, he has never seen any reason to distrust.

But, in noticing these defects, we should also record that, except for them, the characters are true to life, that the plot is plausibly planned and solidly constructed, and that the dialogue is sincerely written in a simple and natural vernacular. Considered solely as a dramatic composition, this first play of Mr. Scarborough's is well worth seeing.

"THE FIGHT"

The interference of the police should not blind the rational observer to the fact that the main theme of Mr. Bayard Veiller's melodrama, called *The Fight*, is not the white slave traffic but another timely topic of greater ultimate importance to the public,—namely, the potential influence of women in politics in those States where woman suffrage is already an established fact.

The scene is set in Colorado. The heroine is an efficient business woman who has succeeded her father as president of a large trust company. She is nominated for mayor on a reform ticket; and the play depicts her fight for election against the organised opposition of a corrupt gang of politicians.

In plotting the swiftly changing phases of this conflict, Mr. Veiller has displayed an extraordinary ingenuity of invention. In the third act, the grafting politicians organise a run on the heroine's bank, which all but reduces her to ruin; but from minute to minute she manages to hold off the impending disaster by one clever expedient after another, until, in the last act, she finally succeeds in beating her opponents at their own game and winning the election. These two acts exhibit, even more emphatically than the same author's very successful melodrama entitled *Within the Law*, his keen sense of theatric values and his ability to arrange a series of events in an ascending scale of interest by a masterly employment of suspense and of surprise. The characters, also, are more consistently drawn than those

of his earlier melodrama; and, though the dialogue is lacking in distinction of tone, it is at all points swift and apt and serviceable. On the strength of its third act alone, *The Fight* must be accepted as an admirable piece of craftsmanship.

It was technically necessary in his second act that Mr. Veiller should set forth an emphatic exhibition of one or another of the terrible social evils which justify the intrusion of such women as the heroine in politics. In choosing the evil of involuntary prostitution, he was doubtless guided by that trend of journalistic discussion which had already pushed this matter forward as the topic of the year; but it would hardly be fair to blame a melodramatist for determining to tell his public what he knows to be already in the public mind. On the other hand, it must also be pointed out that Mr. Veiller might have treated any other flagrant social abuse as the topic of his second act without weakening the fabric of his play.

For instance, this act might easily have been devoted to a revelation of the iniquity of forcing little children to work long hours every day in factories, in defiance of the labour laws. A hint of this possibility was, indeed, afforded in the first act, when a child labourer was introduced as a sort of human exhibit to explain the need of that reform for which the heroine was fighting; but this promising bit of dramatic material was discarded, instead of being developed, in the second act.

Having decided, however, to set his second act in a brothel, Mr. Veiller strove too hard for an emphatic appeal to the emotions and succeeded only in making an effect that was theatrical and artificial. Instead of inventing a new incident to exhibit the horror of the trade of prostitution, he merely repeated the too familiar narrative of an unexpected encounter in a brothel between a father and his own daughter. This incident was used last season by Mr. Edward Ellis in his photographic sketch called *Any Night*, and has been employed

more recently by Mr. Witter Bynner in his poetic tragedy entitled *Tiger**; but it has been, of course, a commonplace of the drama ever since the days of *Le Roi S'Amuse*. This scene is never quite appealing, because it can be brought about only by an inordinate stretching of the long arm of coincidence. In Mr. Veiller's play it undeniably fails to make the dramatic effect that the author intended; and since this passage was not necessitated by his theme, we can only conclude that the play would have been a better work of art without it.

It ought not to be necessary to add that this conclusion is merely a matter of dramatic criticism, and that it carries with it no concurrence with those who would deny to Mr. Veiller the right to say his say upon a topic of the times.

"THE FAMILY CUPBOARD"

The Family Cupboard, by Mr. Owen Davis, discusses a theme of greater ultimate importance than the more timely topic we have thus far been considering. It tells the story of a whole family that has been drifting, morally, down hill; and the burden of the narrative is that the sins of the parents may be visited upon the children.

At the outset we are presented with the familiar situation of a husband and wife who have grown out of touch with each other, in middle life, because of his immersion in his business and her preoccupation with society. For some years they have been, as the phrase is, merely friends; and the husband has quite naturally succumbed to the temptation to set up a secondary home with a chorus-girl who is more easily affectionate. Discovering this intrigue, the wife sues for a divorce, and thus divides the family; for the son sides with her, and the daughter sympathises with her father.

Disgusted and repentant, the husband casts aside the chorus-girl; and that vindictive little creature resolves to be revenged upon him. She manages to pick up his son and allure that inexperienced

**Tiger*. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

youth into a proposal of marriage. When he discovers that the little lady of his dreams has been the mistress of his own father, he at once prepares to kill himself; and his hand is stayed only by the Providential fact that both his parents rush to his rooms and resolve to end their differences by mutual forgiveness.

This is an earnest and an interesting play. The character of the chorus-girl seems a little inconsistent because of the rapid variation of her moods; but the other leading characters are true to life. The play is admirably plotted; and its many scenes of tensely are skilfully relieved by the interposition of passages of natural, though somewhat vulgar, comedy. This is the best play that Mr. Davis has written since he forsook the realm of cheap melodrama and aspired to the higher regions of dramatic art. Not only does it reveal the hand of an accomplished craftsman of the theatre, but it shows a commendable sincerity in its endeavour to realise an important aspect of contemporary life.

"HER OWN MONEY"

Mr. Mark L. Swan has discussed a less emphatic theme in *Her Own Money*, but one which is of wider application to the general life of every day. The message of his comedy is that a great deal of marital infelicity might be avoided if husbands and wives would come to a definite understanding of the financial basis of the partnership of marriage.

In Mr. Swan's play, a husband is cornered in a business crisis which makes it necessary for him to raise two thousand dollars at once in order to protect a previous investment and reap a handsome profit. During the course of several years, his wife has secretly saved this sum out of the money that he has given her for their household expenses; but she now hesitates to lend it to him lest he should neglect to pay it back. Her reason for this hesitancy is that, shortly after their marriage, she had loaned him five hundred dollars of her own money, whereupon he had incorpo-

rated it in his growing business, instead of returning it in cash. In this situation, the wife now takes recourse to an amiable subterfuge. She lends the full sum to a friendly neighbour, who in turn advances it, on business terms, to her husband. The husband swings his deal and returns the money to the neighbour; but when the latter makes out a cheque to the order of the heroine, his own wife observes the operation through a window, and, being an abnormally jealous woman, kicks up a disturbance that leads to a disclosure of the whole affair.

All of this affords material for an interesting study of the trivial and intimate details of the daily lives of two couples who are doomed to worry continually about matters of money. Thus far the characters are true to life and the dialogue which they exchange is real. But, at the climax of his comedy, the author has tried for a big scene, which whirls him away from his anchorage of actuality and sets him tossing on the high seas of theatrical extravagance.

The husband turns so angry at the double dealing of his wife that he calls her hard names and leaves his happy home forever,—only to return, duly repentant, after the lapse of several months, to ask her for that forgiveness which, in comedies, is granted without question of desert. It seems incredible that a man so generous and reasonable as the husband has been shown to be in the initial act should raise so violent a row about so small a matter. Leaving home forever is a more serious undertaking than many playwrights seem to realise: it is so difficult to live in comfort without one's safety-razor.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, manufacturers of cloaks and suitings, have relinquished none of their popularity by stepping bodily out of the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* into a Broadway theatre; and the comedy in which their amiable wranglings are exhibited is the

most successful entertainment of the early autumn season.

The piece has little merit as a play. The story of a Russian refugee which is used to hold the plot together is sentimental and unreal; and, owing to this weakness in its framework, the play breaks into a multitude of little pieces. But these fragments are richly humorous in dialogue and afford the actors ample opportunity for reality of characterisation. The two leading parts are admirably played; and Potash and Perlmutter appeal to us as veritable human beings, even at those moments when the flimsy plot which they are forwarding becomes most obviously artificial. The managers have not announced the name of the playwright who employed the paste and scissors to prepare this entertainment for the stage; but this omission need not be regretted, since the full credit for the popularity of the piece should be assigned to Mr. Montague Glass for his creation of the central characters.

"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"

Believe Me, Xantippe is a slangy and light-hearted farce, written by Mr. Frederick Ballard while he was working at Harvard University, as a graduate student, under Professor George Pierce Baker. A pleasing feature of the piece is that it smacks as little of Harvard as it does of the darker moods of the journalistic drama of New York. Its aim is merely to amuse; and this aim it easily accomplishes.

The hero is a rich young man who has been bothered so much by burglars that he has become emphatically impressed with the inefficiency of the police. In a ranting mood, he makes a large bet with two of his friends that he can commit a crime and successfully elude arrest for an entire year without ever leaving the limits of the United States. The bet being taken, he executes a forgery, and, with a few hours' start from his pursuers, begins his adventurous career.

The year is nearly up, when he is captured by the daughter of the sheriff of a wild county of Colorado, who has recognised him by his use of the slang phrase, "Believe Me, Xantippe," which he has been unable utterly to discard, despite his best endeavours. But when his friends arrive on the last day of the year, it is decided that the stakes must go to the hero, since the girl who jailed him at the pistol's point was not a duly appointed officer of the law.

This plot is embroidered with a great deal of amiable foolery. The last act is not so funny as its predecessors, for the obvious reason that the author has tried to make it more so; but until the last act the piece maintains a certain sort of mad consistency that keeps it truly humorous.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

Where Ignorance Is Bliss is an artificial comedy translated by Mr. Philip Littell from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar, the author of *The Devil*. It offers an interesting study of two contrasted histrionic temperaments; but, in spite of its veracity of characterisation, it remains so obviously a fabric of the theatre that it reminds the auditor less of life than any of the less skilful journalistic plays which have been set beside it by our American authors. After all, it seems better to discuss a merely momentary topic in the theatre than to discuss a topic which has no bearing what-

soever on the lives of such people as come to see the play.

The leading figures in this comedy are an actor and an actress who, having been married for several months, have begun to get upon each other's nerves. The actor realises that the psychologic moment has arrived for his wife to fall in love with some one else, and resolves to insure himself against fate by becoming his own rival. Pretending to depart for a brief tour of the provinces, he disguises himself as a young military count, and in this character lays siege to the affections of the actress. His suit is sufficiently successful to set him in a turmoil of artistic pride and human jealousy; and, discarding his disguise, he suddenly returns in his own person to upbraid his wife for her potential infidelity. But her cleverness is equal to his own. She assures him that the only reason why she responded to the advances of the pretended count is that she penetrated the disguise from the first and merely wished to find out how far her husband would be willing to proceed in the enactment of the comedy.

The action of this piece seems somewhat attenuated, because material which might have been compressed into a one-act sketch has been stretched out into three acts merely by minute analysis of the mental evolutions of the characters. But the comedy is psychologically sound; and considerable humour is incorporated in the lines.

DIRGE

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

UNDER the laurel sleeping
White is her woodland pall,
Dead in the laurel's keeping
She whom the thrushes call.
Winds of the south are weeping;
Softly the blossoms fall.

Idly the laurel bloweth,
Idly the thrushes long,
She whom the woodland knoweth,
Death, did she do thee wrong?
Brief in the laurel gloweth,
Fades in the bloom of song.

THE TATTLER

I. STILL FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MAGAZINE MANUSCRIPTS

"Hush! Do I Whisper the Secrets of the Vehmgericht?"

IN the long series of fireside tales having to do with the jocose experiences of the manuscript in magazine-editorial and theatrical channels, there remains a phase of the manuscript travelogue without which our statistical cinematograph would be minus one of its most illustrative films. In order that this moving picture may be supplied, we will explore into the actual adventures of three manuscripts submitted to the best known of the "popular" magazines (that is, magazines of the special article-fiction variety, rather than of the specialist group) during the last nine months; we will trail these manuscripts in turn into and out of the various editorial jungles until at last they beheld the fair cheques on the horizon; and we will repeat the tales of their adventures with rejection slips (or letters of regret) as those tales were given to the present writer by the writers whose names appeared on the respective contributions. For the purpose of giving our film the stamp of constructive value, it is to be brought to the attention of the reader that the three writers dealt with are by no means of the large "unknown" group, but are one and all regular and well-known contributors to the periodicals. The adventure of magazine manuscript No. 1, which was in the form of a short fiction story—about five thousand words in length—was narrated to the present writer by the author in these words:

"The tale in question was of the 'love story' species, tanged with a dash of aeronautical melodrama. I sent it first to a weekly and it came back from my friend, the associate editor, in six days' time. In the letter that came back with the manuscript, it was inferred that my story had

been rejected because the editor in point believed that while the airship was coming into its own in warfare and other things, it was certainly going out of its own in fiction. 'Overdone,' in a word, was his objection. I believed, however, that I had treated the thing differently. I realised that the airship *had* been done to death in fiction *as* the airship, and had attempted to silhouette it into a tale in a new way. I then sent the story to one of the metropolitan monthly magazines for which I had already written several stories, a magazine of considerable dignity and distinction, and back came my manuscript in two weeks. The letter read:

"A well-written story, but beyond a certain reading pleasure that is to be gained from it, the story, when finished and laid aside, leaves no deep resident impression on the reader's mind.

"I giggled. Then I laughed. I knew I could slyly doctor the story in the last eight paragraphs and tuck a pseudo-moral into it and that I could then sell it to this magazine as easily as I could fall out of a tree (I had done the same trick with this same magazine once before, when I needed some money quick), but I liked the story too well to vaudevillise it, to 'sell its honour.' So I sent it to one of the fifteen-cent magazines with a very large circulation—and it came back also within two weeks.

"The objection raised by the editors of this magazine was to this general effect: 'Your story is all right, but it lacks the one sensational thing we insist upon for all of our fiction, whether serial or short. We want the stuff that will startle and surprise our readers, make 'em gasp and hurry to the news-stand

month after month.' If I had been in need of funds, I knew that I could also doctor up my story in a jiffy to meet the curious demands of *this* magazine—and get a quick market for it. But, again, I was not in the mood to commercialise a story into which I had put much respectable ink and in which I still retained faith. With a couple of new dialogue paragraphs, I might have inserted a so-called 'spicy punch' into the story; I might have awed pink-cheeked virgins with my 'daring'; but I didn't. I sent my little vagrant along to another well-known monthly that was a bit more conservative. The editor of this publication is a dear friend of mine, and he called me up over the telephone four or five days after he had received my story to tell me how sorry he was. "I want a story of yours; you know our readers like your stuff; but I don't like this last yarn you've sent us. The people in it are too prosaic. Give us some of your old kind—dukes, earls and that sort of thing. That's what our readers want to read about! They'll accept a duke as romantic right off the reel, where it would take you half an hour of writing to prove to them a plain young American was half as romantic, even if he were actually a hundred times more so. They're a funny lot, these American readers of magazine short stories. But it is wisest always to peddle them what they *think* they want."

"My manuscript's next adventure was with the editor of a magazine that is issued more than once a month. He wrote me a note of 'regrets,' stating that he was disappointed in this last story of mine because it lacked 'action.' 'And you know,' he wrote, 'that action is what we're after first, last and all the time.' As a matter of fact, my story had every kind of action in it but the 'action' that is deduced from dynamite bombs, revolvers, record-breaking automobiles and murders at midnight. To be sure, I had not killed anybody in my story; I had not even threatened any one with death. That is probably why my story did not find a resting place in

this last office. Next, my story went to a weekly publication of wide national circulation. It soon came back from the aforementioned weekly publication of wide national circulation. This was the explanation of the rejection: 'We do not wish any more romance at present, as we are overstocked with that sort of thing. Give us smashing scientific fiction—create babies in a laboratory out of bicarbonate of soda mixed with witch hazel or something like that, you know—or give us romance, if you *must*, with a flavour of baseball rather than aeroplanes, of polo, say, or of golf.' And, with a sigh, I sent my story to a monthly publication to which I had never previously submitted one of my manuscripts.

"This publication sent me a very polite note, assuring me that its editors would be very glad to buy my story if I made a couple of changes in it. In the first place, the editors didn't want my heroine to be an orphan, 'inasmuch as the orphan-heroine is out of date, we believe,' and they didn't want my hero to be quite so 'fresh.' 'The young American is undoubtedly invested with this quality to a very marked degree,' they advised me, 'but we believe readers are beginning to tire of such "freshness." We compromised. I agreed to strike out the word 'orphan,' and give Eloise a couple of parents who were travelling in France (to get them out of the way for the time being). The editors agreed that Johnston might retain his 'freshness.' And thus did the adventures of my short-story manuscript come to an end. The adventures, I believe, are thoroughly typical."

An established writer of light specials, that is, special articles of a semi-humorous slant, next outlined to the present writer the adventures of one of his manuscripts. "I have never written an article I have not sold," he explained. "Usually I detail the idea for a prospective article to one of the editors of one of the magazines for which I do work on and off and get the order for it in advance. When I got the idea for the article with which I am dealing here, I

was out in the country and, as I liked the idea immensely, proceeded to write the article without negotiating for its sale beforehand. 'I wouldn't have any trouble at all in disposing of it,' I promised myself. When the article was finished, I sent the manuscript to the first magazine with which I had done business. The editor hustled it back to me and wrote that while he had laughed long and heartily over the article, he would not dare print it because he was afraid he might offend certain interests mentioned in it. I knew that the 'certain interests' mentioned owned some of the stock of the magazine in point, understood, and sent my manuscript to publication number two—a weekly. Back it came. The editor wrote: 'I do not believe that so serious a subject as you have taken ought under any circumstances be treated in a humorous way. This is a very funny story, but I would not care to let the readers of this magazine view such a subject in such a light.'

"My article now proceeded to a monthly magazine and proceeded back to me, in turn, two weeks later. 'We will buy your article,' read the letter, 'if you will disguise more heavily the identity of the big figures you talk about and now mention by names easily recognisable. As we do not believe you will agree to this and as it might hurt your article to comply with our suggestion, we are returning the manuscript to you.' Has any one ever read a more delicious paradox? The magazine did not want to take the chance of hurting any one's feelings. Rather would it have spoiled an article, although why it should want to *buy* that spoiled article, I certainly am at a loss to guess.

"I sent the article after this to another monthly publication. It was returned with the comment that the publication in question would print nothing that poked fun at any high official in the nation. Besides, so ran the comment, the publication concerned objected to references to alcohol on the wing. The next publication that rejected my article

—a monthly—did so on the ground that it believed the public wanted reading matter of a more serious nature. 'The reading public seems to want less and less humorous matter each year,' was the gorgeously humorous criticism that came to me. Once again after this adventure did my manuscript come back to me before it was finally sold. The magazine editor who rejected it wrote me to the effect that 'humorous writing, however efficient and pleasing, always seems to leave a feeling of dissatisfaction, of "something missing," in the reader. The latter, as a consequence, is disappointed just as a theatregoer is disappointed at a farce, no matter how ludicrous and mirth-prokoving that farce may be.'"

Come we to the narrative of the third representative of the contributing group, to the writer of poetry. The man speaking is one of the most frequent and regular contributors of verse to the periodical publications and, as a consequence, the adventures of one of his manuscripts takes on an added light for the verse contributors of the laity.

"I wrote a set of verses descriptive of an Italian labourer's dream of warm, fragrant, sunlit home in the cold of a drab and inhospitable American winter. These verses travelled to exactly eleven magazine offices before they found a haven in the twelfth. From six of the eleven magazines that rejected my poem, I received no word of explanation as to why the verses had failed of acceptance, but the reasons offered by the other five magazines will, I am sure, prove sufficiently illuminating. I will set down these objections just as they came to me:

I. " 'I am sorry not to be able to accept the enclosed poem, particularly as your work has always proved so agreeable to us in the other instances when you have favoured us. My reasons for rejecting the enclosed, however, may interest you. In the first place, if I may, as editor, express a personal opinion, I believe it is almost impossible to get the average American magazine reader to view the Italian emigrant he knows so well as a soiled street paver or a sewer

digger with any eye to romance. In the second place, I hold that magazine poetry falls naturally within three and precisely three limits—1. Patriotism; 2. Love; and 3. Description. And, as before “patriotism” I put the adjective American, you will understand why I am returning your verses to you.’

II. “‘We do not care for your verses because they do not possess that final note of “uplift” that is so essential to all successful magazine literature of the day and its arbitrary demands. Your final note is one of disappointed longing. If the Italian is unhappy, the reader will miss the sense of “uplift” and will not care for the poem!’

III. “‘We do not believe magazine readers care for poems over three stanzas long. This is the era of the short story, the short special article—and the *short* poem.’

IV. “‘Your verse is excellent, but

your theme is not suitable to the purposes of this magazine. We make it a point never to print poems dealing either with “heimweh” or “wanderlust”.’

V. “‘This poem is altogether too short for its theme. It is too much like a fragment of a poem. Amplify it and let us see it again.’”

Thus come we to the conclusion of the adventures in the magazine circle of three typical—if above the average—manuscripts. The purpose of these chronicles has been primarily to permit the “adventures” to shed their own innocent little light on some of the curious byways of the editorial room and on some of the fragrant clashes of editorial opinion and attitude. Difference of minds, however—be it remembered—makes, if not always for speedy cheques, at least for other material forms of progress!

George Jean Nathan.

THE SORCERESS OF THE MOON

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Its gates are griffin-guarded gates,
Its towers of yellow marble hewn.
Resplendent glints each sparkling stud
Of rubies red as pigeon's blood,
Of pearls as white as the swan's neck,
Of diamonds without flaw or fleck
That crust its towers, and glitter thence
Along its cloudy battlements.
And far within its portals waits
The sorceress of the moon!

This palace I have seen afar
When crimson, gold, and purple cloud
Made all the west a blaze of flame,
Ere twilight from her cloisters came
To walk the heavens with nunlike pace
And downcast eyes and wistful face.
Then all its wonder crumbling lies
In splendid wreckage on the skies.
But now—ah, see! Its raptures rise
Impossible and proud.

So fling a bridle of delight
 Upon the wildest dream of all,
 And, as Mahomet 'strode the back
 Of the white beast called Alborac,
 We too shall thunder up the west
 With rich caparison and crest,
 Wind horn before those marvellous gates,
 Daring their guard, and find who waits
 Withdrawn in splendour infinite
 In that vast presence-hall!

Her brows would make the calla gray.
 Her hair is soft and dark as night.
 Her purple dais canopy
 Bears stars in golden broidery.
 She wields a slight and silvern wand
 To summon spirits from beyond.
 And all the wandering winds in tune
 Sing to the sorceress of the moon
 With airiest music, and alway
 Swoon in her haze of light.

Yet hers are griffin-guarded gates!
 Minds in her presence madden soon!
 Her gaze is strange; and to sustain
 Her glamorous eyes means joy and pain
 Mixed in such wise, the soul is caught
 Spellbound, bewildered passing thought.
 Oh glance not long, but shun her sight
 While still thy heart desires delight,
 Where, deep within the sunset, waits
 The sorceress of the moon!

LITERARY VIENNA

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

INTELLECTUAL and sentimental, sophisticated and naïve, over-refined in its tastes and primitive in its instincts: this is Vienna. Clinging with pathetic attachment to old ideals, rooted in the innate and original nature of the place and the people, yet eager to embrace the gospel and welcome the achievements of a new time; unable to give up the past for the future and ever dallying on the threshold: this, too, is Vienna. A city of many physiognomies and of puzzling psychology it is, for a variety of racial elements have gone into its making:

Celt, Roman, Teuton, Hun and Turk have fought for its possession, closely pressed has it been on one side by the Tchechs, on the other by the Magyars, in the court circles affiliated with Spain, later with Italy, and finally permeated in all its strata by the Hebrews. A pot-pourri of miscellaneous elements, that have all left a permanent imprint upon its physiognomy and have been absorbed and assimilated. For although the German element by its numerical preponderance has become the fundamental stock of the population, has refined and

polished the Magyar and the Slav, as it has been refined and polished by the Latins, there are times when the city seems simultaneously to reflect all the factors that went into its making and when they seem to have blended into such a homogeneous entity that one might justly speak of a Viennese race.

But while Vienna at least appears as a harmonious structure, Austria is not an organic entity; it is an accidental and heterogeneous conglomerate of states into the possession of which the dynasty came by marriage, states whose people were never completely assimilated into the body politic. The presence of these really foreign bodies has been a source of endless inner struggles; they are an irrepressible leaven of unrest which hampers not only the economic expansion of the empire, but also its intellectual evolution. Oldest in culture of the great German-speaking cities, Vienna has not been able, in spite of the enormous quantity of talent which it has bred and nursed, to become something like a leader. On the contrary, it has stayed behind in the course of modern progress, retarded by an environment split up by racial and religious differences into factions that are at war with one another.

To maintain peace in such a country requires an extraordinary diplomacy with all its complicated machinery of official and unofficial manoeuvres. A courtly art it is, and the people, always ambitious to emulate the example of the rulers, consciously or unconsciously acquired it, until it became a feature of their character. They learned to support repression with a smile, servile at first, then suave, and finally stereotyped into the typical "Wiener Lächeln," behind which is concealed the people's real self. Since the paramount aim of Austrian diplomacy in the empire, which was always on the verge of some unwelcome events, was to prevent anything from *happening*, the people, too, drifted into the frame of mind which resents action. When Leipzig, Zurich and Berlin, younger in years and culture, were already centres of intellectual growth and attracted the at-

tention of all German-speaking nations, Vienna was still outside of the arena.

Grillparzer was the first connecting link, but because he had a will for action, he was systematically side-tracked and deflected from his course. Friedrich Halm, a less pronounced individuality, found readier acceptance among his own people, and by his *Sohn der Wildniss*, a favourite of old-time actors under the name *Ingomar*, even reached America. Bauernfeld followed with conversational comedy, Nestroy with the farce, and in Raimund rose the first playwright indigenous to the soil and reflecting in his works what was to become known as the Viennese character. But Anzengruber was the first to make types of the real people actors in his plays of real life, propounding ponderous problems and pulsating with a powerful vitality, previously unknown in popular drama. Simultaneous with the development of the drama was that of the press and of the Viennese "feuilleton," that exquisite hybrid between a leader and a chat which originated with Saphir and Spitzer and found such a superb master in the Suabian Speidel. As the medium of messages of the widest scope, philosophical, political and æsthetic, it attracted the majority of literary talent, until literary Vienna became inseparably associated with the daily press.

II

This brief survey of the past explains the present. In no other city is the press such a power in the individual life of the authors as in the collective life of its reading public. The Hanslick, Hevesi, Herzl and Pötzl were each and every one connected with some daily, and their comments and criticisms upon life and letters were originally published in its columns. Of this older generation few survive. Pötzl, the portraitist and chronicler of his people, is connected with the *Wiener Neue Tageblatt*; Chiavacci, humourist, playwright and co-editor of the works of Nestroy and Anzengruber, with the *Oesterreichische Volkszeitung*;

Balduin Groller, the novelist, is the editor of the *Neue Wiener Journal* and vice-president of the association of Vienna authors and journalists, Concordia. Keeping aloof from the current of actuality which he faithfully recorded in his critical chronicles and commentaries of theatrical life in Vienna during the past twenty-five years, Adam Müller-Guttenbrunn, novelist and dramatist, continues his mission as champion of the German element in Austria and Hungary.

But the dean of literary Vienna is a woman. Some years ago a popular German magazine published a photograph, showing an interior with a group of three pleasant old ladies absorbed in a game of cards. One of these was Baroness Marie Ebner-Eschenbach, the greatest novelist of Austria and by many critics considered the greatest woman writing fiction in German. That photograph was very characteristic of the famous author's simple and perhaps old-fashioned mode of life. She clings to the narrow streets of old Vienna within the radius of the "Stephansdom." There in her apartment in the Spiegelgasse, she spends her winters in quiet work and friendly intercourse with a few intimates. The other half of the year she lives in Zdislavitz in Moravia, where she was born as Countess Dubsky, eighty-three years ago. This remoteness from the ephemeral currents of modern life and this just balance of city and country may account for the broad human meaning of her work, which is not of to-day, but of all times. Asked by the Federation of German Women's Clubs to contribute something to their year-book of 1912, she sent two aphorisms, of which one is typical of her Viennese character: "Even the most industrious and busy people should always have some time to lose," and another which is characteristic of her own individuality: "If you want to look, open your eyes; if you want to see, close them."

Baroness von Suttner has been so closely identified with the peace movement that one is apt to forget the large

number of books that have given her a place in literature. One of these books of a strong human interest and a touching personal note led to the writer's acquaintance with the author. Dedicated to the memory of her husband, A. Gundeccar Freiherr von Suttner, a writer who probably knew more about the life and lore of the people of the Black and Caspian seas than any of his contemporaries, it reflected the beauty and the harmony of the union between those two rare personalities, whose romance was later told in Frau von Suttner's memoirs. Whoever has once seen her face, framed in waves of silver hair and animated with the inner light and warmth radiating from her eyes, whether it was on the platform where she eloquently pleads her sacred cause, or in the drawing-room where the visitor touching a sympathetic chord is rewarded by a note of charming intimacy, will bear the memory with him through life. There is no better-beloved woman in Austria than Bertha von Suttner. That the convention of Austrian women clubs in Graz this spring, swayed by the war-like mood of the moment, cancelled her address on woman and the peace movement, was felt as such an affront by the Woman Suffrage Conference in Vienna, that the homage paid her by the veteran champion, Frau Marianne Hainisch, at a public reception some weeks later was received with endless cheers. Frau von Suttner's seventieth birthday was about the same time celebrated by a banquet at which Balduin Groller conveyed to her the greetings of literary Austria and congratulatory messages were received from all parts of the world. When in Vienna Frau von Suttner also lives in one of the older streets, the Zedlitzgasse.

Typical for the houses of old Vienna is that of Frau Marianne Hainisch in the Rochusgasse. It breathes reverence for the traditions of the city's old culture, yet it is the home of a family in which three generations welcome the new ideals of a new age. To the efforts of Frau Hainisch, who enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman

in Austria who in a public speech in 1870 officially represented Austrian womanhood, the women of her country owe the educational opportunities and many economic and social advantages which they since acquired. The writer attended a tea which Frau Hainisch gave during the Woman Suffrage Conference in June and met there representatives of the academic and the literary world of Vienna and a great number of foreign guests, among them Mrs. May Wright Sewall. The hostess with her fine spiritual face was a joy to behold: no one would have suspected that the little old lady in the matronly lace cap had just returned from woman's conventions in France and Holland, and would speak that very night in the Haus der Industrie. Three generations of her family were present, all in sympathy with the ideas that have made her home the centre of an intellectual life which admirably blends the very essence of a culture which is of the past with the visions that herald the future. Both as a writer and as speaker Frau Hainisch is a unique representative of literary Vienna.

The racial and religious antagonism which at intervals disturbs the peace of Austria has produced some curious phenomena in the intellectual world of the city. A group of race-purists like those of Germany would restore the Teutons to the original blond-haired, blue-eyed and long-headed type of old and has declared war upon all mixed races. A periodical publication devoted to this movement is called *Ostara-Bücherei der Blonden und Mannesrechtler* and is edited by J. Lanz von Liebenfels, a scholar of unusual erudition, who applies the results of his research in anthropology, Biblical theology and Hindoo theosophy, economics, and so forth, to this problem. Why the movement is coupled with a rabid hostility toward woman, forbidding them "on principle" to visit the offices of the magazine, even when accompanied by men, the writer did not fathom; for the language used in speaking of the sex was far from encouraging the desire for personal acquaintance with

the editors. The existence of this magazine and of a club devoted to the same propaganda is proof that Vienna is as much given to strange idiosyncrasies and cults as other intellectual centres.

In a city where one can daily see placards announcing pilgrimages to Maria Einsiedeln and other places famous for their miracles, or invitations to an "antisemitischer Ausflug," whatever that may be, it is not surprising that racial and religious prejudices seem to affect the decisions of the censor. Arthur Schnitzler is a typical representative of the genuine Viennese type, modified by Hebrew blood and said to be more Viennese than the "Altwiener" themselves, though Schnitzler is too much of an artist to overdo anything. If there was a "Tendenz" in his latest play, *Professor Bernhardt*, which was barred from public performance, he did not unduly emphasise it. Dealing with the persecution of a humane Jewish physician at the head of a hospital, who had objected to the appearance of a priest at the bed of a dying woman who believed she was getting well, it was undoubtedly based upon observations and experiences during the time when he himself was a medical practitioner. But the author whose *Liebelein (Flirt)*, and more recently *Anatol*, have made him one of the most highly esteemed representatives of modern German drama in America, is not likely to be crushed by this official blow. For he has since published *Frau Beate und ihr Sohn*, a story with an unusually strong plot, typical for the analytical spirit of the young generation in European countries, but even in its hopeless pessimism admirable for its exquisite form.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal is another specimen of this literary craftsmanship which is as truly Viennese as is the undernote of sadness which belies the eternal Viennese smile. A scion of the old aristocracy of Austria, the temperament of which partakes of Teuton and Latin elements and is tinged with the world-weariness of an effete civilisation, he made a somewhat sensational début as a youth of seventeen, when he pub-



MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH, THE DEAN OF LITERARY VIENNA. IN A NARROW STREET OF OLD VIENNA SHE SPENDS HER WINTERS IN QUIET WORK AND FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE WITH A FEW INTIMATES. THE OTHER HALF OF THE YEAR SHE SPENDS IN MORAVIA, WHERE SHE WAS BORN, AS COUNTESS DUBSKY, EIGHTY-THREE YEARS AGO

lished the amazingly precocious and sadly sophisticated dramatic study, *Gestern* (*Yesterday*). The works which he has since produced hardly reflect the ideas and the sentiments of a man who has sounded the depths, scaled the heights and sensed the full compass of human existence. They make one think of the author, isolated upon a solitary peak and looking down with a curious, rather than sympathetic interest upon the ebb and tide of joy and sorrow in the lives of the ordinary mortals below. Hofmannsthal loves to delve deep into ancient lore and recast its figures in the mould of his spirit, until they reappear as intensely personal creations, and though he has not always buried his traces and hid the sources of his inspiration, he has handled his themes with a subtlety and refinement that are inimitable and that reconcile with their touch of decadence. His works convey no breath of the future, but rather of the past, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have reached American audiences had it not been through the medium of the music of Richard Strauss.

Hofmannsthal lives quietly in Rodaun, a rural community sufficiently remote from Vienna to keep aloof from phases of its life that might jar his sensitive æsthetic conscience, yet near enough to keep in touch with the small circle of the elect admitted to share his acquaintance.

Of the other Austrian dramatists that have recently been much discussed, if not performed, Karl Schönherr is a Tyrolese by birth and, like Schnitzler, a physician by profession. His early literary work was devoted to the folklore and the poetry of his native province, but his later work is no less firmly rooted in the soil and the people. Thus his plays not only continue the tradition of Anzengruber in form, but have also much of the spirit of his dramatic ancestor. Schönherr, however, is the son of a later period and his reading of life is modified by the philosophy of his age. He has been very much in the foreground since he was awarded the Schiller prize a few years ago, and his recent play, *Glaube und Heimat*, was widely and favourably discussed. But he stands apart from his

contemporaries and co-workers in Vienna, and their courtly suavity has not smoothed the sharp angles of his rugged mountaineer type. Perhaps he has a secret contempt for their cosmopolitan culture, for their conventions and their controversies.

For the spirit of factional separatism which so disastrously disturbs the political and social atmosphere of Austria, seriously affects the literary world of Vienna. Native and resident writers affirm almost unanimously that it is a hotbed of open and hidden warfare and that cliques and cabals make and unmake reputations and careers. The power of the press is uncanny in its far-reaching influence upon public opinion.



BERTHA VON SUTTNER. THERE IS NO BETTER-BELOVED WOMAN IN AUSTRIA. THAT THE CONVENTION OF AUSTRIAN WOMEN CLUBS IN GRAZ THIS SPRING, SWAYED BY THE WAR-LIKE MOOD OF THE MOMENT, CANCELLED HER ADDRESS ON WOMAN AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT, WAS FELT AS SUCH AN AFFRONT BY THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONFERENCE IN VIENNA, THAT THE HOMAGE PAID HER BY THE VETERAN CHAMPION, FRAU MARIANNE HAINISCH, AT A PUBLIC RECEPTION SOME WEEKS LATER, WAS RECEIVED WITH ENDLESS CHEERS



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. A SCION OF THE OLD AUSTRIAN ARISTOCRACY. HE MADE A SENSATIONAL DÉBUT AS A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN

One large daily is said to be able by systematic boom or boycott to bring a writer into the coveted limelight or doom him to obscurity. The inertia which is typical of the Viennese temperament and resents taking a determined stand on any question, favours such autocracy. The result has been deplorable, not only for a healthy development of literary life in Austria, but also for the individual writers outside of the sacred *cenacle* of those approved and accepted by the invisible powers that decide their professional fate. But for the editors and publishers of Germany who are unaffected by the local animosities that direct the tide of criticism in Vienna, not a few Viennese writers might never have found their way into print. This state of affairs accounts for the number of Viennese that have settled in German or Italian cities, or in Paris, in order to enjoy a more wholesome atmosphere or find a broader field of activity. Berlin, especially, the great literary market, has captured not a few of those voluntary

exiles, among them Dr. Karl Federn, Grete Meisel-Hess and Max Reinhardt.

But there remains in Vienna a group of uncompromising independents, whose resolute opposition against the opportunism and the commercialism of the all-powerful press, acts as an antiseptic and a tonic. There is eccentricity within their ranks, but it is coupled with rare honesty and sincerity. The writer became aware of this quickening leaven at a dinner in the home of Frau Eugenie Schwarzwald, directress of a girls' lyceum, of girls' collegiate courses and the first co-educational academy established in Vienna. Very Austrian in looks and manner, brilliant, quick-witted, plain-spoken, but full of live sympathy backed by intelligence and erudition, this woman with the big mind and big heart seems a born leader. Her husband, Dr. Schwarzwald, political economist and lecturer, is her faithful collaborator in the pedagogical enterprises with which she has become identified, the latest being the establishment of a school on the Semmering near Vienna. The number of striking individualities at that informal gathering was amazing. There were writers, artists, musicians and educators, men and women, all wonderfully alive, enthusiastic, responsive to anything that deviates from the beaten track and is a sincere expression of personality, or an inevitable product of artistic evolution. A young Dutch woman with a very sympathetic voice and remarkable musical feeling sang selections from the *Gurrelieder* of Jens Peter Jacobsen, one of the earlier works of Arnold Schönberg.

A painter of personalities rather than "fair women" would have found abundant material for character heads. The man with the sensitive face of a dreamer was Adolf Loos, architect, writer and lecturer, and an idealist of a kind extremely rare in our time. The quiet, serious man in the attitude of an attentive listener was Dr. Paul Stefan, whose biography of Gustav Mahler is not unknown to American readers. The young man of few words and almost

timid manner was Dr. Albert Ehrenstein, whose recent stories under the title *Der Selbstmord eines Katers*, reflect a spirit closely related to Laurence Sterne and Jean Paul, and yet an unmistakable product of modern intellectualism. The man with the sharply chiselled profile, remotely suggesting that of Anton Seidl, was Dr. Sigmund Pissinski, a musical critic, who has recently moved to Berlin,



BALDUIN GROLLER

where he edits the *Signale* and champions the cause of Schönberg. The man with the clear calm eyes of the born observer and the kindly smile was Dr. Robert Scheu, dramatist, essayist and satirist of rare calibre, a highly esteemed contributor of *Simplisissimus* and president of the Kulturpolitische Gesellschaft. The man with the keen glance of the critic and the air of a scholar was Dr. Schwarzwald. The conversation was effervescent with an indefinable quality which neither the term *wiener Geist* nor

the French *esprit* seems to cover. It was general and spontaneous, touched upon many subjects and echoed with many names, among which the most frequently heard were those of Peter Altenberg, Arnold Schönberg, Oscar Kokoschka and Karl Kraus.

At mention of the latter name the average Vienna citizen is likely to exclaim: "Ach, der Fackel-Kraus!"—this being the limit of his knowledge. The resident with some pretence of being well informed may add: "Der-Narr!" But to men and women of independent



FRANZ KARL GINZKEY. HE IS A MODERN INCARNATION OF THE GERMAN TROUBADOURS OF NOBLE LINEAGE WHOSE SONGS CONVEY TO A MORE PROSAIC PRESENCE A FLAVOUR OF THE CHIVALROUS WORSHIP OF WOMEN IN A MORE ROMANTIC PAST

judgment Karl Kraus, the editor of *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*), is one of those sublime "fools" from the ranks of which come the champions, the heroes and the martyrs of truth and justice. As such he is recognised by Germany's greatest writers, Dehmel, Thomas Mann, Frank Wedekind and others. Fifteen years ago his little magazine for the first time threw its glaring flashlight upon the Hydra of journalistic corruption in Vienna and made the malefactors writhe and turn upon him in frantic wrath. It speaks for the moral fibre of the man that no amount of persecution has hindered him from continuing that fight, which he gradually directed against everything in the social structure and in municipal management that was a disgrace to modern humanity. The little one-man magazine has found its way upon all news-stands of Austria and Germany, and the author of it has made for himself a unique reputation as a writer and as a speaker. When a lecture by Kraus is announced in any German-speaking community, the auditorium is crowded, and when he appears upon the platform, his face illumined with the eyes of a seeker and the fearlessness of a fighter for an ideal, there is reverence in the silence which falls upon the audience. He has the oratory of the old prophets of his race and the earnestness and fervour reflected in the unforgettable head of Michael Angelo's Moses. To meet the man whom the choicest minds among his contemporaries consider the greatest ethical force in German letters to-day, and one of his Viennese colleagues calls the conscience of our time, was a great temptation. But the man who is so much in the public eye is in his private life of an almost morbid reserve, and beyond a few intimate friends, is personally unknown to the wide circle of admirers which he has won through his books of aphorisms, keen-edged like blades of Damascene steel, yet coming down with the force of a sledge-hammer, and essays, plain and unadorned in diction, yet radiant with the light of genius.

With Dr. Robert Scheu the writer had an interesting talk in his office at the Commercial Museum-Oesterreichische Handels-museum—of which he is secretary. His powerful one-act play suggesting the Wagner-Nietzsche conflict, *Der letzte Abend* (*The Last Evening*), is an admirable bit of dramatic writing. He has written a number of other plays, some in collaboration with Dr. Otto Stoessl, a treatise on *Kulturpolitik*, which is a term of his own coinage, some essays and a choice book of humour, *Alltag eines Fröhlichen*. This last work most directly reflects his unique individuality, and with the light touch of Jean Paul in its whimsical manner and the sting of Börne in its satire bids fair to rank high in Germany's library of humour. He has the gift of uttering his heresies with an insinuating grace and a captivating smile which contrast strangely with his rather veristic wording and win even that reader who does not agree with him. For there is



GRILLPARZER'S LIBRARY IN THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF VIENNA



PETER ALTENBERG. HE IS ONE OF THE "CHARACTERS" OF VIENNA, AND IS POINTED OUT TO THE FOREIGN VISITOR LIKE THE STEPHANSDOM OR THE BURGTHEATER

a saneness and a wholesomeness in the spirit of his books which is not too frequent in the works of the modern school, whether of Germany or of Austria.

Dr. jur Otto Stoessl, novelist and dramatist, and author of valuable critical studies on Conrad Ferdinand Meyer and Gottfried Keller, lives as a railroad official in a charming suburb of Vienna, Ober St. Veit, in a house designed by himself and surrounded by a garden in which he delights to work. A picture of healthy manhood he seems, of distinct Teutonic type, with a ruddy complexion and a frank and genial expression. Remarkably calm and well-poised, he shows no trace of bitterness in his admission that he lives among his fellow-citizens almost as a foreigner would. He confessed that but for the encouragement of German editors and publishers he would probably have never become known. Like his friends and co-workers he is painfully aware of the lack of initiative among the Austrians, and especially the Viennese; he calls it the heritage of their old and heterogeneous culture and their capital or stock-in-trade. Like his col-



ALFONS PETZOLD. A VIENNESE, SPRUNG FROM THE PEOPLE, WHO STRUGGLED FOR MANY YEARS TO EARN HIS LIVING AS AN UNSKILLED LABOURER

leagues he is astonishingly well informed about America and profoundly interested in the problems that confront the republic.

Rich in suggestion was the morning spent with Adolf Loos. A secessionist from the conventional ideals of his profession and the code of traditional æsthetics, he claims in his writings and his lectures that style should be the natural expression of the needs and purposes of a building and of the character of its time, and startled the Viennese, nurtured upon the Rococo and "Barock" of their ancestors, by declaring that ornament is —sin. The simple, straight lines and the Puritan plainness of the façade of the much-discussed Looshaus on the Michaelerplatz, opposite the elaborately ornate entrance to the Hofburg, demonstrate this paradox as applied to a modern business building. They also prove his rare sense of the fitness of things; for such a building is not supposed to rival the splendour of an old imperial resi-

dence. The interior with its apparently unlimited space, highly polished mahogany and dull-green floor covering illustrates another point of his æsthetic creed: that rich material makes ornament superfluous. Loos has travelled in England and America, and their influence is evident in the new style which he is admitted to have created.

IV

A visit to the studio of Oscar Kokoschka, the poet-painter, brought the writer into the presence of a young man of boyish face and modest manner, slow and shy of speech, but honest and frank of expression: a Parsifal type. An extreme individualist, like Karl Kraus, Kokoschka resents comparison with others, but his book, *Die träumenden Knaben* (*The Dreaming Boys*), which is a remarkable product of the Wiener Werkstätten in its make-up, is dedicated to



STEFAN ZWEIG, WHO INTRODUCED TO GERMAN READERS THE BELGIAN, VERHAEREN, THE FRENCHMAN, ROMAIN ROLLAND, AND THE AMERICAN, WALT WHITMAN

Gustav Klimt, and his work has not a few features that recall the art of the great Austrian secessionist. Kokoschka had just become engaged to the widow of the lamented Gustav Mahler, Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler, herself a gifted musician, and the effect which this marriage was likely to have upon his further development was the subject of much conjecture on the part of his friends. That the engagement has since been broken by the poet-painter, because Frau Mahler enjoys an income from her late husband's works, is remarkably in harmony with the unworldly idealism of Kokoschka. In Alfred Grünwald, a young man with a sensitive, thoughtful face, the writer met a poet-architect of unusual distinction. A half-hour in the studio of Else Wiesenthal, a dancer and representative of the school of physical culture which translated music into motion and dating back to Delsarte was so



ADAM MÜLLER-GUTTENBRUNN



HERMANN BAHR. AN ADMIRER OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, AND A SYMPATHISER WITH AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. LIKE ZWEIG, HE IS DEVOTED TO WALT WHITMAN

signally advanced by Isadora Duncan and bids fair to become an educational factor of great value in the "rhythmical gymnastics" of Dalcroze, completed the impression that this group of independents is a remarkable proof of the kinship and the community of all arts.

Peter Altenberg, who was frequently spoken of by these men and women, is one of the "characters" in Vienna that are pointed out to the foreign visitor even by unliterary residents like the Stephansdom or the Burgtheater. It is indeed impossible to forget that figure, whether you meet him on the "Ring" or in a café, or see him sporting in the waves of his beloved Lido, not unlike a Böcklin triton. Curious commentaries of the life about him are his books; full of droll fancies, delicate sentiments, delightful pictures, alternating with the effusions of a humour, drastic, bizarre and grotesque. The fragmentary quality of these miniature sketches and brief aphorisms is often irritating; their point is sometimes lost to the foreign reader. But re-read in the light of a personal impression, however fugitive, or in the



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA

light of the numerous anecdotes that circulate about him, their author steps from their pages and comes very close to his reader. A boy at heart and an old man in mind, naïve and impressionable, yet sophisticated and pessimistic, he is one of the most puzzling examples of the dualism sometimes found in types of an old culture. The man who on seeing the pigeons of St. Mark's fed on Indian corn could in all sincerity exclaim: "Those poor pigeons—cannot

people give them something more digestible?" is certainly a unique personality, even in Vienna.

A writer who has lived there long enough to be counted among the Viennese writers, though he himself protests against being identified with "literary Vienna," is Jacob Wassermann, the novelist who by his *Geschichte der Renate Fuchs* some years ago created a modern woman type which has had a numerous progeny in German fiction. Wasser-



THE BURGTHEATER OF VIENNA, WHICH HAS, FOR GENERATIONS, SENT THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES TRAINED UPON ITS STAGE TO THEATRES ALL OVER THE WORLD

mann lives in Grinzing, a curious old rural place with a wooden crucifix in the main street and houses with roofs sloping low down. The modern apartment-building at one corner seemed incongruous; so did the old-fashioned motto on the walls of the entrance-hall. It is, however, not surprising that the author who, in his psychology, seems a compound of past and present, chose it for his home. He made his entrance into the room, suggesting taste and comfort in its furnishings, with a library of historical and philosophical works, a grand piano and some good pictures, in a simple, pleasing manner. He has a sensitive face, earnest eyes and a sympathetic voice. Not an Austrian by birth, but a South-German, he seems *deraciné* by race or circumstance and admits his isolation. He thinks literature too reflective to-day, too much the result of abstraction. Speaking of his latest book, *Der Mann von vierzig Jahren*, which writer considers his best piece of fiction, he remarked that it had been lived and written and lay already so far behind him that it impressed him almost as something foreign.

V

Among the writers whose name is of frequent occurrence in the German magazines is that of Dr. Stefan Zweig, a lyric poet, critic and translator of unusual gifts. He is an enthusiast and a hero-worshipper of a type rather rare among the young intellectuals of the present. He introduced to German readers Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, about whom he has written a monograph and of whom he has translated a selection of poems and some dramas. Another writer whom he profoundly admires is Romain Rolland, and of our Walt Whitman he speaks with something like reverence. These three names are proof of his catholic taste and fine discernment. Although an opponent of the feminist movement, which could not well be ignored, since he called on the writer during the Vienna Woman Suffrage Conference and again after her return from the International Congress

at Budapest, he has at least one woman in the ranks of those personalities to whom he devotes a certain cult: Ellen Key. He has been in America as a visitor to the Panama Canal, which he considers a stupendous achievement and has celebrated in a feuilleton which reads like a prose poem. In an essay on the rhythm of New York he has pointed out some striking features that distinguish American cities from those of the Old World. He says that the latter are most beautiful at rest, the former most repulsive, because their attractiveness is founded upon their stirring reality, their power upon the rhythm of their life. They were dead heaps of stones to him on Sundays, but on weekdays they resounded with a music of barbarous grandeur. "The rhythm of New York is the first manifestation of the American feeling of life; whoever can sense it, understands the tense will-power that vibrates in all nerves of this unlimited country." A tribute which shows a penetrative insight uncommon among the foreign literati that visit our shores.

Vienna has a rather large number of lyric poets, foremost among them Richard Schaukal, who is a "K. k. Ministerialrat" and at the head of the cabinet of public works, "Paul Wilhelm," which is the pseudonym for Wilhelm Dworaczek, Count Ginzkey, who is connected with the military-geographical institute, and Alfons Petzold. Franz Karl Ginzkey is a modern incarnation of the German troubadours of noble lineage whose songs convey to a more prosaic present a flavour of the chivalrous worship of woman in a more romantic past. This being a year of woman conventions, Count Ginzkey was asked his opinion of woman suffrage, and admitted that he finds himself haunted by a doubt; although he opines that it were well to give women their long-coveted and honestly earned rights, social and political, he wonders whether women so freed would be willing as before to sacrifice all for love and would deplore it as an irreparable loss, were women by their admission to masculine duties to be as completely absorbed by them as men are.

Alfons Petzold is a Viennese of quite another type. Sprung from the people, he had struggled for many years to earn his living as an unskilled labourer. But during his years of hard toil and periods of sickness, he never lost the deep desire for self-culture, and the educational opportunities offered by the "Volksheim," an institution resembling our social settlements, enabled him to pursue his quest. He longed for artistic self-expression, and after a long period of involuntary idleness during a serious illness in a hospital, the poetical gift slumbering in his soul was set free. Dr. Josef Luitpold Stern, the editor of *Der Strom*, and Karl Henckell, the sympathetic appreciator, brought him out, and he is today one of the most talked-of figures in the younger generation of German poets. His books of verse reflect the wholesome philosophy of one who has learned the wisdom of acceptance. He has told the story of his life in a lecture recently published, and most of his poems and admirable prose sketches are founded upon his experiences. But there is no bitterness in his reflections, and for purely artistic perfection his work is an astonishing achievement.

VI

That the social atmosphere of Vienna may in time alienate even those who are apparently rooted in and inseparably identified with that city, is suggested by the recent removal of Hermann Bahr to Salzburg, which gave the writer something of a shock, because "Literary Vienna" without Bahr is unthinkable. "Das Tschaperl," "Der Krampus," "Der Franzl"—who could have written them but a man who was as much a Wiener as they? So a stop-over at Salzburg was procured and on a day of genuine Salzburg weather, during a heavy downpour of rain, the writer met the author, whose *Concert* is the most popular modern German drama on the American stage. He occupies an apartment in the Arenberg Schloss, spacious and high-ceilinged like old castle halls. There was something refreshingly breezy and cordial in his manner; delightfully unconventional

and suggestive of outdoor life was his dark green "Jägerjoppe," a sort of sweater. The patriarchal beard, awe-inspiring in its length, seemed incongruous. But in the animated conversation which set in, this impression was forgotten. Dr. Bahr has come to Salzburg, the ancient seat of his family, with his wife, the famous singer, Anna Mildenberg-Bahr, because it assures him greater quiet and composure than Vienna. He had been on the programme of the Congress in Budapest as speaker in the men's league for woman suffrage, but had been obliged to cancel his engagement, so this was the first topic to present itself. Being of the opinion that universal suffrage should include women, Dr. Bahr finds the attitude of the Englishmen incomprehensible, and since an outsider cannot fathom the situation in that country, would reserve his judgment of the militants. The insularity of the English makes it difficult for any foreigner to understand them, even the Germans, who are related to them, finding it easier to understand an Italian than an Englishman. Bahr admires Shaw, but Shaw is Irish, and the work by Shaw which is his favourite is *John Bull's Other Island*.

For America and the Americans Dr. Bahr seems to have much sympathy. He had said in a recent volume of essays that Whitman had discovered for art a new type of man, the democratic man. He told the writer with visible regret that an American woman who had heard him lecture on Whitman at the University of Bonn, had said that Whitman had no standing and was practically unknown in America. He keeps record of the ever-increasing Whitman literature and considers Leon Bazalgette's biography the best, American works not excepted. He seemed very eager to know whether the young generation in America cherished the heritage of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, asked whether the latter was getting into the brain and the blood of the people, and seemed of all the foreign authors who have asked the same question the one most familiar with current intellectual life in our

country. He is an admirer of William James, and inquired about the attitude of Americans toward Bergson. Speaking of the drama, he remarked that Germany had always been confounding the two kinds of drama, the one a serious work of art, the other for the entertainment of the people, forgetting that Goethe himself had said that the theatre should be a place of amusement and the dramatist make concessions to the public. Dr. Bahr enjoys a great reputation as a lecturer, his wife as a singer, and it occurred to the writer that the American manager who could induce the two to visit this country would find his reward.

To the impartial outsider who looks back upon the long procession of striking individualities that collectively represent literary Vienna, from Ebner-Eschenbach to Hermann Bahr, the hopeless view which most of them take of their city seems but a symptom of the pessimism which like a *basso ostinato* runs through their personal confessions and reflects one side of their racial temperament. For Vienna has institutions and personalities that have in no small degree directed and modified the course of modern science, letters and art. The department of psychology at its university has a direct bearing upon modern German letters, for Professor Freud has a follow-

ing among the younger writers, critics like Wittels and novelists like Grete Meisel-Hess, which has spread his influence far beyond the circle of his associates and students in psychological research. The Burgtheater has for generations sent the actors and actresses trained upon its stage to theatres all over the world. The late Max Burkhardt, as its director, set his seal upon the development of modern drama. Another native Viennese, Max Reinhardt, is now revolutionising stagecraft in Germany and other countries. The Secession received its cue from the Viennese journalist Havesi, who coined the phrase "Der Zeit ihre Kunst, der Kunst ihre Freiheit," which may be freely rendered "Each period its art, each art its freedom." The founder of the arts and crafts movement in Germany, Josef Olbrich, was a pupil and protégé of Otto Wagner, Vienna's master-builder and forerunner of Adolf Loos. To music Vienna has contributed Anton Bruckner, Gustav Mahler and others. A city that harbours such institutions and has produced such personalities can surely stand comparison with any other centre of modern intellectual life, though this life may pulsate through its veins more slowly than it does elsewhere. For Vienna infected by the spirit of modern Berlin would no longer be Vienna.

LAUNCELOT AND GAWAINE

BY RICHARD HOVEY

A POET loved two women. One was dark,
Luxuriant with the beauty of the south,
A heart of fire; and this one he forsook.
The other slender, fair, with wide grey eyes,
Who loved him with a still intensity
That made her heart a shrine; to her he gave,
And he was faithful to her to the end.
And when the poet died, a song was found
Which he had writ of Launcelot and Gawaine;
And when the women read it, one cried out:
"Where got he Launcelot? Gawaine I know—
He drew that picture from a looking-glass!
Sleek, lying, treacherous, golden tongued Gawaine!"
The other, smiling, murmured "Launcelot!"

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RUDYARD KIPLING'S "UNITED STATES"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

IN A general way Rudyard Kipling may be said to have discovered the United States before he discovered the land of his forefathers. He had sung of England as a birthright, carrying back to India vivid impressions of the scenes of his school days at the United Services College at Westward Ho, North Devon, which he afterward turned to account in "Baa Baa Black Sheep," the earlier chapters of *The Light That Failed*, and *Stalky and Company*. But the real discovery of England was the rediscovery. In the years of his first achievement as a journalist in India England was vague and symbolic, the mother of the many sturdy sons about the Seven Seas, the "Power House of the Line." The England that he knows to-day is a rediscovery of comparatively recent years. He came to know it only after his departure from his home in Vermont and his settling down to live in Rottingdean. This discovery, or rediscovery, he has credited to the motor car. By means of the car he learned of a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries. In it he has been able to travel in six hours from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Barons War into Richard Jeffries country and so through the Regency and into Gilbert White's country. Of a morning he has seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town; by noon he has skirted a new-built convent for expelled French nuns; before sundown he has watched the Channel Fleet, off Selsea Bill; and after dark he has nearly broken a fox's back on a Roman road. "You who were born and bred in the land," he cries, "take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John

Lade lived, or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of this amazing England.

But it was a much younger man, a cockier and more flippant man, who landed in San Francisco some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, with not the slightest spirit of reverence for his surroundings beyond the fact that California was hallowed ground by virtue of its association with the tales of Bret Harte. As he entered the harbour through the Golden Gate he saw with great joy that the block house which guarded its mouth "could be silenced by two gunboats from Hong Kong with safety, comfort, and dispatch. Also, there was not a single American vessel of war in the harbour." For he had come with a grievance upon him—the grievance of the pirated English books. Whether this grievance was real or affected matters not. He carried it with him up every San Franciscan hill and into every side street. Through it he saw every aspect of the city's life and every one of its monuments, the Palace Hotel, the Cliff House, and even the Bohemian Club, where he was entertained as a guest, and whose hospitality he repaid with an ingratitude of which only extreme youth could possibly be capable. But that was the Kipling of two or three and twenty, nursing imaginary wrongs, and quite ready to sacrifice fairness for what he deemed to be a smartly turned phrase. It is a Kipling that a certain middle-aged gentleman living in Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to-day probably remembers with a blush.



THE NAULAKHA. KIPLING'S VERMONT HOME. THERE WAS A TIME, SOON AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, WHEN IT SEEMED AS IF MR. KIPLING WAS DESTINED TO LIVE PERMANENTLY IN THE UNITED STATES"



THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, WHERE RUDYARD KIPLING REDISCOVERED GREAT BRITAIN. FOR THE PAST TWO OR THREE YEARS MR. KIPLING HAS BEEN LIVING AT BATEMAN'S, BURWASH, SUSSEX

II

If Rudyard Kipling's United States meant nothing else it would be worth while merely for that wonderfully spirited transcontinental flight of the *Constance* as described in *Captains Courageous*. How vivid is the picture! The millionaire Cheyne's raw new palace in San Diego, the heartbroken father, and the grief-maddened mother, dreaming day and night of the son drowning in the grey seas off the Newfoundland Banks. Then the telegram from Harvey announcing his rescue by the fishing schooner, the mother's shriek that rang through the echoing house, the Napoleonic masterfulness of Cheyne's secretary moving his assistant to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action and planning out the route of the *Constance*. Then the frenzy of that dash over waters, and mountain ranges, and plains, the train creeping in the drought of the desert, the six-foot drivers hammering their way upgrade, the needle of the speed indicator wagging to and fro, until the limited whirled the *Constance* into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River, who slid her gradefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tidewater to tidewater,—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and a half. Harvey was waiting for them.

But long before Rudyard Kipling first saw the hills of San Francisco from the deck of the *City of Peking* he had made the city the background of one of his stories. This was "The Shadow of His Hand," which was one of a series of sketches then known as *Turnovers* which he wrote for the *Allahabad Pioneer* and other papers. Some of these stories and sketches were incorporated in his authorised work; others, for various reasons, he discarded and wished forgotten. For some twenty years these latter were known only to the collector, until, in the autumn of 1909, a New York publishing house introduced them to the public in book form under the title

Abaft the Funnel. "The Shadow of His Hand," the early story with the San Francisco setting, was one of those which Kipling wished forgotten. Justly so, for it contained a line quite as repellent as a certain memorable passage in "Black Jack." Somewhat later Kipling made brief use of San Francisco in the introduction to the story called "The Mutiny of the Mavericks." But to follow the Kipling trail on that first journey of discovery as outlined in *American Notes*. Having had his say about San Franciscan reporters, cable cars, hotel clerks, bunco steerers, climate, and clubs, Kipling proceeded to Portland, Oregon, and fished gloriously for salmon in the Columbia River. The sincerity of his hostility in earlier pages of the *Notes* has always been open to question; there has never been any doubt of the genuineness of his enthusiasm when he wrote of his conquest of the fish described in the language of a native as "a fighter from Fightersville." Then he visited the Yellowstone Park, which he found to be laid out like Ollendorf, in exercises of progressive difficulty. Astride the clouds he peered down the mouth of the Devil's Bethesda, hobnobbed with Uncle Sam's troopers, made comparisons of American versus British manners, and did the Grand Canyon in company with the Henry James maiden from New Hampshire. Then, on to Chicago with its stock yards, Buffalo with its wheat elevators, and New York, in his eyes defenceless against foreign attack, the city of "heavenly loot."

That first trail did not touch Colorado. Yet it was in that State that he laid Topaz City, the scene of Nick Carver's real estate schemes, and the beginning and the end of *The Naulakha*. Nor did it touch Kansas. Yet it was from Kansas that, as narrated in "A Walking Delegate," came the "wall-eyed, yellow frame house of a horse," whose avowed purpose in life was to talk of his inalienable rights, and to stir up the other equines on the Vermont farm to a sense of their wrongs and to revolution against the tyrant Man. The wall-



"OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! PRINCES, DUKES, AND BARONS OF THE HIGH SEAS! KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS, WE ARE THE 'DIMBULA,' FIFTEEN DAYS NINE HOURS FROM LIVERPOOL, HAVING CROSSED THE ATLANTIC WITH FOUR THOUSAND TON OF CARGO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR CAREER! WE HAVE NOT FOUNDERED. WE ARE HERE. 'EER! 'EER! WE ARE NOT DISABLED. BUT WE HAVE HAD A TIME WHOLLY UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF SHIP-BUILDING! OUR DECKS WERE SWEEPED! WE PITCHED; WE ROLLED! WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DIE! HI! HI! BUT WE DIDN'T. WE WISH TO GIVE NOTICE THAT WE HAVE COME TO NEW YORK ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, THROUGH THE WORST WEATHER IN THE WORLD; AND WE ARE THE 'DIMBULA'! WE ARE-ARR-HA-HA-HA-R-R-R-!"—"THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF"

eyed one is proud of his native State and sings of its glory. "I come from the boundless confines of Kansas, where the noblest of our kind have their abiding place among the sunflowers on the threshold of the setting sun in his glory." And again: "Kansas, sir, needs no advertisement. Her native sons rely on themselves and their native sires. Yes, sir." But the walking delegate is not alone among the horses in State pride. There is Tweezy, lifting up his wise and polite old head, ever the most courteous of horses, loyal in his allegiance to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Also Muldoon, the ex car horse, born in Iowa, but swearing by the New York of his adoption. "Any horse dat knows beans gits outer Kansas 'fore dey crip his shoes. I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innocence, an' I wuz grateful when dey boxed me fer N' York. You can't tell me anything about Kansas I don't wanten fergit. De Belt Line stables ain't no Hoffman House, but dey're Vanderbilt's 'longside o' Kansas."

As Muldoon had seen service on the Belt Line, it stands to reason that at some time in his chequered career he must have made the acquaintance of certain other of the Kipling characters. For example, at the southern end of his route, he may have been looking out across New York Bay the very day that

the *Dimbula*, "The Ship that Found Herself," came in to the harbour after her first voyage across the Atlantic. If so, this is what Muldoon saw:

It was a glorious, clear, dead calm morning, and in single file, with less than half a mile between each, their bands playing and their tugboats shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, were the *Majestic*, the *Paris*, the *Touraine*, the *Servia*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and the *Werkendam*, all stately going out to sea. As the *Dimbula* shifted her helm to give the great boats clear way, the Steam (who knows far too much to mind making an exhibition of himself now and then) shouted:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents, we are the *Dimbula*, fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool, having crossed the Atlantic with four thousand ton of cargo for the first time in our career! We have not foundered. We are here. 'Eer! 'Eer! We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of ship-building! Our decks were swept! We pitched; we rolled! We thought we were going to die! Hi! Hi! But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic, through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula*! We are-arr-ha-ha-ha-r-r-r!"

The beautiful line of boats swept by as steadily as the procession of the Seasons. The



"FAR AWAY FROM THE CREYSTONE WINGS, THE DARK CEDARS, THE FAULTLESS GRAVEL DRIVES, AND THE MINT-SAUCE LAWNS OF HOLT HANGARS RUNS A RIVER CALLED THE HUDSON, WHOSE UNKEMPT BANKS ARE COVERED WITH THE PALACES OF THOSE WEALTHY BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. HERE, WHERE THE HOOT OF THE HAVERSTRAW BRICK-BARGE-TUG ANSWERS THE HOWL OF THE LOCOMOTIVE ON EITHER SHORE, YOU SHALL FIND, WITH A COMPLETE INSTALLATION OF ELECTRIC LIGHT, NICKELPLATED BINNACLES, AND A CALLIOPE ATTACHMENT TO HER STEAM-WHISTLE, THE TWELVE-HUNDRED-TON OCEAN-GOING STEAM-YACHT "COLUMBIA," LYING AT HER PRIVATE PIER, TO TAKE TO HIS OFFICE, AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF SEVENTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR,—AND THE BARGES CAN LOOK OUT FOR THEMSELVES,—WILTON SARGENT, AMERICAN."—"AN ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION."

Dimbula heard the *Majestic* say, "Humph!" and the *Paris* grunted "How!" and the *Touraine* said, "Oui!" with a little coquettish flicker of steam; and the *Servia* said, "Haw!" and the *Kaiser* and the *Werkendam* said, "Hoch!" Dutch fashion—and that was absolutely all.

Somewhat farther uptown, in the course of the day's work, Muldoon may have run across Wilton Sargent, of "An

Error in the Fourth Dimension," in the early, unregenerate and blatant days, when, before he tried to make himself an Englishman at Holt Hangars, he had been in the habit of steaming to office, down the Hudson, in his twelve hundred ton ocean going steam yacht and arriving, by gradations, at Bleecker Street, hanging on to a leather strap between an Irish washerwoman and a German anarchist. Again—for the car horse is said



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

WHARVES OF GLOUCESTER.—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

to be a creature of extreme longevity—he may have seen the Wilton Sargent of later years, thoroughly cured of his Anglo mania; once more coming down the river to his office at an average of seventeen knots an hour on his steam yacht *Columbia*.

III

The New England trail of Rudyard Kipling takes us briefly to Vermont, where the writer himself had his home, and occasionally to Boston, association with which city, for example, caused the Compound of "007" to assume an air of intellectual patronage toward other locomotives and to talk loftily of "Constitution" and "temperament" and "*ou-trecuidance*" and "*faroucherie*." But more seriously it will lead to the Massachusetts fishing village of Gloucester. There, when the *Constance* had been side tracked among freight cars in the railway yard, Cheyne senior and Mrs. Cheyne, in company with the boy so miraculously restored to them, went



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.
LOOKING OUT FROM WOUVERMAN'S WHARF.—
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

down between the stores full of fishermen's oil skins to Wouverman's wharf where the *We're Here* rode high, her



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.
"THE CROOKED STREET, WHICH WAS HALF WHARF AND HALF SHIP'S STORE."—
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

"THE STURDY, CLEAR-EYED YOUTH WHO SCANNED THE SHORE FRONT OF GLOUCESTER FROM THE DECK OF THE 'WE'RE HERE' WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE HARVEY CHEYNE OF OTHER DAYS."—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. To talk over young Dan's future the multi-millionaire and Disko Troop went over to Troop's eighteen hundred dollar blue-trimmed white house, with a retired dorie full of nasturtiums in the front yard and a shuttered parlour which was a museum of oversea plunder. The elder Cheyne found much to interest him in Gloucester. It was a new town in a new land. They made money along the

crooked street, which was half wharf and half ship's store; as a leading profession he wished to learn how the noble game was played. Men said that four out of every five fishballs served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester and overwhelmed him with figures in proof—statistics of boats, wharf frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profit. He talked with the owners of large fleets, and coiled himself



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER, WHERE MRS. CHEYNE WAS STAYING IN A BOARDING-HOUSE—"A STRANGE ESTABLISHMENT, MANAGED, APPARENTLY, BY THE BOARDERS, WHERE THE TABLE CLOTHS WERE RED AND WHITE CHECKERED, AND THE POPULATION, WHO SEEMED TO HAVE KNOWN ONE ANOTHER INTIMATELY FOR YEARS, ROSE UP AT MIDNIGHT TO MAKE WELSH RAREBITS IF THEY FELT HUNGRY"—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

away on chain cables in marine junk-shops. He liked this better than Eastern Point, where Mrs. Cheyne was staying after the rushing transcontinental journey in a boarding house—"a strange establishment, managed, apparently, by the boarders, where the table cloths were red and white checkered and the population, who seemed to have known one another intimately for years, rose up at midnight to make Welsh rarebits if they

felt hungry. Gloucester, above all other places, must be held to be the Kipling shrine of the Western Hemisphere. No matter what your individual opinion may be as to the merits or demerits of *Captains Courageous* as a work of fiction, or your estimate of its place among Kipling's books, it is impossible to ignore the splendid, graphic picture of this town and these rugged people who win their meagre living from the sea.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S COMPLETE WORKS

BY HERBERT R. HYMAN

THE first complete collection of the works of James Whitcomb Riley in both prose and poetry, containing more than two hundred poems which have never before appeared in any book, will be published this month. It will come as a fitting commemoration of the beloved poet's sixty-second birthday, which he will celebrate on October 7th. The appearance of this work, known as the Biographical Edition, will stand as one of the really important events of recent years in the literary world, and the happiest, no doubt, to the enormous and ever-increasing public who delight in the Hoosier poet and who, for years, have expressed the hope that such an edition would be compiled.

Beginning his career as a country boy who saw and understood the beauties of the homely things, who knew the simple philosophy of a yet simpler life, who gave his fancy a form in words whose melody, so full and appealing, came straight from his heart and found its way into the hearts of all; submitting his verse, in his retiring way, under the plain, home-spun, unattractive name of "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone"; awaking at last to find himself the Poet Laureate of a nation—that has been the experience of James Whitcomb Riley.

He knew the human heart! He knew

its underlying love for simple, homely things. He knew the tenderness of sympathy and the power of companionship. He put himself at "you and I" with the world—just "We, Us and Company"—and as he himself has expressed it in the poem to "Poems Here At Home"—

What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores;
Putt weeds in—pizen-vines, and underbresh,
As well as Johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls,—yes,
and "We,"
As sayin' is—"We, Us and Company."

No "Ladies' Amaranth" ner "Treasury"
book—
Ner "Night Thoughts" nuther—ner no "Lally
Rock"!

We want some poetry 'at's to Our taste,
Made out o' truck 'at's jes a-goin' to waste
'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too
Outrageous common—'cept fer me and
you!—

Which goes to argy, all sich poetry
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on You and Me.

This poem, written in the summer of



THE POET AND HIS MOTHER

1892, was preceded by another of a similar nature which was found only a few months ago in the files of the *Kokomo Tribune*, in which publication it appeared on November 8, 1879. Delightfully characteristic in its fervour and whimsicality, it expresses the same thought as the poem written more than a decade later. It shows the "Riley Idea" and reveals the personality of the man. It is one of the poems which will be published in book form for the first time when it appears in the new Biographical Edition. It follows:

THE GINOINE AR-TICKLE

Talkin' o' poetry,—There're few men yit
 'At's got the stuff biled down so's it'll
 pour
 Out sorgum-like, and keeps a year or more
 Jes' sweeter ever' time you tackle it!
 W'y all the jinglin' truck 'at hes been writ
 Fer twenty ear and better is so pore
 You.cain't find no sap in it any more
 'N you'd find juice in puff-balls!—*And I'd
 quit!*

What people wants is facts, I apperhend;

And naked Nature is the thing to give
 Your writin' basis, eh? And I contend
 'At honest work is allus bound to live.

Now them's my views! 'cause you kin
 ricommend

Sich poetry as that from end to end.

In preparing the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley, the publishers have striven to do more than merely present all of his compositions. They have sought to reflect his personality; to show his development, and to give an insight into his life and literary career which never before has been enjoyed even by his closest friends. To this end, his scrap-books and correspondence and the files of the newspapers for which he wrote from time to time came under the scrutiny of his editors. This investigation brought to light a fund of interesting information about the poet's life, his friendships and his career and a vast amount of verse which had never before been published in any of the books of his poems. Also it enabled the editors to learn the exact order and date of composition of the poems and made it possible to arrange them chronologically.

Passing from page to page and from poem to poem, one can watch the development of the poet from the beginning to the present. His personality, his likes and dislikes, his strength and weaknesses are all revealed. Notes in the back of each of the six volumes which make up the Biographical Edition give complete information regarding the circumstances associated with the composition of every poem, its first appearance and subsequent history. A bibliography of all books of Riley poems, as well as a list of all articles in print about him, make it also a reference work. A sketch of the poet, for the most part in his own words, gives an intimate view of his life, and the many illustrations—reproductions of rare photographs of the poet, and many of his most celebrated manuscripts—add a distinct personal touch. Indexes are furnished by titles, by first lines and refrains and by subjects.

Edmund H. Eitel, Mr. Riley's nephew, who for many years has acted as his secretary, has edited the work. Mr. Riley is not one to preserve his compositions in any systematic fashion. Wherever the spirit moved him he would write—verses, stories, sketches dedicated to friends and acquaintances as tokens of his regard, which he sent away without retaining a copy for himself. Or perhaps he would write something for a friendly editor of a stray little publication who had asked for a verse or a sketch to liven up his columns. Mr. Riley contributed, also, to several Indiana papers, and the files of these, dating back to the early days of his career, were found only after diligent effort. Scattered far and wide, lost to view, many of them, since the time of their composition, Mr. Riley's poems have been collected only after many months of the most careful research and investigation. Indeed, much of this collected information had been forgotten by the poet.

Since he was old enough to appreciate the significance of Mr. Riley's work, Mr. Eitel has been collecting all the material

about the poet that he could, and he has utilised these records in the preparation of the Biographical Edition. For much of this information and for his early interest, Mr. Eitel is indebted to his mother, who intuitively and with sisterly pride and affection foresaw the appeal her brother's poetry eventually would make. From Mr. Riley himself, Mr. Eitel has heard the stories of how he came upon the themes of many of his most celebrated poems and learned the history of their composition.

Manuscripts and even the odd fragments the poet left about his room have been saved. Papers of great value were found at the old Riley homestead at Greenfield, Indiana. Of these the most precious is an old notebook, with a mottled, card-board cover, the humble repository of the poet's earliest verse. The first of this dates back to his 'teens and none of it is later than 1871. Quaint and interesting photographs—a child picture of the boy Riley and his mother; old daguerreotypes, made in the days of his youth in the little Indiana town, have been preserved. Photographs of scenes

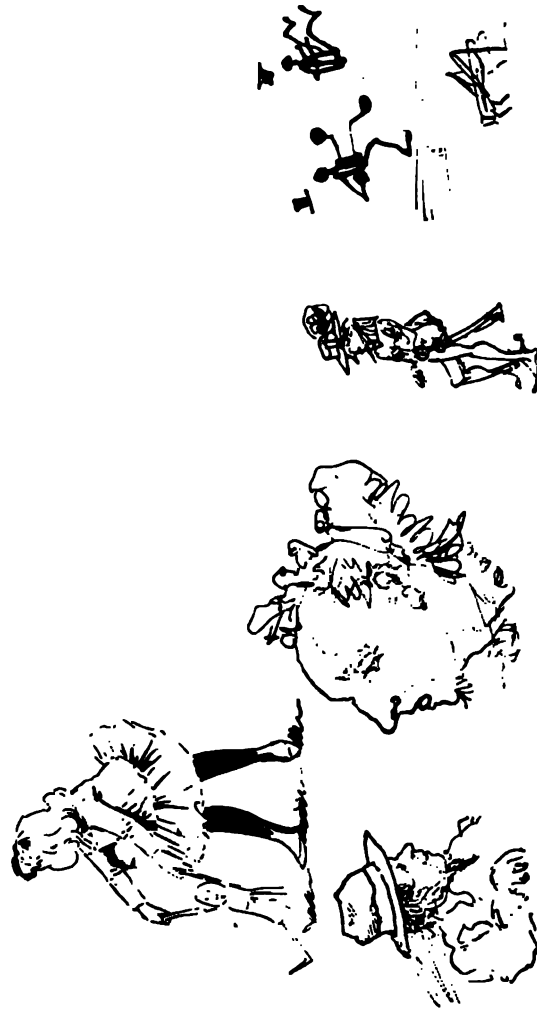


of his boyhood frolics—the old swimmin' hole, later commemorated in the poem, the old Riley homestead and others, were stored away. Useful biographical notes were made on the pictures and the manuscripts, and these have assisted in fixing definitely the time when they were produced. With this excellent foundation it was decided to continue the work with the greatest thoroughness and care. Mr. Riley's friends were canvassed for unpublished verse and his correspondence collected.

Letters came from all parts of the country, from the friends of the poet's friends who had wandered away from Indiana, but who still recalled verses they had read years before and knew where copies might be found. The files of the newspapers at Greenfield, Kokomo, Anderson, and Indianapolis were carefully examined. The old Danbury (Connecticut) *News* furnished some poems which Mr. Riley had once contributed to its columns, and had long since forgotten. All in all, more than



THE POET AND HIS EDITOR. A PICTURE OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS NEPHEW, EDMUND H. EITEL, TAKEN IN 1890



ONE OF THE POET'S EARLY ARTISTIC EFFORTS.—FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK

four hundred poems were brought to light. Mr. Riley has sanctioned the publication of two hundred and twenty of these and has definitely suppressed the remainder—the inconsequential newspaper verse.

The poet himself carefully read the proof of the entire Biographical Edition, subjecting all to his most exacting scrutiny. To watch him in his study working over his compositions is to marvel at his care and his remarkable interest. Weighing each syllable, each word, each phrase, each bit of punctuation; reading

the poem over again and again; never stopping until he is sure of every shade of meaning, he has striven to make each composition as it appears in this edition a work so completed that he may say, "This is my poem as I would have it go down to posterity." Thus the Biographical Edition has become the personal edition of James Whitcomb Riley's works. It reproduces the Riley personality which loves all cheery and hopeful things, clings to simplicity, sees the quaintly humorous near at hand and sings life's pathos with compassion.

DON QUIXOTE

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

KNIGHT of Spain,
Whose chivalry undying
Still lifts its lance o'er fell and plain,
With silken banner bravely flying,
To rescue beauty, break the captive's chain,
To help the lowly in a king's despite,
To challenge wrong with rigid sword of right.
Mad-seeming in a world of greed,
Fantastic mounted on thy bony steed,
Thou travellest the ages
In moonlit mist or sunrise gold,
Thy squire, the droll of common-sense, beside thee,
And heedless of the witlings who deride thee,
Proclaiming thro' thy quaint-robed pages
The pure evangel of the true and bold,
The heart of love and pity fain,
O knight of Spain!

Gentler to-day I know him well—
You, *mi hermano, Don Manuel.*

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

IV—THE NEW YORK DAYS—RICHARD DUFFY'S NARRATIVE

IF in recalling O. Henry as I knew him in New York much should appear of me here and there, it will be obvious that I am simply under the embarrassment of talking about a friend and a crony, to use an old-fashioned word, who with the flash-like movement characteristic of him has become a figure in the literature of our day. The latter high-sounding phrase I use advisedly in view of the critical comment published since his death. I remember, but cannot quote, a remark of the London *Athenæum* about the frequent sparks of immortal fire in his stories, and I have read of professors of literature holding him up as a model. If I could tell this to him, as we used to discuss the word about his stories and the press bureau clippings, he would probably ask me with his indefinably humorous seriousness whether the *Athenæum* bought fiction, because if it did, although he had to deliver a story by three o'clock that afternoon, we would better go to lunch, because it was now one.

In attributing this supposititious remark to him, I am far from suggesting that because I feel I knew somewhat his trick of expression in voice, look and gait and his angle of view, I was an intimate of his. He had the fine, rare quality that attracts good friends but keeps a certain subtle aloofness in the man as in his friends. Others there are in New York who knew him as well as I did, who will bear me out in this. He put on no airs, as the saying is, except perhaps that he could assume a manner of democracy in speaking to a waiter he had to see frequently. O. Henry had a shyness that was without fear, and he never wanted a man to think he knew him so well he could slap him on the back! One day we were looking into a bookseller's window when a man came up and did

slap him on the back, saying with perfect cordiality: "Hello, O. Henry!" Porter turned quickly and responded with a smile of flawless manufacture: "Hello!" A few cursory words passed between us and when the man walked away Porter asked me who the man was. "Why, don't you know him?" I answered. "He's Soandso, the publisher." "Oh, is he?" Porter said sardonically, "I almost said to him, 'Name, please.'"

This happened when his pen-name was known from coast to coast, when as it happened within a week I told him of two shop-girls discussing a story of his in a restaurant, and he told me of an apparent cloak and suit manufacturer with a model at dinner, analysing one of his stories as no author probably has ever overheard himself criticised before. The man and the woman knew as much about literature probably as they did about the nebular hypothesis, but that O. Henry story enabled them to eat face to face. Long before this O. Henry was known to a degree in the region of Madison Square, east or west of it, and whither he passed so often to find a shred of the magic carpet of Arabian Nights in Manhattan. During the eight years he lived in New York he was never far from this Square; and I remember the June morning they held his funeral services in the Church of the Transfiguration, when it was all over and I walked back to Fifth Avenue, that I noticed the rim of trees along the Square was only a few blocks away. There were many notables on publishers' lists in the churchyard that day, and many of us plain journeymen with the pen or typewriter, but I often wonder what he would have said if he could have seen a wedding party in beribboned taxicabs drive up just as we were about to go into the

church. In an instant the taxicabs wheeled away with their ribbons shuddering.

Thus he went back to his home ground in the South, from which he had been an absentee for so many years. In New York meanwhile he was talked about by actors and writers wherever they congregated that evening, and by commuters who read of him in the evening papers on their divers ways out of the city of "The Four Million." His coming to New York, with the resolution "to write for bread," as he said once in a mood of acrid humour, was also dramatic, as is a whisper compared to a subdued tumult of voices. I believe I am correct in saying that outside his immediate family few were aware that O. Henry was entering this "nine-day town" except Gilman Hall, my associate on *Ainslee's Magazine*, the publishers, Messrs. Street and Smith, and myself. For some time we had been buying stories from him, written in his perfect Spencerian copperplate hand that was to become familiar to so many editors. Only then he wrote always with a pen on white paper, whereas once he was established in New York he used a lead pencil sharpened to a needle's point on one of the yellow pads that were always to be seen on his table. The stories he published at this period were laid either in the Southwest or in Central America, and those of the latter countries form the bulk of his first issued volume, *Cabbages and Kings*. It was because we were sure of him as a writer that our publishers willingly advanced the cheque that brought him to New York and assured him a short breathing spell to look round and settle. Also, it was because O. Henry wanted to come. You could always make him do anything he wanted to do, as he had a way of saying, if you were coaxing him into an invitation he had no intention of pursuing into effect.

It was getting late on a fine spring afternoon down at Duane and William Streets when he came to meet us. From the outer gate the boy presented a card bearing the name William Sidney Por-

ter. I don't remember just when we found out that "O. Henry" was merely a pen-name; but think it was during the correspondence arranging that he come to New York. I do remember, however, that when we were preparing our yearly prospectus, we had written to him, asking that he tell us what the initial O. stood for, as we wished to use his photograph and preferred to have his name in full. It was the custom and would make his name stick faster in the minds of readers. With a courteous flourish of appreciation at the honour we were offering him in making him known to the world, he sent us "Olivier," and so he appeared as Olivier Henry in the first publishers' announcement in which his stories were heralded. Later he confided to us, smiling, what a lot of fun he had had in picking out a first name of sufficient advertising effectiveness that began with O.

As happens in these matters, whatever mind picture Gilman Hall or I had formed of him from his letters, his handwriting, his stories, vanished before the impression of the actual man. He wore a dark suit of clothes, I recall, and a four-in-hand tie of bright colour. He carried a black derby, high-crowned, and walked with a springy, noiseless step. To meet him for the first time you felt his most notable quality to be reticence, not a reticence of social timidity, but a reticence of deliberateness. If you also were observing, you would soon understand that his reticence proceeded from the fact that civilly yet masterfully he was taking in every item of the "you" being presented to him to the accompaniment of convention's phrases and ideas, together with the "you" behind this presentation. It was because he was able thus to assemble and sift all the multifarious elements of a personality with sleight-of-hand swiftness that you find him characterising a person or a neighbourhood in a sentence or two; and once I heard him characterise a list of editors he knew each in a phrase.

On his first afternoon in New York we took him on our usual walk uptown

from Duane Street to about Madison Square. That was a long walk for O. Henry, as any who knew him may witness. Another long one was when he walked about a mile over a fairly high hill with me on zigzag path through autumn woods. I showed him plains below us and hills stretching away so far and blue they look like the illimitable sea from the deck of an ocean liner. But it was not until we approached the station from which we were to take the train back to New York that he showed the least sign of animation. "What's the matter, Bill," I asked, "I thought you'd like to see some real country." His answer was: "Kunn'l, how kin you expeck me to appreciate the glories of nature when you walk me over a moun-tain like that an' I got new shoes on?" Then he stood on one foot and on the other, caressing each aching member for a second or two, and smiled with bashful knowingness so like him.

It was one of his whimsical amusements, I must say here, to speak in a kind of country style of English, as though the English language were an instrument he handled with hesitant unfamiliarity. Thus it happened that a woman who had written to him about his stories and asked if her "lady friend" and she might meet him, informed him afterward: "You mortified me nearly to death, you talked so ungrammatical!"

To return to his first day in New York, on which for the only time he evinced a shade of astonishment or bewilderment, although he always humourously professed his sense of insecurity as an outlander in the big town, Gilman Hall and I tried to interest him in noticing Morgan Robertson, who was passing near the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, princely dressed in a frock coat and top hat. It was our intention to have him meet fellow-craftsmen from the beginning. In his own way he came to know Morgan Robertson later, but that day he had eyes only for the elevated railroad, and gazing at it, inquired of us, so that we doubted his seriousness, why people were not afraid to ride on such trains, as they



THE CALEDONIA, IN TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE O. HENRY LIVED IN HIS LAST YEARS



NO. 55 IRVING PLACE. AN EARLY NEW YORK HOME OF O. HENRY

might so easily fall into the street. Years later a train did fall partly off the track, it will be recalled, through a confusion of signals at the curve at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue. He was not surprised, he told me, which made me remember that in our many roamings about town he would always ride in a surface car or the subway, no matter what distance we had to go.

We never knew just where he stopped the first night in New York, beyond his statement that it was at a hotel not far from the ferry in a neighbourhood of so much noise that he had not been able to sleep. I suppose we were voluminous with suggestions as to where he might care to live, because we felt we had some knowledge of the subject of board and lodging, and because he was the kind of man you'd give your best hat to on short acquaintance, if he needed a hat,—but also he was the kind of man who would get a hat for himself. Within about twenty-four hours he called at the office again to say that he had taken a large room in a French table d'hôte hotel in Twenty-fourth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Moreover, he brought us a story. In those days he was very prolific. He wrote not only stories, but occasional skits and light verse. In a single number of *Ainslee's*, as I remember, we had three short stories of his, one of which was signed "O. Henry" and the other two with pseudonyms. Of the latter, "While the Auto Waits" was picked out by several newspapers outside New York as an unusually clever short story. But as O. Henry naturally he appeared most frequently, as frequently as monthly publication allows, for to my best recollection, of the many stories we saw of his there were only three about which we said to him, we would rather have another instead. Of these one is a variation on the legend of the Wandering Jew, the main personage of which is called Mike O'Bader. The second is laid in New Orleans and is the fantasy of a man under the influence of absinthe, abounding in rhetorical colour as gorgeous almost as De

Quincey, but wholly obscured or out-blazoned as to story by its colour. The third pictured a scion of Louisiana's seigneur days, living "remote, unfriended and alone" in a country mansion of faded splendour; and this story was published in a magazine that I believe is no longer in print. The Wandering Jew story may be read in his collected works, but I don't know what has become of that weird New Orleans fantasy, in which there was something of Edgar Allan Poe and of Lafcadio Hearn.

I make no pretence at being a critic of O. Henry's work, but offer these data of literary biography as suggestive of the way the man found himself once he got to New York and having his ship, as it were, cast from her moorings with a bound tiller on the criss-crossed charted sea of fiction. Along about this time hove the *Brandur Magazine*, with Major Smith of the Associated Press, who wanted O. Henry to write stories about the Southwest and was willing to pay five cents per word, the price he advertised he would pay for any short story in his view acceptable. As I heard at the time from general report the *Brandur Magazine* was discontinued because Major Smith found it to be too great a burden in connection with his other business interests. O. Henry sold him several stories, and what is more, won the immediate personal interest of Major Smith, as he did with all his publishers. He sold stories to other magazines, and, as he told me, there came a day when he needed greatly a cheque of some months' promise from one of these magazines. Mellifluously, he narrated, the editor answered his request with the statement that he had instructed the treasurer to send the cheque, but apparently the treasurer had not sent it. Post-haste wrote O. Henry to the editor: "Dear Mr. ———: I should advise you to discharge that treasurer and engage one who will obey orders."

Still he lived in West Twenty-fourth Street, although the place had no particular fascination for him. We used to see him every other day or so, at lunch-

eon, at dinner, or in the evening. Various magazine editors began to look up O. Henry, which was a job somewhat akin to tracing a lost person. While his work was coming under general notice rapidly, he made no effort to push himself into general acquaintance; and all who knew him when he was actually somewhat of a celebrity should be able to say that it was about as easy to induce him to "go anywhere" to meet somebody as it is to have a child take medicine. He was persuaded once to be the guest of a member of the Periodical Publishers' Association on a sail up the Hudson; but when the boat made a stop at Poughkeepsie, O. Henry slipped ashore and took the first train back to New York. Yet he was not unsocial, but a man that liked a few friends round him and who dreaded and avoided a so-called "party" as he did a crowd in the subway.

Thus it happened that while his name had become talked about in magazine circles, there were not many who knew him; and he had been living here for perhaps half a year when an editor came to me, saying with some satisfaction that he had discovered who this elusive new-coming story-writer was and where he could be found. O. Henry was an undergraduate at a certain university, he said, naming it, and he was very desirous to buy some of his work. The man was amazed when I told him that O. Henry had left the office only a quarter of an hour since, that he could be found at his room in West Twenty-fourth Street, and that to the best of our knowledge he had never laid eyes on the particular college mentioned. Later it transpired that when O. Henry's stories made their first stir at the college, a young man foolishly took the credit of their authorship in gossip among his acquaintances and, before he could judge whither his prank or weakness would lead, he received a letter from a magazine of the first rank asking him to contribute. The hoax, so to describe it, was promptly shattered. O. Henry was unconcerned, except to caution us with a smile, to be sure and send all O. Henry cheques to him.

It was at his Twenty-fourth Street room that Robert H. Davis, then of the staff of the New York *World*, ran him to cover, as it were, and concluded a contract with him to furnish one story a week for a year at a fixed salary. It was a gigantic task to face, and I have heard of no other writer who put the same quality of effort and material in his work able to produce one story every seven days for fifty-two successive weeks. The contract was renewed, I believe, and all during this time O. Henry was selling stories to magazines as well. His total of stories amount to two hundred and fifty-one, and when it is considered that they were written in about eight years, one may give him a good mark for industry, especially as he made no professional vaunt about "loving his work." Once when dispirited he said that almost any other way of earning a living was less of a toil than writing. The mood is common to writers, but not so common as to happen to a man who practically had editors or agents of editors sitting on his doorstep requesting copy.

When he undertook his contract with the *World* he moved to have more room and more comfortable surroundings for the new job. But he did not move far, no farther than across Madison Square, in East Twenty-fourth Street, to a house near Fourth Avenue. Across the street stands the Metropolitan Building, although it was not so vast then. He had a bedroom and sitting-room at the rear of the parlour floor with a window that looked out on a typical New York yard, boasting one ailanthus tree frowned upon by time-stained extension walls of other houses. More and more men began to seek him out, and he was glad to see them, for a good deal of loneliness enters into the life of a man that writes fiction during the better part of the day, and when his work is over feels he must move about somewhere to gather new material. Here it was that he received a visit one day from a stranger, who announced that he was a business man, but had decided to change his line. He meant to write stories, and having read

several of O. Henry's, he was convinced that kind of story would be the best paying proposition. O. Henry liked the man off-hand, but he could not help being amused at his attitude toward a "literary career." I asked what advice he gave the visitor, and he answered: "I told him to go ahead!" The sequel no doubt O. Henry thoroughly enjoyed, for within a few years the stranger had become a best-seller, and continues such.

O. Henry remained only for a few months in these lodgings, having among a dozen reasons for moving the fact that he had more money. Besides, the man of the house did most of the housework, he told me, and there were so many such men in New York, it was not necessary to live under the same roof to have the pleasure of their acquaintance. (Read "Ulysses and the Dog-man" if you wish to see him in hot earnest on this subject.) I asked what business the lady-of-the-house was in, and he explained that she dealt with the incoming and outgoing guests, and she seemed to have enough to do, because he himself was apparently the only lodger that had ever made even a pretence at permanency. While here he often went to breakfast at a restaurant on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where he had a favourite waiter. The waiter had seen better restaurants inside and out, and I have no doubt that O. Henry's inclination to tip extravagantly recalled better days. The result was the waiter took him in charge, so that no matter what O. Henry selected from the bill of fare, he would lean down and murmur: "Don't take that, sir. The only thing they've got this morning that's fit to eat is ——" and he would mention the one hope O. Henry had for breakfast.

I follow his movings with his trunks, his bags, his books, a few, but books he read, and his pictures, likewise a few, that were original drawings presented to him, or some familiar printed picture that had caught his fancy, because in his movings you trace his life in New York. His next abiding-place was at 55 Irving Place, as he has said in a letter, "a few

doors from old Wash. Irving's house." Here he had almost the entire parlour floor with a window large as a store front, opening only at the sides in long panels. At either one of these panels he would sit for hours watching the world go by along the street, not gazing idly, but noting men and women with penetrating eyes, making guesses at what they did for a living, and what fun they got out of it when they had earned it.

He was a man you could sit with a long while and feel no necessity for talking; but ever so often a passerby would evoke a remark from him that converted an iota of humanity into the embryo of a story. Although he spoke hardly ever to any one in the house except the people who managed it, he had the lodgers all ticketed in his mind. He was friendly but distant with persons of the neighbourhood he was bound to meet regularly, because he lived so long there, and I have often thought he must have persisted as a mysterious man to them simply because he was so far from being communicative. It amused him to observe how curious people are, especially the supposed hustling New Yorker who has no room for any thought beyond his own affairs, and he hits the type off, it will be remembered, in the story called "A Comedy in Rubber." Any one who endeavoured to question him about himself would learn very little, especially if he felt he was being examined as a "literary" exhibit; although when he was in the humour he would give you glimpses of his life in Greensboro and on the ranch to which he had gone as a young man, because he had friends there and because he was said to be delicate in the chest. He would never, however, tell you "the story of his life" as the saying is, but merely let you see some one or some happening in those days gone by that might fit in well with the present moment, for always he lived emphatically in the present, not looking back to yesterday, not very far ahead toward to-morrow. For instance, I first heard of a doctor in Greensboro, who was his uncle, I believe, and something

of a character to O. Henry at least, when I inquired about a story he was writing,—how it was coming along. Then he told me of the doctor, who when asked about any of his patients, how they, Mr. Soandso, or Mrs. Soandso, was getting along, would invariably reply with omniscience: "Oh, Mrs. Soandso is progressing!" But as O. Henry said: "He never explained which way the patient was progressing, toward better or worse." It was here in Greensboro naturally that he began to have an interest in books, and I recall among those he used to mention as having read at the time, that one night he spoke to me of a copybook of poems written by his mother. He spoke with shy reverence about the poems, which he no doubt remembered, but he did not speak of them particularly. They were merely poems, written by her in her own hand, and as a young man they had come to him.

It was seldom, as I have said, that you found him harking back. He was much more likely to tell you of something that happened at the last restaurant he dined in or in the house where he lived. There was a maid-servant here, Lena, who could provide him a laugh two or three times a week. When he wrote late at night, as he did often, he slept late in the morning. Lena, who had not got past Ellis Island so very long ago, would have half a day's work done by half-past nine or ten o'clock. She would knock at the door and hearing no response would open it with her pass key. Entering, Lena would goose-step to the farthest corner of the room, being so far in it that she could get no farther except by going out through the window into the street. O. Henry's head would be lifted from the pillow in his bed at the rear of the suite. When she heard him stirring, she would call out in a shrill voice attempting to purr: "May I come in, Mister Pawduh?"

He would tell her that she couldn't come in unless she went out first; and out she'd go. While Lena lasted she repeated her performance often, so that

it got to be a catch phrase with us when taking something without asking permission, to say, "May I come in, Mister Pawduh?" From Irving Place he went back across the Square to live in a house next to the rectory of Trinity Chapel in West Twenty-fifth Street. But now he moved because the landlady and several lodgers were moving to the same house. From here his next change was to the Caledonia, in West Twenty-sixth Street, whence, as everybody knows, he made his last move to the Polyclinic Hospital, where he died. Here are four notes of his that cover the last story he ever delivered to me, which was written about February of that year. The story runs to about 3500 words and was written in about a week.

DEAR BILL: This is for publication; not as guarantee of good faith. The rest tomorrow if possible—anyhow, a good day's work.

Yours,

BILL.

MY DEAR DUFFY:

Here is part of the story I was reasonably sure I could have for you by 4 this afternoon. I think you know that it's better for both sides not to have it spoiled by hurry. I will send in all the rest of it tomorrow afternoon, and I am sure you will like it.

Yours as ever,

S. P.

P.S. I always wait for a story to end before I give it a title.

MON CHERE DUFÉ:

Here is some more of the story. I am giving all my attention to the finishing of it. I am rather sanguine of handing you all the rest of it to-morrow. All I can surely promise is that I will put all my time at it until it is completed.

No one could do less—everybody could not do more.

Am pretty sure to-morrow will wind it up. Do the best I can. It will be worth waiting a day longer for, because I think it a good story.

Yours as ever,

S. P.

TUESDAY.

MY DEAR DUFFY:

Here's all of the story except about 200 words. It will have to be finished to-night. I am so sick that I can't sit up. I'll go home and knock out the rest to-night if I can hold a pencil. I am hugging the radiator with an overcoat on and will be here till about six. You can call me up or come by if you want to.

Sincerely,

S. P.

Some months later, when I saw him

for the last time, I asked, as usual, how he felt. He had been really ill in the interval, but he replied with an old jest of his to such a question, smiling: "O, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'" He sent a bell-boy out for the morning papers—he read many papers, morning and night, and read them closely—and the boy was gone a long, long while. Finally he said: "I guess I ought to have sent him for to-morrow's papers instead. Then I might have got some."

THE HUMAN COMEDY OF AMERICAN LIFE

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

DURING a recent after-dinner discussion of books and bookmen,—the ideal combination of time, place and mood for a genial disposal of such matters, unburdened by the academic atmosphere,—the following provocative little question was suddenly flung forth: "Does American Fiction yet possess a *Comédie Humaine*?" Granted, of course, the propounder of the question hastened to add, that the world has so far known only one Balzac, only one novelist of that myriad-sided mind, that countless faceted eye that could look with an equal sympathy and understanding on all the motley phases of human life: nevertheless, in default of this type of literary magician, could we not reconstruct, out of the scattered works of one or two or three score American story-tellers a sort of composite Human Comedy of sufficient amplitude of range and dignity of purpose to bear comparison with the audacious bigness of the scheme drawn up by the creator of *Père Goriot* and *Cousine Bette*?

Now, the moment that one starts to answer this question with any degree of seriousness, one realises that it is simply a variant of the older and broader problem of the Hundred Best Books, inasmuch as the answer must always ultimately involve the personal equation and

that there will always result as many different sets of American Human Comedies as there are spirits venturous enough to compile them. It is one of those alluring, stimulating questions that may be played with in all sorts of moods, from mere frivolity to deep earnestness; and it is one which must always yield some profit, for it brings home to us, more clearly perhaps than any other method could do, the full significance of Balzac's scheme, with all its merits and defects, and at the same time it gives us a bird's-eye survey of American fiction from a different angle and under the piercing rays of a new searchlight.

But, in fairness, the first step toward drawing up such a list is to come to a clear mutual agreement as to just what we mean by an American Human Comedy. To give the problem a certain practical aspect, let us assume that some publisher had conceived the ambition of reissuing in uniform style, a set of fifty or sixty volumes comprising altogether a series of pictures of American life comprehensive enough in range and big enough in execution to warrant the ambitious title. Naturally, the first step for such a publisher to take would be to define his terms, to explain in his prospectus just what he understands to have been Balzac's own conception of his

title, and, secondly, how closely and literally he proposes to emulate it.

The origin of Balzac's title is too far a piece of literary commonplace to warrant an expenditure of space at the present moment. It is enough for us to remember that it was simply an adaptation of Dante's title, growing out of the thought that some day an author would be born, big enough to descend into the hell of Paris, the Paris of the restoration, and, like the author of the *Divina Commedia*, return to tell of the horrors he had beheld. But in the practical working out of his scheme, Balzac found it growing to something vastly bigger and finer than the record of an earthly Inferno. It was as early as 1834 that he said: "My work is meant to represent all social effects, without anything being omitted from it, whether situation in life, physiognomy, character of man or woman, manner of living, profession, zone of social existence, childhood, maturity, old age, politics, jurisprudence or war." And in 1840, he phrased it still more sweepingly: "I have undertaken the history of the whole of society: often I have summed up my plan in this simple sentence: A generation is a drama in which four or five thousand people are the chief actors. This drama is my work." In other words, the Human Comedy is, in theory at least, a shorthand form of saying "All the world's a stage."

But, as every one knows, the *Comédie Humaine*, in its practical working out, was not a carefully preconceived structure, proportioned with mathematical nicety, and with ramifications spreading, like the spokes of a wheel, to touch impartially every side of life. It was, on the contrary, an after-thought, first dimly visioned when its author republished a certain number of his earlier tales under the title *Scenes of Private Life*. And from that time forward, the wonderful mosaic grew, not with steady progress, like the branching of a tree, but here and there at random, yet with ever increasing self-consciousness of the appointed end, the final, colossal sum-

ming up of an epoch, a terrestrial Last Judgment of France under the Restoration. That this *ex post facto* method of literary patchwork wrought a disadvantage, and produced, on a broader canvas, a far less logical and symmetrical result than Zola's precisely planned and rigidly executed twenty volumes of the Rougon Macquart annals, no one has had the courage to deny, with the exception of Ferdinand Brunetière who, with characteristic partisanship, enunciated a neat little theory, that, like most pieces of special pleading, is quite transparently fallacious. "Children," wrote the late editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, —the quotation is made from memory, —"in early years show a large amount of individual characteristics which conceal the family likeness; but year by year these independent features tend to fade, until in riper age what we see most plainly are those traits which all the members of a family have in common," and he then proceeds to apply this simile to Balzac's writings, in which the unity of purpose became clearer with ripening years. The argument sounds plausible, until we remember that stories, like the stones in a mosaic, are inanimate and not subject to growth; and that if the stones at the start are a misfit, passing years will not make the joints smoother.

Let us glance for a moment at Balzac's chief subdivisions of the horde of novels, short stories, philosophical discussions, the whole titanic agglomeration of writings, finished, unfinished and merely provisioned, which make up the sum of his vaulting ambition, when at the zenith of his popularity and productive powers. Of the first three-fold division into Studies of Manners, Philosophical Studies and Analytical Studies, we may at once discard the second and third, since the second includes chiefly his fanciful and symbolic tales, not expositions of contemporary life, but sermons in the form of parables; while the third subdivision is mainly a collection of fragments and of empty titles which his physical span of years gave him no opportunity to fill in. The bulk of all

his finished work and that part of it which constitutes his greatness is amply contained within the six subdivisions of the first group, the *Études de Mœurs*.

Let us get this six-fold subdivision before us, for the sake of refreshing our memory:

- I. Scenes of Private Life.
- II. Scenes of Provincial Life.
- III. Scenes of Parisian Life.
- IV. Scenes of Political Life.
- V. Scenes of Military Life.
- VI. Scenes of Country Life.

Even at first sight, there is an obvious lack of logic in this classification: the different subdivisions plainly over-lap, if they do not actually antagonise one another. Every story of private life must be enacted somewhere, if not in Paris, then in some provincial town, and if not there then in the rural districts of the farming country. The man of politics must play his public rôle somewhere, in village or town or metropolis; even the soldier must face the enemy either under the walls of a beleaguered city or in the open spaces between hill and dale. But Balzac attaches a significance of his own to each of his sub-titles: in the words of a recent commentator, "The Scenes of Private Life deal with humanity's childhood and adolescence; the Scenes of Provincial Life, with passions in full development,—calculation, interest, ambition, etc.; the scenes of Parisian Life, with the peculiar tastes, vices and temptations of capitals, that is to say, with passions unbridled." In other words, what Balzac's first sub-title tries to tell us is that, regardless of where we are born or live, the years of "private life" are actually limited to our youth, to the years of illusion, the years in which the inward vision builds a world of its own. Many of the stories of this group fittingly belong to Balzac's own younger years; and if we turn to his own preface, we find that what he sought to do in them was to show the debuts of his heroes in the world; to picture to us the germs of the qualities and vices which

were destined to distinguish them later on; and at the same time to make us see that what especially characterises youth is illusion, "that enchanting poetry of the heart, to which old age owes a terrestrial paradise of memories." But when this early impetuosity of youth has waned and the horizon of life has expanded beyond the inner vision of dream-land, it becomes practical, so Balzac would tell us, to subdivide men's lives according to their material environment, the modest and limited opportunities of the provincial town, the vaster chances of the metropolis, the colossal gamble of politics, the rarest and highest stakes of all, on the battle-field. Such is the philosophy of Balzac's scheme, which in actuality was worked out with many inconsistencies, many waverings, many a shifting, in successive editions, of certain stories from one category to another. For the pattern of Balzac's fiction has this in common with life itself, that the design of it is often too big to reveal its full symmetry within the prescribed limits; the separate pieces refuse to slip nicely into place, like the fragments of a puzzle-picture.

Accordingly, in drawing up an experimental American Human Comedy, we must limit our first division, that of Scenes of Private Life, to books in which the horizon line is independent of physical environment, and where the aims and aspirations are coloured by the unconquerable optimism of youth, and the tragedies are the outcome, not of miscalculation, but of disillusion. It is interesting to call to mind that Balzac himself, in the fullest list of titles that has come down to us, opened his Scenes of Private Life with a number of volumes, which he did not live to write, that from their very nature were plainly to be devoted to the study of childhood and early youth. If we were trying to draw up a Human Comedy of American life that should paraphrase the Human Comedy of Balzac's dream, rather than that of his accomplishment, could we do better than to begin with those joyous and irresponsible epics of boy life,

Mark Twain's inimitable *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*? And might we not look much farther and fare a hundred times worse than if we agreed upon Miss Alcott's immortal *Little Women* as the wholesomest, tenderest, and altogether most truthful presentment of budding American womanhood? There are a host of more recent claimants for mention under this group: we have not forgotten *Emmy Lou*, that undeniably clever dissection of a child's mind, for the enlightenment and admonition of the adult; and there are the swarming hordes of East Side school children with unwashed faces and unpronounceable names, which Myra Kelly wrought into the fabric of a volume of diverting short tales,—but they are all overhung by the shadow of the *tour de force*; in these modern studies of child life there is not the simple, frank portrayal of actuality but something else, something not quite honest: we feel that the child is being exploited for ulterior motives,—motives ranging all the way from a joke to a sermon. A shining exception is Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, a story so spontaneous, so full of childlike tears and laughter, so genuinely alive, that one might for once be forgiven in again abusing the hackneyed symbol and saying that the mantle of Miss Alcott had descended upon the shoulders of Mrs. Riggs.

But, coming down to the actual volumes which open the *Comédie Humaine*, *Béatrix*, *Albert Savarus*, *La Fausse Maîtresse*, where shall we look for American equivalents for heroes like Calyste de Guenic, Savarus, Thadée Paz, the type before whom "life opens with a cortège of seductive promises?" Who has given us even an approximate paraphrase of the frail and unhappy heroines of *Une Fille d'Eve*, *Honorine* and *La Femme de Trente Ans*? The necessary answer is that such a search would be fruitless unless we recognise the gulf dividing the French social and moral code of the Restoration from that of America to-day. To Balzac, a marriage of love

meant disillusion and wretchedness; incompatibility had no escape through the divorce courts; infidelity of husband and of wife was a commonplace both in life and in fiction, and the woman who rebelled against the obligations enjoined upon her by marriage courted her own misery and destruction. But if we ask ourselves, What stories have our own best writers given us of youthful lovers, who, following the rosy visions of life's springtide, have overborne obstacles, disregarded sage advice, started boldly upon the great adventure, often sustained by the courage of ignorance?—if we define our quest in this form, there is no dearth of volumes that meet the requirements. There is, first of all, Mr. Howells's *April Hopes*, that masterly study of a young couple destined never quite to meet on common ground, because their moral standards are hopelessly incommensurate; a story which, for all its sympathetic understanding of youth, is almost cruel in its cynical foreshadowing of the inevitable disillusion. Then there is the equally clear-sighted *Three Fates*, by Marion Crawford, remorselessly dissecting the three successive phases of a young man's education in his knowledge of women, and showing, beyond the comfort of a doubt, why each of the three who successively play a part in his destiny is debarred from sharing any further in it. And again, like a breath of clean, sweet air, we have Frank Norris's *Blix*, joyously light-hearted, unquenchably sanguine, untouched by the least fleck of sordidness or worldly dross. It is a wholesome little idyl, written quietly, yet with the surge of a mighty energy behind it.

When we come to the stories of young women who have wrought their own tragedy through a mistaken marriage, or refusal to marry, we face a difficulty of classification. There is no lack of them; the names come flocking. There is, for instance, *The Gospel of Freedom*, by Robert Herrick; there is *The Long, Straight Road*, by George Horton; *The Story of Eva*, by Will Payne; *The Husband's Story*, by David Graham Phil-

lips, to mention only those of the first rank. Yet these are none of them strictly scenes of private life, in the Balzac sense; they are every one of them scenes of city life as well, scenes in which ambition, self-interest, the woman's craving for the satisfaction of other sides of her nature dominate the primitive home instinct and tempt her to the verge of recklessness, or beyond it. But one volume at least can raise no doubt as to its purely private quality, if it is to be included at all: *The Quick or the Dead*, by Amelie Rives; and the persistence with which its memory has haunted the present writer through a period of thirty years leaves him with no doubt as to its enduring strength.

The second general subdivision, Scenes from Provincial Life, must for our purpose be understood in a somewhat freer sense. To Balzac there were only the two alternatives: you either lived in Paris, or you lived in one of the provinces, Brittany, Gascony, large town or small village, it was all the same,—you were either a Parisian or a provincial. In our composite Human Comedy, we must attach slightly different senses to both the second and third subdivision, understanding by the former the more circumscribed and remoter life of the small town, wherever found, from Maine to Alaska; and by the second, the life of the metropolis, whether it be New York or Washington, Chicago or San Francisco. Under the second division, understood in this sense, the real embarrassment of riches begins; because one of the distinguishing features of American fiction, both the novel and the short story, is the successful picturing of local types, the "claim-staking" by separate authors, of almost every State and territory in the Union. But, no matter how many rival claimants there may be for mention in this category, we may safely go back to Hawthorne as the pioneer depicter of American village life: and of his three New England novels, we may single out as beyond question best fitted for inclusion here *The House of the Seven Gables*, the

volume of which Henry James once wrote, "It comes nearer being a picture of contemporary life than either of its companions; it renders, to an initiated reader, the impression of a summer afternoon in an elm-shadowed New England town." And, widely separated as it is, both in time and space, a volume which inevitably comes to mind in this connection is Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore*. The central incident in Hawthorne's story is, of course, that of poor old Hephzibah Pyncheon, who finds herself obliged in old age to open a little shop for the sale of penny toys and gingerbread. In *Lady Baltimore* the very circumstance from which the title is derived is that of a young woman of birth and position who finds herself obliged to dispense cake behind the counter of a local restaurant.

But, frankly, at this point, definite choice becomes a rather formidable task: there is Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, with her relentless, haunting pictures of the sad, drab lives of New England spinsters and overworked farmers' wives; there are Sara Orne Jewett and Alice Brown, whose claims are almost equally hard to deny; and there is Mr. Howells himself, with the memorable portrayal of village life in Maine contained in *A Modern Instance*. There is Octave Thanet, with her realistic stories of Iowa, George W. Cable, who did similar service for Louisiana; Booth Tarkington who has shed new glory over the map of Indiana,—the list stretches on endlessly until we come to the California of Bret Harte and Frank Norris and Gertrude Atherton and the Yukon of Jack London. If Balzac's Human Comedy geographically spreads a closely woven network over the entire territory of France, it would be a simple matter to compile an American replica reaching out, octopus-like, to the furthest confines of the Republic.

Unlike its French prototype, the American Human Comedy would inevitably give a very prominent place to Scenes of Country Life. Whether it belongs within the scope of the present

scheme or not,—and no doubt there would be a wide difference of opinion on this point,—the most world-wide known of all American novels, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was enacted chiefly away from crowded centres, on the plantations and among the swamps of the South. The modern novels which celebrate the importance of the life of the soil are so many that they make choice difficult; but certain ones stand out conspicuously: *The Reign of Law*, in which James Lane Allen gives us the epic of the hemp fields, *The Octopus*, the opening volume of Frank Norris's unfinished Epic of the Wheat and the equally imposing romance of the cattle ranch, as given in Owen Wister's somewhat too glorified cowboy, *The Virginian*. There are a score of minor titles that clamour for mention. There is much compelling realism in Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* and in Emerson Hough's now almost forgotten *Girl of the Halfway House*. There is a persistent sense of the smart and sting of alkali dust, of sun-baked desolation in many an Arizona tale such as *The Desert and the Sown*, and *The Country God Forgot*,—titles that recur teasingly, like a mirage, with the suggestion of others close behind them. But where plot, title or author eludes the memory, it is a pretty sure sign that the book in question lacks the inherent bigness that would justify its inclusion in a series with the present high-sounding name.

It is not until we come to the *Scenes of City Life* that we begin to get an approximation to Balzac's amplitude of treatment, his unsparing arraignment of human frailties and vices. It would seem as though the surge and whirl of adverse undercurrents, the clash and clangour of street traffic, the flare and glitter of the myriad night-time lights, the whole mad, reckless frolic of the pace that kills, enters the blood of the writer of city life like an insidious wine, infusing something hectic into his very style, to attune it to the feverish pulse-beats of the men and women he de-

scribes. There are of course certain worthy volumes of an older generation that could not be ignored in any tentative list of an American Human Comedy, books written when the tension of American city life was not so high, when the home played a larger part and the public restaurant a smaller one than in this era of revelry and rag-time. But the writers who, in the main, come the nearest to mirroring back our metropolitan life with the bigness, the impartiality, the satiric force of the great French realist are just a few novelists of the younger group, disciples of Maupassant and Zola—writers such as Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, Robert Herrick, Theodore Dreiser, differing widely in method and in purpose, but alike in being fearless, outspoken, keen-sighted, and in caring far less to write what would please than to write the truth.

In spite of the deserved vogue of *The Gilded Age*, the result of Mark Twain's collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, in spite of the unforgettable figure of Colonel Sellers, it is not inaccurate to say that the American business novel was still something rather exceptional a generation ago, when Mr. Howells, deliberately paraphrasing Balzac's own title, *La Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau*, substituted paint for perfumery, conservative Boston for the unashamed profligacy of the French capital, and gave us his humorously pathetic history of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. Since then, the American business man, in all his varying types, from the unimpeachable honesty of old-fashioned standards to the brazen effrontery of the most modern get-rich-quick methods, has been so abundantly exploited that the chief difficulty lies in choice of titles. There is, first of all, Will Payne's *The Money Captain*,—which might perhaps with equal right be classed among the *Scenes of Political Life*; there is Robert Herrick's *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, a masterpiece of its kind, in its remorseless self-revelation of an utterly unscrupulous nature that cannot compre-

hend its own baseness and at the same time cannot understand why happiness is so persistently elusive. There are George Lorrimer's unforgettable *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*; there is Ellen Glasgow's *Romance of a Plain Man*; and last, though not necessarily least, *A Certain Rich Man*, by Vaughan Kester. Under this same heading one is tempted to mention once again *The Husband's Story*, since the unscrupulous business methods that raised a young married couple from the obscurity of a New Jersey village to the affluence of upper Fifth Avenue plays as large a part in the volume as does the jarring discord of their private lives. Many another volume by Mr. Phillips might be mentioned in this connection, since from *The Golden Fleece* downward, business corruption, amassed capital, the menace of money, are themes that run more or less through all his books. And similarly, the entire list of Robert Herrick's novels might be added, because, beginning with the solid fortune made in bricks, that dominates *The Gospel of Freedom*, down through *The Common Lot*, *The Real Life*, even to his recent study of a professional man's struggle between conscience and prosperity, money as a stumbling block to honesty has been interwoven in the very fabric of one and all of his stories. And of course we could not take leave of the Scenes of Business Life without mentioning Edwin Le Fevre's delightfully ironic *Wall Street Stories*, Frederic Isham's *Black Friday*, picturing the memorable panic of 1871, and Frank Norris's *The Pit*, which, although something of an anticlimax, in coming from the author of that far bigger and more virile book, *The Octopus*, is nevertheless one of the best of all American novels of sheer mad, insensate speculation, gambling on a world-wide, titanic, self-destructive scale, and ending in a veritable Waterloo of defeat.

From business to social corruption the transition is easy and natural. The two themes overlap to-day in most of the volumes above cited, just as they for-

merly did in *César Birotteau* and *La Maison Nucingen*. But if we are looking for volumes in which the mad rush of city life, the dragging currents of the under world, the whole lurid charm of tinsel glitter and wanton display are mirrored back with anything approaching the frankness of Balzac's *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*, of Zola's *Nana*, of Daudet's *Sapho*, we shall discover that one aspect of American life has been but scantily handled,—at least by writers who really count. Perhaps it is because there is considerably less splendour and more misery in the social class in question in twentieth century America than among the corresponding sisterhood in France of the Restoration. At least, among the few stories of the Half-World which come to mind as deserving even a hesitant mention here, there is a pervading tone of drabness and a conspicuous absence of glitter. *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, by Stephen Crane, is not a cheering picture. Neither is Theodore Dreiser's *Jennie Gerhardt*, which in spite of faulty workmanship, remains one of the most relentlessly pessimistic pictures ever drawn of society's merciless attitude toward the woman who has erred. And even the same writer's earlier and better story, *Sister Carrie*, in which his calculating and conscienceless heroine, pretty Carrie Meeber, dances herself blithely out of the ranks of social outcasts and into the favoured circle of foot-light celebrities, the impression left is not one of glittering spectacles and applauding throngs, but of cold, bleak, wind-swept streets, of a long line of pallid, shivering, hungry spectres, waiting patiently for their pittance of stale bread,—and in that line the pitiful remnant of Hurstwood, the once prosperous man of business, who had disintegrated inch by inch in his mad infatuation for this same heartless little baggage, Carrie Meeber.

There is one other volume which it would be an oversight not to mention in connection with the theatrical life of the metropolis; and that is the anonymous volume inscribed cryptically *To M.*

L. G. It is an uneven piece of work and would have been benefited by vigorous pruning; yet the fact remains that, in the earlier chapters, picturing the life of a child, dragged by vaudeville parents from one cheap theatrical boarding-house to another, it contains a pitiless insistence upon actualities behind the scenes that savours more of the careful realism of the continent than of any contemporary American author.

Just a few of our writers have from time to time attempted to embody the whole life of a big city, with all its aspects, all its countless strata, from the topmost rung of the social ladder to the lowest, in a single volume, a big, complex, symbolic picture that would give us in one sweeping, bird's-eye view a collective impression that we might take away with us, saying: this is New York, —or Washington,—or Chicago,—as the case might be: this, the good and evil together, is the sum total of what this city stands for, the net virtues and vices that make up its position in the social, ethical and moral scale of modern life. And almost invariably, such attempts have been failures. The subject is too big, too complex for any single volume, even in the hands of an intellectual giant. Zola alone nearly achieved the impossible in *Paris*; and he did it by the help of a symbolism that sapped the vitality of his men and women, leaving them as bloodless as puppets in a morality play. Frank Norris, ardent disciple of Zola, gave us San Francisco incarnated in *McTeague*; but his canvas was less overcrowded because he limited himself to the lower strata of society, the lower middle class, the petty clerk, the small tradesman, the cheap quack dentist of the title rôle, with his haunting aroma of stale beer, symbolic of shiftlessness and sordid pleasures. Gertrude Atherton also attempted to sum up San Francisco in a more ambitious piece of work, *Ancestors*. In this book there is no denying that we do get a certain impressive amplitude, a surge and sweep of riotous passions, the insolent assurance of amassed wealth, the gilded vice

of the favoured classes, the neurotic profligacy of pampered femininity, perversely trailing their silks and satins through the mire of the underworld. The book over-reached itself; it suffered from over-crowding; and yet it deserves the credit of being, so far, the most successful of all the similar attempts to compress within the limits of a single volume the whole changing physiognomy of a city. Arthur Henry made a similarly brave attempt in a now almost forgotten novel, *The Unwritten Law*, in which every phase of New York life is included, from the conservative old Knickerbocker families still clinging to their historic homes around Gramercy Park, to the cheap boarding-house of Waverly Place, the Italian quarter of South Fifth Avenue, the suburbs of Brooklyn, the promiscuity of the Sunday clerk-and-shop-girl exodus to Coney Island. The book came a few years too early, before it had become the vogue to discuss the White Slave problem and kindred topics with quite such frankness. The author undoubtedly tried to do too much; and his story in consequence was partly choked by its own exuberant growth. Yet it contains certain unforgettable scenes of young girls and venerable men and women forced from the straight and honourable path by ignorance, injustice and the crying needs of hunger. In a more modest way, it was a better achievement than Robert Herrick's far more ambitious epic of American success, *A Life for a Life*. This latter story, with its flaunting symbol, the word SUCCESS, insolently flinging forth its challenge in giant letters of fire from a towering electric sign, gives the keynote of Mr. Herrick's mordant satire. He, too, has tried to cover all phases of life, from the poor, overworked little shirtwaist stitcher, mutilated for life by the teeth of the machine she tended, to the sleek man of millions, suffocated in his own vaults by the very mechanism designed to safeguard his treasure. But the fabric of the story is too closely interwoven, the inter-relation

of the high and the low too forced, too artificial, the whole picture too jumbled, too dimmed by the flare of passions and the smouldering fires of anarchy.

But when we turn aside from attempts to crowd into single volumes more than Balzac himself ever attempted to do in less than an entire group; when, instead, we take up the volumes in which the author has been satisfied to study only the social life of a single social class, then, in just a few cases, we approach very near to the strength and sincerity of the Balzac standard. Two such volumes are Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* and Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth*. Selma White, the heroine of the former volume, is one of the few American heroines that refuse to be forgotten. Socially ignorant, intellectually half baked, she nevertheless has in her the unconquerable assurance of the born social climber. Men's love, men's drudgery, men's lives are all fuel to her insatiable thirst for advancement; and though she leaves a juggernaut trail of wreckage behind her, she is bound to achieve her highest ambition, and by her marvellous adaptability, to continue to dazzle and to charm in the highest circles of the national capital, just as she formerly did in the little best sitting-room of her native village. And Lily Bart, in Mrs. Wharton's most important novel, is another equally important type: the woman who, through inheritance and early training, is utterly incompetent, unfitted to take care of herself excepting in the purely parasitic way for which she was intended. She is an adept in the arts of fascination; she can dance and flirt, play bridge, dress with a skill that approaches a fine art, and in all her accomplishments not only can but must spend money like water. And money is the one thing that she does not have, and has never learned how to make. So it is inevitable that she should fall into the snares that always lie in wait for pretty women who are penniless,—that in her inexperience she should do some one of the seemingly harmless things

that will open some man's willing purse. And then, when she awakens to the fact that she is in debt, that she has accepted what she cannot pay back, that she is pledged to give an equivalent, she is the type that will shirk the debt if she can, the type that will take and take and never give in return. And perhaps the greatest punishment that awaits this type is to know that all the time happiness is within hand's-reach, if they only had the courage to be poor.

But of all the studies in American fiction of woman and marriage and incompatibility in its thousand variations, the most comprehensive and the most probing is Robert Herrick's masterpiece, *Together*. It is so varied that one is almost tempted to conjecture that its author had the ambition to give practical illustration of Balzac's own philosophical study *Le Physiologie du Mariage*. To go into this volume in detail would be beside the present purpose. But it demanded mention here as the biggest single American achievement in relation to the conventional union of the sexes.

Scenes of Political Life have engaged their fair share of attention. *Le Député d'Arcis* naturally suggests, as a mere matter of paraphrased title, *The Gentleman from Indiana*. But earlier than that we had Paul Leicester Ford's *Honorable Peter Stirling*, and even earlier Marion Crawford's *American Politician*,—although that was by no means one of the most creditable of its author's performances. Then, too, there comes to mind *The 13th District*, by Brand Whitlock, *Joe Devlin, Boss*, by Churchill Williams, and the quite recent volume by Meredith Nicholson, *A Hoosier Chronicle*.

Scenes of Military Life constitute the division of Balzac's projected scheme that shows the smallest share of accomplishment, containing actually only the meagre showing of one novel and one short story. Similarly, if we discard the sword-and-buckler type of colonial novel, American fiction of the first rank is curiously destitute of war novels. A striking exception is Stephen Crane's *Red*

Badge of Courage, that astonishing *tour de force* that for sheer visualisation of the smoke of battle ranks with Stendhal's famous episode of Waterloo in *La Chartreuse de Parme*. And there are just a few short war stories by Ambrose Bierce. Of course, we must not forget books like Ellen Glasgow's *The Battle-ground*, in which we get the echo of the great conflict between South and North, in almost the same identical fashion that Daudet gave us the echo of the Franco-Prussian war in his unforgettable *Siege of Berlin*, and for much the same pious motive. But of the life of the army, in war or in peace, we have little or nothing,

—unless we revert to some of the earlier volumes of Captain—as he then was,—Charles King, who at his best almost achieved a certain lasting distinction.

The above survey of a tentative American Human Comedy has been made not without serious intent, yet with the consciousness that no such list can claim to be taken very seriously, because it represents at best merely an individual personal taste,—and perhaps its next reader may draw up an even better one, and one in which a large share of the present list will be conspicuous by its absence.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

I—GEORGIA

BY WILL N. HARBEN

WHEN the BOOKMAN mentioned to me its idea of publishing a series of papers concerning "American Backgrounds for Fiction" with the kindly suggestion that I endeavour to present Georgia's advantages in that direction I wondered if there was anything I could say for the reason that I had never thought of the Georgian part of the subject as being of interest or profit to any one save myself and the other native writers of the State.

I reflected over the work of Judge Longstreet, in his *Georgia Scenes*, "Bill Arp's" rural philosophy, Richard Malcolm Johnson's realistic *Dukesborough Tales*, Joel Chandler Harris's novels of plantation life and Negro folk tales, H. S. Edwards's short stories, the fine character studies in the books of Mrs. Corra Harris, and decided that Georgia had produced her full share of literary work founded on the scene and people. I thought of all these writers, but still found myself unable to proceed with my article for the reason that I could not visualise the people and things which had inspired those authors. So, perforce,

I asked myself what, after all, had led me to select Georgia for the background for so much of my own fiction. The answer came promptly. It was due to thousands of crowding memories rising out of childhood, youth and middle age,—experiences humorous, dramatic, tragic, but, above all, it was due to my own inborn sympathy and affection for the people and the scene. And now as my mind whirls backward I am asking myself what has any writer in any land found to write about which may not be found in Georgia—granting, of course, the premise that the heart and soul of man is vitally the same the world over, and that these are the only things really worth writing about.

But that is not the chief point. Literary material is only literary material when a writer can get at it, and there is no veil to character so thick as conventionality. A poet or a prophet may be crushed out of existence by the mental mediocrity of his surroundings. Maeterlinck says somewhere that we go about with great thoughts and vast yearnings

in our souls, seldom daring to open our hearts to our neighbours. I think this is especially true of town and city life. A man in an evening suit studying a wine-list is not so likely to tell you all about his wife's infidelity as a hod-carrier in mud-stained overalls would be. So I think that I got nearer to the heart of humanity by knowing the crude, frank types in the mountains of Georgia than I could by daily intercourse with the most talkative denizens of any metropolis. Did not Tolstoy spend fifty years of his life among the intellectuals and artists of his Europe in such philosophic and religious doubt and despair that he was ready to hang himself? And was it not in the face and faith of a Russian peasant who could neither read nor write that he found his answer to the "Riddle of the Universe"? Is not Bergson saying that intuition is divine insight, and that much book learning oftener kills than aids it? Did not William James treat mysticism with more respect than almost any other feature of his philosophy? and who could imagine a mystic as a Wall Street plunger, or a social climber as easily as a shoemaker in a mountain village? The mountain Georgians are the most unmasked individuals I ever met. They are the spiritual descendants of George Fox and John Wesley, and they were never so interesting as now, when they are throwing off the dogma of their forebears and creating a philosophy for themselves. My city friend will meet me and ask: "How is business? Who do you think will be elected?" The mountain man will want to know if I have read Swedenborg or heard Sam Jones preach. The man of town conventions will stare at the cold face of his dead daughter and make stereotyped replies to wooden sympathies, while the mountain farmer will sob as he leans on the rail fence of his cabin and tell a full-faced group all about the child he has lost, or he may mutely stagger away quite as eloquently under the drab duties of his life.

They really make story-telling easy

for a writer, for they are story-tellers themselves. I have often been surprised, as I sat in some country store, or in some whittling or checker-playing group in a court-house yard, to find that a man in brown jean pants, hickory shirt and slouched hat was telling an experience in the best possible form for print. He would be leading up to his situation, keeping back his climax as skilfully, and quoting the speakers of his yarn as accurately as O. Henry at his best.

The metropolitan when he learns that his daughter has disgraced him hides his shame behind his morning paper and consults his lawyer, while the mountaineer takes down his gun from its rack and stalks forth to kill as regardless of consequences as the most primitive man. And what he says to sympathetic friends whom he meets on the way, and what they say to him along with their looks and actions would make undying literature. How can an observant writer fail to find material among such individuals, and amid such scenes? It has been there since the earliest Colonial settlements, enriched even by its clash between the red and white races, as it is now enriched by its clash between the black and the white. The material was there prior to and during the Revolution, before and immediately after the Civil War. The Colonial Georgia gentleman was educated in England, the antebellum Georgian in Boston.

Then there is the question of heredity. I once had the curiosity to follow up the descendants of a noble family who settled at Barbadoes in 1660, moved over to Charleston twelve years later, and lost themselves in the mountains of Georgia. I found one of them on a wagon loaded with cotton one day. He was a stalwart, fine-browed, keen-eyed man of middle age. He had every right to a coat of arms and the right to present his wife or daughter at Court, but he had heard nothing of the origin of his family. In the early days many religious-minded persons were ashamed to boast of their high connections, and they failed to speak of such matters even to

their children. But from such stock Georgia is getting her best lawyers, best all-round citizens and richest men. Ambition seems to have been asleep and wakened afresh; descendants of leaders are becoming leaders again. The New York papers to-day are giving long accounts of the address by Sir Oliver Lodge before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and I venture to say that not many busy metropolitans as they are shot to their places of business in the subway have given more than a smile of contempt to the subject Lodge thinks is so important. But on a recent visit to Georgia I got at first hand accounts of psychic phenomena that would have kept Hyslop, Hodgson and James busy investigating and taking evidence for months. The clerk of the court in one county was practising telepathy in his own family, as was a doctor with a distant friend. A farmer who believed that the earth was flat knew enough about hypnotism to convince any one that there was such a thing, and moreover, he was as sure as Lodge would be that in the hypnotic trance one of his subjects (his daughter) had astonishing clairvoyant powers, such as seeing happenings at a distance. A physician of good standing offered to bring me sworn testimony that he had spoken to several persons about a haunting impression that a big hotel in a neighbouring town was to burn down two days before the actual conflagration took place, and the mayor of a town who was also a doctor told me that he had been convinced of immortality by the utterances of a dying child who at the time of death revealed important facts unknown to any living person.

These mountain types express themselves in a musical parlance which contains interesting vestiges of old English, Scotch and Irish phraseology, and no other form of expression could be better suited to their thought and needs. Their speech bubbles with fun and ridicule, and a profanity that is often uttered in a spirit so righteous that it disarms criticism. The average man is characterised

by the habit of slavery which still lingers in the violence of the poor whites toward one another, as well as toward the inferior race. In recent years certain whites have been dealt with, whipped and even lynched by White Caps evidently to prove that it was not the colour of the misdoer but the crime that was condemned.

But I am convinced that the best work in writing is done after living in material, absorbing it, and then leaving the scene and looking back on it from the distance. Realities in that sort of prospective seem fairly to float in and be caressed by a haze of mystic tenderness. My first Georgia novel was written partly in London, continued among the students at Oxford, and finished in a bedroom of a Paris *pension*, where I and two other American writers worked one cold winter that we might save the expense of more than one fire. All my subsequent novels were written in New York after visits to Georgia. The memory of a single scene—the red sunset beyond a mountain's brow; the steady downpour of rain as I stood sheltered by the moss-grown roof of a deserted old mill; a group of worshippers in a roadside church—will often encourage a beginning, and other recollections will sweep a story onward. Sometimes it is the mental sight of a group of mountain people, old and young, assembled over a fire in a wagon yard adjoining the village square waiting for the stores to open; the trial spurt of a voluntary fire company breaking in a plough horse to a new hose reel; the clangour of church bells on a beautiful Sunday morning as the citizens in their best clothes wend their way from their homes or the barbershop to meeting; the busy square or street when the October breeze is dry and crisp and wagons are loaded with cotton as high as furniture vans, and tattered, earth-stained farmers wait to feel the fat roll of currency for the first time in a year; these are some of the slight things that back up one's fancy in writing local farces and tragedies, joys and heart-breaks.

I remember, if I may be pardoned for speaking of one of my own books, how the nucleus of *Ann Boyd* came to me. It was Circus Day in a mountain town. The wonderful parade headed by its "world famous beauty," followed by a band-wagon, steam calliope and animals in gilt cages, was about to start. The street was lined on both sides by spectators from far and near. I had a city visitor with me and I was desirous of finding a good place from which to view it all. All the windows of the few upper stories along the way were filled. Then I noticed a long upper veranda on an antiquated storehouse and residence combined situated in the best part of the street. It would have accommodated two hundred sightseers, but not a soul was on it. I recalled that a certain widow had lived in the house ever since the Civil War and that the old-fashioned shutters, now bare of their original green paint, their hinges locked by rust, had not been open for a quarter of a century. It was all due to a scandal connected with the early life of the lone occupant of the building. In my childhood, before her trouble, I had known the woman quite well, and when on this day I suddenly met a grey, careworn creature leaning in a doorway, my heart went out to her and I paused, introduced my friend and had a pleasant chat with her. She seemed to be glad to see me after so many years. Presently we heard the music of the approaching band. The stairway leading to the veranda was within a few feet of us. I glanced toward it longingly and ventured to ask if she would mind our going to it. A change came over her; her pleased face was swept with a frown of fury.

"So that's what you spoke to me for!" she snorted. "Can you use my veranda? No, you can't. You are the same stripe as all the rest. I've been living in this rotten town for forty years and they all slough away from me as if I was a leper covered with sores. But the minute they want a favour like you want, they come around fawning and smirking. I don't

pay taxes on this property for you nor none of your sort."

My astonished friend was moving away in alarm and I followed. She had not loaned me the veranda of the house with the closed shutters, but she had beaten a plot for a novel into the very marrow of my bones, and afterward I learned more of her life, persecution, and suffering than I was ever able to transcribe.

At another time while I was waiting for a midnight train in the little brick car-shed in the town I have called "Darley" in some of my novels, a mountain maid came to take the same train. She was a brave little creature and loaded down by a big bag and various parcels. I had met her in my mountain rambles and been struck with her courage and thrift, for she was supporting a half-blind mother by planting produce. She worked the soil with her own hands and peddled the product from door to door in a ramshackle wagon drawn by a sway-backed, patient horse. To-night she was all aglow with excitement and I thought a hint of vague anxiety lay in her ruddy, almost beautiful face. Finally, the train being delayed, and the time hanging on our hands, she became confidential. She was going away to get married. She had been corresponding with a man she had never seen. He had sent her his picture and she had returned hers. Half apologetically she exhibited his. He looked like a transplanted "Dago" who had created a sort of resentment in the camera that had refused to deal gently with its subject. She admitted that she did not like the way his hair hung across his left eye, nor his open-necked shirt, but he would have to do, for she was at the end of her rope. She was absolutely unable to run her farm and attend to the peddling too. A man would come in handy. He was to meet her in Atlanta, where he was a house painter, and they were to be married. I learned more about women in that hour than I had hitherto known, for I learned that they are absolutely "ununderstandable." We parted as the

engine stood exhausting steam on the nearby track. A year later I saw her again. She sat in her wagon at the gate of a resident of the town, contending with the housewife that she was entitled to a little more for her eggs than a store-keeper because she delivered them at the kitchen door and guaranteed their freshness. She smiled when she recognised me.

"That thing was no go," she said, as she carefully spread a damp white cloth over the golden balls of butter in a tin pail. "I didn't like 'im; he wasn't my style at all; he hired a clerk in a grocery to write them letters; he couldn't talk as well as a four-year-old baby, and as for his looks—oh, my! Why, he was actually greasy! I had to laugh in his face. I was sold. Nobody about here knows of that caper. Don't give me away. It might spoil my chances. I'm going to get married some day, but I have no idea when or who to."

I really ought to have bought all her produce that day at a higher price than she had ever received, for she became the "Dixie Hart" in my novel by that name.

I remember how my book *Pole Baker* was first conceived. It was a lazy summer day in the main street of "Darley." A travelling lecturer had placed a dry-goods box in a conspicuous place on a corner and mounted it. He unfolded a glaring chart on which in red and blue lines was pictured the interior of a man's stomach. He began in a loud shrill voice to declaim against intemperance. The jostling group of spectators were jesting audibly with one another about "timely warnings," and so forth, and the speaker was growing impatient over the lack of attention. At this juncture the only really intoxicated man in town that day staggered into the group. He was under thirty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, raw-boned and coatless; his broad-brimmed hat was torn, his shirt and trousers ragged. Open mouthed he listened till the drift of the argument dawned on him; then he was overcome with amusement. He laughed

so heartily that the speaker could not be heard.

"Do you say that's the inside of a man, stranger? You are a liar; you never looked in a man; you are as green as a gourd. You are jest out after nickles and dimes to git drunk on yourself."

The speaker threatened to call the police; he shook his fist at "Pole," he pointed at him as a living example of what he was talking about. There was a man, he said, that would go home and whip his wife and starve his children to satisfy his thirst for rum. "Pole" laughed on, but he was growing white about the lips, his eyes were flashing angrily. He had started the row, but that didn't matter; there were things no decent man could take. A moment later the speaker was plunging through his chart like a bareback rider bursting a papered hoop, and the mountaineer had to be pulled back or life would have been lost.

A case in the city court was made against "Pole." He had been to school with the mayor before whom he was tried, and he plead his own case, calling the mayor "Bill" as of old.

"You know me, Bill, he said, swaying back and forth, and you know I couldn't take what that skunk said before all them fellows. You'd better have 'im hustled out 'o town or I'll kill 'im as soon as you let me go. He's a Yankee; you can tell that by his gab, and our boys wont stand for his sort."

"Drunk and disorderly," said the mayor. "I hate to do this, Pole, but you are a law-breaker. The man had a license and you interfered with his work. Ten days at the rock-pile."

"Pole" went out laughing. "You may lead a hoss to the branch," he said to the officer holding his brawny arm, "but you cayn't make 'im drink." And they didn't make him work. He grew sober as he stood as straight as an Indian in ball and chain among the negro convicts on the street, but not a lick did he strike. The joke was on the mayor,

and everybody was asking him as the days passed by when he intended to make Pole start in. Money was raised, a fine was agreed on and paid, for there was no other recourse than for the mayor to have the prisoner whipped, and "Bill" would not resort to that way of losing future votes.

I was once attracted to a little cautious group of mountain freethinkers and budding philosophers. They were waking up to the conviction that the old creeds and dogmas did not reach to the limits of their conception of what divine revelation ought to be. They still remained members of churches, because no respectable men in the mountains could be otherwise, but they ceased to pray in public, deserted their Bible classes which they used to instruct, and seldom took the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They were more interesting to me than all the rest put together because, with furtive glances here and there, they were actually *sneaking* out of darkness into light. One of their leaders, whom I afterward named "Abner Daniel," was an oratorical genius. He not only prayed but spoke in meeting, and his words formed such a subtle subterfuge and skilful balancing on the fence of opinion that he inspired both the bound and the unbound. It was this little group and their honest struggles that gave me the characters for my novels *Jane Dawson* and *Paul Rundel*. Some of them write weekly articles for a mountain paper which contain touches of philosophy deeper than any found in New York dailies.

Where could one find better literary material than in and about a country hotel? The one stamped on my memory was a big, rambling, four-story brick structure built long before the War. As a boy I was the chum of the proprietor's son and spent half my time there. What a meeting ground for drummers, politicians, pedlers, lawyers, judges, merchants, farmers, moonshiners, cotton-buyers—what not? The social dances took place in the parlours; the big office was the main loafing place

of the town. As soon as a young man had dressed of an evening for a call on his girl he stopped in there to get a cigar. On Sunday morning it was all agog till church time, then in the afternoon it was packed to overflowing. On long winter evenings a tall stove, ever with a red-hot base, warmed a chatting, yarn-spinning, joke-playing group till far into the night. A door on the left opened into a bar and billiard-room. Glasses clinked, ivory balls clicked, a fortune wheel buzzed over a heap of prize coin; screen doors creaked and banged; now and then a man was shot or stabbed. It was all a part of a life which had not yet lost the savour of war.

It was there at the stove that a good-natured Southern gentleman, who had won the title of General in the Confederate cause, and later became a United States revenue officer, brought a captive moonshiner one day to be taken to Atlanta for trial and imprisonment. The moonshiner was not shackled in any way; in fact, so great was the General's confidence in his man that he left him seated alone at the stove and went out in town to attend to some business. Practical joking in that day had no bounds. Judges on the bench were lucky if they escaped some form of it even at their most dignified moments. So the gaunt moonshiner at the stove became a target. A cotton-buyer approached the prisoner.

"Say, Tom," said he as he shook hands, "take a tip from me. You don't have to go to Atlanta. You can give that fellow the slip. All you got to do is to walk out of that back door, cross the railroad tracks and plunge into the woods. The General couldn't catch you in a month of Sundays."

The prisoner spat on the stove, wiped his chin and smiled indulgently. "Oh, I know that well enough," he said. "I needn't 'a' come this far if I hadn't wanted to. I could 'a' left 'im high an' dry a dozen times comin' through the mountains. Once our gang hove in sight to take me from 'im, but I motioned 'em back. The truth is that I

hain't never had a good train ride in my life. The boys have all been down to Atlanta but me, an' I want to see what it is like. They say a feller gits fine grub down thar. Besides the General is a good feller. Me'n him together has emptied four pint flasks to-day, an' thar is more in his carpet-bag. This is the way he makes his living an' he is entitled to a fair show. If us boys all went back on 'im he'd be out of a job. No, I'll stick to 'im."

In nothing so much as in politics is character so well shown. The wheedling and brow-beating of the negro voter by two classes of whites furnishes great material for stories. Again there was much of literary value in the transient boom-town period. The better educated, money-making citizen stood for civic improvements, the laying of sewers, street-paving, gas and electric light, but the poor white man, although he had nothing to be taxed and was consequently to get all for nothing, was opposed. Socialism and populism was against everything desired by the well-to-do. The property-holder saw for himself the increase in rents and values, but the poor whites had no axe to grind and for years their vote was a veritable wet blanket to any sort of civic progress.

I recall one election day when it was hoped that bonds for electric light might be voted in by the citizens of a pretty town. A property holder with a bundle of tickets was working hard at the polls. He approached a gaunt factory worker in slouch hat and gaping shoes. "Here, Dick, vote this ticket," he said.

"I'm agin them lights," said the workman.

"You say you are? Why?" asked the other. "The Lord knows they wont cost *you* a cent."

"I'm agin 'em tooth and toe-nail," repeated the factory man. "They tell me human life wont be safe after them wires get strung out overhead. They say a body can't drive under 'em on a load o' wood or hay without being knocked deader'n a door nail."

"You hain't got it exactly right," said the progressive with a sly twinkle of the eye. "Dick, the truth is a *white* man can handle it, even wrap the wires around him an' not get hurt, but a nigger ain't safe in a mile of it. It is quar, but it kills 'em like flies. Thar wont be a coon left in this town after the current is turned on."

"Is that so?" said the voter; "well, I'm with you," and he was led to the ballot box forthwith.

. . .

Will N. Harben's paper is the first of a series that will treat of certain parts of the United States as they appear in the light of literary material to writers whose books have come to be associated with their sections. What does this State or that offer to the novelist? What, in its political life, its history, its scenery, its social life, its racial problems, constitutes its appeal to the writer of fiction? In early papers in this series Helen R. Martin will write for the Pennsylvania Dutch, Maria Thompson Davies for Tennessee, Irving Bacheller for the North Country of New York State, and Thomas Dixon for North Carolina.

THE MADE SITUATION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

ONE of the terms of critical disparagement most frequently heard in discussing the merits or shortcomings of a play or a novel is that the plot turns upon a "made situation." To a person untrained in the special *argot* of literary criticism, the expression must possess a certain rather amusing illogic. To the unsophisticated mind the writer of fiction is the one and only maker of all his situations, whether simple or complicated, whether convincing, doubtful or glaringly false to life. And of course the unsophisticated mind is theoretically correct. The builder of stories is a maker of mosaics, who takes his countless motley, variegated, odd-shaped fragments of the raw material of life, and so deftly chooses and adjusts and harmonises and polishes, as to produce patterns of wonderful symmetry and significance. He, the artist, the creator, does the choosing, and no one else; every situation, big or little, is a mosaic of these fragments of actuality, arranged by the author according to the best light that his individual share of inborn talent gives him. He may select details so simple, so frequent, that the resulting story is almost universal in its scope, and finds instant recognition in the heart of every man or woman who reads it: "I, too, have experienced all this," they tell themselves, "these hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows are also mine." Or again, the author may choose such isolated, exceptional facts and combine them in such a perverse, eccentric way as to create a situation absolutely unique, one that, if possible at all, must remain for all time unparalleled, unrivalled, a literary freak, an abnormality. Yet in strict logic, according to the simple, surface meaning of the words, the one type of situation is

neither more nor less a "made situation" than the other.

But of course the term, as currently used, means something a little different from its surface value,—although just what this difference is would probably give the very persons who use it most glibly some trouble to explain. A "made situation," some persons will tell you, is one that is artificial, deliberately built up, in defiance of likelihood, for the sake of embroiling the hero and heroine in peculiar dilemmas and leading to some extraordinary and unforeseen dénouement. But such an explanation, while sufficiently accurate so far as it goes, in touching upon the chief shortcomings of the "made situation," falls short of being a definition. Artificiality, failure to be convincing, are the faults, not of types of plot, but of methods of craftsmanship. Any situation may be made convincing, if you have the genius to develop it in the right way; and conversely, the simplest of human relationships become artificial if you bungle your job. No, the distinction between the situation that is "made" and the one that is not, is something subtler and at the same time more fundamental.

To understand it, we must get back to the basic conception of dramatic interest as depending upon a struggle, physical, intellectual or moral, between man and man, between man and nature, between man and destiny. There is nothing interesting in mere blind, purposeless destruction; there is nothing dramatic in an ant trodden under a heavy heel; but a fly caught in the web of a spider is always a fascinating spectacle; it has at least a fighting chance. And this simple, obvious statement of a basic truth leads us to a convenient,

practical division of the facts of life, the multifold fragments of actuality that form the raw material of our mosaic maker, into two clearly defined groups: those, on the one hand, that are the logical outcome of the hero's own disposition and temperament, the environment that he has built up for himself, the part of his life, his occupation, his circle of friends that are of his own making, in short the sum total of whatever he has and is that has come to him through his free-agency; and, on the other hand, that second class of facts, details, circumstances that lie outside of the hero's own volition, that form his handicap, as it were; the strands of fate, which, like the spider's web, are not of his own spinning, but stretch before him unseen, to entrap him when most unwary. Both classes of facts are equally legitimate material for a novelist; what we call blind chance, which is really only a detail of a pattern too vast for us to recognise its symmetry, is forever interfering with the concerns of individual man or woman; and the novelist who uses this element of chance legitimately, as a condition precedent and not as a solution, is amply within his rights. But it has come to be recognised by the higher class of novelists that humanity is sufficiently handicapped by its own in-born passions and weaknesses; that the average man and woman are abundantly capable of making their own troubles, without the intervention of fate; and that the author who limits his hero to the task of rectifying his blunders, conquering his passions, following his chosen path in the world, in spite of the obstacles erected by his own hand, will produce a stronger, worthier, more artistic piece of fiction than can ever result from the most ingenious agglomeration of exceptional, extraordinary accidents, chance coincidences, bizarre tricks of fate that lead some man or woman into a dilemma such as their own unaided temperaments and impulses could never conceivably have brought about. Of course, no story could be written that is wholly free from extraneous and accidental circumstances,—just as, con-

versely, no story could be conceived of, constituted wholly from the happenings of blind chance, without the hero's volition playing any part. So, even when we have accepted the special, underlying significance of the "made situation," the instinct of the unsophisticated mind is still correct: every situation in fiction is to some small extent a "made" one,—the degree depending upon the relative importance of those details that are independent of anything which the principal actors, intentionally or unintentionally, have said or done. For instance, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Masquerader* are both "made" situations, in so far as they turn upon the chance resemblance between two utter strangers; they are character studies, in so far as the subsequent happenings depend upon the wit, the audacity, the cool knowledge of the world requisite to take advantage of the coincidence; but none of these inborn qualities would have made the story possible, unless chance had played the leading card. On the contrary, there is a similar episode that forms a hilarious scene in a now almost forgotten comic opera, *Olivette*, in which a young man bewilders and outwits his elderly rival by appearing as his counterfeit presentment, from the full regimentals to the florid cheeks and senile wrinkles. It was, of course, a bit of horse-play, a sheer *opéra-bouffe's* device; but the essential point is this, that the situation was not a "made" one, the masquerader was not indebted to fate for his resemblance, but to his ready wit and steady manipulation of chalk and paint.

This whole question of the "made situation" was brought to mind by a discussion quite recently of a manuscript novel dealing with sex problems in general and the double standard in particular. A certain critical friend, whose judgment in such matters is usually sound, condemned the story in question on the ground that from first to last, it depended upon the "made situation." He pointed out that the author was so possessed by her thesis that she fairly flung it in the reader's face; that, in or-

der to strengthen her case, she systematically eliminated all details that did not tend to back up her argument; that she made the heroine's father a physician, because it enabled certain phases of the problem to be discussed with more freedom than if he had chanced to be a lawyer or a banker;—in short, that the author artificially brought together an abnormally large number of men and women especially interested in her chosen theme, as well as especially conversant with it, and unfairly shut out that still larger number of outsiders, people lacking sympathy with her special point of view, who in real life are forever intruding to break up the continuity of our own pet schemes and cherished interests. That this sort of elimination is a very frequent fault, that it was a fault in the case at issue, is undoubtedly true. It is a fault that we often find in Zola and in Ibsen. It is almost inevitable whenever an author pushes the doctrine of economy of means a little too far, because the exclusion of the non-essential results paradoxically in the exclusion of one of the elements essential to an accurate transcript of life,—for real life is unimaginable without the presence of a certain amount of human rubbish, irrelevant happenings, vapid dialogue, negligible personalities. No writer can venture to bore the public with a wholesale reproduction of superfluous details; Jane Austen brilliantly proving the rule by the notable exception of the harmless inanities of poor, garrulous Miss Bates. But even the most rigid elimination of every element not directly bearing upon the author's central point is not necessarily a "made" situation. In the case of the manuscript above mentioned, the fact that the girl's father is a physician with a specialty throws some interesting light upon the girl's heredity; and the fact that most of the men and women she knows are concerned with questions of votes for women, single standard for the two sexes, and all the other mooted questions of the hour, is not a matter of chance but of conscious selection on the

part of the girl herself, who naturally seeks companionship where it is most congenial. In other words, we must not confuse two radically different faults: on the one hand, the fault of building up an artificial structure of accidental circumstances that result in confining human temperaments so abnormally that when they break bounds it is with the violence of a high explosive; and on the other hand, the fault of being so much more keenly interested in the central thesis than in the destinies of the men and women involved, that the joints of the mosaic betray themselves. The details are not wrongly chosen, but they are not nicely joined. The sermon-maker has gotten the better of the artist.

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"

Curiously enough, these two widely different faults are both of them persistently and confusingly intermingled in Mr. Hall Caine's latest volume, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, which is just at present attracting attention quite beyond its deserts. First of all, let us get the specific details of the plot before us. It is worth while, parenthetically, to recall the fact that the same identical situation was worked out a few years ago by Mr. E. Temple Thurston, with greater simplicity and less hysterics, the only difference being that the heroine was a poor girl of the servant class, and not the daughter of a county family, bound against her will to a profligate and middle-aged nobleman. In both novels, the characters are all Roman Catholics and the situations are such as could only arise under the ecclesiastical rulings of the Church of Rome. Mr. Caine's heroine, Mary O'Neill, convent-bred, sincerely devout, accepting the instructions of her priest as the infallible will of heaven, is forced by her father into a loveless marriage with a man twice her own age, with a record for debauchery that has made him the scandal of the community. Something of his past misdeeds is whispered to the girl shortly before her marriage; but the woman in whom she confides is in league with her

father to aid and abet the marriage, while the honest but over-credulous old priest, who investigates the charge, believes the lying report that his own bishop sends him and innocently helps on the martyrdom of the girl he loves as he might have loved a daughter. But on the very day of the marriage, the bride learns that all the infamy attributed to her new-made husband is true, and she determines,—to use a phrase sufficiently melodramatic to suit the melodramatic incident which follows,—that although wife in name, she will never be wife in deed to a man so unworthy. In picturing the bride's resistance in the midnight seclusion of the village inn where the first break in their honeymoon journey installed them, Mr. Hall Caine obviously intends to be quite shockingly outspoken; but "secrets of the alcove," to use the convenient French euphemism, are not in line with Mr. Hall Caine's *métier*; the action is too spiritless, the young woman too sure of herself, the whole episode too carefully written with one eye upon a possible censorship, to stir the pulse. Not that we want more than Mr. Caine has given us; we could be content with vastly less. But if such scenes must be written, they ought to contain their own justification by being at least done well.

The bride's refusal to accept her obligations results in much running back and forth of messengers, peremptory commands of her father, expostulations and urgent admonitions on the part of the old priest, wild threats of violence from the aggrieved bridegroom. Finally, a temporary truce is arrived at, by means of a secret compact, made with connivance of the priest, to the effect that Mary will consent to remain beneath her husband's roof and pose as his wife, will make no attempt to annul the marriage or interfere with the marriage settlements, and leave his lordship full individual freedom,—on condition, however, that he makes no attempt to claim his marital rights. These conditions, agreed to by his lordship, under the belief that they are a passing girlish whim, become

in course of time their permanent *modus vivendi*. Her husband's loss of affection for her, his notorious infidelities, his insult in forcing her to entertain the woman who happens to be his latest favourite,—all these things she bears without breaking the terms of her agreement or taking any steps to leave him openly. But in course of time she meets again a friend of her girlhood days, a certain Martin Conrad, loves him and, realising the hopelessness of ever regaining her freedom, the impossibility of having any form of divorce sanctioned by the Roman church, she deliberately throws aside all thought of morality, public opinion, teaching of her church and commandment of God, and goes to her lover with the unabashed simplicity of a child. As chance wills it, no one is aware of this midnight escapade, on the very eve of Martin's departure on a prolonged Arctic voyage of discovery. But fate nevertheless has a cruel expiation in store. Although a temporary absence of her husband prevents him from immediately becoming aware of what Mr. Kipling is pleased to call the "almost inevitable consequences," Mary's father is hugely delighted when gossip brings to his ears the news of the prospect of an heir, one that shall make up for his lifelong disappointment that Mary herself chanced to be a girl. He determines to celebrate the event with big public rejoicings, illuminations, ringing of bells and general merry-making,—and preparations are actually under way, when his lordship chances to return home, learns the cause of the festivities, has a final interview with his wife and ignominiously turns her out of doors. The wearisome sentimentality of the chapters which follow may all be summed up in a dozen words: Mary's months of fear and wretchedness, the birth of her child, Martin's return and her brief period of happiness with him in defiance of the world, though she knows that the finger of death is already upon her. And when she finally passes away, Mr. Caine paints a neat little aureole around her head, as the just due of one more sinned

against than sinning. Yet no amount of sentimentalising can alter the fact that here is a woman who, while refusing to live up to her marriage contract, would not hesitate to foist upon her husband another man's child as his son and heir to his title.

But the chief fault with the book is less its topsyturvy morality than its technique. It is built upon a scaffolding of exceptions: an exceptional girl, victim of an exceptionally selfish father, an exceptionally callous husband, an exceptionally credulous priest. The husband is a Protestant, almost fanatical in his hatred of the priesthood; the problem of divorce, sanctioned by English law, yet forbidden by Rome, is further complicated by the possibility of annulment because the marriage was never consummated. Altogether, the entire circumstances of the book lie so far outside of normal human experience that it is difficult to stir ourselves to a real thrill of sympathy for this misguided young person who, with the connivance of chance, played havoc with half a dozen lives, including her own.

"ROUND THE CORNER"

It is like a breath of clean, sweet air to turn from the sickly sentimentality of Mr. Hall Caine to the sound, wholesome, clear-eyed realism of Gilbert Cannan, as once more evidenced in his new volume, *Round the Corner*. As the subtitle explains, the substance of the volume is "the life and death of Francis Christopher Falyot, bachelor of divinity and father of a large family." In other words, it is the quiet, patient, unsuccessful life of a good man, a well-meaning man, who made the mistake of following the line of least resistance, and in advanced middle age wondered, with the naïveté of a child, what his mistake had been. The title of the book is explained in one brief, incisive little speech, uttered by his oldest son, Serge, who, although the black sheep of the family, has picked up, out of the ashes of his failures, what none of the rest of the family has, a practical working phi-

losophy. "Life for modern men and women," he says, "is forever round the corner because they attempt to tackle their affairs with the minds of children, children who believe everything they are told and examine nothing. They play with everything. They can do nothing else. Unhappily, life is a serious business which yields its reward of joy only to simplicity, sincerity, and purity, or, if you like the old trinity better—faith, hope and charity." Mr. Cannan writes with an enviable distinction of manner, and, what is perhaps of even more moment, he creates characters that we do not merely want to know, but that we simply cannot help knowing, whether we want to or not. He has something of that rare gift, which was so eminently that of Jane Austen, of taking us absolutely inside the family circle, of making us share all the most intimate family joys and fears, until we know this poor, harassed, over-burdened minister, his self-centred, inefficient wife, his seven sons and daughters, in the same close, exhaustive way that we know Elizabeth Bennett, and Jane and Mary and Lydia. It seems like rather slender material from which to build a full-length novel, this unpretending chronicle of a younger son who, because he was not destined for the army or navy, had no other career open to him than that of the church, and who uncomplainingly bowed his head to the yoke and, in his unenlightened way, continued, into ripe old age, to do his duty as he saw it. But far from being slender in fact, the book has a certain robust vitality. There is nothing in it of the exceptional case, the chance occurrence. Emphatically, it has a lesson for all the world, because the mistakes of Francis Christopher Falyot are in greater or less measure the mistakes of the world at large; the mistakes of not being earnest, of shrinking from consequences, of not realising that a difficulty once squarely faced is already half conquered. Falyot's irresolution, as contrasted with the rugged straightforwardness of his son Serge in some of the vital crises of his life, is luminous with

helpful suggestiveness. Mr. Cannan is to be congratulated for his steady advance from the excellent promise of *Peter Homunculus* to this present volume, which unquestionably enrolls him in the small band of younger novelists who are destined to exert a formative influence on the English fiction of the rising generation. It is a distinguished example of a novel which is emphatically and triumphantly independent of the "made" situation.

"THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS"

The Garden Without Walls, by Coningsby Dawson, leaves behind it an elusive, almost exasperating impression that it is a big, brave, fine attempt that has just missed its aim, a stroke of genius that has fallen short, a fascinating, compelling piece of work which refuses to be laid aside, and then, at the end, leaves one with a baffled sense of having failed, after all, to get the author's message. Certain purposes stand out clearly enough: Mr. Dawson has given us, with probing insight, a picture of the slow awakening of childhood and early youth to a comprehension of life's realities. There is childhood's rebellion against the restraints with which it is hedged in, childhood's natural but impotent longing for a breaking down of the barriers, for "a garden without walls,"—and also the inevitable discovery, through slow, inexorable lessons, that while the walls may expand with years, even in maturity there are barriers which it is wiser not to tear down or break through. Aside from the fundamental symbolism of this strange, haunting volume, which the present reviewer is free to confess has puzzled him in final analysis, the author deserves a grateful tribute for the pleasure he has dispensed in the form of a whole group of interesting personalities, charming young women and wise, shrewd old ones, quaint, whimsical old men, a few rascals, and some young fools,—but all of them likable in varying degrees, and all genuinely, unmistakably, refreshingly human. It is difficult to know just

where to touch first the specific details of this unusual, many-sided, overcrowded volume, the main business of which is to chronicle the varied tender episodes and sex experiences of Dante Cordover. It begins with his childhood romance with little Ruthita, who lived and played just the other side of the garden wall, their misconstruction of a servant's careless nonsense, and their naïve elopement and flight to a neighbouring gypsy camp, happy in the firm belief that when they came back they would have "grown up," and that there would be a house of their own, including a family of babies, all ready and waiting for them. Then there are the years of Dante's school and college, his callow little flirtations, his first experience of feminine fickleness, his meeting with Fiesole, fateful beyond his guess. Then there is the wonderful episode of Vi, the lady whom he never stopped to ask whether she were maid, wife or widow.—until he was too fast in the toils to care whether any other man had a claim or not. Had he not made his own claim good by flinging his own life into the waves, as a stake in his gamble with fate,—to save her if he could, or if not, to drown with her? And fate capriciously wrought a miracle and saved them both. And when the woman's remnant of sanity resisted the man's young ardour, and she fled from him across the sea, we have the spectacle of his mad, unreasoning Odyssey over the Atlantic in pursuit of her,—only to learn, after long pain and illness, that even in young manhood our gardens still have walls which refuse to be laid waste at our bidding. And when he returns across the sea once more, there is the renewed acquaintance with Fiesole, who cherishes against him an unguessed hatred, a hatred such as once imprisoned Joseph, the hatred of a woman scorned. And, woman-like, she knows by instinct how to take the deadliest revenge, by leaving the bitter memory of one brief hour of sweetness. And when Dante awakens to actuality and finds her gone, he realises that at last the walls of his

garden have been laid low, and that all its fragrance has departed with them. Such at least is what one reader makes of this strange, tantalising book. Another reader might read into it an entirely different meaning.

"THE IRON TRAIL"

Mr. Rex Beach has always been a devotee of the "made situation." Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of his particular brand of fiction being produced in accordance with any other formula. They depend, of course, in a measure, upon the restless, daring, pioneer spirit of the exceptional men and women who obey the call of the far North; but they also depend, and to a far greater degree, upon the whims of fate that have flung a certain handful of these men and these women together in some ice-locked village; upon the grim jests of nature that wantonly wrecks a perfectly staunch vessel in the midst of a peaceful sea, or hurls a mountain of glacier ice, to bring death and destruction to frail boats in a seething river, or fans a breeze into a raging cyclone that in a moment sweeps to nothingness the results of long months of mere man's puny efforts. *The Iron Trail* is no exception. Readers who liked Mr. Rex Beach's earlier volume will find what they want in this new one. It is the chronicle of a race between the hero, dauntless, big-hearted and honest, and the villain, treacherous and desperate, as a villain should be, to see which of them shall first succeed in putting through a railway from the seaport in Kayak Bay, through the Salmon River Valley, into the very heart of the Klondike. Of course, the charms and the wiles of women serve as a spur, and also on occasion as a stumbling-block to the well-laid plans of these two rival contractors; and the way that the unleashed forces of nature take a playful hand in the game is, for sheer exuberance of words and audacity of imagination, surpassed only by the light-hearted way in which Eastern financiers turn over millions upon millions of dollars for these two colossal gamblers against nature to play ducks

and drakes with. Yes, *The Iron Trail* is a good, stirring story of its kind and gives honest value to the reader who is looking for precisely that sort of entertainment.

"LADDIE"

A volume with an atmosphere all its own is *Laddie*, by Gene Stratton-Porter. Imagine the beautiful, rich setting of open country and sun-lit woodlands that this author has already so often painted; imagine also one of those rare little home circles that we are privileged to meet in just a few books, where the keynote of life is love; imagine all this as seen and mirrored back to us by one of the youngest daughters, still quite a little girl, yet quaintly mature in her ideas and in her phrasings, because she has lived so much with her elders. This little girl idolises just one person, her oldest brother, the Laddie of the title; and she is living, day by day, a sort of fairyland romance, because Laddie has found his Princess and has taken Little Sister into his confidence and tells her all his hopes and difficulties. The Princess is the daughter of an English family who have lately moved into the neighbourhood and who have resisted all attempts of neighbours to make their acquaintance. There is a forbidding air of mystery about them; nevertheless, Laddie has succeeded in meeting the Princess,—and in course of time Little Sister is also privileged to meet her in the safe seclusion of the woods, on soft couches of green moss, with birds singing and butterflies flitting all around, and a friendly creek singing its woodland song beside them. Of course the veil of mystery is in good time cleared away. The Princess's English brother is vindicated from an unjust charge of crime, and Laddie and his Princess take their leave of us with every intention of living happily ever after,—as is quite right and proper even in fairy tales of the grown-up sort.

"DAVID MALCOLM"

Another volume with a kindred spirit of out-of-doors is *David Malcolm*, by

Nelson Lloyd, who in certain chapters of this book reverts once again to the beautiful valley country which he has taught us to love in more than one of his earlier volumes. The specific story of *David Malcolm* is rather slender and lacking in great originality. It is simply the history of a young lad's gradual development, his formation of a solid, sturdy character, through the wise teaching that he gets in a little local college quite unknown to the world at large; his experiences of first love and courtship, and the bold ambition with which these emotions fire him. David seeks his fortune in New York, develops an unexpected genius for journalism, and is soon on the highway to success. Materially he prospers; the future home is chosen, the day is wellnigh set,—when, lo and behold! the bride-to-be avails herself of a woman's privilege and marries an older and a wealthier man. David, however, is not deeply grieved, because, you see, ever since he came to New York, he has been seeing a good deal of another young woman whom he knew and befriended as a little, helpless, deserted child, years ago in that beautiful valley already mentioned. So when the lady of his first choice jilted him, she really did him a favour, because he could go back with a free conscience to the unforgotten love of his childhood, in his old home in the aforesaid valley.

“OTHERWISE PHYLLIS”

Before starting to take up in detail Mr. Meredith Nicholson's new novel, *Otherwise Phyllis*, it is no more than due to him to recognise that here, once again, he has given evidence of that keen discernment, that shrewd understanding of character, and that unsuspected seriousness of purpose first revealed in *A Hoosier Chronicle*. To be more specific, *Otherwise Phyllis* is a study of the manner in which an ex-

ceedingly wide-awake and distinctly attractive specimen of young American womanhood gave courage and contentment to a lonely father, skilfully kept at bay a trio of interfering aunts, alternately exasperated and delighted a dotting old uncle, and in the end handled with infinite tact the social complications arising from the unexpected return of the erring mother, whose elopement many years earlier was supposed to have placed her permanently beyond the pale. When stated in this epitomised form, the story sounds almost flippant, but in reality such an idea would do it grave injustice. One may well take issue with the views which Mr. Nicholson's book would seem to support; but that does not alter the fact that they are advanced in a serious, dignified and impressive way. There are several rather searching questions propounded by the issues of his plot. For instance, when a woman has been divorced, as the price of her folly, subsequently married her lover, and having in turn divorced him, lives for years a blameless and busy life, and incidentally amasses a large fortune, has she or has she not a right to return to her birthplace, to claim recognition by her family, and to offer her own daughter the financial aid of which she is in sore need? Have the heartaches of all those intervening years so far atoned for old mistakes that she and the wronged husband can meet each other without bitterness? And, if so, would it be hopeless to try to rake up the dead ashes and renew the old ties? Mr. Nicholson, you see, is bold and unconventional; he has the courage of his convictions. We may not agree with his conclusions, but he is always stimulating. And, as for the individual characters in this volume, they are all worth meeting, and two of them at least, Phyllis herself and her Uncle Amzi, are a perennial joy.

CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

BY J. H. FABRE

INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY

EVERYTHING happens sooner or later. When, through the low windows overlooking the garden of the school, my eye glanced at the laboratory, where the madder-vats were steaming; when, in the sanctuary itself, I was present, by way of a first and last chemistry-lesson, at the explosion of the retort of sulphuric acid that nearly disfigured every one of us, I was far indeed from suspecting the part which I was destined to play under that same vaulted roof. Had a prophet foretold that I should one day succeed the master, never would I have believed him. Time works these surprises for us.

Stones would have theirs too, if anything were able to astonish them. The Saint-Martial building was originally a church; it is a Protestant place of worship now. Men used to pray there in Latin; to-day they pray in French. In the intervening period, it was for some years in the service of science, the noble orison that dispels the darkness. What has the future in store for it? Like many another in the ringing city, to use Rabelais's epithet,* will it become a home for the fuller's teazles, a storehouse for scrap-iron, a carrier's stable? Who knows? Stones have their destinies no less unexpected than ours.

When I took possession of it as a laboratory for the municipal course of lectures, the nave remained as it was at the

time of my former short and disastrous visit. To the right, on the wall, a number of black stains struck the eye. It was as though a madman's hand, armed with the ink-pot, had smashed its fragile projectile at that spot. I recognised the stains at once. They were the marks of the corrosive which the retort had splashed at our heads. Since those days of long ago, no one had thought fit to hide them under a coat of white-wash. So much the better: they will serve me as excellent counselors. Always before my eyes, at every lesson, they will speak to me incessantly of prudence.

For all its attractions, however, chemistry did not make me forget a long cherished plan well-suited to my tastes, that of teaching natural history at a university. Now, one day at the grammar-school, I had a visit from a chief-inspector which was not of an encouraging nature. My colleagues used to call him the Crocodile. Perhaps he had given them a rough time in the course of his inspections. For all his boorish ways, he was an excellent man at heart. I owe him a piece of advice which greatly influenced my future studies.

That day, he suddenly appeared, alone, in the schoolroom, where I was taking a class in geometrical drawing. I must explain that, at this time, to eke out my ridiculous salary and, at all costs, to provide a living for myself and my large family, I was a mighty pluralist, both inside the college and out. At the college, in particular, after two hours of physics, chemistry or natural history, came, without respite, another two hours' lesson, in which I taught the boys how to make a projection in descriptive geometry, how to draw a geodesic plane, a curve of any kind whose

*The allusion is to the many churches and chapels at Avignon and to *Pantagruel*, Book V, Chap. I: "Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island; and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise . . . not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes and elsewhere on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land the louder we heard that jangling.—*Translator's Note.*

law of generation is known to us. This was called graphics.

The sudden irruption of the dread personage causes me no great flurry. Twelve o'clock strikes, the pupils go out and we are left alone. I know him to be a geometrician. The transcendental curve, perfectly drawn, may work upon his gentler mood. I happen to have in my portfolio the very thing to please him. Fortune serves me well, in this particular circumstance. Among my boys, there is one who, though a regular dunce at everything else, is a first-rate hand with the square, the compass and the drawing-pen: a deft-fingered numskull, in short.

With the aid of a system of tangents of which I first showed him the rule and the method of construction, my artist has obtained the ordinary cycloid, followed by the interior and the exterior epicycloid, and, lastly, the same curves both lengthened and shortened. His drawings are admirable Spider's webs, encircling the cunning curve in their net. The draughtsmanship is so accurate that it is easy to deduce from it beautiful theorems, which would be very laborious to work out by the calculus.

I submit the geometrical masterpieces to my chief-inspector, who is himself said to be smitten with geometry. I modestly describe the method of construction, I call his attention to the fine deductions which the drawing enables one to make. It is labour lost: he gives but a heedless glance at my sheets and flings each on the table as I hand it to him.

"Alas!" said I to myself. "There is a storm brewing; the cycloid won't save you; it's your turn for a bite from the Crocodile!"

Not a bit of it. Behold the bugbear growing genial. He sits down on a bench, with one leg here, another there, invites me to take a seat by his side and, in a moment, we are discussing graphics. Then, bluntly:

"Have you any money?" he asks.

Astounded at this strange question, I answer with a smile.

"Don't be afraid," he says. "Confide in me. I'm asking you in your own interest. Have you any capital?"

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my poverty, monsieur l'inspecteur général. I frankly admit, I possess nothing; my means are limited to my modest salary."

A frown greets my answer; and I hear, spoken in an undertone, as though my confessor were talking to himself:

"That's sad, that's really very sad."

Astonished to find my penury treated as sad, I ask for an explanation: I was not accustomed to this solicitude on the part of my superiors.

"Why, yes, it's a great pity," continues the man reputed so terrible. "I have read your articles in the *Annales des sciences naturelles*. You have an observant mind, a taste for research, a lively style and a ready pen. You would have made a capital university-professor."

"But that's just what I'm aiming at!"

"Give up the idea."

"Haven't I the necessary attainment?"

"Yes, you have; but you have no capital."

The great obstacle stands revealed to me: woe to the poor in pocket! University-teaching demands a private income. Be as ordinary, as commonplace as you please, but, above all, possess the coin that lets you cut a dash. That is the main thing; the rest is a secondary condition.

And the worthy man tells me what poverty in a frock-coat means. Though less of a pauper than I, he has known the mortification of it; he describes it to me, excitedly, in all its bitterness. I listen to him with an aching heart; I see the refuge which was to shelter my future crumbling before my eyes:

"You have done me a great service, sir," I answer. "You put an end to my hesitation. For the moment, I give up my plan. I will first see if it is possible to gain the small fortune which I shall want if I am to teach in a decent manner."

Thereupon we exchanged a friendly grip of the hand and parted. I never

saw him again. His fatherly arguments had soon convinced me; I was prepared to hear the blunt truth. A few months earlier, I had received my nomination as an assistant-lecturer in zoology at the university of Poitiers. They offered me a ridiculous salary. After paying the costs of moving, I should have had hardly three francs a day left; and, on this income, I had to keep my family, numbering seven in all. I hastened to decline the very great honour.

No, science ought not to practise those jests. If we humble persons are of use to her, she should at least enable us to live. If she can't do that, then let her leave us to break stones on the highway. Oh, yes, I was prepared for the truth when that honest fellow talked to me of frock-coated poverty! I am telling the story of a not very distant past. Since then, things have improved considerably; but, when the pear was properly ripened, I was no longer of an age to pick it.

And what was I to do now, to overcome the difficulty mentioned by my inspector and confirmed by my personal experience? I would take up industrial chemistry. The municipal lectures at Saint-Martial placed a spacious and fairly well-equipped laboratory at my disposal. Why not make the most of it?

The chief manufacture of Avignon was madder. The farmer supplied the raw material to the factories, where it was turned into purer and more concentrated products. My predecessor had gone in for it and done well by it, so people said. I would follow in his footsteps and use the vats and furnaces, the expensive plant which I had inherited. So to work.

What should I set myself to produce? I proposed to extract the colouring-substance, alizarin, to separate it from the other matters found with it in the root, to obtain it in the pure state and in a form that allowed of the direct printing of the stuffs, a much quicker and more artistic method than the old dyeing-process.

Nothing could be simpler than this

problem, once the solution was known; but how tremendously obscure while it had still to be solved! I dare not call to mind all the imagination and patience spent upon endless endeavours which nothing, not even the madness of them, discouraged. What mighty meditations in the sombre church, what glowing dreams, soon to be followed by sore disappointment, when experiment spoke the last word and upset the scaffolding of my schemes. Stubborn as the slave of old amassing a peculium for his enfranchisement, I used to reply to the cheque of yesterday by the fresh attempt of tomorrow, often as faulty as the others, sometimes the richer by an improvement, and I went on indefatigably, for I too cherished the indomitable ambition to set myself free.

Should I succeed? Perhaps so. I at last had a satisfactory answer. I obtained, in a cheap and practical fashion, the pure colouring-matter, concentrated in a small volume and excellent for both printing and dyeing. One of my friends took up my process on a large scale in his works; a few calico-factories adopted the produce and expressed themselves delighted with it. The future smiled at last; a pink rift opened in my grey sky. I should possess the modest fortune without which I must deny myself the pleasure of teaching in a university. Freed of the torturing anxiety about my daily bread, I should be able to live at ease among my beasties.

In the midst of the joys of seeing these problems solved by chemistry, yet another ray of sunshine was reserved for me, adding its gladness to that of my success. Let us go back a couple of years. The chief-inspectors visited our grammar-school. These personages travel in pairs: one attends to literature, the other to science. When the inspection was over and the books checked, the staff was summoned to the principal's drawing-room, to receive the parting admonitions of the two luminaries. The man of science began. I should be sadly put to it to remember what he said. It was cold professional prose, made up of soul-

less words which the hearer forgot once the speaker's back was turned, words merely boring to both. I had heard enough of these chilly sermons in my time; one more of them could not hope to make an impression on me.

The inspector in literature spoke next. At the first words which he uttered, I said to myself:

"Oho! This is a very different business!"

The speech was alive and vigorous and imageful; indifferent to scholastic commonplaces, the ideas soared, hovering gently in the serene heights of a kindly philosophy. This time, I listened with pleasure; I even felt stirred. Here was no official homily: it was full of impassioned zeal, of words that carried you with them, uttered by an honest man accomplished in the art of speaking, an orator in the true sense of the word. In all my school-experience, I had never been given such a treat.

When the meeting broke up, my heart beat faster than usual:

"What a pity," I thought, "that my side, the science side, cannot bring me into contact, some day, with that inspector! It seems to me that we should become great friends."

I enquired his name of my colleagues, who were always better informed than I. They told me it was Victor Duruy.

Well, one day, two years later, as I was looking after my Saint-Martial laboratory in the midst of the steam from my vats, with my hands the colour of boiled lobster-claws from constant dipping in the indelible red of my dyes, there walked in, unexpectedly, a person whose features straightway seemed familiar. I was right, it was the very man, the chief-inspector whose speech had once stirred me. M. Duruy was now minister of public instruction. He was styled, "Your excellency"; and this style, usually an empty formula, was well deserved in the present case, for our new minister excelled in his exalted functions. We all held him in high esteem. He was the worker's minister, the man for the humble toiler.

"I want to spend my last half-hour at Avignon with you," said my visitor, with a smile. "That will be a relief from the official bowing and scraping."

Overcome by the honour paid me, I apologised for my costume—I was in my shirt-sleeves—and especially for my lobster-claws, which I had tried, for a moment, to hide behind my back.

"You have nothing to apologise for. I came to see the worker. The working-man never looks better than in his overall, with the marks of his trade on him. Let us have a talk. What are you doing just now?"

I explained, in a few words, the object of my researches; I showed my product; I executed under the minister's eyes a little attempt at printing in madder-red. The success of the experiment and the simplicity of my apparatus, in which an evaporating-dish, maintained at boiling-point under a glass funnel, took the place of a steam-chamber, caused him some surprise.

"I will help you," he said. "What do you want for your laboratory?"

"Why, nothing, monsieur le ministre, nothing! With a little application, the plant I have is ample."

"What, nothing! You are unique there! The others overwhelm me with requests; their laboratories are never well enough supplied. And you, poor as you are, refuse my offers!"

"No, there is one thing which I will accept."

"What is that?"

"The signal honour of shaking you by the hand."

"There you are, my friend, with all my heart. But that's not enough. What else do you want?"

"The Paris Jardin des Plantes* is under your control. Should a crocodile die, let them keep the hide for me. I will stuff it with straw and hang it from the ceiling. Thus adorned, my workshop will rival the wizard's den."

The minister cast his eyes round the

*The Zoological and Botanical Gardens on the left bank of the Seine.—*Translator's Note.*

nave and glanced up at the Gothic vault:

"Yes, it would look very well." And he gave a laugh at my sally. "I now know you as a chemist," he continued. "I knew you already as a naturalist and a writer. I have heard about your little animals. I am sorry that I shall have to leave without seeing them. They must wait for another occasion. My train will be starting presently. Walk with me to the station. We shall be alone and we can chat a bit more on the way."

We strolled along, discussing entomology and madder. My shyness had disappeared. The self-sufficiency of a fool would have left me dumb; the fine frankness of a lofty mind put me at my ease. I told him of my experiments in natural history, of my plans for a professorship, of my fight with harsh fate, my hopes and fears. He encouraged me, spoke to me of a better future. We reached the station and walked up and down outside, talking away delightfully.

A poor old woman passed, all in rags, her back bent by age and years of work in the fields. She furtively put out her hand for alms. Duruy felt in his waistcoat, found a two-franc piece and placed it in the outstretched hand: I wanted to add a couple of sous as my contribution, but my pockets were empty, as usual. I went to the beggar-woman and whispered in her ear:

"Do you know who gave you that? It's the emperor's minister."

The poor woman started and her astounded eyes wandered from the open-handed personage to the piece of silver and from the piece of silver to the open-handed personage. What a surprise! what a windfall!

"*Que lou bon Dièu ié done longo vido e santa, pecaïre!*" she said, in her cracked voice.

And, bowing and nodding, she withdrew, still staring at the coin in the palm of her hand.

"What did she say?" asked Duruy.

"She wished you long life and health."

"And *pecaïre*?"

"*Pecaïre* is a poem in itself: it sums up all the gentler passions."

And I myself mentally repeated the artless vow. The man who stops so kindly when a beggar puts out her hand has something better in his soul than the qualities that go to make a minister.

We entered the station, still alone, as promised, and I quite without misgivings. Had I but foreseen what was going to happen, how I should have hastened to take my leave! Little by little, a group formed in front of us. It was too late to fly; I had to screw up my courage. Came the general of division and his officers, came the prefect and his secretary, the mayor and his deputy, the school-inspector and the pick of the staff. The minister faced the ceremonial semicircle. I stood next to him. A crowd on one side, we two on the other. Followed the regulation spinal contortions, the empty obeisances which my dear Duruy had come to my laboratory to forget. When bowing to St. Roch,* in his corner niche, the worshipper at the same time salutes the saint's humble companion. I was something like St. Roch's dog in the presence of those honours which did not concern me. I stood and looked on, with my awful red hands concealed behind my back, under the broad brim of my felt hat.

After the official compliments had been exchanged, the conversation began to languish; and the minister seized my right hand and gently drew it from the mysterious recesses of my wide-awake.

"Why don't you show those gentlemen your hands?" he said. "Most people would be proud of them."

I vainly protested with a jerk of the elbow. I had to comply and I displayed my lobster-claws.

"Workman's hands," said the prefect's secretary. "Regular workman's hands."

The general, almost scandalised at

*St. Roch (1295-1327) is always represented in his statues with the dog that saved his life by discovering him in the solitude, where, after curing the plague-stricken Italians, he had hidden himself lest he should communicate the pestilence to others.—*Translator's Note.*

seeing me in such distinguished company, added:

"Hands of a dyer and cleaner."

"Yes, workman's hands," retorted the minister, "and I wish you many like them. Believe me, they will do much to help the chief industry of your city. Skilled as they are in chemical work, they are equally capable of wielding the pen, the pencil, the scalpel and the lens. As you here seem unaware of it, I am delighted to inform you."

This time, I should have liked the ground to open and swallow me up. Fortunately, the bell rang for the train to start. I said good-bye to the minister and, hurriedly taking to flight, left him laughing at the trick which he had played me.

The incident was noised about, could not help being so, for the peristyle of a railway-station keeps no secrets. I then learnt to what annoyances the shadow of the great exposes us. I was looked upon as an influential person, having the favour of the gods at my disposal. Place-hunters and canvassers tormented me. One wanted a license to sell tobacco and stamps, another a scholarship for his son, another an increase of his pension. I had only to ask and I should obtain, said they.

O simple people, what an illusion was yours! You could not have hit upon a worse intermediary. I figuring as a postulant! I have many faults, I admit, but that is certainly not one of them. I got rid of the importunate people as best I could, though they were utterly unable to fathom my reserve. What would they have said had they known of the minister's offers with regard to my laboratory and my jesting reply, in which I asked for a crocodile-skin to hang from my ceiling! They would have taken me for an idiot.

Six months elapsed; and I received a letter summoning me to call upon the minister at his office. I suspected a proposal to promote me to a more important grammar-school and begged that I might be left where I was, among my vats and my insects. A second letter arrived,

more pressing than the first and signed by the minister's own hand. This letter said:

"Come at once, or I shall send my gendarmes to fetch you."

There was no way out of it. Twenty-four hours later, I was in M. Duruy's room. He welcomed me with exquisite cordiality, gave me his hand and, taking up a number of the *Moniteur*:

"Read that," he said. "You refused my chemical apparatus; but you won't refuse this."

I looked at the line to which his finger pointed. I read my name in the list of the Legion of Honour. Quite stupid with surprise, I stammered the first words of thanks that entered my head.

"Come here," said he, "and let me give you the accolade. I will be your sponsor. You will like the ceremony all the better if it is held in private, between you and me: I know you!"

He pinned the red ribbon to my coat, kissed me on both cheeks, made me telegraph the great event to my family. What a morning, spent with that good man!

I well know the vanity of decorative ribbonry and tinware, especially when, as too often happens, intrigue degrades the honour conferred; but, coming as it did, that bit of ribbon is precious to me. It is a relic, not an object for show. I keep it religiously in a drawer.

There was a parcel of big books on the table, a collection of the reports on the progress of science drawn up for the International Exhibition of 1867, which had just closed.

"Those books are for you," continued the minister. "Take them with you. You can look through them at your leisure; they may interest you. There is something about your insects in them. You're to have this too: it will pay for your journey. The trip which I made you take must not be at your own expense. If there is anything over, spend it on your laboratory."

And he handed me a roll of twelve hundred francs. In vain I refused, re-

marking that my journey was not so burdensome as all that; besides, his embrace and his bit of ribbon were of inestimable value compared with my disbursements. He insisted:

"Take it," he said, "or I shall be very angry. There's something else: you must come to the emperor's with me to-morrow, to the reception of the learned societies."

Seeing me greatly perplexed and as though demoralised by the prospect of an imperial interview:

"Don't try to escape me," he said, "or look out for the gendarmes of my letter! You saw the fellows in the bearskin caps on your way up. Mind you don't fall into their hands. In any case, lest you should be tempted to run away, we will go to the Tuileries together, in my carriage."

Things happened as he wished. The next day, in the minister's company, I was ushered into a little drawing-room at the Tuileries by chamberlains in knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes. They were queer people to look at. Their uniforms and their stiff gait gave them the appearance, in my eyes, of beetles who, by way of wing-cases, wore a great, gold-laced dress-coat, with a key in the small of the back. There were already a score of persons from all parts waiting in the room. These included geographical explorers, geologists, botanists, antiquaries, archæologists, collectors of prehistoric flints, in short, the usual representatives of provincial scientific life.

The emperor entered, very simply dressed, with no parade about him beyond a wide, red watered-silk ribbon across his chest. No sign of majesty, an ordinary man, round and plump, with a large moustache and a pair of half-closed, drowsy eyelids. He moved from one to the other, talking to each of us for a moment as the minister mentioned our names and the nature of our occupations. He showed a fair amount of information as he changed his subject from the ice-floes of Spitzbergen to the dunes of Gascony, from a Carolingian charter to the flora of the Sahara, from

the progress in beetroot-growing to Cæsar's trenches before Alesia. When my turn came, he questioned me upon the hypermetamorphosis of the *Meloidæ*,* my last essay in entomology. I answered as best I could, floundering a little in the proper mode of address, mixing up the everyday *monsieur* with *sire*, a word whose use was so entirely new to me. I passed through the dread straits and others succeeded me. My five minutes' conversation with an imperial majesty was, they say, a most distinguished honour. I am quite ready to believe them, but I never had a desire to repeat it.

The reception came to an end, bows were exchanged and we were dismissed. A luncheon awaited us at the minister's house. I sat on his right, not a little embarrassed by the privilege; on his left was a physiologist of great renown. Like the others, I spoke of all manner of things, including even Avignon Bridge.† Duruy's son, sitting opposite me, chaffed me pleasantly about the famous bridge on which everybody dances; he smiled at my impatience to get back to the thyme-scented hills and the grey olive-yards rich in grasshoppers.

"What!" said his father. "Won't you visit our museums, our collections? There are some very interesting things there."

"I know, monsieur le ministre, but I shall find better things, things more to my taste, in the incomparable museum of the fields."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go back to-morrow."

I did go back, I had had enough of Paris; never had I felt such tortures of loneliness as in that immense whirl of humanity. To get away, to get away was my one idea.

*A family of Beetles, including the Oil-beetle and the Spanish Fly.—*Translator's Note.*

†The old, partly demolished bridge at Avignon, which figures in the well-known French catch:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond."
—*Translator's Note.*

Once home among my family, I felt a mighty load off my mind and a great joy in my heart, where rang a peal of bells proclaiming the delights of my approaching emancipation. Little by little, the factory that was to set me free rose skywards, full of promises. Yes, I should possess the modest income which would crown my ambition by allowing me to descant on animals and plants in a university chair.

"Well, no," said Fate, "you shall not acquire the freedman's peculium; you shall remain a slave, dragging your chain behind you; your peal of bells rings false!"

Hardly was the factory in full swing when a piece of news was bruited, at first a vague rumour, an echo of probabilities rather than certainties, and then a posi-

tive statement leaving no room for doubt. Chemistry had obtained the madder-dye by artificial means; thanks to a laboratory-connection, it was utterly overthrowing the agriculture and industries of my district. This result, while destroying my work and my hopes, did not surprise me unduly. I myself had toyed with the problem of artificial alizarin, and I knew enough about it to foresee that, in no very distant future, the work of the chemist's retort would take the place of the work of the fields.

It was finished; my hopes were shattered to the ground. What to do next? Let us change our lever and begin to roll Sisyphus's stone once more. Let us try to draw from the ink-pot what the madder-vat declines to yield. *Laboremus!*

THE BOOK MART .

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending August 6th:

1. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Keedick.) \$10.00.
2. Elementary Principles of Economics. Ely. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Panama and the Canal. Hall. (Newson.) 75 cents.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
5. Principles of Educational Practice. Klapper. (Appleton.) \$1.75.
6. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

For the week ending August 12th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Poems of Alfred Noyes. (Stokes.)
5. Essentials of Biology. Hunter. (American Book Co.) \$1.25.
6. Modern Accounting. Hatfield. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

For the week ending August 20th:

1. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.20.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Phonography. (Pitman.)
4. The Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) \$1.00.
5. Modern Framed Structures. Johnson. (Wiley.) \$4.00.
6. Corporation Accounting. Keister. (Burrrows.) \$4.00.
7. Critical Period of American History. Fiske. (Houghton Mifflin.)

For the week ending August 27th:

1. Phonography. (Pitman.)
2. Essentials of Biology. Hunter. (American Book Co.) \$1.25.
3. Corporation Finance. Meade. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
5. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) \$2.00.
6. Woman Under Socialism. Bebel. (N. Y. Labor Union.) \$1.00.
7. Worry. Saleeby. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Women Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) \$1.00.
3. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. The Double Life of Alfred Burton. Openheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency.

Münsterberg. (Mouston Mifflin.)

\$2.00.

3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Minimum Wages and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
2. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. A Boy of the Dominion. Brereton. (Caldwell.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. Veronica. Kingsley. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Dramatic Works of Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50 per volume.
3. Where Socialism Failed. Grahame. (McBride.) \$1.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. "Tell Me Why" Stories. Claudy. (McBride.) \$1.25.
2. The Hiawatha Primer. Holbrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) \$1.00.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of a Soldier. Pickett. (Moyle.) \$1.30.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Advertising as a Business Farce. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.
4. Immigration and Labor. Hourwich. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS, CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman of Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. The Victorian Age in Literature. Chesterton. (Holt.) 50 cents.
4. The Play Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Best Stories to Tell to Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
4. The Old-Fashioned Woman. Parsons. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Sally Castleton. Southerner. Marriott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of Ali. Stuart. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
6. The Open Window. Thurston. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) \$2.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Personal Power. Thomas. (Cassell.) \$1.75.
2. Reminiscences, etc. Stetson. (Putnam.) \$5.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Rainy Day Scrap Book. Sherman. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. David Malcolm. Lloyd. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) \$1.50.
2. How to Take Care of the Baby. Tweddell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) 75 cents.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Mrs. Rorer's Ice Creams, etc. Rorer. (Arnold.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborne Series. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

2. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Best Stories to Tell to Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
5. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) \$1.00.
2. Next Night Stories. Messer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Steam Shovel Man. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. Murder in Any Degree. Johnson. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Genetics. Walter. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

5. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
4. Notable Women of History. Abbot. (Winston.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Book of the Camp Fire Girls. (Doran.) 25 cents.
2. The Motor Boat Club Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.35.
5. The Fear of Living. Bordeaux. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Marriage and the Sex Quest. Förster. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Unpathed Waters. Harris. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
3. The Story of a Round House. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. On Some of Life's Ideals. James. (Holt.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Open Window. Thurston. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Diary of Jean Evarts. Stocking. (Standard Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
2. Arbiter of Your Fate. Walter. (Walter.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska: An Empire in the Making. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
3. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) \$2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Army Boy in the Philippines. Kilburne. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Museum.) \$1.25.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp.) \$1.50.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) \$1.25.
6. Degarmo's Wife. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revel.) \$1.00.
2. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 60 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 293
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35 290
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 274
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35 121
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35 119
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35 68

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

WE shall probably have more to say later about Miss Caroline Ticknor's *Hawthorne and His Publisher*, which is announced for early publication by Messrs.

Houghton Mifflin Company. We have had the opportunity of reading the advance sheets of this exceedingly interesting book, and, by way of preliminary notice, we are jotting down one or two impressions. For example, there is a letter from Hawthorne to Ticknor which illustrates with ingenuous candour the novelist's estimate of his American literary contemporaries. Hawthorne was in London and fell in with the hospitable Richard Monckton Milnes. Milnes wanted a half dozen books which he had never read or heard of before. Hawthorne, speaking patriotically, naturally wanted to put his best foot forward. So to Ticknor he wrote:

For the honour of my country, I should like to do it, but can think of only three which would be likely to come under his description—viz., *Walden*, *Passion Flowers*, and *Up-Country Letters*. Possibly Mrs. Mowatt's *Autobiography* might make a fourth; and Thoreau's former volume a fifth. You understand that these books must not be merely good, but must be original, with American characteristics, and not gen-

erally known in England. If you, or Fields, or anybody else, can produce any such, pray send them along. At any rate, send those I have mentioned: for my credit is pledged to supply the number Mr. Milnes asked for. Whittier's book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion, either of his poetry or prose. Send Lowell's *Bigelow Papers*. He is very little known in England, and I take that to be the best thing he has written.



TICKNOR AS A YOUNG MAN



One very definite impression conveyed by Hawthorne's letters to Ticknor is that it did not take the novelist long to contract Anglophobia in its most malignant form. He is protesting that he is trying to get on with John Bull, yet when he wishes to be complimentary to an individual Englishman, he takes pains to emphasise the fact that the person in question is not at all John Bullish. On one occasion he tells of receiving a letter from a German proposing to Hawthorne that the novelist pay him (the German) for making the translation of Hawthorne's entire works, taking the chance of selling the copyright to German booksellers. "I rather thank," is the comment, "the Germans are the meanest devils in the world; though the English deserve a pretty prominent place in that particular. After all the slander against Americans, there is no people worthy even to take a second place behind us, for liberality of idea and practice. The more I see of the rest of the world, the better I think of my own country (not that I like it very enthusiastically, either); and I thank God, England's day is past forever. I have such a conviction of the decline and fall of England that I am about as well satisfied as if it had already taken place. And yet I like John Bull, too."

...

In one letter to Ticknor Hawthorne records the astonishing success achieved by Longfellow's *Hiawatha* in England.

Not only was it read but everybody seemed to be seized with an irresistible impulse to write verses in the new measure. That there were some disgruntled Englishmen, however, is evident from the following lines, which found their way to Hawthorne through the post:

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!
Sweet Trochaic milk and water!
Milk and water Mississippi
Flowing o'er a bed of sugar!—
Through three hundred Ticknor pages,
With a murmur and a ripple,
Flowing, flowing, ever flowing—
Damn the river!—damn the poet!"

...

Last month we called attention to the astonishing material reward that James Whitcomb Riley has derived from "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." But in the Hoosier poet's life there were the lean years, when neither money nor recognition was in sight, and he was forced to devise a plan to win attention in disguise



OLD SEMINARY AT GREENFIELD WHERE RILEY WENT TO SCHOOL AND LATER LIVED FOR A TIME

by writing a poem in imitation of a well-known author and submitting it as a newly discovered manuscript. This was the famous "Leonainie" hoax, which to the astonishment and discomfort of its author, assumed national proportions. Riley in 1877, then in his middle twenties, was smarting under the criticism of the editor of the *Anderson Herald*, who heartlessly advised him to give up the writing of poetry. So he wrote "Leonainie" in the Poe style, enlisted the services of his friend, the editor of the *Kokomo Dispatch*, and launched it with the following introductory story:

POSTHUMOUS POETRY

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM OF THE LAMENTED EDGAR ALLAN POE—WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN OLD BOOK NOW IN POSSESSION OF A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any



A CUSTOM-MADE VALENTINE

published collection of Poe's poems now extant, or in any magazine or newspaper of any description; and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, *The Dispatch* shall claim the honour of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet whom we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession, after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day, on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing us the book, he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and that if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials E. A. P. at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it, we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence: He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was



A RILEY DRAWING

a young man, that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstances and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of a wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night, just before bedtime, a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. This was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines given below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should



RILEY AT TWENTY-TWO



CARTOON BY HUBBARD

allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.

That the above statement is true, and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any one who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters, and is almost as legible as print itself, although somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscript which we notice is that it contains not the least sign of erasure or a single interlineated word. We give the poem verbatim—just as it appears in the original.

...

The result exceeded his fondest hopes. The critical editor fell an easy victim, praising "Leonainie" to the skies, and prophesying that Riley would fail utterly in appreciating its merits. The poet fell in with his detractor's suggestion, and in an analysis of "Leonainie" expressed his doubts as to Poe's authorship. This was what the editor of the *Herald* had been anticipating. He congratulated himself on his predictions fulfilled. "True to our prognostication of last week," he wrote,

"J. W. Riley, editor of the *Democrat*, slashes into 'Leonainie' in a jealous manner." An entire column was devoted to Mr. Riley's reception of the poem. The author's own account of the writing of the verses is contained in a letter dated November 22, 1886.

Regarding the authorship of the poem "Leonainie," I can claim the poem only—the autographic copy which your letter describes—its original, at least—was executed (at my instigation, and with equally boyish unconsciousness of guilt) by an artist friend of mine, now wearing first honours in the Art Schools of Munich [Samuel Richards]. He did his work well, and was thus the author of the best part of the poem. He worked then as he works now;—straight from the heart. He had only a line or two of Poe-facsimile to "inspire" from, but some way the fellow caught the spirit of the whole vocabulary from it, furnishing a result that many notable and most exacting critics were bewildered by, as I myself saw tested many times.

It is but just to all concerned, for the better understanding of the real facts of the case, to speak further, though with you now I will be as brief as possible:—The poem was written about twelve years ago in the town of Anderson, Indiana, while I was a very callow writer on *The Democrat*, of that place; and, being rallied to desperation over the weekly appearance of my namby-pamby verses, by the editor of a rival sheet, I devised the Poe-poem fraud simply to prove, if possible, that like critics of verse would praise, from a notable source what they did not hesitate to condemn, from an emanation opposite. By correspondence (still preserved) the friendly editor of a paper (the Kokomo, Indiana, *Dispatch*—still conducted by same Ed.) assisted me in foisting the hoax on the public through his columns—this for reasons obvious; while to still further conceal the real authorship of the poem, as soon as published with its editorial hurrah, I attacked its claimed worth and authenticity in my paper. Then every one who knew me, knew, of course, I didn't write a rhyme of it. And so it went—and went—and kept on going—till at last the

necessary exposé. Papers everywhere lit into me—friends read all this, and stood aside—went round the other way. The paper upon which I gained the meagre living that was mine excused me—and no other paper wanted such a man—and wouldn't even let me print a card of explanation—not for weeks, while I stood outside alone, and walked around the Court House square at night, and through the drizzle and the rain peered longingly at the dim light in the office where I used to sleep, with a heart as hard and dark and obdurate as the towel in the composing-room. All of which is smiling material now, but then it was pathos from a-way back!

• • •

To the blasé, first-night audience of New Yorkers Mr. Arthur Hopkins's production of Longfellow's *Evangeline* came like a refreshing draught. Pure, tragic, dramatically emotional, it served as a striking contrast to the successes of the past few years, which have been mostly problem plays, dealing with white slavery, divorce, or the gentleman crook. This wholesome reminder of the time when devotion and trust, fidelity and patience went hand in hand and were considered only natural and true, comes at a time when it is most needed. The Park Theatre on the evening of October 4th was filled with an unusually intelligent and appreciative audience. It was an audience well constituted to judge and realise the beauty of the play with the fine work of the actors, and to appreciate the unusual and beautiful scenic effects which were scattered with such liberality throughout the drama. Whether the play "takes" or not, this first dramatisation of *Evangeline* is worthy of especial mention, for the poem is one of the most generally known to the English-speaking world, in spite of Longfellow's often faulty use of the dactylic hexameter.

• • •

The action of the poem itself moves quietly, we might almost say serenely,



THE BEACH SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE"

and we could not at first readily see how it could be transformed into an intensely dramatic play; but from the moment of the rise of the curtain, the attention of the audience was surely held, and one lived and suffered with the Acadians in their exile and devious wanderings. Mr. Broadhurst in his treatment of the poem has divided it into five actions: first, "The Forest Primeval," a scene in which the Spirit of Acadie speaks and mourns for the lost villagers. Then the real action of the play begins under the heading of "The Home," which is subdivided into four parts,—the street, the house, the orchard, and the church. These scenes serve to show how the life of the Acadians flowed on in its peaceful tenor, until, on the eve of the betrothal of their fairest and best loved maiden to Gabriel, son of the blacksmith, the English soldiers march in and order the happy people to abandon their lands and homes, and embark upon the ships in which they are to be sent to lands that are strange to them.

• • •

The great dramatic point of this act is reached when the Acadians, after hearing the proclamation, try to resist the English soldiers, and suddenly, above the noise of the fight and the wailing of the women, the voice of their beloved priest, the Father Felecion, is heard chiding them as little children and bidding them enter the house of worship. The second

act is called "The Parting," and shows the Acadians, their numbers depleted, at eventide on the beach. A sorry throng, indeed; for father and son, mother and child, husband and wife, have been separated, and last of all, Gabriel is torn from Evangeline, whom duty bids remain with her aged father. No sooner has the ship left than the soldiers fire the village, the flames of which can be seen from the beach, and amid the grief-stricken throng the priest passes, trying to cheer and comfort, but finding his efforts unavailing, he begins the Lord's Prayer, in which the kneeling people join, their faces turned toward the burning town.

• • •

So far the dramatist has not departed far from the original, but as the wandering of Evangeline in search of the lost Gabriel offers him a wider scope, he adds several scenes, under the head of "The Wandering," which give Miss Goodrich an opportunity for more emotional acting than she has had heretofore. When next the curtain rises, showing the Indian Mission, the priest is chanting with the Indian converts, who join him, and try to sing in harmony. Here Evangeline spends the winter waiting for Gabriel, who never comes. In her wanderings she finally reaches the Michigan forest, and not finding Gabriel and being friendless and alone, she is overcome with fatigue and grows delirious, imag-

ining that she hears the beating of the English drums as a taunt that, once separated by them from Gabriel, she shall never see him more. She relives the parting and her father's death. She sees once more the burning of their homes, until, suddenly, her strength gives way and she falls fainting to the ground. The last act is the shortest and is called "The Meeting." As Gabriel lies ill in an almshouse in Philadelphia, Evangeline, now a Sister of Charity, enters and finds him at last. The dramatist spares us the death-scene of Gabriel, and the Unenlightened might almost suppose that he recovers and that both "live happily ever after." Perhaps this is just as well, for the scenes that have gone before are so emotional and the nervous strain upon the audience has been so great, that a quiet ending is more reasonable and, indeed, more effective. The scenic effects are really unusual, and so was the incidental interpretative music of Mr. Fürst. The whole was exquisite, and will linger for a long while in the memory of those who saw this first presentation. Longfellow's poem has become one of the few truly American classics. In its dramatic form it is distinctly worthy of its source. We may add that wherever such a thing was possible, the very words of the original hexameters have been used, or at least suggested, with the most delicate artistry.

. . .

We are reproducing Augustus St. Gaudens's portrait bas-relief of Dr. St. Gaudens Weir Mitchell made in 1884. To our way of thinking it is a fine portrait, but we understand that Mr. St. Gaudens, for some reason or other, never regarded it very highly. Mention of the Dr. Mitchell portrait leads to a mention of the widely known Robert Louis Stevenson medallion, for it was Stevenson who instilled into St. Gaudens his first real taste for literature. The two men first met in the autumn of 1887. A little time before St. Gaudens's attention had been drawn to *The New Arabian Nights*,

and the sculptor expressed a wish to make the writer's portrait. Then Stevenson arrived in New York on his way to the Adirondacks, and work on the medallion was begun in his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh Street. The head was modelled in five sittings of two or three hours each, given in the morning, Stevenson lying in bed propped up with pillows, either reading or being read to by Mrs. Stevenson. Mr. St. Gaudens wrote:

I can remember some few things as to my personal impressions of him. He said that he believed "Olala" to be his best story, or that he fancied it the best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English *littérateur* of the time. Also he told me of his petting for his own study of Robert Burns. He gave me a complete set of his own works, in some of which he placed a line or two. In *Virginibus Puerisque*, he wrote, "Read the essay on Burns. I think it is a good thing." Thus the modest man!

. . .

Of his father's debt to Stevenson in a literary sense, Homer St. Gaudens has written in the recently published *The Reminiscences of Augustus St. Gaudens*:

Regarding his understanding of character, hitherto he had shown little interest in men or women except as they bore upon his work, and his sitters have never consciously been anything but visible, tangible objects to interpret. With such an attitude he had approached Stevenson. But after each visit there grew in the sculptor a desire to comprehend the mental significance of the man before him and to bring it to light through his physical expression and gesture, even if the process was made at the sacrifice of "smart" modelling. So it came about that, from the time of the Stevenson medallion and the Sherman bust, Saint-Gaudens applied this attitude to every other work, beginning each portrait by reading all possible biographies of the subject, or, if the person he planned to model was alive, keeping him in a constant state of conversation.

In a similar way, too, there was developed Saint-Gaudens's deep regard for the English language. Before his meeting with Steven-



PORTRAIT BAS-RELIEF OF DR. WEIR MITCHELL. BY ST. GAUDENS

son he knew very little of modern writing. He had enjoyed occasional novels by Anatole France and had read Maupassant, though finding him depressing. Now, however, caught by Stevenson's charm, he followed that author from stories to essays and departed thence to essays by other pens until he became a steady and appreciative reader, with a strong liking for what he called "aroma" or "perfume" in literary effort. Here are some passages from letters he wrote me, reflecting in a slight way his attitude:

"I have passed a most enjoyable hour reading Bradford Torrey's paper on Anatole France in the *March Atlantic*. Read it by all means if you can get a moment. Then again get Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee*. There is a bully English translation by Alfred Sutro, Dodd, Mead and Company. It is really a great thing, wonderful, and easily read."

• • •

There are perhaps two ways by which we can reach an approximately just estimate of the literary

A Boy in mind of a man or a
the Sixties woman. First, if we know just what his or her bedside books are—the books that are read and reread and marked, that are the intimate companions beyond the Magic Door. Secondly, if we can learn just what the books were that were devoured in the early, impressionable years, for, with certain exceptions, the volumes that are read in the teens are the real foundations of all literary developments. Every man who writes an autobiography should record the books and authors that were the genuine favourites of his youth. In that way we are able to get closer to the mind of the man himself and to understand better the conditions of his time. For example, Henry Cabot Lodge was a boy in the sixties. In *Early Memories* he has indicated what his reading as a boy was. At nine years of age he read with delight the Waverley Novels, and thence proceeded to many other works great and small. There were of course, the current "boys' books" of the day, by Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, by

Kingston and Oliver Optic. *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family Robinson* he read over and over again. Also all fairy stories, from the *Arabian Nights* down, and also Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and *Wonder Book*, as well as Bulfinch's *Age of Chivalry* and *Age of Fable*. Cooper he read thoroughly, and did not find him verbose and diffuse. Of course. Youth does not. Leather Stocking was one of his heroes, just as he was one of the heroes of the fastidious Mr. Thackeray, of M. de Balzac, of Sir Walter Scott, and of the elder Dumas. As a boy Henry Cabot Lodge had read all of Dickens. *David Copperfield* was one of his favourite books, that is, the first part; the last part rather bored him. All of Marryat's books, and Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra* and the *Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost* were very dear. The books already mentioned were permitted works. Surreptitiously he managed to read Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* and Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*.

• • •

In the literary orchard there was another kind of forbidden fruit which that boy in the sixties gathered freely, and pretended to enjoy, probably for the simple reason that it was forbidden. And many of us who were boys ten or twenty or thirty years later will understand and sympathise. These prohibited works were the dime novels published in vivid orange colours by Mr. Beadle and another series known as Novelettes, large although thin quarto pamphlets, dressed out in vivid colours, very arresting to the gaze of the small boy. The former dealt chiefly with frontier life and deadly combats with "Red Skins"; the latter were a far off echo of the Valois novels of Dumas. Both series were essentially harmless, and the objection to them on the part of parents and guardians was merely because they had never read them. But as a rule they were sensational and extravagant, and being destitute of art or imagination were really dull. Mr. Lodge confesses that secretly he thought so at the time, and much preferred the permitted stories of Scott

and Cooper, DeFoe, Marryat, Dickens, and Poe. But he would not have confessed his real opinions for worlds, because it was felt to be fine and manly and a little wicked to read, with dark precautions these quite uninteresting but enticingly forbidden books.

...

In these *Early Memories* let us cross swiftly a gap of years to the time when Mr. Lodge was beginning his own literary career. He had known many of the famous New England literary group of the middle of the nineteenth century. But there were two younger men with whom he was thrown much more intimately in contact. These were William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Lodge knew Mr. Howells first. He describes him in the Boston days as having a very quiet and gentle manner, coupled with a great deal of dry humour, and very strong and definite opinions upon many subjects outside of literature. In politics he leaned toward Socialism; in literature he was a champion of realism, just then very much pressed as the one true theory of art and advocated on the basis of being a revolt against romanticism. In common with a vast army of other writers Mr. Lodge owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Howells for his encouragement and friendship. Mr. Lodge saw even more of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who succeeded the author of *Silas Lapham* in the editorship of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Aldrich's official sanctum was in a little out-lying room at the back of the old houses on Park Street, Boston, a room reached through a circuitous path and after a climb up a winding staircase. There Mr. Lodge was in the habit of stopping of mornings to chat with the editor. They talked about everything: Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax and Cabbages and Kings," everything in the heavens above and on the earth beneath. "There was never," writes Mr. Lodge, "a more delightful talker. He had wit and humour in high degree, remarkable power of epigrammatic statement, a

whimsical fancy, an intense love of mere fun and jest, and behind it all deep seriousness and profound conviction in regard to all things which were really important. His criticisms on literature, his love of art and beauty in every form, were as remarkable as his inexhaustible cleverness and his skill in narration no matter how slight the subject. He told me much of his earlier days in New York, and I remember especially an account he gave me of his narrow escape from the mob of the draft riot, where the pervasive humour and light touch seem to enhance rather than disguise the peril he had been in and the black doings of those evil days. Of our talks at that time, as is the case with so many others, I have kept, alas! no record. They passed like the joys of a midsummer day spent by the ocean's edge and left only the memory of a time filled with sunshine and light, with warmth and happiness."

...

Colonel Roosevelt would seem to have little patience with the endeavours of some good people to inculcate in their children a taste for reading by forcing unattractive books upon them. He was not so mistreated, for he tells us in his *Autobiography*, which is in press for publication before long that, "My father and mother had the good sense not to try to get me to read anything I did not like unless it was in the way of study. I was given the chance to read books that they thought I ought to read, but if I did not like them I was then given some other good book that I did like. There were certain books that were *taboo*. For instance, I was not allowed to read dime novels. I obtained some surreptitiously and did read them, but I do not think that the enjoyment compensated for the feeling of guilt. I was also forbidden to read the only one of Ouida's books which I wished to read—*Under Two Flags*. I did read it, nevertheless, with greedy and fierce hope of coming on something unhealthy; but as a matter of

Another Boy

fact all the parts that might have seemed unhealthy to an older person made no impression on me whatever. I simply enjoyed in a rather confused way the general adventures."

• • •

A book which Colonel Roosevelt wishes he had had when a child—he expresses great interest in children's stories and holds that a good child's story is alike interesting to young and old—is Laura E. Richard's *Nursery Rhymes*. "My own children love them dearly," he said, "and their mother and I love them almost equally; the delightfully light-hearted 'Man from New Mexico who Lost his Grandmother out in the Snow,' the adventures of 'The Owl, the Eel, and the Warming-Pan,' and the extraordinary genealogy of the kangaroo whose 'father was a whale with a feather in his tail who lived in the Greenland sea,' while 'his mother was a shark who kept very dark in the Gulf of Caribee.'" Colonel Roosevelt now believes that as a boy he got the most pleasure in reading out of *Our Young Folks*, which he thought then, and still thinks, to be the best magazine in the world. "I have tried to read again the Mayne Reid books which I so dearly loved, only to find, alas, that it is impossible, but I enjoy going over *Our Young Folks* now nearly as much as ever. *Cast Away in the Cold*, *Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead*, *The William Henry Letters* and a dozen others like them were first-class, good, healthy stories, interesting in the first place and in the next place teaching manliness, decency and good conduct. At the cost of being deemed effeminate I will add that I greatly like the girls' stories—*Pussy Willow* and *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*, just as I worshipped *Little Men*, and *Little Women*, and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*."

• • •

But the youthful Roosevelt was not limited in his likes to fiction dealing with the gentler side of life. Ballantyne's tales and Marryat's *Midshipman Easy* were big favourites. "I suppose," he

says, "that everybody has kinks in him; even as a child there were books which I ought to have liked and did not. For instance, I never cared at all for the first part of *Robinson Crusoe*, whereas the second part, containing the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the wolves in the Pyrenees, and out in the Far East, simply fascinated me. What I did like in the first part were the adventures before Crusoe finally reached his island, the fight with the Sallee Rover and the allusion to the strange beasts at night taking their improbable bath in the ocean. Thanks to being already an embryo zoölogist, I disliked the *Swiss Family Robinson*, because of the wholly impossible collection of animals met by that worthy family as they ambled inland from the wreck." It has been suggested that some energetic publisher will be bringing out one of these days a new edition of *The Semi-Attached Couple*. This, a pre-Victorian novel, is one of Mr. Roosevelt's best loved tales. "Told with much humour," he says, "it is a story of gentlefolk who are really gentlefolk, and to me it is altogether delightful. Outside the members of my own family, however, I have never met a human being who had even heard of it and I don't suppose I ever shall meet one." This latter supposition the publication of the *Autobiography* will wholly undo. Moreover, past experience has proven that a remark of much less consequence than that has served to revive to a tremendous degree interest in some almost forgotten literary production. So that even if the new edition of *The Semi-Attached Couple* be not forthcoming, librarians will doubtless be much wearied by the enquiries of the curious concerning it. Such is fame!

• • •

Fewer were the opportunities of S. S. McClure. In the second instalment of his *Autobiography* he records that the lack of reading matter was one of the greatest deprivations of his early years. There were no books in that Indiana home except

And Another

a bound volume of *Agricultural Reports*, sent by the Congressman from the district. This and the catalogues sent out by the companies that sold agricultural implements the youthful S. S. found absorbingly entertaining. When he was thirteen years old he first read, in the weekly edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." About the same time he made the acquaintance of certain sketches of Petroleum V. Nasby and Mark Twain, although it was years before he even saw the outside of one of Mark Twain's books. Then some hunters, who had camped for a night on the McClure place, departed, leaving behind some paper-covered novels and tattered magazines. They were a great find. Years after the idea of his syndicate came to S. S. McClure through remembering his hunger, as a boy, for something to read.

After I had started my newspaper syndicate I did manage to get Stevenson and Kipling, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Quiller-Couch, Stephen Crane, the new writers and the young Idea, to the boys on the farm. I am always meeting young men in business who say: "Stevenson? Oh, yes! I first read *Treasure Island* in some newspaper or other when I was a boy. It came out in instalments"; or "Why doesn't Quiller-Couch ever write anything as good as *Dead Man's Rock*? I read that story in the *Omaha Bee* when I was a kid, and I think it was the best adventure story I ever read. I never got the last chapter. Our paper didn't come that week, and it bothered me till I was a grown man. I finally had to get the book and find out what did happen to Simon Colliver."

...

Every new book of European travel that is appearing this autumn seems to add a contributing line to the Literary Baedeker. For example, there is Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Along France's River of Romance*, which has just come from the press of Messrs. McBride, Nast and Company. The river is, of course, the

Loire, and Mr. Goldring takes the reader to Tours, where he points out No. 39 Rue Nationale, formerly Rue Royale, where Honoré de Balzac was born in 1799. "Thanks to him," writes Mr. Goldring, "few towns and districts in France have a more enduring place in literature. How often has he described the city and the country surrounding it in such stories as *La Grenadière*, *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, *Le Curé de Tours*; and the essential characteristics of the *tourangeaux*, are they not shown with a Rabelaisian humour in the collection of stories having their scenes in the châteaux of the neighbourhood, which he called the *Contes Drolatiques*?" Again Mr. Goldring takes us to the ancient town of Meung. No real reader of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is likely to have forgotten that it was at Meung that Jonas D'Artagnan first stepped into the pages of fiction. There he met the mysterious "Man of Meung" who was destined to be his evil genius through the first book of the famous trilogy, and his friend and ally in *Twenty Years After*. Meung has other literary association than those of Dumas. It knew François Villon. It was the birthplace of the author of the *Roman de la Rose* and is consequently linked with the name of Chaucer, who translated the *Roman de la Rose* into English. Finally it played a conspicuous part in Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*.

...

Then there is *Through England with Tennyson*, by Oliver Huckel, published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. During the poet's school days in Lincolnshire he was doubtless learning more than the lessons of the schoolroom. For his poems even of later years are redolent of this scenery and atmosphere. "The May Queen," for instance, Mr. Huckel holds to be a true Lincolnshire picture, a lovely homespun drama reminiscent, as all Tennyson's friends said, of the Maypole dancing at Horncastle which he had known so well. The poem "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" was probably suggested

by Scrivelsby Court in this same region, a seat of the Dymoke family. "Locksley Hall" was doubtless suggested by Langton Hall, which Tennyson knew well. The author has confessed that there was really no authentic Locksley Hall, and no actual Cousin Amy, no real tragedy or passion. But nevertheless the scenery and the setting are distinctly of Lincolnshire. In connection with the accompanying map of the Tennyson country the following compilation by Mr. Huckel is of interest.

I. *Lincolnshire*: Boadicea, The Northern Farmer (Old Style and New Style), The Village Wife, The May

Queen, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Audley Court, Locksley Hall.

II. *Somersby*: Ode to Memory, The Brook, Mariana, The Miller's Daughter, The Owl, Sir John Franklin, O Darling Room.

III. *Louth*: The Poet, The Poet's Sons, The Blackbird, The Dying Swan, Oriana.

IV. *Cambridge*: Timbuctoo, On Cambridge University, To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

V. *London*: Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

VI. *Shiplake*: The Letters, The Gardener's Daughter, The Princess, Dedi-



MEUNG. WHERE D'ARTAGNAN FIRST APPEARED UPON THE SCENE OF FICTION

cation to Enoch Arden, Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

VII. *Clevedon*: All of In Memoriam.

VIII. *Hawarden*: Compromise (To Mr. Gladstone), The Ancient Sage, Vastness.

IX. *Farringford*: In the Garden at Swainston, The Princess, Maud, Sea Dreams, Ulysses, The Revenge.

X. *Aldworth*: The Palace of Art, Charles of the Heavyn Brigade, the dramas, especially Harold, Queen Mary, Becket.



A MAP SHOWING SCOTT'S SCOTLAND

XI. *Tintagel*: The Coming of Arthur, The Last Tournament.

XII. *Amesbury Abbey*: St. Agnes' Eve, The Victim, Guinevere, Sir Launcelot and Guinevere.

XIII. *Camelot*: Bugle Song, The Lady of Shalott, Morte d'Arthur.

XIV. *Winchester*: The Round Table, Launcelot and Elaine.

XV. *Glastonbury Abbey*: The Holy Grail, The Passing of Arthur.

...

A critic otherwise complimentary found fault with a line in the June in-

stalment of the "Literary Baedeker" to the effect that "Sherwood Forest is no more." That line, it must be explained, was meant largely in a figurative sense. Mr. Charles S. Olcott in *The Country of Sir Walter Scott* (the Houghton Mifflin Company) records that he succeeded, during a recent pilgrimage through the land of *Ivanhoe*, in finding a bit of the original forest, in identifying the ruins of two castles which figure prominently in the story, and several others which doubtless served as types of the prevailing Norman style of architecture. The Castle of Ashby de la Zouche, the scene of Prince John's banquet, is a ruin to-day as it was in Scott's time. Only a single wall is standing. Front-de-Bœuf's castle of Torquilstone, which was besieged by the outlaws under the leadership of the Black Knight and Locksley, the Archer, was a purely imaginary edifice. It is supposed, however, to have been in the vicinity of Hartwell, a village nine miles south of Rotherham. After the fall of the castle the victors assembled under a huge oak to divide the spoils. There are several large oaks of Sherwood Forest still in existence, any one of which might have been in the mind of Sir Walter. Mr. Olcott found an excellent type which is called the Major oak and which was a monarch of the forest in Robin Hood's time.

...

Still with Sir Walter we can return to Touraine and the romantic Loire in the pages of *Quentin Durward*, to browse musingly among the ruins of the Castle of Plessis les Tours, where the action of the story begins, or those of the even more terrible Castle of Loches, where Louis XI perpetrated his deeds of secret cruelty. Or we can drift across the Irish Sea to the Isle of Man, where Scott laid so many of the scenes of *Peveril of the Peak*. There are to be found the remains of Peel Castle, and higher up on the rocks the round tower which Mr. Hall Caine introduced in *The Christian*, and Fenella's Tower of the Scott tale. Or back to Edinburgh,

where, in Parliament Square, a mark on the pavement indicates the site of the old Tolbooth associated with the story of *The Heart of Midlothian*. Or from Edinburgh, north into Fifeshire, where were laid the scenes of *Waverley*, and where, in the town of Perth, the house of the Fair Maid is pointed out to the least interested of travellers. Or over among the islands of the west Scottish coast, to follow the men and women of *The Lord of the Isles*. Or north to the Shetlands and the Orkneys, in the pursuit of *The Pirate*. In his introduction Mr. Olcott comments that it was surprising to find so many of these scenes exactly as Sir Walter had described them. The mountains and valleys, the rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, the wild ruggedness of the seaside cliffs, the quaint little old-fashioned villages, the ruined castles and abbeys, all brought back memories of the romances which he had so charmingly set amidst these scenes. It was like actually living the *Waverley* novels to see them.

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Following the trail we can come back to our own land to take up the Tourist's Edition of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, which has just been issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, with an introduction by A. C. Vrooman. The story of *Ramona*, Mr. Vrooman tells us, has become so well known on this continent that few who visit Southern California fail to take an interest in the scenes of the tale and the points and incidents that Mrs. Jackson pictured. Every incident had fact for its foundation, even down to the minutest details of the home of the Morenos. "Yet," writes Mr. Vrooman, "we frequently hear the old adobe house at Old Town, San Diego, called 'Ramona's Home,' while Guajome Rancho, about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission, is called the same; then the Camulos Rancho on the Southern Pacific line to Santa Barbara, sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles, is also pointed out, until the casual visitor reaches a state of utter bewilderment."

Helen Hunt Jackson appears in another book of the season, Clara Louise Kellogg's *Memoirs of an American Prima Donna*. The singer met her at the studio of the Richard Watson Gilders, in Fifteenth Street, New York, and remembers her well. She was then Mrs. Hunt, and had not yet married Mr. Jackson, nor written *Ramona*. Also at the Gilder studio Madame Strakosch first met Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It was about



A MAP SHOWING SCOTT'S ENGLAND

the time of the appearance of Mrs. Burnett's *Lass o' Lowrie's*. Another familiar face at the studio was that of George W. Cable. The author of *The Grandissimes* and Madam Strakosch used to sing Creole melodies before the big fireplace. She records that his voice was queer and light, without colour, but correct and well in tune. Other visitors were John Alexander and John LaFarge. Later, in '79-'80, she saw much of the Gilders in Paris, where they had a studio in the Latin quarter. Of Miss Jeanette Gilder she was particularly fond,

a liking in which many others shared. She remembers Ellen Terry saying once, "What a splendid woman Jeannette Gilder is!" While we were not at all ill pleased when Miss Gilder gave to the world the startling information of Mr. S. S. McClure's discovery of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson in the autumn of 1893, we want to go on record as endorsing very warmly Miss Terry's opinion.

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As was the case in her former volume, *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, Francis

Marion Crawford is an interesting figure in Crawford's Mrs. Hugh Fraser's Workshop forthcoming *Italian*

Yesterdays. For example, she tells the story of the purchase of that tower on the Calabrian coast which the novelist made into his workshop. It was a characteristic of the Crawfords that they never could see a really solitary spot without wanting it for their own. San Niccola is an Angevin castle, with walls twenty feet thick in places, perched on the rocks over an inhospitable little bay on the coast of Calabria, a bay too small and shallow to permit of sailing vessels being anchored inside its natural breakwater of tumbled stones. Marion often sailed thither, and, leaving the yacht outside, would scramble on shore and linger for hours, weaving new stories and calling up pictures of the days when the cry would ring along the coast that a Saracen sail was in sight, and the inhabitants, snatching up whatever they could carry, raced for the nearest tower of refuge. One August day the call of fortified solitudes became unusually strong. Leaving his wife and sister sitting on the rocks Marion started for a walk to the nearest town, followed by his faithful Luigi. It was evening before the truants reappeared.

Marion carried in his hand a huge iron key, while Luigi, directly behind him, was flinging his arms up in the air in gestures of despair. As they came close, the gestures became those of beseeching deprecation, and

she realised that he was trying to say, unbeknown to the "padrone," "It was not my fault, Signora mia, oh indeed, not my fault!" while Marion, a little in doubt as to his reception, stopped before her and held up the great rusty key, saying, "It's mine, *mine*, my dear, for the next thirty years!"

"What—this awful place? Oh, why did I let you go away without me?" she wailed. "What on earth are you going to do with it?—and what have you paid for it?"

He mentioned the sum—not a very large one, it is true—but Luigi, hovering near, pale and scared, whispered, with every appearance of sincere grief: "He could have had it for the hundredth part of that, Signora! Alas, for the good money! But it was not my fault—there was no holding the Signore, and those assassins at the Municipio took advantage of him!"

To tell the truth, it was not the money side of the matter which distressed my sister-in-law so much as the prospect of being required to come and pass weeks at a time in this grim dungeon, without a single convenience of life, twelve miles from a market town, and of course lashed to the battlements by every Mediterranean storm. It took her some days to reconcile herself to the new acquisition—poor girl—but Marion had not made a mistake, after all. The family was not invited to San Niccola till he had made several journeys thither himself, with carpenters and materials, and when they did come they found that the lonely keep had been transformed internally to a quite possible dwelling—though certainly an inconveniently isolated one. Generally, however, he went there alone, to rest from everything connected with modern life, and he found it a fine, quiet place for writing in, at any rate.

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We shall have occasion to discuss *Italian Yesterdays* at greater length in a later issue. But there is one illuminating paragraph which we cannot refrain from quoting here. It illustrates a kind of practical efficiency that puts our modern world to shame. Mrs. Fraser is writing of the Venetian "bravi" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The system ordinarily in favour among such

members of Venetian society as had a grudge against any of their neighbours was to send out for a "bravo"—they were always to be found at certain places and hours—and to bargain with him for a price that depended upon the extent of the hurt to be inflicted.

I have seen one of the daggers used by such professional "bravi" and very curious they were, being crucifixes, of which the upper part of the cross and the transverse formed the hilt and quillons of a murderous-looking knife, its long double-edged blade having three lines engraved across it. The purpose of these lines was to mark the exact depth of the wound, whether slight, or severe, or mortal; if it were only desired that the lowest of the lines—that nearest the point—should be the depth of the stab, then the price was a small one; if the second line, then a larger sum of money would be necessary; and for the third, the uppermost line, a proportionate amount was demanded.

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That Jennette Lee, the author (Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee), was a teacher and college professor of unusual personality and unique in her influence is shown by the enthusiasm with which several of her former pupils have answered enquiries about her. Her purpose as a teacher was more



THE HOUSE OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH

to develop the individuality of her pupils than to impart the knowledge she possessed. In the class-room, discussions took the place of the ordinary lectures—discussions that often became ardent and excited arguments and with which she seldom interfered except occasionally to direct and to offer suggestions. As one



THE RESTING PLACE OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON, THE AUTHOR OF "RAMONA"



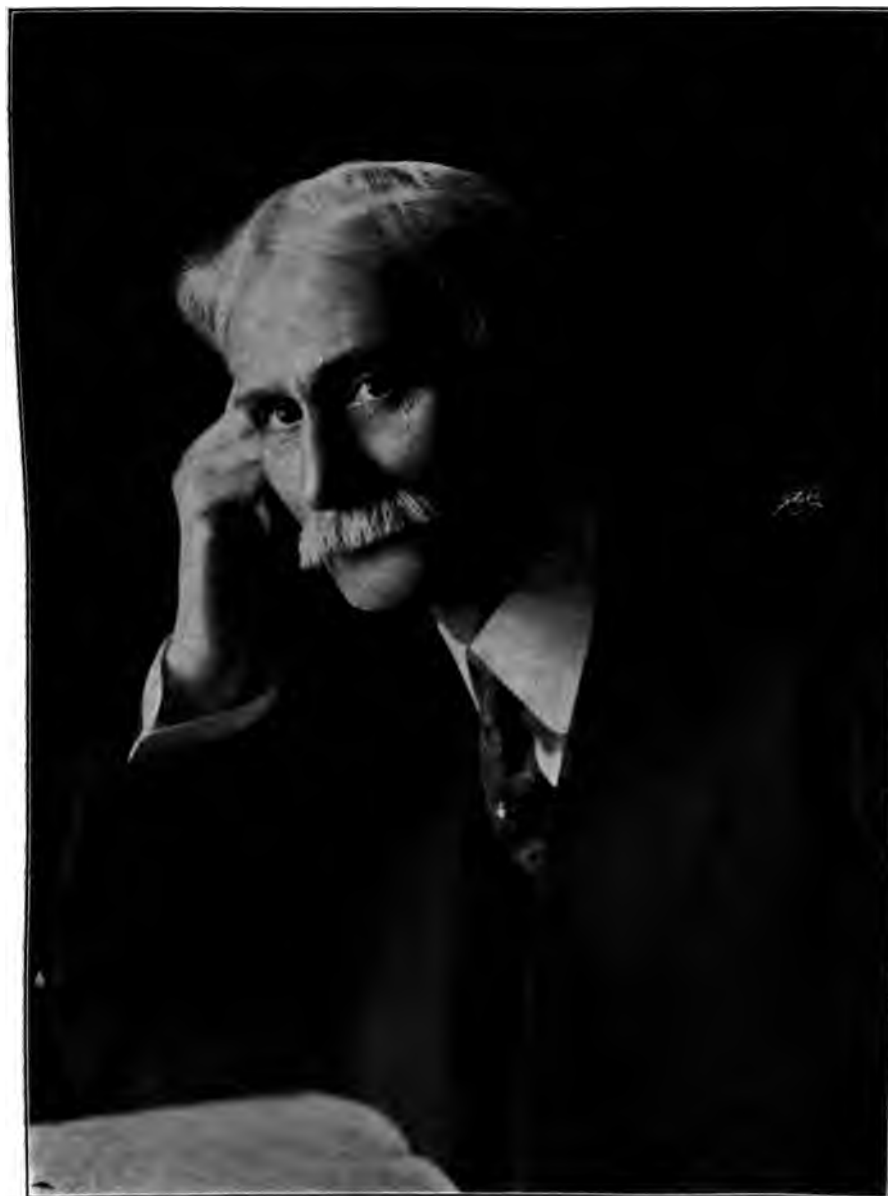
THE TOWER ON THE CALABRIAN COAST

of her former pupils writes: "Although Mrs. Lee's classes are on a subject which one would not suppose to be widely popular (criticism and creative art), they are always full to overflowing. Her value is not so much in what she teaches nor even in the attitude which she inculcates toward art, as in the fact that she herself brings out the student's feeling of self-respect and makes her feel that her own opinion of artistic matters is worth while in itself, even though it may not be that of the best critics. In other words, her training makes for genuine-

ness of feeling and expression more than does that of any professor with whom I have ever come in contact."

. . .

Mrs. Lee began her teaching career at fifteen in a little district school where she had twelve scholars and rang the bell herself! These early experiences, she says, seemed a kind of practical joke. "It was more like playing school than teaching," she writes, "and I seem to have kept something of that feeling with college juniors and seniors." Later



WILL N. HARBEN, WHO IN LAST MONTH'S BOOKMAN WROTE FOR GEORGIA IN THE FIRST PAPER OF THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES

Mrs. Lee taught English for three years at Vassar and then went out to Western Reserve University as the head of the Department of English in the College for Women. Believing as she does that the teacher can learn more from those they teach "because they are closer to

new life and can tell us of it—if we let them," this experience must have been invaluable to her in later work and especially in her writing—in the novels where her sympathy and understanding are best disclosed. It was not until 1901 that she returned East to take up her



JENNETTE LEE



HELEN R. MARTIN, WHO IN THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES, WRITES THIS MONTH OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

work at Smith College, where she has been continuously until very recently. Of her long and faithful work at Smith, Miss Fannie Stearns Davis, herself a well-known writer and a former pupil of Mrs. Lee's, writes:

We used to think, in my own college days, that Mrs. Lee did things by magic in the class-room. We realised that by some subtle force of personality she was drawing out of us all the eager response that we could give to the problems of Art and Life that she propounded so quietly; but we gave little thought to her harder share in it.

I remember days when some of us would grow so warm over Walter Pater's ideas—and our own—of Style, and Tolstoy's theory of Art, that class-room manners would be quite forgotten, and the discussion would leap from point to point while each eager young person leaned forward in her chair, ready to fight to the death her next neighbour, should she set up a dissenting argument.

In the heat of the battle, we would glance up at the desk, and catch an amused, sympathising secret little twinkle from the eyes above it. If we fought too far afield, a pithy word of humour or sarcasm would re-

call us to the real issue; a nod of encouragement for some timid soul, forced by sheer inward necessity to voice her opinion, would calm the more boisterous and confident of us.

But seldom, though we always looked up to the desk for it, and often flatly begged for it, would the solution of our problem be given us, till we had fought it out for ourselves, often for days and days. Then, from a few brief unadorned sentences, meekly received by us as the final oracle, we would learn what we had really been talking about: what the heart of the matter was. No cut-and-dried conclusions were forced upon us; we were to find our own way after our own fashion; but woe betide those of us who went out of the class-room condemned by that final oracle! For those who were approved by it would vaunt themselves in shameless self-righteous pride, and the dinner table and the hours after the lights went out would still be ringing with echoes of the fight.

I think that we hardly realised, in those young ardent days, what Mrs. Lee was doing. It seemed as if we did all the joyful work, and she, being of course omniscient and far beyond common intellectual struggle, simply had to umpire the contest.

But now, when we drift back to that class-room, and find Pater and Meredith and Tolstoy and Sainte-Beuve and Whitman and Ibsen and many another worthy, old or new to us, still struggled over in the good old way:—when we catch the excitement ourselves, and, "old Alumni" as we are, can hardly refrain ourselves from the combat, we look up at the desk with more comprehension, and realise that that hidden twinkle, those few sympathising or urgent words, that nod and smile of recognition or reproof, that brief illuminating summary, mean not only the magic of personality, but a deep background of serious thought and knowledge; resources beyond the little academic world; deliberate and sometimes daring challenge to see straight, and think straight, and pursue at all costs the face of truth, in Life as well as in the shadows of Life that the class-room must use for models.

And perhaps a final proof of this vital

quality in what her pupils take away, is that many and many a time, far away in Time and Space, they find themselves saying, "Why, that was what Mrs. Lee meant!" "Yes, for the first time I understand why she said that!" and they seem once more to catch the gleam and challenge of her eyes.

And almost the first question to some recent graduate will be a searching one, whose answer in the affirmative and with an understanding glance creates in an instant a freemasonry: "*Did you take Mrs. Lee?*"

...

The late Mr. Vaughan Kester's last book is a volume of short stories under the title *The Hand of the Mighty*. It contains a biographical sketch of the author written by his brother, Mr. Paul Kester. The sketch concludes with a line that every one who knew the author and his story will read with very genuine pleasure—a line to the effect that before he died Vaughan Kester had the satisfaction of knowing that his book (*The Prodigal Judge*) had achieved all the success he could possibly have hoped for it. The narrative of Mr. Paul Kester is all the more effective by reason of its straightforward simplicity. Directly, and without embellishment, he tells the story of his brother's life. Yet it is so easy to read between the lines to realise the bravery of the struggle.

...

During the past few months there have been published in the BOOKMAN two series of articles which have proved unusually successful. Letters about them, some in cordial endorsement, and others disagreeing with this point or that, have reached us from all parts of the country. One of these series is the "Little Pictures of O. Henry." In a formal sense that series is finished. But in the course of the next month or two we hope to present to our readers a supplementary paper, which will show the late



ROYAL CORTISSOZ, AUTHOR OF "ART AND COMMON SENSE"

Sidney Porter in another and wonderfully interesting light. Meanwhile we print an extract from a letter written by Robert H. Davis of the Munsey Company, in answer to a query as to how he found O. Henry.

The first time I saw this extraordinary man was in 1903. I had been deputed by *The New York Sunday World* to verify a rumour that he was in New York. After three days' research, I found him on the top floor of the Hotel Marty on West Twenty-fourth Street. He was seated in his shirt-sleeves by an open window eating Bartlett pears.

"Come in, Mister," he said, with a cordial wave of his hand, "and have a pear. What can I do for you?"

Without losing any time, I launched into the business. "*The New York World* wants you to do some work for its Sunday edition."

"How much do they want to pay for it?"

I named a price.

"All right, Mister. Take two pears—take the bag. When do we begin this work?"

"At once," I informed him.

"If that is the case," he concluded, fanning himself violently, "wait till I cool off and we will go down stairs and have something to eat."

Regardless of the fact that the weather was ninety in the shade that afternoon, we sat in the dining-room of the Marty and consumed a table-d'hôte dinner.

The next day O. Henry's career began in earnest.

I saw him frequently thereafter, watched every step in his progress, studied him in all his droll phases, saw him rise to the very height of his fame, and talked with him a few days before he passed into immortality.

In his books he will live through the ages.



O. HENRY MAKING A TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO PITTSBURGH, A CITY WHICH, FROM CERTAIN OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN A LETTER WHICH APPEARED IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER, HE REGARDED WITH SCANT ENTHUSIASM. "THE LOW-DOWNEST HOLE ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH" WERE HIS EXACT WORDS. FROM A DRAWING MADE BY HIMSELF

In the instalment for August of "Little Pictures of O. Henry" we printed a letter in which the late Sidney Porter expressed, emphatically if not politely, his opinion of Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh people. The accompanying illustration

shows his ideas on the subject in another light. It was drawn on one page of a letter written to Mr. Richard Duffy, whose narrative in last month's BOOK-MAN showed O. Henry in his last days in New York City.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S IMPRESSION OF COMPTON MACKENZIE

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's publishers announce the appearance of a new book from his pen with the title *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish*. As a matter of fact the story in question appeared as a two-part serial five years ago in the pages of *The Bookman*. It was a very good story, but

An Anal-
gous Case

*The Honourable
Mr. Tawnish*. As a



A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. A SKETCH OF JEFFERY FARNOL APPEARING IN A LOCAL PAPER OF HIS OWN TOWN OF LEE, NEAR LONDON

being only twenty thousand words in length, was then thought too slight for publication in book form. But at that time Mr. Farnol had not written *The Broad Highway* and *The Amateur Gentleman*. The case of *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish* recalls a similar case in connection with Booth Tarkington's *Cherry*. That whimsical tale of Princeton life in colonial days was accepted as

a two-part serial by *Harper's Magazine*. Years later, after the success of *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Gentleman from Indiana*, it was dug out of the magazine files and issued between covers.

• • •

In a letter from Mr. Brander Matthews: "You ought to have the portrait of the writer of the enclosed and his literary biography. He has struck the popular note. He has the personal touch."

DEAR MADAM:—It was my intention to write you immediately on my return from abroad, but I have been so busy with the new models daily arriving from Paris, that I had to postpone this letter. While you were off by the sea or up in the mountains, I was working with the couturiers of the French capital whose names have been famous for years. And from them I demanded that the models created for me be of premier character, representing the highest art of their designers. *

You are cordially invited to view the private display of these exclusive examples—each bubbling over with style that thrills—before they are placed on formal exposition in October.

Besides having first glimpse at the season's styles, by ordering now you have the opportunity to get either better furs than you expected for the price you intended to pay, or to get the same furs at lower prices. These are two advantages offered when you order early in the season. Early season prices apply also to alterations and remodelling.

Please bring this letter with you and present it to me so that I may personally show you styles best suited to you, individually. At least see the styles, if only for the fashion hints they hold.

Yours with respect,

• • •

It is doubtful whether many readers of Henry Murger's *l'ie de Bohême* have associated any of the four leading characters of that story, Schaunard, the "great musician," Rodolphe, the "great

author," Marcel, the "great painter," or Colline, the "great philosopher" with any real individual. The book, despite its undying charm, has been relegated to the past, and not only to the past of the old world, but to an idealised past which never had any real existence save in Murger's fancy. Yet Ralph Nevill, in his recently published *The Man of Pleasure*, speaks of a certain Jean Wallon as the original of Colline. He tells us that in later life Wallon became the most serious of men, being very much influenced by a devoted but austere wife, who died only a year or two ago. This lady hated the recollection of her husband's Bohemian days, which she sought to obliterate by all the means in her power. On one occasion she protested energetically against some comments upon the student days of her husband, whom she defended against the accusation of having been what she called one of the *tristes viveurs de la Bohème de '48*; and she could never think of the picture drawn by Murger without real pain.

We have had occasion at times to discuss the "Ad and the Novel," questioning whether this or that work of fiction exploiting ingeniously some salable commodity did not have its inspiration in the mind of an energetic promoter. Whether or not fiction has been thus tainted, there is no doubt that advertising has made free use of the music halls. For example, Mr. Nevill tells us of the singer who in London in the sixties, created a furor with "Champagne Charley." The song did much to increase the popularity of champagne. The idea had birth in the mind of a certain M. Hubinet, agent for a famous French wine house, who pushed his brand by means of various amusing and original methods. A play is even said to have been written with the intention of increasing the sale of a certain *cuvée*. Mr. Nevill's book is an exceedingly entertaining one for light reading. Yet without the slightest intention of disparagement we must say that it illustrates a certain form of literary thrift. By a careful selection of titles he has been able to use much the same material in half a dozen different books.

SEA SPRAY

BY SARA TEASDALE

You are the careless cliffs that shine,
I am the wild and driven sea,
The ardour of the waves is mine,
And their futility.

Endlessly up the cliffs they yearn,
Breaking in song against the shore,
Silver sparks in the sun that burn
And then go out forevermore.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

II—THE PENNSYLVANIA "DUTCH"

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," and so forth.

"DUTCH" is of course a misnomer, the Pennsylvania Germans having emigrated, during the Thirty Years War, from Germany, not from Holland. The term "Dutch" as applied to them is a corruption of the German *Deutsch*. "Whenever a man comes into the bank to sign his name," my banker told me one day, "and sticks out his tongue to chew it while he signs, you may know he's from Bucks County, 'behind Lebanon, by the brick school-house around,'" he added facetiously.

There really does seem to be a bovine dulness about the Pennsylvania Dutch equalled only (in my experience of the human family) by the rural inhabitants of some remote localities in England. It is their heavy, unceasing toil, the deadening sameness of their daily routine, the narrowness of their religious creeds, the absence among them of all lightness and frivolity, that makes them so dull. Until very recent years, insanity among the wives of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers was common, and it was attributed by physicians to the absolute lack of variety, of mental stimulus, in their lives. Even in the matter of their meals they seem to have no imagination, very often serving the same dishes at breakfast that they had had at supper the night before. In love-making they are not romantic; are almost never carried away by passion; but are ever calculating and practical, looking to a girl's capabilities as a housewife rather than to her charms.

Even the children in some of these farming districts of southeastern Pennsylvania do not seem to have enough imagination to play, but sit around stupidly, doing nothing at all. The religion of the various sects that abound here is ascetic, puritanic, severe, enforc-

ing a plain garb (in the case of the men, grotesque), denouncing all "pleasure-seeking," all ornamenting either of the home or the person, inculcating a "separation from the world," which in the case of the New Mennonites, goes to fanatical lengths; disparaging education as having a tendency to "make rogues," prohibiting musical instruments and every form of Art. The severity of the New Mennonite discipline has been known to drive men to suicide—such as the rule forbidding a member of Meeting who has been "set back" for a fault, to have any communication with any other member of Meeting until restored to the Meeting's favour. This has led to the strange situation of a man and wife, or a mother and daughter, living under the same roof, not speaking to each other for months; a strain put upon them by their religious faith that has often ended in madness and death.

The New Mennonites are forbidden to hear a preacher of any other sect; so that if a New Mennonite happens to be at a funeral where an Old Mennonite is to speak, he will leave the room until the address is finished—and then return. The Amish, the plainest of all these sects, though not so intolerant as the New Mennonites, build no meeting-houses, but gather at the home of one of the members for worship. Several of these sects forbid their members to vote, or even to serve as a member of a school-board. Even the maternal instinct seems to find no spontaneous expression of happiness. "That ain't fur us to do—to make a fuss with the baby," an Amish mother once told me as I tried in vain to make her solemn infant laugh. I have never seen a Pennsylvania Dutch mother show more than a very mild affection

for her children. If the real passion of motherhood does exist among them, I have never been able to recognise it.

Nor have I ever seen a mother among them willing to make sacrifices for the education of her children. Ian MacLaren's story, *A Lad o' Pairts*, could never be written of a Pennsylvania Dutch mother. They have some sterling virtues; they are industrious, honest, frugal, clean. But even their virtues are of a negative, rather than a heroic character. I have no reason in the world to be prejudiced against these people. I describe them just as they appear to me. I find it impossible to idealise them.

Richard Watson Gilder once told me that no one had ever written up a community without earning its enmity. No matter how much praise was given, it was not enough to satisfy the inhabitants. So of course my stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch have earned for me the bitterest resentment—not of the people of whom I write, for they do not read what I write; they do not read anything; but I have earned the resentment of those who have had sufficient brains and forcefulness to have worked themselves free of the stultifying conditions of their farm life into a broader, fuller existence; and some of these people, full of a loving sentiment for the home of their youth, for the quaint customs of their forebears, and even for the religion which they have discarded, are wounded by my perfectly accurate pictures; the more accurate they are, the more they hurt.

It seems to me that one who, like myself, looks on at them from the outside (for though I have lived in Pennsylvania all my life, I have no drop of Pennsylvania Dutch blood in me) can more clearly and truly see them than can those who are of them and who, as soon as they have escaped from their native environment, begin to idealise it—as Sentimental Tommy's mother idealised Thrums. I am constantly receiving letters from western people whose ancestors lived in southeastern Pennsylvania—telling me how true my characters are.

"So true," a former Millersville Normal School graduate wrote to me, "as to be uncanny!"—and Mr. Gilder, though he did not know the Pennsylvania Germans except through my novels and stories, once said to me, "Your people do not converse on paper—they talk!" This is simply because I have never written a line of the Pennsylvania Dutch that I have not virtually taken from life. Of course I have been obliged to select, for the purposes of fiction, their worst, rather than their best, side—the best being too unheroic, too tame, to be at all interesting.

A word as to their honesty, of which their proud descendants are always boasting, and perhaps justly so. Yet we do have graft in Pennsylvania. Lancaster, Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem, have not always had ideally honest city government. Business men say it is easier to drive a bargain with a Jew than with a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Even the strict New Mennonite is not above getting around the letter of the law occasionally—as, for instance, when he brings his tobacco to town to be weighed, he would not be guilty himself of wetting it to make it heavier, but he will sometimes get his wife or hired man to wet it, so that if the purchaser ask, "Did you wet this tobacco?" he may truthfully say that he did not—and this proceeding will entirely satisfy his conscience. Their religion forbids their going to law for any redress of wrong—but they frequently have a relative or friend bring suit for them. This kind of a New Mennonite, however, is the exception, not the rule.

Their contentment in the monotony of their lives, their lack of all craving for diversion or excitement, has always seemed to me stupid rather than commendable. They are by nature conservative, unprogressive, stolid. Their idea of a woman's place in the economy of the universe is little better than a Chinaman's. They have no conception of her apart from her function of breeding and of making men comfortable in their homes, so, of course, any idea of chiv-

alry would be inconceivable. The wife of a Presbyterian minister lately moving to a Pennsylvania village told me how the women of the place pitied her husband because in the absence of a maid *he* brought in the water from the pump. They thought him pitiably henpecked. Any market day you may see women unloading heavy crates or baskets of vegetables, fruit and so forth from their market wagons and carrying them to the stalls where their husbands *stand and wait to receive them*. And yet—even the Pennsylvania Dutchman is beginning, in these days of Suffragists, to have a glimmering of another idea.

Indeed, the stirring changes of our times have had their radical effect upon these people. The Pennsylvania Dutch as they are depicted in *Tillie*, *The Crossways*, and so forth, are passing. Even the New Mennonites and the Amish, the most hidebound of all the many little sects, are being roused out of their rut by their now closer contact with city life, through the trolley car, the telephone, the automobile. The Amish who in my childhood thought it worldly vanity to have lamps on their carriages (God only knows why) and who crucified their pride by smearing muddy water over a new and highly polished vehicle, may now be seen coming to town in automobiles—though the men of the sect still adhere to hooks and eyes on their coats instead of worldly, proud and un-Christian buttons and button-holes. Only among the very old are automobiles now denounced. "No such an automobile fur me!" an old farmer said to me. "I got to be seventy-five years old and I worked hard and made money a little in my time, but I never was in *such* a hurry!" Indeed, an Amishman in an automobile seems as incongruous to me as would be a nun dancing the Turkey Trot. In those localities reached, even in this day, only by stage coaches, the customs, language, and family life of the earlier days still persist.

The greatest modern change among these people is the relaxing of the strict

paternal government that used to be universal, and the greater independence of the wives and daughters. This is due of course to the same cause which everywhere is "emancipating" women—her economic independence of men. When the Pennsylvania Dutch farmer's daughter realises how much better off she can be working for herself in town than slaving on the farm for nothing, until she marries to slave then for her husband, naturally, unless she is very stupid, she leaves home. Divorce, once unheard of in these communities, is now occasionally resorted to, though still regarded with horror; for, as among all primitive civilisations, or half-educated people, a regard for respectability is the essential religion of their lives. It is only the highly developed soul that is not enslaved by that powerful factor in human life.

I remember the suspicion with which farmers and their wives would invariably regard me when—applying to them for a few days' board—I would confess to being a married woman; not even a widow. Why, then, was I going about *without my husband*? This unprecedented circumstance made it much harder for me to obtain board with them than if I had been "an old maid." "Where's her husband *anyhow*?" the farmer and his wife would speculate with dark doubts upon my strange carrying-on, "Her out here alone fur *three days* yet and him not showin' his face! It's somepin awful funny!" Then the wife would—feeling her way to solving the mystery of my case—tell me how in twenty-five years of married life she had never yet spent a night away from her spouse.

One morning as I was sitting on the kitchen porch of a farmhouse writing to my husband, the farmer's wife bent over my shoulder to read what I was writing. "Now that there writing," she remarked, "I can't read so very good." I quickly laid the blotter over the page. "I am writing to my husband," I said hastily, "to let him know where I am." She stared at me. "He don't know where

you're at?" she gasped. "I'm writing to let him know." "Well, I guess anyhow then!"—which being interpreted, meant, "I should think it was about time!" "You're all the time writin' down?" she curiously asked me one day. "Taking notes," I explained. "What fur 'notes' is them?" "Well, you see, I write for magazines and I am taking notes of the scenery, the rural life and so forth." "So?" She pondered it for a moment, then went to a sideboard drawer, brought forth a copy of the *Farmers' Journal* and presented it to me for inspection. "This *here's* such a magazine. Is it this here you write in?" "I don't know enough about farming to write for that," I explained—and she agreed with me that I probably did not. But this was the only magazine she had ever heard of.

Almost the only sign I ever had from the districts of which I write that any knowledge of my stories had reached them, was this communication that came to me after the publication of *The Crossways*—

"EMAUS, PA.,

"MRS. MARTIN:

"I have seen your Advertisement in a paper about a Pennsylvania German book entitled *The Crossways*. We would like to have your particulars at once.

"And Oblige,

"Snyder and Christman."

I referred "Snyder and Christman" to my publishers for my "particulars."

But while modern conditions are forcing these people into a slightly new world and so losing to some future novelist a rich field of curious and droll human characteristics, yet enough remains of this field to yield the few writers of the present generation who are working it, ample harvest for a good while to come. There is, for instance, the germ of a good novel in the conflict necessarily resulting sometimes from the operation of "the garb law." *The Philadelphia Press* published some time ago this paragraph:

"Waynesboro, Pa.—Unwilling to violate the State anti-garb law, Miss Lydia Miller resigned as teacher of Harrison School in Washington township, and her resignation has been accepted.

"Miss Miller is a member of the Mennonite Church, which requires of its female members the wearing of a modest gown and bonnet. The board reluctantly accepted the resignation, regarding Miss Miller as one of the most efficient teachers in its service.

"Henry B. Hess, secretary of the board, declares the anti-garb law unconstitutional."

I could not in a lifetime record all the tragic and pathetic stories I have known to grow out of the Mennonite rule "requiring of its female members the wearing of a modest gown and bonnet."

HELOISE TO ABELARD

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE wild rose that you pressed between
The vellum of my Book of Hours
Hath left a stain of rust and green
To mark the joy that once was ours.

Not so the flowers unplucked, whose scent
Sufficed us as we wandered on;
The sweetness of them is not spent,
Nor is their stain, though they be gone.

LITERARY ZURICH

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

SET in a landscape with a lake in the fore- and the mountains in the background, two cities of the Helvetian republic resemble each other curiously in topography and tradition. Geneva basks in the halo of Calvin and Rousseau, who set their seal upon the spiritual conscience of many generations, the one as the preacher of a severe religious, the other of a romantic reading of life. Zurich cherishes the memory of Ulrich Zwingli, who from the house in the Kirchgasse, where he had sowed the seeds of the Reformation, went out to fight and die for his faith in the battle of Kappel, and that of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, whose pedagogical ideal curiously agrees with the educational efforts of our awakened social conscience. On a sunny summer day, when the Bahnhofstrasse is alive with a perpetual stream of tourists, idly gazing about and little concerned with anything outside of their momentary material comfort, it is difficult to imagine that city the scene of violent struggles of the soul and poignant conflicts of the mind. Yet with all its air of comfortably serene conservatism Zurich has known such struggles, both individual and communal, and has been as much a hotbed of revolution as her sister of the more Latin physiognomy.

For the spirit of protest and protestantism was not confined to the religious and ethical elements of life, but reached out into the world of art and letters and revised the standards of the people's taste. The shades of Ulrich von Hutten, the German humanist who died as a fugitive on the island of Ufnau in 1523, haunt the place from time to time and stir the atmosphere to intellectual ferment. At two distinct periods of its history has Zurich witnessed the strife of æsthetic creeds and the decline of old and rise of new ideals. One hundred

and fifty years ago two valiant critical minds uttered a forcible protest against servile imitation of French models by German writers and directed the attention of the young generation to English masters, foremost among them Milton. The *Diskurse der Maler*, by Johann Jakob Bodmer and Johann Heinrich Breitinger, have a permanent place in the history of German literature, having freed it from the stilted artificiality of the Gottsched school, which had its seat at Leipsic. The Bodmer ideal of life and art, however, was not without a touch of pedantry. It was preached and practised by a circle of serious adepts in societies that barred from their reunions the facile play of intellect which flourished elsewhere in the form of French *esprit*. Their moral earnestness weighed down the wings of their wit. Women were not called to take part in their interests and pursuits. Thus the Bodmer influence, however profoundly it affected the literary production of the period, was hardly felt outside of the profession.

But the intellectual life of Zurich at that time was not confined to the Bodmer circle. Samuel Gessner, a worthy councilman who died in 1788, was the author of a once much-admired volume of idyls in a pseudo-classical style, and Martin Usteri, a popular writer of dialect verse, has become widely known wherever German is spoken by the popular song "Freut euch des Lebens." A religious and intellectual leader was Johann Caspar Lavater, the pastor of St. Peter's, who had a great following among the men and women of his country and of Germany. His religious and patriotic poetry, his semi-philosophical prose, and especially his physiognomic studies, won for him the esteem of Herder and Goethe, and the time being one of letter-writing, he figures largely in



ZURICH FROM THE UNIVERSITY

the correspondence of the German classics. In the pulpit a most persuasive orator, in intimate intercourse a charming talker, he gathered about him quite informally men and women of different social standing for the purpose of intellectual exchange and mutual improvement. Though of erratic character, he had an attractive personality, and his wide human interest, his ardent idealism and his broad scholarship made these reunions most profitable to those that attended them. Lavater thus became not only a spiritual teacher for many not immediately connected with his church, but a literary mentor and guide through the labyrinth of the book-world and an interesting interpreter of the rising classicism of Germany. He read to his guests extracts from the new books and the letters that passed between him and their authors, and whenever one of them came to Zurich, he did not fail to make the most of the occasion, both for himself, ever hungry for inspiration and ready to admire, as for his friends. Nor

was his range of interests confined to religion and literature. Art and music were cultivated and discussed with equal eagerness, and many a foreign artist owed the warm welcome which Zurich extended to the advance notices that had come from the "Waldries" or the "Reblaub," as Lavater called the two houses successively inhabited by him.

That inner circle of his friends was composed of several young theologians, Häfeli, Stolz, his amanuensis Passavant, who was from Frankfort, Georg Christian Tobler, a theologian and classical scholar of considerable reputation, Anna Barbara von Muralt, who published an intimate record of the life and character of Lavater, and Frau Barbara Schulthess, his most faithful patroness and wisest counsellor. Lavater's letters to his friends fairly overflow with praise of that exceptional woman. He wrote about her to Goethe, until the latter himself entered into correspondence with her, and in a letter to Herder he says in his wonted extravagance: "Frau

Schulthess, née Wolf, is a woman you should know. She has nothing about her of that confounded Zurich pedantry, is taciturn, but always active, is misunderstood by people that do not sufficiently know her, but soars in aquiline height above all cavilling. She is a daughter of the gentlest solicitude, a wife and companion, a mother and playmate, a friend without parallel, a heart without equal, a mind that embraces and penetrates and speaks all powerfully through silent eyes, and a soul that lives in me and my wife and is the dearest friend of my dearest friend. Amen." With due allowance for Lavater's high-strung emotionalism and sentimental gush, Frau Schulthess must have been a woman of extraordinary character to have been able for so many years to be the friend and adviser of a man of his eccentric temperament. There was continual visiting back and forth between the Lavater and the Schulthess families. Living in comfortable circumstances as the widow of a well-



FRAU BARBARA SCHULTHESS, THE PATRONESS OF INTELLECTUAL ZURICH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO, TO WHOM GOETHE SENT COPIES OF ALL HIS WORKS. AFTER A PAINTING BY TISCHBEIN



GRAVE OF ULRICH VON HUTTEN IN UFNAU

to-do cotton manufacturer, she was a well-read and liberal patron of art and letters, and at her residence in the Schönenhof entertained the intellectuals of her time. Among them were besides the friends of Lavater, Johann Georg Zimmermann, physician, philosopher and author of a once much-quoted book on solitude; Johann Martin Miller, a writer of sentimental fiction; Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg, the poet-friend of Klopstock; Philipp Christoph Kayser, a highly gifted musician; Johann Georg Schlosser and his wife, who was the sister of Goethe; the Marquise Branconi, the Baroness Palm, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the Duke of Weimar, and Goethe himself.

II

Goethe's correspondence with Frau Bäbe, as she was familiarly called, began in 1775, and a year later, during his first journey to Switzerland, he met her at the home of Lavater. From that time he sent her copies of everything he wrote

during the twenty or more years of their friendship. Thus she became the owner of not a few original manuscripts, some of which were discovered in the possession of her descendants only a few years ago. Among them was the *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*, which he had written during his second Swiss trip at Lauterbrunnen, and parts of *Wilhelm Meister*, which were unknown in their first version. Modest and unassuming and of rare discretion, Frau Schulthess did not pretend to be a critic, yet the letters in which she acknowledged the receipt of Goethe's manuscripts contain passages that show admirable judgment and understanding. The Goethe-Jahrbuch published nineteen of these letters, and seventy more to other friends and to her children have come to light and reflect her rich personality, in which simple womanly domesticity was curiously blended with intellectual interests and artistic talents. Her descendants cherish the literary tradition that clings to her name, for the memoir of her life,

which was published recently by Gustav von Rechberg-Schulthess bears the imprint of a publishing house of her name, which is doing much in the way of bringing out the writers of Switzerland.

With Lavater, who died in 1801, and Frau Bäbe, who followed seventeen years later, Zurich lost two forces that centralised the intellectual life of the period, and neither the parsonage of St. Peter's nor the Schönenhof had immediate successors. The leisurely rhythm of eighteenth century life was disturbed by the political unrest of the times, and the first half of the new century passed singularly devoid of any striking individualities in the world of art and letters. Most of the writers of Zurich in that period were teachers, and only late in life devoted their energies to literary production. The one poet of the time whose artistic temperament made him insist upon the independence of the free lance, and who suffered keenly for it, was Heinrich Leuthold. He was the son of a farm labourer in a village near Zu-



LAUTERBRUNNEN, WHERE GOETHE WROTE HIS "GESANG DER GEISTER ÜBER DEN WASSERN"

rich, had struggled hard to obtain opportunities of education, and was admitted to college courses in Basle, Berne and Zurich. But philosophy and literature attracted him far more, and he neglected the lecturers on Roman and other law in order to hear men like Ludwig Seeger, Wilhelm Wackernagel and Jacob Burckhardt. Without taking a degree, he obeyed an impulse of Wanderlust and travelled about France and Italy, studying their language and lit-

living, and brooding over an unhappy affair of the heart clouded his mind. When he returned to Zurich, he had to be placed in the insane asylum at Burg-hölzli.

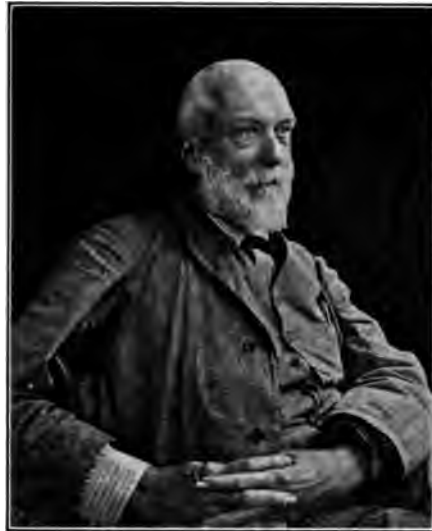
The sane and practical nature of the Swiss does not often produce characters of such an abnormal type and morbid disposition. Yet there is another even more pathetic figure vividly remembered as the subject of much comment some twenty years ago: Karl Stauffer-Bern, the painter, sculptor, etcher and poet, whose canvases can be found in Swiss and German art galleries and whose life, letters and poems were edited and published after his death by no less a critic than Otto Brahm. Stauffer's temperament, like that of Leuthold, was not made for happiness and lacked poise. When he became possessed of the unfortunate passion for the wife of his friend, Escher of Zurich, the beautiful and fascinating Lydia Welte-Escher, he lost his reason.

With the exception of Pestalozzi, whose pedagogical novel, *Liemhardt und Gertrud*, largely determined the development of the science of education in Germany, and of Bodmer and Lavater, Swiss writers remained outsiders in German literature until the advent of two men, both sons of Zurich, who set the stamp of their individuality upon fiction and poetry and were acknowledged masters of the novel and of the ballad: Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. It is said of Keller, who was the son of a wood-worker and started out in life as a poor art student, that the poetical impulse was quite suddenly awakened in him one day after his return from two years of study in Munich. He stopped in his work at the easel to write some verse. Ludwig Adolf Follen, who was then in Zurich, published his first efforts in an anthology, and this distinction, modest as it was, called the attention of the municipal counsellors to the rising poet. They gave him a travelling scholarship, which took him to the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. But on his return the native practical sense



HOUSE WHERE GOTTFRIED KELLER LIVED

erature. Then he went to Munich, where he was taken up by the literary circle presided over by Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel, and became an active member of the national-liberal party. But he was too deeply bitten with the romantic pessimism of the period to accept life as it was and seemed ever to be the prey of the two powers which according to Schiller rule the world: hunger and love. In spite of undeniable ability he was incapable of earning his



DR. AUGUST FOREL. TO HIS INFLUENCE CARL AND GERHART HAUPTMANN OWE THEIR REMARKABLE UNDERSTANDING OF SUFFERING HUMANITY. HIS WRITINGS AGAINST ALCOHOLISM PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED THE YOUNGER GENERATION

prompted Keller to seek an office which would insure him a regular income, and though he chafed under the restrictions which his position imposed upon him, he retained it until fourteen years before his death. Modest is the house on the Neumarkt where Gottfried Keller was born and the one on the Rindermarkt, where he spent his youth. But the "Burgli," where he lived after he had acquired fame, situated upon an elevation commanding a superb view and guarded by sentinel poplars which suggest the trees of Böcklin, has something unusually suggestive. Local gossip says that he frequently had difficulty in climbing the hill at night, when he returned from a prolonged session with his friend, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, over some bottles of wine. But the place was certainly an appropriate setting for the author who with such marvellous objectivity projected the comedies and the tragedies of the people into the pages of his *Grüne Heinrich*—Green Henry—*Die Leute von Seldwyla*—The People of Seldwyla—and others. There he

lived in bachelor solitude with his loyal sister, who many a night went out to meet him and helped him up the stairs.

Unique symposia they were, these meetings with Meyer, Böcklin and others. Only one of the men that made up that little circle of intellectual comrades remains in Zurich, Professor Adolf Frey. He is the son of Jacob Frey, a man who sprung from the people but had become a prominent figure among the writers of the previous generation. Adolf Frey set out as a teacher, and after some editorial activity in Germany was called to fill the chair of German literature at the University of Zurich. He has to his credit a respectable number of works of fiction, drama and verse, but his most valuable achievements are historical and critical. He has done Swiss literature inestimable service in his collections of Swiss lore and has kept green the memory of the older writers, Albrecht von Haller, J.



ADOLF FREY. HE HAS TO HIS CREDIT A RESPECTABLE NUMBER OF FICTION, DRAMA, AND VERSE, BUT HIS MOST VALUABLE ACHIEVEMENTS ARE HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL. HE HAS DONE SWISS LITERATURE INESTIMABLE SERVICE IN HIS COLLECTION OF SWISS LORE

G. von Salis-Seewis and his own father in memoirs which faithfully reproduce the spirit of their time. He has published books on his friends, Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, in which he has not only been a critical interpreter of the work of both, but has brought them nearer to their readers by reminiscences that bring out their human qualities. He has also a rich store of Böcklin anecdotes, and is altogether an able and sympathetic commentator of the life and the character of his great contemporaries.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer came of quite a different stock than either Keller or Frey. His father was a high government official; like Keller, he lost him early, but the mother was a woman of rare intellectual culture and was ably assisted in the care for the youth's development by the father's friend, the historian Vuillemin of Lausanne. The choice of a profession was not an easy matter; the youth considered for a time the study of law under Bluntschli, but



ERNST ZAHN, THE MOST FAMOUS SON OF ZURICH
AT THE PRESENT TIME



JAKOB CHRISTOPH HEER. HEER IS PERHAPS THE
MOST TYPICALLY SWISS OF THE REPRESENTA-
TIVES OF LITERARY ZURICH

his artistic temperament was stronger than his practical Swiss sense, and he devoted himself to the study of languages and literature. Like Keller, he had a sister who stood loyally by him in the serious conflicts of his strange soul. Disappointed in his hope of being called to the University of Zurich as a professor of French literature, and grieving over the death of his mother, he spent some years of travel in France and Italy. On his return he settled with his sister in the old home of the family in the Stadelhoferstrasse. Neither of them had a strong social instinct and their self-imposed isolation may not have passed without comment among their sociable fellow-citizens. It seems as if the atmosphere of Zurich was not congenial to them at that period, for when they lived in Küsnacht and in Meilen, on the lake, they were in close intercourse with François and Eliza Wille, whose home at Marienfeld was as much a rendezvous of intellectuals as the Schönenhof had been in its time.

Eliza Wille was the daughter of an English father and a German mother. She was the wife of François Wille, a brilliant journalist who had been prominent in the political unrest of North Germany during the third and fourth decade, and was a most interesting and



EMIL ERMATINGER, A PEDAGOGUE POET, WHOSE CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDIES OBSCURE HIS WORK IN FICTION AND POETRY

amiable hostess at the gatherings that took place in her hospitable home. There one could meet all the German writers, musicians and artists that passed through Zurich or lived there any length of time: the architect Semper, the philosopher Moleschott, the poets Herwegh and Kinkel, the historian Mommsen, the Countess Plater, Gottfried Keller, Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner. The latter enjoyed the hospitality of the Willes for months at the time in that unfortunate period of poverty through which he passed between 1851 and 1864. The Willes must have been exceptionally congenial to Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, who is said to have been their most frequent guest before he married and settled in the house on the Kilchberg. It is not generally known, though of timely interest in this period of feminism, that he attached the name of his wife to his own, and after his marriage signed himself Meyer-Ziegler, like Professor Arnold Dodel of Zurich, who on marrying Dr. Katharina Port, called

himself Dodel-Port. The widow of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer still lives in the house in Kilchberg where he died and near which he is buried. It has become the goal of many a literary pilgrimage, being sought even by the average tourist whose acquaintance with the works of the poet does not extend beyond the lines on the popular souvenir postal card with the little church of Kilchberg.

Since the publication of the letters of Richard Wagner and Matilde Wesendonck the stream of tourists for whom Zurich is a convenient stopping-place on their way to Lucerne and the Rigi, is frequently seen wandering down the Alpenquai, past the imposing edifice devoted to music, the Tonhalle, and asking the way to the Villa Wesendonck, now Villa Rietberg. The view of the lake and the shores beyond and all the lines of the landscape are peaceful and harmonious, and the building itself has an air of restful aloofness from everyday life. When Otto Wesendonck settled here with his wife, who was a



JAKOB SCHAFFNER, A YOUNG NOVELIST WHO IS FREQUENTLY POINTED OUT AS THE POSSIBLE HEIR OF KELLER'S GENIUS



GÖSCHENEN, WHERE ERNST ZAHN OWNS A HOTEL AND RECEIVES MANY OF HIS ADMIRERS



CONRAD FERDINAND MEYER'S HOME AT KILCHBERG, WHICH HAS BECOME THE GOAL OF MANY A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE

writer of ability, he acquired a small house in the neighbourhood for Wagner. It was an ideal spot for creative work, and under the influence of the beautiful surroundings and the inspiration of the rare friendship that had come to him, Wagner wrote *Tristan and Isolde*. But the close neighbourhood of the great-souled friend and the small-minded wife were a continual source of friction, and the jealousy of Frau Minna made of the *sinfonia domestica* of the Wagner household a tragedy for all concerned. Before long Wagner was homeless again. Nor did the Wesendoncks remain long in Zurich, and the house which has become inseparably associated with memories of the great composer came into other hands.

III

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century Zurich was much frequented by the young men and women who had eagerly grasped the gospel of Nietzsche and attempted a "revaluation" of all values. Some were taking courses at the university, where men like Dr. August Forel opened to them vistas into unknown regions of the human soul, or suggested a new reading of life. To the influence of Forel Gerhart and Carl Hauptmann owe their remarkable understanding of and sympathy for suffering and diseased humanity. His writings against alcoholism had stirred up thought on the subject and profoundly impressed the young generation. Carl Hauptmann was then studying philosophy and inclined toward metaphysics, but Gerhart plunged into the study of psychology and the pathological manifestations of soul-life. He could hardly have written his toper tragedy *Before Sunrise* and created the character of the bibulous "Colleague Cramp-ton" without the new light which Forel threw upon the subject. Karl Henckell was also at the university and preached and practised in his lyrics that close welding of life and art which gave us the poetry and the fiction of the slums.

Robert Seidel, then a student of economics, now an instructor at the Real-schule and lecturer at the university, was writing social lyrics. Matthieu Schwann, a somewhat erratic character, but of extraordinary versatility, who had studied pharmacy, music, philosophy and letters, was directing his attention toward history. John Henry Mackay, the Scotchman, who had come to Germany at the age of two and was thoroughly naturalised, was one of the radical thinkers of the group. Wilhelm Bölsche lived there for a time. Ricarda Huch had come from her home in Brunswick to obtain her doctor of philosophy, and when suddenly thrown upon her own resources, became librarian of the city library. Otto Hinrichsen, now known as a playwright under the pseudonym Otto Hinnerk, was studying literature and philosophy, but later chose medicine and specialised in psychiatry. He has made a name for himself in his profession, has filled responsible positions and is now connected with the insane asylum in Friedmatt near Basle. He has an impressive and sympathetic personality and there was an air of wholesome strength and sincerity about him as he stepped forward to greet the writer. He seems rather wrapped up in his work and spoke with a touch of caustic satire of his plays, admitting that they are a poor investment, while his scientific writings not only offer better compensation, but at least find readers. Yet his *Närrische Welt*—Foolish World, *Ehrwürden Trimborius*—Reverend Trimborius—and *Ehram und Genossen*—Ehram and his Partners—are plays of such strong individuality that their reading impresses almost as a performance would, and makes one wish that Otto Hinnerk, the dramatist, would become as conspicuous on the German stage as Dr. Otto Hinrichsen is in his profession.

Zurich had at that time a publisher, Schabelitz, who was a real patron saint to the newcomers inspired with the mission of revolutionising life and letters. Many writers whose works were not acceptable to the conventional standards of

conservative German publishers were brought out by him. Karl Henckell himself was member of a firm which for a time did a lively business in works by the younger generation. He stood sponsor for Gertrud Pfander, the most gifted poetess of Switzerland, who died at the age of twenty-four, two years after the publication of her volume of poems, *Passifloren*. Henckell also compiled a unique "loose-leaf" anthology, *Sonnenblumen*, which contained some excellent translations from Shelley, Poe and Whitman and very fairly represented the world's best poetry. So Zurich once more was the scene of a serious struggle of æsthetical standards just as it had been one hundred and fifty years before. Even now it is the residence of a man who was closely identified with the aims and aspirations of the young generation, Karl Bleibtreu, the author of the *Revolution der Literatur*, which threw a fire-brand into the writing world of Germany in the early eighties.

It is singular how many Swiss writers of the present set out as pedagogues before they embraced literature. Beginning with Otto Sutermeister, who belongs to the generation of Leuthold, there are few who have not been teachers. Dr. Adolf Vögtlin, the author of some very enjoyable "Novellen" and a commendable translator of Maupassant, taught at the Gymnasium of Zurich before he became editor of the popular magazine *Am häuslichen Herd*. Christian Tarnuzzer, who attracted attention by his poems published now twenty years ago, has been teaching at Chur and writing books of travel and science. Karl Spitteler, originally a theologian, then a tutor, was for a time literary editor of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, but left it some years ago and settled at Lucerne to devote himself exclusively to creative work. Fritz Marti, who now holds that position on the paper, was also a teacher before he became a novelist and editorial writer. Emil Ermatinger is an interesting figure among those pedagogue-poets. He is a very popular instructor at the Gymnasium, the indus-

trial and the girls' school of Winterthur and also lectures at the Polytechnikum of Zurich. It is to be regretted that his classical and historical studies obscure his creative work in fiction and poetry. Some time ago he wrote the story of a college student, *Der Weg ins Leben*, which treats with unusual understanding the spiritual conflicts and other problems of adolescence. The quality of the book explains his popularity in the class-room. To know their sons and daughters under such wise guidance must be comforting to the parents, and not a few students at the institutions with which he is connected are attracted by the personality of Emil Ermatinger.

It is natural that a writer so close to his native soil and to the people from which he himself has sprung as Jakob Christoph Heer should prefer to live at some distance from the city which at certain seasons differs little from other places frequented by swarms of cosmopolitan tourists. Heer, too, spent his younger years at the teacher's desk, beginning with a modest Alpine village school, and in the school-room and in intercourse with the parents of his pupils he probably received the impressions which are the foundations of his stories, reflecting the rough and hard life of robust country types, from the point of view of one who has seen it at close range and perhaps has himself had a taste of it. A book about a vacation spent along the Adriatic and another about his balloon ascensions with the then famous aeronaut, Spelterini, brought him to the notice of editors and publishers and induced him to turn to literature as a profession. He became a popular contributor to the magazines and literary editor of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. Then he lived for a time in Southern Germany as editor of the *Gartenlaube*, which no amount of editorial ability seems able to restore to its original excellent standard. When it was transferred to Berlin, Heer resigned and has since devoted himself solely to his creative production.

The novels *An heiligen Wassern*—At

Sacred Waters, *Joggeli* and others struck a note that appeals to the general reader as much as to his countrymen. They are far better known than his delightful books of travel or his poems. Heer lives in Rüslikon, one of the charming little towns on the lake, and the writer had no trouble on leaving the boat to find her way. Everybody knew who lived in the attractive house surrounded by the well-kept garden, on the road to Kilchberg of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer tradition. The creator of *Joggeli* is of sturdy Swiss type, simple and natural manner and impresses one as a man of purpose not likely to be deflected from his course by the intellectual fads of his time. A man of action, too, and a great wanderer who does not long remain shut up in his study, but feels at frequent intervals the need of a more rarefied air and of new surroundings. He is perhaps the most typically Swiss of the representatives of literary Zurich, whose reputation extends beyond the boundaries of the little republic. For Alfred Hugenberg and Meinrad Lienert, both lyric poets and novelists, though more indigenous to the soil than Heer, seem to appeal only to their own people and are little known in Germany.

The most famous son of Zurich at the present time is Ernst Zahn. He does not, however, reside in his native town, for he is the son of a hotel-proprietor and inherited from him the famous "Bahnhof-Restaurant"—railroad restaurant—at Göschenen on the Gotthard route. He has had a college education, has received the degree of Dr. phil. honoris causa from the University of Zurich, has a great reputation as a writer of fiction in Switzerland and Germany, yet he can at times be seen at his post in the flourishing establishment, which not a few of his readers patronise. An interesting character, in whom the practical Swiss common sense is curiously allied to a rare feeling for the poetic values of life and nature. His novels, *Die Clari-Marie*, *Die Frauen von Tannò*—and others have won for him a promi-

nent place among German novelists of the present. His verse, too, is highly appreciated, though more so in his country than in Germany. He is always called upon for a poetical contribution, when his name promises to be a drawing-card. At this year's "Blumentag" in Zurich the attractive souvenir programme containing a poem from his pen was as eagerly bought as the postal cards with the reproduction of the della Robbia infants from the foundling asylum of Florence. For he pleaded warmly the cause of the child that needs the care and the help of the community, and the day being devoted to a general collection for the benefit of child welfare work on the streets of the city, his plead did not pass unheeded. Not a few of the college boys who sold these programmes and their pretty girl companions who pinned a bunch of flowers upon the coat-lapel of every passer-by, were readily recognised by readers of Heer and of Zahn as brothers and sisters of the heroes and heroines portrayed with so much vitality in the stories of these two writers. Like many of his German colleagues, Zahn frequently appears upon the platform in readings from his own works, and Hermann Bahr in a recent volume of essays amusingly refers to a lecture trip of his own, during which he was continually preceded or followed by the Swiss writer at the places where he was to lecture.

Neither Gottfried Keller nor Conrad Ferdinand Meyer were writers likely to leave a school in their wake. Yet there is a young novelist, Jakob Schaffner, formerly of Basle, now a resident of Wädenswil, near Zurich, who is frequently pointed out as the possible heir of Keller's genius. His characters have the strong racial quality and are as quaintly individual as those of Keller, his narratives have the dramatic feeling of the stories of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. He loves to spin a thread of romance, apparently fanciful, yet somewhere firmly attached to reality. His *Konrad Pilater* and *Jonathan Brugger* are as true to life as the *Leute von*

Seldwyla. Like all Swiss writers, he suggests a wholesome reading of life and seems unaffected by the passing fads, moral or æsthetic, of the present generation of intellectual Germany. Is it the landscape or the climate that has

made the Swiss immune to the germs of decadence—or is it because they are, after all, somewhat removed from the contemporary currents of thought and feeling as they are reflected in the literature of their neighbours?

RHYTHM AND TEMPO IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is one phase of the dramatic art which has rarely been discussed by critics and is scarcely ever noticed by the average theatre-goer. Everybody knows that the drama is both a visual and an auditory art,—that, by virtue of its appeal to the eye, it offers many analogies to the art of painting, and that, by virtue of its appeal to the ear through its use of spoken words, it exhibits innumerable analogies to the art of literature. But comparatively few people have ever paused to realise that the drama is also a temporal art, owing much of its appeal to its manner of punctuating passages of time, and that, by virtue of this fact, it discloses an analogy to the art of music. The merit of many dramatic scenes is resident in the sheer rhythm of their presentation and the deft manipulation of this rhythm in the tempo of the acting.

The appeal of rhythm to the human sensibilities is the very basis of the arts of poetry and music. The periodical repetition of certain beats, unassisted by any more intelligible method of expression, may stimulate the listener to an eager apprehension of emotion. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite, for the purpose of experiment, two very well-known lines of poetry. The first line is—

When the hounds of spring are on winter's
traces

And the other line is—

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:
the deep

In each of these citations, I have purposely quoted only a single line, leaving the sense unfinished; for the experiment I am about to propose deals only with the rhythm of the lines and has no reference to their intelligible content. Let me now ask the reader to repeat the first line to himself a hundred times, and, after an appreciable interval, to submit himself to a similar insistence from the second line. If his mind have any ear at all, the first experiment will induce a noticeable quickening of his pulses and the second experiment will retard his pulse-beats to a less than normal tempo. In the first case, his mind will be keyed up to the apprehension of dashing and alert emotions, and, in the second, it will be attuned to the reception of emotions that are somnolent and solemn.

The psychology of this experiment sits very near the centre of the art of writing; but it may, perhaps, be illustrated more emphatically by the art of music. Every musical composer indicates not only the notes he wishes to be played but also the tempo in which he wants them to be rendered, knowing that the emotional message of his phrases may be altered utterly by a faulty retarding or acceleration of the rhythm that he has imagined. A familiar experiment is to play *Nearer, my God, to Thee* in rag-time, and thus to rob the melody of all its sombre connotation. The opening bars of the *Moonlight Sonata* may be made ridiculous by playing them very rapidly, and *Anitra's Dance* may be robbed of all its gaiety by play-

ing it very slowly: and these changes of appeal may be effected without the alteration of a single note.

The acted drama, since it is doomed to present a pattern of details in time, is subject to the same psychologic law which haunts these other temporal arts of poetry and music. Certain scenes can be properly effective only if they are played in very rapid tempo, and certain other passages can easily be ruined by an ill-advised acceleration of the acting. The consideration of this fact results in certain rules which must be followed by the playwright and the stage-director.

The true artist in either of these crafts senses these rules intuitively and abides by them subconsciously; and it is only when the rules of rhythm are violated that the observer becomes at all aware of the reality of their subsistence. A dramatic passage often requires a series of very subtle modulations in the rhythm of its presentation; and if it be enacted crudely, with invariable tempo, the observer will receive an impression of indefinite distress, like that which comes of hearing a Neapolitan song played solely with the feet upon a pianola.

Only the most obvious rules of rhythm for the drama may be set down in uncompromising print, like the axioms of Euclid. For instance, it is obvious that most melodramas should be played very rapidly, in order to stimulate excitement and also to rob the audience of any opportunity to question the plausibility of the situations; and it is equally obvious, upon the other hand, that most tragic scenes should be enacted slowly, in order to give the audience time to accumulate a sense of the imminence of doom before the fateful lines are spoken. The majority of farces demand a very rapid rendering, and the acceleration of the acting needs to be increased in proportion as the farcical material treads closer on the heels of the ridiculous; but a comedy that depends for its effect on the subtle revelation of character through humorous dialogue must usually be played with frequent pauses, in order to give the audience time to develop

thoughtful laughter. Such elementary principles as these may be formulated and set down as axioms; but, just as poetry and music attain their best effects by subtle variations in rhythm and modulations of tempo, so also the finest effects in the theatre are not infrequently achieved by momentary modifications of an expected time-scheme in the acting.

For the manipulation of such effects as these, the stage-director is finally responsible. This functionary has often been compared with the leader of an orchestra. He establishes the tempo in which a composition shall be rendered, and may often make or mar it by the mere direction of its rhythm. But the dominance of the stage-director does not relieve the playwright of responsibility in this regard. An orchestral composer who should hand a score to his conductor without any indication of the tempo of his leading passages would be deemed an inefficient artist; and any playwright who plans an act without establishing its rhythm in advance sets himself similarly in the class of incomplete composers. In the plotting of his business and in the writing of his lines, he should make it easy for his stage-director to arrange the rapidity or sluggishness of rhythm that is required to reinforce the emotional content of his scene. To ask his actors to sit still at a moment when the action should be hurried, to require them to speak in anapests while they are listening in fear to the tardy ticking of a clock,—these are errors which impose upon the stage-director a task which is unfortunately difficult.

This matter should be studied very carefully by all aspirants to the art of dramaturgy. A simple exercise may be suggested for the benefit of readers who desire ultimately to write plays or to direct them. Let them take a scene from *Hamlet* and another from *The Thunderbolt* and ask themselves precisely how rapidly or slowly these passages should be played in order to achieve their best effect upon the stage. Let them, if necessary, experiment with a metronome until they get the rhythm right. Subse-

quently, in attending the performances of successful current plays, these studious spectators will be better enabled to appreciate to what a great extent their appeal has been enhanced by a deft manipulation of the rhythm of their presentation.

Among very recent plays, two farces stand out notably as illustrations of this principle. Approached from any other point of view, they could not be ranked among the most interesting plays of the month; but, because of their pertinence to our present theme, we shall devote attention to them first, before passing on to the consideration of several more important dramas.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

By far the better of the two is *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, a dramatisation by Mr. George M. Cohan of a story by Mr. Earl Derr Biggers. The material of this piece is extremely trivial, but it has the merit of being unexpected and extraordinary.

A popular novelist has made a bet that he can invent and write a publishable book in the brief space of twenty-four hours. To accomplish this task, he retires, in the dead of winter, to a deserted summer hotel on the top of Baldpate Mountain. The care-taker installs him, gives him what he insists is the only key to Baldpate, and leaves him to his solitude. But during the next hour, six other people, each of whom supposes that he has the only key to Baldpate, let themselves in severally and surreptitiously, and involve the hero in a tangled mesh of many plots. The resultant action is equally compounded of the elements of farce and melodrama. There is a wild whirl of incidents both ludicrous and thrilling,—a brutal murder, among many other matters, being enacted in the middle of a scene of laughter. And it is not until the very end that the spectators are told that what they have witnessed was not a series of actual events but only a representation of the story which the hero has invented

in the hurried interval allowed him by his wager.

Since this piece is both exciting and ridiculous, ninety-nine stage-directors out of a hundred would have assumed, as a matter of course, that it should be played in a very rapid tempo. But Mr. Cohan is a better artist than the other ninety-nine. He has conducted the play with an unprecedented slowness, and thereby doubled its value as an entertainment.

The exposition is wordy and redundant; but, by the end of the first act, it becomes evident to the spectator that these apparent defects have been deliberately admitted to the fabric in order to make the action move more slowly. By this extreme slowness at the opening, Mr. Cohan has managed to work up a cumulative sense of mystery which grows exceedingly acute at the first curtain-fall.

Again, in the second act, the humorous aspect of the melodrama is enhanced by the deliberate pace at which the piece is played. In many passages, the audience laughs heartily, not at what has happened in the preceding moment, but at what is going to happen in the next moment; and this effect is exceedingly rare in the theatre. There is an admirable scene at the outset of the second act. All of the intruders are sitting around the hotel office, under cover of the hero's pistol. The young man has just informed them that there they must sit for many hours; and none of them shows a tendency to talk. Only now and then a disgruntled remark is ejaculated by one of the sedentary sufferers; and this is followed, in each case, by a pause that seems at least a minute long before a retort is wrung from another of the characters. During these long pauses, the audience develops an excitement of humorous expectancy that grows so potent that each of these delayed remarks is responded to at once with roars of laughter. The very same dialogue, if it were conducted in a double-quick tempo, would call forth scarcely any laughter; and this fact is, in

itself, sufficient proof that Mr. Cohan is a craftsman of extraordinary talent.

"NEARLY MARRIED"

On the other hand, Mr. Edgar Selwyn's farce entitled *Nearly Married*, has been rushed to success by the swiftness of its tempo. Mr. Selwyn gets his auditors laughing by the middle of his second act, and thereafter hales them along so rapidly that they never have time to stop laughing. By this process, which is, of course, far more usual than Mr. Cohan's, he has managed to conceal the shortcomings of a piece that, in itself, is scarcely interesting.

This farce is a conventional fabric, both in theme and in pattern. A young couple who have suffered a series of petty disagreements finally agree to get a divorce. After their case has been opened, they suddenly become reconciled, and run away from their astounded friends to embark upon a second honeymoon. Their motor-car breaks down at a country tavern, where they proceed to order dinner and arrange to spend the night; but during dinner, they are rudely interrupted by the brother of the wife, who has pursued them with the unexpected tidings that their divorce has been granted. The decree forbids them to remarry in New York State; and they are forced to worry through a series of embarrassing incidents before they finally capture another motor-car and elope to New Jersey.

This subject-matter is already so familiar that it seems no longer funny in itself. There is no real characterisation in the play; and there is no distinction to the dialogue, which lacks the illumination of witty lines. This, at least, would be the verdict of the average auditor if the farce were acted slowly; but it has been made to seem more amusing than it really is by the rapid rhythm of the acting.

BARRIE'S ONE-ACT PLAYS

Two one-act plays by Sir James Matthew Barrie have lately been presented in New York, and two or three others

have been announced for production in the near future. A natural curiosity as to why a great artist in the full-length drama, whose leisure is more richly endowed than that of any other playwright of the day, should turn his attention to the hasty composition of dramatic sketches, remains unsatisfied by an examination of *Half an Hour* and *The Will*. In each of these diminutive dramas the author has used up a theme which might have been developed to finer effect in a play of ordinary length. That neither piece was essentially and naturally a one-act play is indicated by the fact that three scenes were required in both cases, for the evolution of the action; and the final impression made upon the auditor is a feeling that, in each case, a three-act drama has been whittled down to its bare bones. *Half an Hour* and *The Will* are not so much plays as summaries of plays. Their brevity is not inevitable, but seems to have resulted from that process of boiling down which is one of the details of pot-boiling.

The theme of *Half an Hour* is sardonic. At the outset of the play, the author makes us sympathise deeply with a woman who seems to have been cruelly abused by destiny; and then, at the very end, he suddenly shows us that she is utterly unworthy of our sympathy and fully deserves the cruel treatment that she has received. To achieve this grimly satirical intention, the author has invented a melodramatic plot; and this plot seems at times untruthful, because he has expounded it in a hurried summary instead of giving himself time to develop it more deftly.

A woman who is brutally treated by a boorish husband she has married for his money runs away and takes refuge with a man who loves her. They are to start at once for Egypt, and the lover goes out to call a cab. He is run over by a motor-bus and brought back dead. A passing doctor, who is called in, upbraids the heroine when he learns that she is not the wife of the deceased. Left suddenly without resources, for she has

no money in her purse, the woman can think of nothing else to do than to hurry back to her husband.

She has left at home her jewels and a letter. Her husband has found the jewels; but guests arrive for dinner before he lays his hand upon the letter. One of these is the doctor. He launches into a narrative of his recent sad adventure; and, after a few moments, his hostess enters and he recognises her. He continues and completes the narrative in such a way as to stab her with spoken daggers. The husband's suspicions are at last aroused. He hunts for the missing letter; but this has been already absconded from the desk by his fleet-fingered wife. His suspicions are smilingly allayed, and every one goes in to dinner. The little incident is closed. The woman whom we admired because she was strong enough to run away, we now detest because she was weak enough to sneak back and to sell herself a second time to the highest bidder.

The theme of *The Will* is almost equally discomforting. The purpose of this play is to show how all the finer human instincts may be blotted out by the gathering of a superfluity of wealth. When Philip Ross is very young and very poor, he comes to a solicitor's office to make out his will. He brings his wife with him; and the two vie with each other in a contest of generosity over its terms. In middle life, Ross returns to the same office to revise his will. He is now wealthy; and his wife hurries around to haggle with him over the disposition of every penny of his fortune. In old age, Sir Philip Ross (for he is knighted now) returns once more to the solicitor's to make a final will. His wife is dead, his daughter has eloped with a chauffeur, and his son has gone to the dogs. He can think of nobody to whom to leave his gathered millions, unless, indeed, he should allot them to the hated competitors whom he has crushed in business. He realises that his money has undermined his character and ruined his life; and he cries out piteously to the lawyer, "If I bring it to you in bags,

will you throw it out of the window for me?"

The purport of both of these plays is markedly at variance with Barrie's former attitude toward life. He seems no longer to believe in loveliness. He has discarded his sentiment, his fancy, his sympathy, his whimsicality, his charm, and has adopted the bitter tone of one who has grown out of love with human nature. If this new mood should endure with him, our English theatre would suffer an irreparable loss. Other men can do more skillfully than Barrie the destructive work that he is now attempting; but no other can make us love the loveliness of life as Barrie used to do in such plays as *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* and *What Every Woman Knows*.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS"

The revival of *The Tyranny of Tears*, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, should serve as a useful lesson for our native playwrights. This piece may be accepted as a contemporary model of polite comedy. The incidents do not seem to have been invented for themselves, but appear to result inevitably from the psychologic interaction of the characters. The entire composition is conducted in the key of comedy: never for a moment does it stiffen into drama or slacken into farce. The dialogue is terse and delicate and witty. Admirable also is the economy of means with which the story is unfolded. The four acts follow each other in the same room, within a single revolution of the sun; and only six characters appear in the entire play.

No more need be said in definition of the merits of a play which has been popularly known for many years; but the critic may express a wish that some such comedy as this may some day be attempted and achieved by an American playwright. Our native authors have done admirable work in representing what may be called the low life of this country; but our high life is waiting still for a satirist sufficiently light-fingered to toy with it amusingly.



"THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"—ACT II

"The hero returns to the studio of his best friend in New York at the very hour when his own funeral is being held in the same building."



"THE WILL"—SCENE III

"The hero realises that his money has undermined his character and ruined his life; and he cries out piteously to the lawyer, 'If I bring it to you in bags, will you throw it out of the window for me?'"

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

The Younger Generation, by Mr. Stanley Houghton, is an admirable work of art. By the simplest of narrative means, the author conveys to us a thorough sense of life. He admits us to the living-room of an ordinary family in a suburb of Manchester, allows us to remain there for about twenty hours of imagined time, and makes us intimately

in consequence, no plot: but their talk, though utterly natural, is richly humorous.

Considered solely as a piece of craftsmanship, this play is not inferior to *Hindle Wakes*; but in theme it is less unusual and less important. The present comedy discusses the long-accepted axiom that crabbed age and youth cannot live together; and this text has been insisted on so much in recent years that



"HALF AN HOUR"—SCENE I

"At the outset of the play, the author makes us sympathise deeply with a woman who seems to have been cruelly abused by destiny. . . . She is brutally treated by a boorish husband she has married for his money."

acquainted with the members of this family by permitting us to overhear their conversation. This is an extreme example of what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has aptly termed "the eavesdropping convention" of the contemporary drama. No incidents are fabricated, to make the people of the play seem more interesting than they are: they reveal themselves less in action than in talk, and there is,

there seems to be little reason for its repetition.

"THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"

The comic expedient of permitting a hero to attend his own funeral is by no means new in the drama. It was employed as long ago as 1628 by James Shirley in *The Witty Fair One*; and this fact should render superfluous any

discussion concerning the priority of recent repetitions of the theme.

This expedient furnishes the central situation of *Pour Vivre Heureux*, a comedy by MM. André Rivoire and Yves Mirande, which has been adapted for the American stage, under the title of *The Temperamental Journey*, by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, who admirably acts the leading part. The first act of this

at the very hour when his own funeral is being held in the same building. His farewell letter has been found, an undecipherable body has been washed ashore and identified as his, and an enormous crowd has turned out to do him tardy honour. For, in the two weeks that have elapsed since his supposed demise, the newspapers have advertised him as a neglected genius, and



"NEARLY MARRIED"—ACT II

"The young couple run away from their astounded friends to embark upon a second honeymoon. Their motor-car breaks down at a country tavern, where they proceed to order dinner and arrange to spend the night."

play is occupied by a crude and bungling exposition, and the third act fails to fulfill the expectancy of the audience; but the second act is a truly admirable bit of composition.

In this act, an unsuccessful and despairing painter who has cast himself into the sea with the intention of suicide and has been rescued by a passing yacht bound for distant Halifax, returns to the studio of his best friend in New York

a crafty picture-dealer has prepared to make a fortune from the canvases he left behind him. The painter, hidden in a window-nook, watches with amusement the solemn gathering in the street below, and decides to remain theoretically dead in the interest of his posthumous reputation.

This is the essence of the comedy; and the narrative material of the first and third acts may be inferred from this cen-



"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—ACT II

"There is an admirable scene at the outset of the second act. All of the intruders are sitting around the hotel office, under cover of the hero's pistol. The young man has just informed them that there they must sit for many hours; and none of them shows a tendency to talk."

tral and essential situation. The piece has been carefully produced by Mr. David Belasco; and it is unnecessary to add that it is admirably acted and affords a pleasant evening's entertainment.

"THE AUCTIONEER"

Mr. Belasco's second autumn enterprise is a revival of *The Auctioneer*, by Messrs. Lee Arthur and Charles Klein, with Mr. David Warfield in the lead-

ing part. *The Auctioneer* is a very bad play; and, except for the interest of Mr. Warfield's acting, there is no real reason for its resurrection. It tells an artificial story; and its creaking skeleton of melodrama is merely padded over with puffy passages of sentimentality. Mr. Warfield is so great an actor that he makes the leading puppet seem a living human being; but it must surely be regarded as regrettable that his exquisite



"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS"—ACT I

The tearful wife muddles up her husband's business by an impetuous answer to the telephone. Such incidents as this "appear to result inevitably from the psychologic interaction of the characters."



"THE AUCTIONEER"—ACT I

"Mr. Warfield is so great an actor that he makes the leading puppet in this artificial melodrama seem a living human being."

histrionic talent should return to such base uses. So fine an artist should serve the public as an interpreter of life, and not as a repeater of banalities.

"AT BAY"

At Bay, by Mr. George Scarborough, is an entertaining melodrama. It cannot be accepted as a serious representation of life; but the plot is cleverly invented, and the piece is fortunately played in such a rapid tempo that the audience has no time to investigate the plausibility of its train of incidents.

The virtuous heroine suffers from a single blot in 'scutcheon of her past. When she was a girl at school, she ran away in vacation time with a young man and secretly married him. He deserted her after three days, and she has not heard from him since. A blackmailing lawyer buys a forgotten letter which re-

veals her secret, and holds her up for a thousand dollars. The resultant altercation between them leads to a physical fight, in which she stabs him dead with a pointed paper-file.

A whole army of detectives and police is set at work upon the murder; but the only one of the lot who displays any acumen is a free lance who is a genial-hearted Irishman. He soon perceives that the heroine must have slain the lawyer; but, since he loves her ardently, he contrives to cover up her traces while pretending to take part in the effort to discover her. This procedure results ultimately in his being implicated in the crime, as an accessory after the fact. But it happens, conveniently enough, that the heroine's father is a Federal district attorney; and after all the facts are ultimately set before him, he manages to have the case dropped for lack of evidence.

The cordial Irishman, who so enthusiastically trusts the woman whom he loves that he never asks for any explanation of such minor matters as a secret marriage and an incidental murder, is a very pleasant character; and the other figures of the melodrama are sufficiently near to life to hold the interest of the

audience. Furthermore, the conduct of the plot discloses a considerable talent for the invention of visual details. This play is lacking in that sincerity of incentive which is evident in the same author's previous play, *The Lure*; but it is a creditable piece of theatric craftsmanship.

CHICAGO IN FICTION

BY FLOYD DELL

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

"CHICAGO," wrote Frank Norris scornfully in one of his early tales, "is not a place where stories happen." San Francisco was still large enough for his imagination—San Francisco, and the bay, and the ocean of piracy and adventure beyond, and on the other side

of the city the great wheat fields of California. But the wheat, capturing his imagination, led him to Chicago, and in *The Pit* he undertook to prove himself wrong. He tried to show that stories could happen in Chicago.

He came, and saw, and wrote his novel. An astonishing capacity for seeing, he had, too. In him the reporting instinct amounted to genius. He sketched the city in broad, powerful strokes, taking in with his amateur vision aspects of its life that veteran Chicagoans had felt without being able to express. Never, surely was a city "done" so well. Better than in any book written by a real Chicagoan, he gives us in his novel a sense of Chicago's streets and buildings and business—its objective, localised existence.

So much must be said for *The Pit*—it is the best fictional guide-book to Chicago in existence. Intrinsically, of course, as a picture of Chicago life, it simply doesn't stand up beside any of the books written about Chicago by Chicagoans. For Frank Norris, who had the gift of seeing the outside of things, did not penetrate with his imagination to the heart of the city, to discover there the pretences, at once shallow and cruel, which Chicago's own writers have made it their main business to show up. Is Chicago ever called nowadays the Windy City? It was the Windy City in the nineties, a city of vast and immitigable bluff. The feverish straining of



MA PIERSON'S BOARDING HOUSE ON WEST VAN BUREN STREET, WHERE E. V. HARRINGTON BOARDED WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO CHICAGO. ROBERT HERRICK'S "MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN"

the eighties, with its few flashes of beautiful and futile idealism, culminating in the World's Fair, had passed. Chicago had arrived, commercially and industrially. Its pride in itself, in its bigness, its hardness, and its success, knew no bounds. It was an uncritical pride that led directly into the mire of fatuous self-deception, from which Chicago's novelists have ever since, not without some success, been trying to pull it. No lie was too egregious to tell about the new-world, western glory that was Chicago. And Frank Norris, it seems, believed it all.



PAGE AND LAURA DEARBORN'S HOUSE, CASS AND HURON STREETS

He really knew better. He had already in *The Octopus* exposed the windy shams of the commerce and politics of his native State. But he fell into a curious attitude of unthinking admiration before Jadwin, the wheat speculator, the typical Chicago hero of the period, and his insane way of doing business on the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade building, standing there in the middle of La Salle Street, appeared to him romantically as "crouching on its founda-



SISTER CARRIE'S FLAT, OGDEN AVENUE, FACING UNION PARK. THEODORE DREISER'S "SISTER CARRIE"



THE THEATRE WHERE CARRIE MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE, MADISON AND THROOP STREETS. THEODORE DREISER'S "SISTER CARRIE"

tions like a monstrous sphinx with blind eyes." It would have been impossible for a Chicago writer to take so much trouble in making up a phrase about the Board of Trade, without saying something more to the point.

As one walks north on State Street out of the "loop" district, one passes

South Water Street, one of the real and characteristic sights of the town—a narrow street filled with horses and wagons backed up to the doors of commission houses, the sidewalks packed with boxes and crates and barrels, with greenstuffs and vegetables and fruit from all over the United States, and from all over the



THE MANTLE OF THE CITY. LOOKING DOWN ON SOUTH WATER STREET. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE PIT"

world. One remembers how Frank Norris wrote about it. "It was the Mouth of the City, and drawn from all directions, over a territory of immense area, this glut of crude subsistence was sucked in, as if into a rapacious gullet, to feed the sinews and to nourish the fibres of an immeasurable colossus."

He is enthusiastic, as Chicago was enthusiastic, over the town's being a colossus. But colossus is as colossus does. Only the other day this same colossus, after a quarrel with a garbage-reducing company which had been exploiting it past all enduring, faced the problem of seizing and operating this reducing plant, or else letting the wastage of this "glut of crude subsistence" rot at the back doors of its citizens. And, colossus though it was, it dared not take the bolder move. Instead, like any little prairie village, it bought a big hole to dump it in. One is reminded of the phrase which seems to be the net result of the Balkan wars—"les Grandes Impuissances d'Europe."

But, putting sociological reflections aside, one walks across the State Street bridge, and sees the Chicago River, much the same as it was in Frank Norris's day, though not quite so alive with fleets of tugs, lake steamers, lumber barges, grain boats, coal scows, produce steamers and grimy rowboats. A little farther north, at the corner of Huron and Cass Streets, opposite St. James's Church, is an odd little house of an ecclesiastic style of architecture, standing back in a small yard. It is the house where Laura Dearborn, the heroine of Frank Norris's novel, lived with her sister, Page. They wouldn't live there now, of course. They might possibly live somewhere on Sheridan Road. But as one looks at the house one has a feeling that not merely a few years, but at least a century, has elapsed since the wooing of Laura Dearborn by Jadwin in that little house there on the corner. It was a wooing so different from modern wooings, at least from those which gain the attention of modern novelists. It was at once brutal and romantic, a

wooing in which crude masculine insistence rather than feminine preference had the chief part.

"I thought all the time that you'd told him you wouldn't have him," said Page wonderingly to her elder sister.

"I did," said Laura. "I told him I did not love him. Only last week I told him so."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Laura. "You don't realise what it's been. Do you suppose you can say 'no' to that man?"

"Of course not, of course not," declared Mrs. Cressler joyfully. "That's 'J.' all over. I might have known he'd have you if he set out to do it."

"Morning, noon and night," Laura continued, "He seemed willing to wait as long as I wasn't definite; but one day I wrote to him and gave him a square 'No,' so as he couldn't mistake, and just as soon as I'd said that he—he—began. I didn't have any peace until I'd promised him, and the moment I had promised he had a ring on my finger. He'd had it ready in his pocket for weeks, it seems."

The secret of the girl's complaisance is, of course, the fact that like all Chicago she was bluffing. She was making the bluff of being cold and unapproachable. She explains her idea of love somewhere in the book. "A man ought to love a woman more than she loves him. It ought to be enough for him if she lets him give her everything she wants in the world. He ought to serve her like the old knights—give up his whole life to satisfy some whim of hers; and it's her part, if she likes, to be cold and distant. That's my idea of love."

Standing there in front of the decaying house on the corner, and thinking of that curious attitude, so almost unthinkable in these days of feminine frankness, independence and exploit, one can only shake one's head and say, "Well, well! How manners have changed!"

For one thing, Laura was brought up on *Idyls of the King* and Ruskin's *Queen's Gardens*. The Laura of to-

day would be more likely to read *Man and Superman*. And her sister Page would never take the trouble to say, when accused of having a liking for a certain young man: "I won't have you insinuate that I would run after any man, or care in the least whether he's in love or not. I just guess I've got some self-respect. . . . As if I hadn't yet to see the man I'd so much as look at a second time." She wouldn't say it, for no one would believe her, and she would only get laughed at for her futile bluff. The atmosphere has cleared since then for girls in Chicago, and Chicago novelists, along with the rest of the world of writers, have had something to do with the clearing of it.

II

Robert Herrick, in particular, has not been imposed upon by his town. If anything, he has been too harsh in his dislike of those very features of Chicago life which Frank Norris so naïvely admired. All periods, from the early eighties down to the present time, have been dealt with in Mr. Herrick's novels, but it is that early period, the period of the striving eighties, which has remained to him most significant, and it has dominated his conception of the whole history of the city. It is in his *Memoirs of an American Citizen* that he sets forth this idea of Chicago, through the medium of a pseudo-autobiography of E. V. Harrington, the stockyards magnate. Of this striving Mr. Herrick sees for the most part only the more sordid side, and he even considers sordid what to most people has a nobler side. There is Ambition, which even if it be directed to purely commercial ends yet retains a certain human dignity, if not a romantic beauty. But Mr. Herrick declines emphatically to respect, as he declines to romanticise Ambition—the ambition, that is to say, of the business man. It is to him a dirty affair.

One walks along West Van Buren Street, looking for, and at last finding,

the three story and basement house where E. V. Harrington roomed and boarded when he first came, in 1876, to Chicago, a boy fresh from an Indiana farm, an impressionable boy, ready to be whatever Chicago chose to make of him. And of the Chicago which was to mould this boy into a successful pork-packer and politician, the Pierson boarding-house stands in Mr. Herrick's pages as a symbol. It is run by a pale slave of a woman whose husband, coming to the city to get rich, has failed and become a slovenly loafer. About her table in the little basement dining-room are grouped Harrington and his fellows—"strugglers on the outside of prosperity, trying hard to climb up somewhere in the bread-and-butter order of life, and to hold on tight," he says, "to what we had got." No one ever came to Chicago, at least in these days, "without a hope in his pocket of landing at the head of his game sometime. Even Ma Pierson cherished a secret dream of a rich marriage for one or other of her girls."

All they think about, the Chicagoans of this period, is getting on. When they go to church, it is to a fashionable church, where they can look at the rich people and talk about them. It occupies their days and their dreams. They talk of nothing else. When a girl at the Pierson boarding-house at last protests against this perpetual topic, she is rebuked by one of the "hustlers" at the table.

"What else are we here for, except to make money?" Slocum demanded more bitterly than usual.

He raised his long arm in explanation, and swept it to and fro over the struggling prairie city, with its rough, patched look. I didn't see what there was in the city to object to: it was just a place like any other, to work, eat and sleep in. Later, however, when I saw the little towns back East, the pleasant hills, the old homes in the valleys, and the red brick house on the elm-shaded street in Portland, then I knew what Slocum meant.

Whatever was there in Chicago in 1877 to live for except Success?

That is Mr. Herrick's indictment of Chicago—or rather, that is part of it—that it makes people desire Success. The other part of his indictment is that when they occasionally do not desire Success, when they desire something finer and greater, then Chicago crushes them to death. In *The Web of Life* he tells the story of a rebel against the convention of "hustling"—a doctor who objects to working up a fashionable practice, and all that sort of thing. What happens to him is that he is beaten down in the mud, mashed in misery until he is ready to crawl back and surrender. One remembers the picture of the desolate region on the south side, amid the ruins of the World's Fair, where he and a woman, an unsuccessful rebel like himself, walk and talk, with the consciousness of their defeat pressing upon their minds, and some presentiment of the impending final tragedy subduing their mood to consonance with the wreck and ruin of the Dream City that lies about them—while to the south the flare from the blast furnaces of the steel works, lurid and scornful sign of the heedless triumph of industry, lights up the evening sky.

Most of Mr. Herrick's novels, in fact, including *The Common Lot*, *The Healer*, and even his latest serious novel, *One Woman's Life*, deal with the tragedy of the defeated idealist. Incidentally, he holds woman, her education, her ideals and her conception of love and marriage, pretty much to blame for the downfall of the idealist; but that, for our present purposes, is neither here nor there. The point is that Mr. Herrick believes that Chicago warps and degrades the finest instincts of her people—and he hates Chicago for it. And accordingly in writing stories of Chicago life he is concerned not so much with the objective character of that life as with the inward process in which natural and beautiful aspirations are corroded and destroyed. The Chicago with

which he deals is a pervasive influence—a condition and not a place.

One looks almost in vain in his novels for pictures of Chicago. He never gives a picture for its own sake, as one enchanted with a suddenly beautiful or impressive aspect of a familiar spot, the miraculous strangeness of the known. Nor in general do the places in which his characters are more or less vaguely placed, the special environment in which his action takes place, have any real significance to him. Mr. Herrick cannot be said to have any sense of place. And this is curiously true of most of the Chicago novelists.

They do not stake off a part of Chicago, as Frank Norris in *McTeague* staked off a part of San Francisco, and stay within its limits, content with its materials, finding infinite riches in a little room. It is not that the opportunity does not exist. Halsted Street is sufficient unto itself, and so is Hyde Park, where the University of Chicago is situated. The Wilson Avenue district ought to content any one who has the novelist's sense of place, the sense which stimulates him as the limitations of the sonnet stimulate a poet. A dozen streets have their own specific character, their own peculiar savour, their own definite kind of life. But Chicago writers have been obsessed with Chicago. It has appealed to them as a problem rather than as a vast and splendid collection of fictional materials. And so they have not written about any place in particular, they have written about Chicago in general. During the next generation we may expect the novels laid in Chicago to take Chicago more for granted, and to settle down to the business of conveying whatever aspect of its life has excited the novelist to the writing-point. When there cease to be novels "about" Chicago, then Chicago will really have its novels.

III

Henry B. Fuller, who is the author of two Chicago novels, is less of a sociologist and more of an observer than Mr.

Herrick. He is a satirist, but in a very quiet way. *The Cliff Dwellers* was something of an attempt to envisage the life of the city as such, but his other story, *With the Procession*, had a less ambitious theme, and is more penetrating. Like Frank Norris's novel, it deals with the Chicago of the nineties, but with a difference. He is always conscious, in his account of the belated struggle of an old family to keep up with the procession, of the futility of the whole proceeding. Not that he lashes them savagely for their ambition, as Mr. Herrick would have done. He never loses his sympathy for the Marshalls—in their decision to move out of their "sedate, decorous old homestead" on Michigan Avenue—soon to be swept out of existence by the tides of business—to a more promising place three miles south, and in all the manoeuvres by which Jane, groomed out of her ungainliness, is finally pushed into "society." It is not a case of the vulgarity of the newly rich; it is the pathetic effort of a family which has fallen behind the times to catch up again. But Mr. Fuller keeps in mind the figure of old Dave Marshall, stooped over his desk in his tea and coffee supply house, straining his worn-out nerves in the effort to finance all this achievement. When it is accomplished he collapses, and at his funeral for the first time his family have time to think of him and his part in the whole affair.

But Mr. Fuller does not over-emphasise this struggle for social recognition, nor attribute to it a wholly unworthy motive. To him it is merely a part of the whole tragi-comedy which went on in Chicago in the nineties, when Chicago undertook to prove herself a great city. Not content with bluff, Chicago determined to make her bluff good. What does a great city need? Tell us and we'll get it! That was the spirit in which Chicago rose to such an undertaking as the founding of the Theodore Thomas orchestra. One remembers hearing old-timers tell of the way Chicago went to the first concerts, not un-

derstanding for the most part nor caring, but determined to do their duty by Chicago; and in that heroic endeavour stifling their yawns and striving desperately to keep awake—not by any means successfully, as witness the whole rows and tiers of sleepers in the middle of a symphony, waking up at the end to applaud vigorously, as their duty bade them.

From the point of view of a sophisticated person, Chicago was hopeless. Truesdale Marshall, son of old Dave Marshall, home from four years at the Beaux Arts and elsewhere, views the town with quiet despair. "The great town in fact sprawled and coiled about him like a hideous monster—piteous, floundering monster, too. It almost called for tears. Nowhere a more tireless activity, nowhere a more profuse expenditure, nowhere a more determined striving after the ornate, nowhere a more undaunted endeavour toward the monumental expression of success, yet nowhere a result more pitifully grotesque, gruesome, appalling. 'So little taste,' sighed Truesdale, 'so little training, so little education, so total an absence of any collective sense of the fit and proper.'"

Truesdale finds no promenade—except the meagre stretch of Michigan Avenue; while as for the café, "that crowning gem in the coronet of civilisation," the name was everywhere, the thing nowhere. Truesdale sums it up, from his continental point of view: "No journals, no demi-tasse, no clientele, no leisure. No, nor any excursions; nor any general market; nor any lottery, nor even any morgue. And five francs for a cab."

But Chicago was not hopeless, for Chicago was willing to learn. Chicago went to school desperately to find out what was good and what was bad in music, art, architecture and social intercourse. When Jane makes her first call on a stately society woman, she learns that her hostess belongs to three or four classes. She is "studying and learning right along."

"What do you suppose happened to me last winter?" the older woman asks. "I had the greatest setback of my life. I asked to join the Amateur Musical Club. They wouldn't let me in. Well, I played before their committee, and then the secretary wrote me a note. It was a nice enough note, of course, but I knew what it meant. I see now well enough that my fingers were stiffer than I realised, and that my Twinkling Sprays and Fluttering Zephyrs were not quite up to date. They wanted Grieg and Lassen and Chopin. Very well, I said, just wait. Now, I never knuckle under. I never give up. So I sent right out for a teacher. I practised scales an hour a day for weeks and months. I tackled Grieg and Lassen and Chopin—yes, and Tschaikowsky, too. I'm going to play for that committee next month. Let me see if they dare to vote me out again."

Behold in her the Chicago of the nineties. "Just you wait!" Chicago would have an orchestra—and she did. She would have pictures, and books, and beautiful buildings. Well, it is not an ignoble striving that Mr. Fuller has depicted. She would have a real "society," too, with footmen and butlers—as the astonished Jane said, on her first sight of one of them, "only eighty years from the massacre and hardly eight hundred feet from the Monument." This monument, it should perhaps be explained, is a bronze group which appears to repre-

sent a friendly Indian chief rescuing by moral suasion—he is certainly not using any effective kind of force,—a white woman from the tomahawk of a red-skin, and is supposed to commemorate the Fort Dearborn Massacre; and may serve to remind us, in case we feel uncharitable toward Chicago's still existing cultural defects, that a hundred years ago Chicago did not exist.

One writer who is always definite about places is Theodore Dreiser, whose novel, *Sister Carrie*, is in part laid in Chicago. There is no difficulty about finding the place where Carrie lived with Drouet, nor the little theatre, only a few blocks away, where she made her first appearance on the stage. To one who is interested in "placing" the scenes of his favourite novels, this trait of Mr. Dreiser's comes as an enormous relief, after the vagueness of certain other writers. Mr. Dreiser is as alive as anybody to the spiritual drama, but he never forgets that the external conditions are a part of that spiritual drama. One stands on Ogden Avenue looking up at that grey stone-faced house fronting on Union Park, or a little farther east at Madison and Throop Streets, at the Waverley Theatre, now turned into a livery stable—and the life of Sister Carrie, that life with its curious twists and turns and the gradually revealed hardness of the girl's soul by which she copes with it, become vivid realities.

(To be concluded)



THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

II—THE ART OF BROWSING

THE natural way to take nutriment is as one needs it and when he can get it. The latter condition was once of transcendent importance, but the artificial and somewhat abnormal plenty in which most of us live has generally rendered it unnecessary. Overfeeding is now a complaint vastly more prevalent than starvation. Josiah Flynt assures us that any penniless tramp may secure three square meals a day for the asking. He who starves suffers from ignorance and lack of skill rather than from sheer inability to secure food.

Hence our arbitrary system of three meals a day, at which we often stuff ourselves when we neither need nor want to eat, while the hungry soul who forages for biscuits and jam "between meals" is sternly frowned upon. When we get away from degenerate human nature, all this ceases. Animals have no "meals" except when human captors force them. When the subjective condition—hunger—and the objective—food—are both present, they eat; that is all there is to it.

Fortunately, when we feed the intellectual and spiritual man we are still on the broad plain of free nutrition. We do, it is true, catch our children—poor things—and give them, in our schools, intellectual meals, that most of them take only through forced feeding. That, however, does not last long, and then we are free to take our mental food when we like and where we can.

It is a sad fact that as the instrument of forcible nutrition in schools is usually the book, books and all that they contain are often shunned like a plague by the adult. Small wonder; if the goose with a swollen liver should ever get away before he was made into *paté de foie gras*, do you suppose he would re-

turn to the feeding-house willingly, or that he would ever look, except with distaste, upon any of the instruments of his nutritional torture? Whatever may be said of our modern systems of education—and I should be the last to decry them, or to deny their continued advance toward increased sanity and usefulness—they have surely not yet solved the problem of making us in love with books. Most of us who have this love were born with it, or obtained it elsewhere than in school. Fortunately there is time before school and after school—not to speak of during school—to acquire it. Not that those who fail to do so cease all at once the acquirement of mental food. We feed our minds as constantly as we do our bodies. The man who never sees a book goes on observing, comparing, inferring, elaborating his own personal systems of science, philosophy and religion, learning how to live and forming his own conclusions about the why and whither. His mind comes into contact with other minds in the street, at the corner grocery, in the saloon. He can no more help educating himself than he can help living. The book surely has no monopoly as an instrument of education. Nor is there aught magical about it. The animals experimented with by Pawlow, in his classic investigations of the digestive function, thought they were eating; but what they took into their mouths slid from the esophagus into a tube and so out into the world again, never to be digested or to be incorporated with the organism. So, many readers, complacently thinking that they are feeding their minds, are only admitting ideas to the outer passages of their brains, whence they slide out again and are lost. Truly, it is better to feed one's mind

without reading than it is to read without feeding.

And yet, without the book, one surely misses something valuable. What we miss is the short cuts, across wildernesses of time and space that the unaided mind cannot traverse. Ours is a civilisation of accretion, but it needs some means of keeping the old fresh and vital as well as of bringing the new into organic connection with it. These short cuts to the fountain-heads of our knowledge we get through books. We need these specially, in the affairs of the mind. The forgotten Prometheus who first brought to the cave-dweller the gift of fire may see from some distant Olympus the effect of that gift still in the fulness of its power and use. But what would Plato see, or Aristotle or Homer, if the book had not kept them alive? And how many forgotten philosophers, and scientists, and poets of the days before thought was recorded may there have been, of influence upon their time and through our fathers upon us in some distant degree, but wholly without present vitality? If we are truly to live the mental life of to-day, we must have food of yesterday—and of the day before.

Food of the days long past, but not by force. Food that will strengthen because we crave it with the craving that is nature's expression of a need. There are, it is true, the cravings of deep emotion—of passion, which are akin to those of the carnivorous beast that pounces on his prey, and tears it, and devours it all at once. There are also the gentler cravings of the herb-eater—the creature that takes its food here and there and everywhere; for minutes, or hours, or days, as the chance may offer. These are the animals that are of use to man—the ones that he delights to breed, and cherish, and keep about him, the slow-eating, thoroughly digesting, often ruminating creatures. These love to browse—and the transfer of this term to the leisurely culling of mental food from books gives rise to one of our most complete and satisfying metaphors. Forcible feeding may be occasionally necessary, when the mind,

like an incarcerated suffragette, insists on starving itself; the mental orgy of emotion may have its place also; but I prefer to think of the real book-lover as of him who likes to browse in the broad pastures of literature, tasting here and there, eating his fill when he comes to a good place, cleaning up whole clumps at a time, perhaps; moving on when he sees something better ahead and ever stopping to ruminate and assimilate.

And if we are working animals—draught oxen perhaps—who cannot browse all day, what we have cropped will still, beyond the threshold of our consciousness, be turning itself into our very substance; and when our daily toil intermits or is done, we can return to our browsing and begin, perhaps, by pulling off the very tuft that we were about to crop when the summons to labour called us away. This browsing metaphor is so inexhaustible that one is tempted to keep on using its language until a talk about books seems turned into a discourse on animal husbandry.

"I have no time to read," says many a man; we can all pick them out here and there among our kinsfolk and acquaintance. A melancholy confession! We all have time to eat and time to sleep; if we ceased doing one or the other, our bodily machines would soon stop working. And when we cease to feed and refresh our minds our intellectual machines will likewise stop. Indeed, the wheels are groaning and creaking a good deal in many that we know. But there is a vast amount of mental feeding and mental exercise outside of books; every one has time for it and so keeps the rust out of his brain. To say, then, that one "has no time" for reading is simply to say that one feeds and refreshes his mind wholly by contact with his friends and neighbours and with the newspaper record of the day's politics and scandal (for this seems not to be accounted "reading" by our complainants). How great a mistake this is, and how the mind suffers from it, we have already seen. Cut your half hour's desultory gossip with Jones in two and talk

for fifteen minutes with Plato, or Mill, or even Arnold Bennett! While you ride from your suburb to your work, cease to gaze at the landscape that you have seen a thousand times, and cast your eye on a few printed paragraphs embodying ideas that are wholly new to you. Read a lyric while you wait for your lunch instead of assimilating the signs that adjure you to "look out for your hat and overcoat." Read, if you must, even while you walk; it is quite possible, at the cost of an occasional collision with a stranger or a barked shin.

There are some who sneer at such casual mental exercise as "superficial"—a sadly misused word. We are always on the surface of things—no mortal yet has reached the hardpan of philosophy. The only question is whether our surface shall be an inch thick, or a hundred feet; and this must be answered by our needs. If we try to pass off our inch-deep knowledge for that of a hundred feet we are culpable; but the sin of which we are guilty is not superficiality but deceit. And so I say to the reader: If there are three lyrics of Heine that you love, you may read them a hundred times, if you like, leaving all the others unread. If you are curious about Rochefoucauld's maxims, you may begin in the middle of the book and pick out plums wherever they catch your eye; you shall not be compelled to read from cover to cover. Nay, you shall read the middle chapter of a history, or a book of travel, or a novel, and if you like it not, you may abandon it then and there. That the browser may test and reject is one of his dearest privileges, and is perhaps the very thing that makes browsing valuable. Because we have cropped a leaf from a poisonous weed, shall we consider ourselves bound to consume all the leaves of the plant—or the book? On the other hand, one leaf may so fill us with ecstasy that there is no stopping while the plant remains unconsumed. And it will be better for your digestion if you have no time to finish the whole at a sitting. I know of no greater joy than the looking forward to an hour

with a loved author, nor of a more life-empty, orphaned feeling than the realisation that you have read all of him. But here is where the mental feeder has the advantage of the physical. For the latter may eat the same food but once, whereas the reader may take his twice, a dozen, a hundred times. Blest are the books that please more and more at each re-reading! There are such for every man, though not many for each. They will not stretch across a five-foot shelf by any means, yet on a desert island they would be enough and to spare. The search for them may well occupy a lifetime, and even if we are so constituted that we never find them, in the search itself there is joy. We may run across many friends even if we never find a sweetheart.

It should not be forgotten that one may absorb ideas, whether from books or otherwise, with more than one aim, and with more than one ultimate result. Our object may be simply to increase the store of facts that we know. It is in this sense that reading, in Bacon's familiar words, "maketh a full man"—a condition which may or may not be of benefit to him. Or the object may be entertainment—from the most trivial kind of passing of the idle hour to the noblest and best forms of mental recreation. Or the aim of our reading may be—more frequently the result is gained without conscious aim—to stir the springs of action, to set in motion the forces that mould character, better the conditions of life, and ultimately advance civilisation. The sources of ideas such as these, whether they are men, places, or books, we may and do regard with a peculiar affection. We may value and appreciate that which imparts information, but we do not love it. We may seek and enjoy entertainment, but it does not inspire us with affection. But that which stirs the soul, kindles the emotions, gives us faith to believe and power to do—that is the thing to love, and when we love books, it is for the inspiration that we find in them, rather than for either information or recrea-

tion. And if the kind of reading that fools call desultory is valuable for naught else, it is of inestimable service as a search for books that will thus inspire us.

Only by reading can they be found; for the inspirational book is deeply personal. The strings within us are tuned to many keys: one may wander over the whole gamut before he finds just the tone that will thrill him and set in motion the invisible machine that has been waiting a lifetime for precisely this intimate touch. This is why browsing bears a peculiar relationship to bookish inspiration. One may browse also for information or for recreation—for study or for fun—but it is not necessary. If it is desirable that you should perfect yourself in spherical trigonometry you need not hunt through the library before picking out your book. If you want to laugh out loud or to smile inside, you may go straight to your Twain or Holmes; but if you want the book that is for you alone and for no one else—you must hunt for it.

And the great public library movement of the past half century means, among various other things, that the people have decided to provide and pay for their own mental and spiritual hunting grounds. That cities and towns by scores and hundreds are cheerfully paying for great collections of books, for buildings to house them and for trained workers to care for them and make them available, means not only that we want to place a particular book quickly in the hands of the man who needs it, but that we desire to give opportunity for search—freedom to the wanderer through the realms of literature to discover whatever therein may feed, or soothe, or stimulate him.

Not that the browser must be always searching. His may be that joy of re-tasting, which we have already touched upon a little while ago. Here he needs no wide collection of the world's literature, but only his own little intimate group of room-mates. It is a curious fact that even when he can repeat from

memory some favourite bit of narrative, or dialogue, or description—a scrap of verse, a scene from a play, a paragraph of satire—he prefers to take down the volume, turn to the page, and let the passage enter the mind again through the eye.

Those who regard written language as merely a convenience—an arbitrary method of recording the sounds of oral speech, should ponder this fact, and the type of facts that it represents. They surely indicate that written speech and oral speech, whatever their relationships at the point of origin, have in their development become two distinct things. The true book-lover loves to think that when he closes a volume of his favourite author, he is shutting up within it something having a closer connection with that author than if its letters were merely phonetic signs indicating sounds made by the writer when he spoke. How often, indeed, were those words never spoken at all! They went from the writer's brain straight to the point of his pen and were so spread on paper—and they lie in the book even as he penned them. That is, they do, unless the spelling "reformer" has laid hold upon them and mutilated them! But this is a digression.

The re-reading of stray bits that one loves is eminently fitted for odds and ends of time. Here is where the pocket-edition comes in. One cannot well take with him in the trolley car or on the train the spreading quarto, the respectable octavo, or even a fat duodecimo. What is needed is something smaller; and here again one must go to the bookstore rather than to the library. Librarians frown upon the book of pocket size, because thieves, as well as honest men, have pockets. It is an unfortunate—perhaps a scandalous—fact, that whenever a privilege is offered to the public, scores will be found to abuse it. Apparently there is no middle ground between exclusion and vandalism. When we unlocked the gates of our city squares, there ensued the era of trampled sod and broken shrubs; when we tore down

the gratings from the delivery desks of our libraries, unlocked our doors and called the public in, our books began to melt away. No one wants the old régime back, but this is why, when one seeks a convenient book for browsing on the road, while he may select it at the library, he must go to the bookstore for his pocket edition.

Perhaps here is the place to point out a rock on which the browser may run. (We have not mixed our metaphors, for there are rocks in the pasture as well as on the main, and our feeder may stub his toe in the lush grass.) Browsing may well fill the intervals when we are free to choose an occupation; it is not meritorious when superposed on what we have to do. I have seen men reading books at lunch—when they were actually masticating their food. I am sure that they both read and ate badly. A farmer's daughter, intellectually inclined, once told me that she kept an open book on one end of her ironing board. "You can pick up lots that way," said she. Possibly; but how about the ironing? I will wager that it suffered. "Well, let it suffer," I hear some one say. Not so; it should have first consideration; and besides, the reading doubtless suffered also. Napoleon, we are told, could carry on more than one train of thought at once. You who are Napoleons may do likewise; for us others, who are only Berangers or Bosquets, it is better to tackle only one thing at a time.

This is a paper on browsing, and because it sticks to its subject, some readers will doubtless misunderstand it and believe that it condemns all other kinds of feeding. There will always be some who will interpret praise of the hills as disparagement of the sea, and who jump to the conclusion that he who enjoys winter must dislike summer. We may love browsing and commend the browser, but there will always be the too facile wanderer who needs to be roped to a stake when he feeds; there will always be the barn where dry hay and oats are served instead of the juicy herb.

The master of our art of browsing may come to love it not wisely but too well. If his affection for it is safe and sane he will not neglect other modes of feeding, in their proper place.

But no matter how he may use these other modes, and no matter how he may value them, the confirmed browser will always long for the freedom of his broad pasture and for what that freedom inspires. It may be that he will discover a new author, and that he will spend a winter in this author's company, reading book after book, turning back and re-reading here and there, feeling all the while as if a door had opened to him in the blue sky, revealing depths undreamed of beyond. The unthinking observer, seeing him thus absorbed, might not recognise him as a browser; for browsing, after all, is not so much an act or a method, as a state of mind. The non-browser goes at an author, or a book, hammer and tongs from a sense of duty. He may, to be sure, go on because he likes it. He may cast off his shackles as he proceeds, and end as a free man. Yet the very fact that he starts shackled is against his success. He purchases his freedom at a great price, if he gets it at all, whereas the browser, like Paul, is free-born.

I trust that the connection of browsing with what I venture to call the American method of selecting one's private library is sufficiently apparent. For that selection is made, first by picking out what we want to read and, after the reading, sorting out what we desire to re-read. This is browsing, pure and simple; and the results are more and more satisfactory, the broader the field and the more thoroughly it is covered by the browser's wanderings. Such intricate meanderings take time, and there is, in fact, no time to lose. I have heard a man, past middle age, bitterly complain, on discovering a book that met his fancy, because he had not run across it earlier. He had missed it in his twistings and turnings across the field of literature, because the web that he was thus weaving was of too coarse a mesh.

So there were thirty years, on a conservative estimate, irrecoverably lost, so far as that book was concerned. We all have losses of this kind to lament; some of us will never lament, because we shall never discover them. In this case, to twist the old adage a little, it is better to have lost and loved than never to have found at all. Better still is it to rise early and seek. The field is wide; it is strewn with delicacies, and each may be tasted by the diligent.

And how much better it tastes when it is a little troublesome to find! How much more one enjoys a fine view, or a wonderful book, when one is himself its discoverer! The final enjoyment is often proportioned to the labour of discovery. It is a mistake to make these things too easy. When a diner is served with perfect meats of nuts, already removed from their shells, and with seedless raisins minus stems, he sighs involuntarily for the days when he had to spend precious minutes in digging the nut from its shell. Now he may eat a dozen at a time, if no one is looking—but is that the best way? I am quite sure that cherries are most luscious when one stands on the limb of the tree and reaches for them at the risk of his life; that blueberries are sweetest in a mountain jungle. The effect is not altogether imaginary. Fresh food is surely more satisfying than stale, and berries, or ideas, are fresher when one comes upon them unprepared, as he does when he is browsing.

I sometimes think that we librarians have overdone a little our work of advice, and preparation, and predigestion, especially when we have children to deal with. Let us go over our pasture carefully to pluck out all poisonous weeds—and even all indigestible ones, if you like; though nutriment and sweet savour often lurk beneath a tough stem—and

then let us encourage browsing! For one cannot begin it too young.

Much of what we are wont to consider as creation is merely selection and arrangement. With the same stock of materials to draw upon, one man will build a beautiful and useful house, another an ugly and inconvenient one. Living in the same world, and coming into contact with the same impressions, one man will build a fine character and another a despicable one. We must all select our own materials and put them together in our own way. The gift of written speech ensures that we shall not be limited to the here and the now in our selection of elements for the building of mind and character. We can use the ideas of Socrates or Seneca together with those that we pick up on the street or in the club; we can supplement our American notions with others from Russia, or Arabia, or China. The pasture from which we crop has been wonderfully expanded in space and in time. He who goes farthest afield and is the most catholic in his selection—he who most thoroughly incorporates together what he gathers, by chewing the cud of reflection—he whose normal digestive powers makes it all part of his own organism—he is the most successful browser.

We should never forget those two last processes. No matter how widely a man may range through time and space to cull the best from the master minds of all eras and all countries, if he has not the ability to fit the bits of his mosaic together into an intelligible pattern, and if he cannot make this pattern a part of his own personal mental organism, so that his thoughts, and his attitudes, and his outlook shall be his own instead of a patchwork of other men's—if he cannot do this, wide though his pasture be, and full of good things, yet he has browsed in vain.

TIME-TABLES AND TAPESTRY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE is a beautifully simple idea afoot that the time and place of a story are determined by its setting: that the date of its action and the environment through which its actors move are those and those alone of which it tells us. Thus an American novel means one whose scene is laid in America, and a modern novel means a novel whose story is supposed to happen at the present time. So, being filled with enthusiasm for this land of the free and for this latest and most interesting of the ages, we cry loudly for the great American novel (whose characters and setting must needs be American); desire the modern note in the discussion of modern problems; and to that end demand that the action of our stories shall take place to-day. It is a charming attitude of mind, because it is so recumbent, so restfully removed from intellectual turmoil and endeavour; and therefore so eminently suited to the Tired Business Man and the General Public in their hours of relaxation. American stories mean stories about America; the modern novel is the modern novel; Western tales are tales of the Woolly West, and that fiction is real and true which deals with persons and places around the corner. If you venture to hanker after old and far-off things, or suggest the inadequacy of Joe and Josefsky and Giuseppe for all conceivable rôles, they reply triumphantly that no age was ever more poetic or more interesting than our own, and that it has the further advantage of being here. It is all so plain and clear and straightforward; and besides, it simplifies criticism.

Consider also how it expands the literary field, in seeming to restrict it. If a modern narrative is a narrative of modern events, then we have among us even now, from *Looking Backward* to the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, the nov-

els and novelists of the future. As American literature is literature about America, so *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* present us with the literatures of Hell and Heaven: surely a notable contribution. England, it is true, must renounce the greater part of Shakespeare; but then, *Julius Caesar* becomes a Roman play, and *Midsummer Night's Dream* a Greek. Our antiquaries have perhaps neglected the study of those monuments of mediæval art, *Ivanhoe* and *The Forest Lovers*. And the indefatigable G. A. Henty achieves a more than mortal omnipresence, there being (as Cicero has it) no region upon earth but is filled with his labours. It is really too good to be true, and too simple to be allowed at large in the great world of letters: a tower unquestionably to touch heaven, but producing here below a troublesome confusion of tongues. Besides, although it looks delightfully easy for us readers, we ought to have some consideration for the librarians. They would find all their books upon the wrong shelves.

Of course the whole matter is a mere confusion of terms. An American novel may mean either a novel by an American or a novel whose scene is laid in America; modern literature is the product of our own time; but we speak of a modern story as distinguished from an archaic or historical one. Certain people (from whose number the present reader is, of course, hereby expressly excepted) have not unnaturally fallen into the habit of using both meanings at once. They call *The Virginian* rightly enough a Western book; although it belongs obviously to New England literature. Their preference for modern fiction, in the sense of fiction dealing more or less realistically with modern affairs, is a wholly rational and indisputable matter of taste. But

they do not quite perceive that the work of Poe is as American in its way as that of Whitman, or that the plays of Maeterlinck are no less modern than the plays of Pinero. It is not quite so easy to perceive. They have a clear and reasonable liking for the representation of things they know; but when they come to put that liking into words, they feel a human reluctance to determine which meaning of the words they mean. And so the confusion arises. Moreover, the modernity of many books does not appear upon the surface. Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a modern writer: in that sense, whatever he writes is equally modern. But one group of his novels, like *Rest Harrow* and *The Half Way House*, is modern in a double sense, as being also modern in setting; whereas another, comprising *The Fool Errant*, *The Song of Renny*, and *The Queen's Quair*, displays the dress of archaism, in fashions running all the way from careful adherence to the facts of history to the fabrication out of whole cloth of a setting altogether fictitious and imaginary. These last are no less modern in the sense of reflecting our own humanity to us from an emphatically modern point of view; but their modernity is that within which passeth show, the themes and spirit of the tales, the canons of their criticism of life. And of these, while we cannot but feel them subconsciously, we are not so easily aware.

One thing, and only one, determines the real position of a book in space and time; and that is the environment of the author. For he cannot, as they say, step off his own shadow. He may write at will of the present, the future or the past; he may set his story where he pleases, in his own town, or in the unexplored antipodes, or in Bohemia, a desert country by the sea; but no matter of what age or environment he may choose to write, he will always be writing in his own. Though Mr. Kipling portray India to the very life, yet he must see it out of English eyes. His Orient, be it never so oriental, must still be felt from his own, not from the native standpoint.

It is by this indeed that it so interests us, by so far as the Orientals appear more picturesque to us than to themselves. Otherwise, we should prefer their literature. However deeply Lafcadio Hearn has imbued himself in the colour and spirit of Japan, it is yet an Irish-American who has done so and who writes. Pierre Loti, sympathetically one at heart with the people of alien islands, must remain a Frenchman to the end. And when we ourselves happen to be the subjects of the story, the foreign point of view strikes us at once with a sense of the grotesque: as in the case of the Americas of Kipling and Dickens, or the England of Victor Hugo. The greatest artists are only less inept than the bunglers: they cannot escape the law. They change their skies, but not their souls, who run across the sea. Even in contemporary studies, removed only by the boundaries of a community or a social class from the author's own, some tinge of the inevitable veil abides. Mr. Owen Wister does not write quite like a Westerner, nor Mr. Jack London (despite his best endeavours) wholly like a primitive. The most literal and convincing of slum studies, the most exquisite vignettes of High Society, are done a little differently from without than from within. *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot* is perhaps more vivid and more intimately true than *The Everlasting Mercy*; but it is not the same note. Nor could Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips, for all their power of realism, convey the native flavour and atmosphere of Mrs. Wharton. Others can never see us as we see ourselves. There is a film of externity even between the sexes, whereby we can generally detect in the writing of women something of that which makes every man a hero to his wife; and doubtless they can find in ours something of that which leaves the wife of many years a maiden to her husband.

And since this is true of contemporary work, where the author may see and dwell among the lands and folk whom he describes, how much more must it pertain to his account of bygone races and

old times. The matter demands no proof, need not be tested by the forgotten facts; but if such test were necessary, one has only to compare our versions of antiquity with those of the ancients themselves. Hugo's *Nôtre Dame* wonderfully reawakens mediæval Paris before our eyes; but the mediæval Parisians left us no such vision of themselves, as he may learn who reads them. It is our mediævalism, not theirs: to us a far more important thing, indeed for all human and artistic purposes the only thing important; but still unmistakably, in its whole form and artistry, in its whole tone and criticism of life, a work of later date than the French Revolution. It belongs to the heart of the Romantic Period, and no thinking reader could possibly deem it otherwise. The classic scholarship of Flaubert and Lytton goes for naught. Let them adhere with the uttermost fidelity to every known archæological detail, exhaust the extreme of realism and the height of sympathetic imagination, in their endeavour to make Carthage what Carthage was, and Pompeii a resurrection from her ashes. *The Last Days* remains as unmistakably Victorian as *Eugene Aram*, and *Salammbô* as *fin de siècle* as *Madame Bovary*. Thackeray's masterly imitation of the Queen Anne style could never deceive any one into thinking that *Esmond* was written in the eighteenth century. Its true position is only less obvious than that of *Coriolanus*, or *Troilus and Cressida* with their naïve anachronisms. And even the various versions of some familiar fairy tale bear the national stamp of whoso momentarily tells them: you cannot confuse an Italian with a German *Cinderella*, nor *Bluebeard* with *Barbe Bleue*. Nor can translation itself, destructive of all idiom and colour of phrase, obscure the law that a book must live where it was born. The artist gives inevitably a local habitation to his creatures, not an habitation enforced.

This has at first sight a certain effect of condemnation; as if a story whose subject is external to the author's personal life must somehow be inferior. But

this is not so in the least; for the actual and documentary side of fiction is a matter really of very small importance, mainly incidental and decorative. It may complete the author's art or augment the reader's pleasure; but no book was ever great by it. Most people in these days delight to see a play exquisitely mounted: a fine production sets off the merit of a good piece, or offsets in some degree the demerits of a bad one. Yet it never makes the difference between the two; and a work with any claim to greatness declares immediate independence of it. Even less has local colour to do with the importance of a work of fiction. None was ever great by it: those indeed of which it is the chief element form a comparatively light and ephemeral group, no matter of how serious a visage. And all the great stories since literature began are accidental in their locality, by that very element of the universal which is their greatness. It is the humanity in them that counts: they might happen anywhere, in any age; they might happen to you and me. That is why they are great, because of somewhat in them which is in us all. *Macbeth* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Lear*, are acted oftener without than within the theatre; every one knows an *Odysseus* or a *Don Quixote*; Tannhäuser and Siegfried, Guinevere and Juliet and Griselda, do they not reenact their memorable adventures day by day? Setting is the least part of a big story, and the greatest of a little one. Yet even these do not depend upon it utterly, but upon some touch of nature, some discovery of human merriment or pathos quaintly dressed. The scientific fantasies of Mr. H. G. Wells's earlier period are scarcely contributions to science—though perhaps more nearly so than his recent lectures upon love and marriage; they interest by suggesting what people have done and may do. Some anthropologist may have reported more accurately of India than Mr. Kipling has done, some historian exhumed more of Carthage than Flaubert; but the creations of the artists have the enormous

advantage of being alive. That the Middle Ages as Scott and Hugo drew them may never have existed matters nothing: they exist now, at all events. And so do Olympus and Fairyland and the haunts of Arthur and his Table Round. The setting of a tale shall neither damn nor save, though it be as literal as a photograph or as fictitious as a dream; for the truth of fiction is internal, and its importance measured by what it has to tell us of ourselves.

The location of his tale is, then, a question merely of the writer's choice and taste. It will remain essentially the same story, as *The Scarlet Letter* is essentially the story of Tristram and Isolt; and it will remain essentially modern to him. That is, it will inevitably reflect the mental attitude toward life of his own environment and no other; as Hawthorne could not possibly have drawn his triangle in the moral light of the older version, where morality was dissolved in romance, nor in that of its colonial setting, where sympathy would have been buried in retribution. He must see out of his own eyes; but he may choose whither to turn them. Of course, a more external and journalistic story would alter more by the alteration of its externals. A detective story, for instance, could hardly be placed before the existence of detectives; but if it were so placed, it would still be the story of the detection of a mysterious crime. The parable of the Samaritan, on the contrary, might be set anywhere unchanged. Its location would not matter; but it would matter very much who told it. Suppose it were to be told by Nietzsche. Yet although the tale may happen when and where the author will, there will be one great difference according as he elects to have it happen remotely or under the ken of contemporary vision. It will be the same story, in Broceliaunde or Brooklyn: it will be told equally from the modern American standpoint, since that is where he stands; but the method of his telling will be greatly changed. For

in the one case, he must portray the events with that fidelity to familiar fact which we call realism. His lovers must drink beer or champagne together according to their caste; since the reader, knowing the probable facts, insists upon them. In the other case, where the details are unknown or fictitious, he may invent them unrestrained: holding only to the human truth of his creatures, by which alone they are connected with us who read. His lovers may drink a magic potion, if only it affects them logically. And the reader, careless of mere actualities, will demand of him only that internal and self-fulfilling consistency which we term romance.

One method is as true as the other. The same story may be told, the same truth of humanity expressed by both. The difference is simply between telling it as we might see it happen to others, literally and from the outside, and telling it internally as we should feel it happening to ourselves, the events and emotions being made concrete through symbolism. There was no need for Dives to be depicted in hell, nor Lazarus upon Abraham's bosom. There are heavens and hells enough on earth, wherein the parable might have ended as realistically as it began. But the symbolic places of bliss and torment furnished a readier and simpler embodiment of the idea. And this is true with many another tale of present authorship. The realist has two preoccupations: he is to tell his story truly and actually also; truly in its human essence and correctly as to a setting fixed and known. Whereas the method of romance avoids this latter necessity, and goes directly to the truth, conditioned only by the consistency of the characters and the logic of the events. The one need be true only to life; the other to life within some special and restricted phase. And the author's choice of either method may depend freely upon the nature of his theme or the natural bent of his creative power.

On either side stands the authority of great names who have preferred the one way or the other of accomplishing the

sole business of art: the holding of the mirror up to life. That the magic mirror has been in general the older choice, while modern artists chiefly use the hand-glass, is a reproach only in the mouths of those who imagine that we are better craftsmen or wiser prophets than the giants of old. It might be interesting to ask them why, seeing that our advance in scientific warfare (to which we have specially directed ourselves) has not produced a greater soldier than Alexander, they should expect of our comparative carelessness toward art a poet greater than Homer. But then, there would be little use in reasoning with them. They say that Homer was a syndicate. At least, let them be re-

minded that romance lends itself effectively to the telling of many tales which otherwise could with difficulty be told at all. For its setting grows out of itself, as the tree puts forth her foliage: realism must use the formless fashions of a day to clothe the nakedness of man. And the humanities of all time retold in modern dress may be as offensive as a painted statue, without gaining one iota of human truth or of contemporary vision. Let us have the great American novel, by all means, if we can breed amid this fog and shouting one with the eyes to see and tongue to tell it. But let us not imagine that it must necessarily be realistic in order to be modern or local in order to be American.

SIXTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

HENRY CABOT LODGE'S "EARLY MEMORIES"*

It is often made a matter of reproach to us Americans that our men of light and leading do not take part in public affairs and that our politics are abandoned to purely professional politicians. The assertion is risked that our men of affairs and our men of letters are not found contending in the arena of political discussion as they do in England and in France. More particularly is the charge urged that we lack a long line of literary statesmen akin to those who have illumined the political history of the British and the French in the nineteenth century. Attention may be called to the fact that those who take this view seem to ignore the necessary distinction between politicians who also have the literary gift and men of letters who take part in politics. It is true that in France, from the days of Guizot and Thiers to the days of Poincaré and Hanotaux, French men of letters have thrown

themselves ardently into political life and have risen to high place in the state. But it may be doubted whether this is equally true of Great Britain, where the literary statesmen have been first of all politicians, even if they carried literature as a side-line. Lord Morley is the only recent British statesman who is a man of letters primarily and only secondarily a politician.

It is not the fact that here in the United States we have been devoid of statesmen who had the literary gift in a high degree. No one would be bold enough to deny literary merit to the Declaration of Independence, to the two Bunker Hill orations and to the Gettysburg address. And we have also had our share of men of letters who rose to the more exalted public offices, John Hay, for one, George Bancroft for another; and the list of men of letters whom we have sent abroad to represent us includes the names of Irving, Motley, Lowell and Bayard Taylor. At the present time the roll of the American Academy of Arts and Letters is graced by the names of President Wilson, of ex-President Roosevelt and of Senator

*Early Memories. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.

Lodge, all of whom made themselves honourably known as authors before they adventured themselves into the welter of political activities.

Senator Lodge in his volume of *Early Memories* has told the story of his boyhood and youth and early manhood before he became a scholar in politics; and so interesting is his account of these non-political years of his career, that we can only hope he will be encouraged to continue and to give us a companion volume of *Later Memories*, in which he may set forth his relations with the public men whom he has known intimately in the past quarter of a century. To the present reviewer this first instalment is most welcome, for he is only a few months younger than his reviewer, and like Mr. Lodge he is old enough to recall the Heenan and Sayers fight, and the Ravels, and the "Relief of Lockwood" and the dark days of the Civil War.

Mr. Lodge is a Bostonian of the strictest sect. He is a descendant of what Doctor Holmes once called "the Brahmin caste of New England"; and he revealed his early shrewdness in the wise choice of his ancestors. As he reminds us, his great-grandfather, George Cabot, the friend of Washington, whose biography Mr. Lodge was to write for the American Statesman Series, was his predecessor as a United States Senator from Massachusetts. No pages in Mr. Lodge's book are more significant than his account of his father, a man of the loftiest character, who held his fortune in trust for the public service and who stayed in business longer than he ought to have done, solely that he might be able to give more freely.

Those of us old enough to recall the Allan Thorndike Rice, who bought the *North American Review*, a quarter of a century ago, and—with the aid of that picturesque literary adventurer, Lawrence Oliphant—changed it from the staid quarterly which Lowell and Norton had edited to a brisk monthly rival of the *Nineteenth Century* of Sir James Knowles, will read with amused inter-

est Mr. Lodge's description of the kidnapping of Rice from his father by his mother, when both he and the narrator were boys,—an episode which forced the autobiographer to appear as a witness in court at an age when he might be presumed not to know the meaning of an oath.

Mr. Lodge tells us at length about his boyhood in Boston and at Nahant and at Newport, when the Naval Academy—removed from Annapolis during the war—occupied a Newport hotel, since torn down. He describes his school days and his trip to Europe in 1866-7, when he spent the winter in Rome and became intimate with the sculptor-poet, W. W. Story, an expatriated Bostonian. He returned home and entered Harvard, then in process of modernisation under the energetic impulse of President Eliot. At Harvard, Mr. Lodge was first moved to serious study by Mr. Henry Adams's contagious interest in scholarship; and very valuable indeed is the letter of advice which Mr. Adams wrote to his former pupil after the latter had graduated and when he was hesitating as to the choice of a career. Mr. Lodge went through the Law School and was admitted to the bar; and although he had no intention of practising, the legal training thus acquired has been most useful to him in the later years when he served in the House of Representatives and in the Senate.

At twenty-one he was married, and on his wedding trip he went to Europe again, seeing Paris in its desolation after the destruction of the final days of the Commune. When he returned to his native land he edited the life and letters of his great-grandfather, George Cabot, and he contributed to the *North American Review*, then in charge of Mr. Adams, his former professor and his lifelong friend. And here in 1880, at the threshold of his entrance upon the field of practical politics, the autobiographer allows the pen to fall from his hand. But he appends a final chapter on "Public Men and Men of Letters"—in which he records his impressions of Charles

Sumner and Wendell Phillips, Governor Andrew and Doctor S. G. Howe, Charles Francis Adams and Robert C. Winthrop, Motley and Prescott, Bancroft and Parkman, Longfellow and Holmes, Whittier and Aldrich,—the incomparable galaxy which justified the bestowal upon Boston of the title of the "Athens of America."

Since Mr. Howells's unforgettable description of his *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, no book has taken us so completely into this brilliant circle as Mr. Lodge's. He knew them all; they were his friends, as many of the older had been friends of his father before him; he appreciates them, each according to his deserts, and he is able to make us see them and understand them better than ever before. Especially to be commended is his analysis of the character of Sumner, and his recollections of Bancroft and Parkman. He quotes characteristic letters from one and another of these New England worthies, and he provides a host of apt anecdotes, many of which have never before got themselves into print. Indeed, it has been a constant temptation—which this reviewer has found it difficult to resist—to excerpt from this treasure-house of personal memories. But this reviewer has always felt it to be unfair for a critic to despoil the pudding of its plums, and so to discount the pleasure of those who are invited to the feast.

Autobiography, so Longfellow once asserted in one of his note-books, is what biography ought to be; and we Americans have been singularly fortunate in the past few months in the number and in the variety of the books in which men of importance have chosen to set forth their own careers. Men as unlike as Mr. Henry James and Admiral Dewey, Senator La Follette and Colonel Roosevelt have taken us into their confidence and told us about themselves with more or less frankness. It is a most alluring shelf of books, that which contains the best of recent American autobiographies; and it does not contain any volume more alluring than these *Early Memo-*

ries. Yet the pleasant task of the present reviewer will not be complete until he again expresses the hope that Mr. Lodge will take up his pen again and let us have his *Later Memories*, preserving in his record of his political battles the simplicity, the urbanity and the amenity which lend grace and dignity to this account of his youth.

Brander Matthews.

II

L. GASTINE'S "MADAME TALLIEN"*

The material of French biography, even when not presented with the Gallic laughter and grace which one has learned to expect, is the most fascinating thing in the world. The success of this interesting book is not one of style. The light touch is lacking which the author often, somewhat elaborately, intends. Perhaps the knowledge of demolishing an ingratiating legend made him a trifle aggressive. For here is by no means *la belle Tallien* of the de Goncourts—"the symbol of France's awakening after the nightmare of the Terror." But at any rate, he is so eager to wield the axe that he commits the blunder of destroying the story before telling it. In narrating the real story, which is a thousand times better if less romantic, one occasionally suspects some personal or professional animus against poor Theresia. How at this distance of time can he confidently assert, one wonders, that the indecencies of her costume did not exhibit the disdainful unconcern of a grande dame but rather the effrontery of a great courtesan confident of her power to seduce? It seems a nice discrimination for a succeeding century. After all, Theresia was deserving of some admiration as a person of quality, since despite her twelve children she still preserved the faculty of making every man who approached imagine she was going to fall in love with him and hope he was not mistaken. Except that at times M. Gastine's gusto is

*Madame Tallien. By L. Gastine. Translated by J. Lewis May. New York: The John Lane Company.

fairly audible, one might almost mistake him for a moralist. Especially in the closing chapter is the conventional string twanged overheavily. Since she adorns his tale so pleasingly, surely Madame Tallien might be forgiven for not obviously pointing a moral. Life, especially when that of the many ladies who weave golden threads through the tapestry of French history, is not always compliant to moralists.

The brief halo of Theresia Cabarrus as "Notre Dame de Thermidor" was in reality thrust upon her by a sentimental public. She never urged Tallien to strike Robespierre with the Spanish dagger she was said to have sent him from prison; and, indeed, Tallien himself had almost nothing to do with hurling the tyrant from his seat. The fair Theresia might well have feared that her aforetime lover when master of the situation would send her to the guillotine to remove all danger of awkward revelations of his enormously profitable traffic in pardons during their earlier career together; and Tallien would have betrayed her ten times over in order to save his craven life. But, farcically enough, he suddenly found himself and her the idols of the hour. The people insisted that she had inspired him to liberate France, and he had to accept the situation or overturn the pedestal on which they had placed him. So he was forced to set her free, and together they clumsily concocted enough details to bolster up the fairy tale which satisfied so well the universal craving for romance. It was a tale which Theresia, frustrated in her many attempts for a more glorious halo, was naturally willing in after life to embroider as much as possible.

Finding himself likely to be forced from the centre of the stage, Tallien married her. Although every one found her loveliness irresistible and she had carefully cultivated all the resources of attraction, he had in their previous alliance grown weary of her charm and impatient of her behaviour. On her part, she knew too well that he was a thief and a poltroon, but it was sufficient that

he was the hero of the moment. Besides, she had some natural confidence in her destiny. By the age of twenty-one, she had already been wife, mother, divorcée, and the mistress of a dozen men; yet still all well-bred men, even the most refined, were her devoted worshippers. Somewhat bovine in temperament, it was easy and not unreasonable for her to regard herself as the darling of fortune. But Tallien failed her miserably. Despite his popular triumph, he soon found himself powerless and discredited. Mortified at the wane of both his influence and his ill-gotten wealth, Theresia was making up her mind to oust her friend Josephine from the affections of Barras, the foremost of the Republic's five protectors, when that lady suddenly began to smile on the little Corsican general who was rich only in hope. Barras took Madame Tallien under his protection, and when he tired of her gave her to another; but again she had miscalculated. Thinking she had drawn the future king, she had in reality appropriated only a blank. Nevertheless, she reigned for four years the queen of the Directoire, that burlesque of an aristocratic society; and was its scandal, its charm, its shame, and its delight. Through all the eccentricity of her undress and the shameless indecorum of her conduct, continues the author, she preserved a vegetable serenity of demeanour which could arise only from an absence of moral consciousness.

It pleased Napoleon on his return to ascribe some of Josephine's frailties to her friend, and he forbade Madame Tallien the Court. Even after Josephine's divorce the two "reines du Directoire" did not resume their intimacy. By then Madame Tallien doubtless felt that the whirligig of time had brought a slight revenge, for she had become a real aristocrat through her marriage with Count de Caraman, afterward Prince de Chimay. At the age of thirty-two, when her extraordinary charms were beginning to show the wear of reckless usage, she so successfully angled for the Count that he snapped his fingers at the pub-

lic scandal. But the aristocracy refused to adorn the salon of the ex-professional beauty, and everybody called her Madame Tallien to the end of her life. Beloved by her husband and immensely rich, however, she spent the next score of years in growing old gracefully though not beautifully in her great establishments of Brussels and Chimay, where she entertained many people of importance in their time. The only real penalties she ever paid for her outrageous career were her banishment by Napoleon and the refusal of the Fauburg Saint Germain to take her up.

Graham Berry.

III

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER'S "THE STORY OF HARVARD"*

Every Harvard man knows something about the beginnings of Harvard—in particular the bequest of money and books from the consumptive young minister, John Harvard, whereby the University took a name and a start. But just as few sons of Harvard can remember off hand more than the beginning and the end of that somewhat lugubrious chant,—“Fair Harvard,”—so few are familiar with the history of the University during the interim between its beginning and the date when each, as a Freshman, arrived upon the scene.

For example, not many could point to the very first recorded instance of that tenderness toward the negro which Harvard has tenaciously maintained, in spite of the derision or hostility of other sections of the country. Yet before Harvard College was three years old, this characteristic cropped out. The first president, the Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, being on trial before the General Court for violence and dishonesty, his wife was also examined and made the curious admission that she had “allowed the negro servitor to sleep in the bed of John Wilson—one of the students.”

*The Story of Harvard. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The lot of those seventeenth century students, judged by our standards, was not happy. College life was a monotonous repetition of prayers, work and sermons, with an occasional bit of discipline for the weak or the wayward thrown in by way of variety. Witness the following from Samuel Sewall's Diary:

Thomas Sargent was examined by the Corporation and being convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the H. G.—certainly no irreverence was intended in the abbreviation!—he was sentenced to be publicly whipped before all the scholars. . . . This was presently put in execution in the Library before the scholars. He kneeled down, and the instrument, Goodman Hely, attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President.

The age, as James Russell Lowell has said, “believed with the old poet that whipping was ‘a wild benefit of nature’;” and inasmuch as Harvard College was at first a Divinity School, chastisings accompanied by prayers before and after were accepted with as little comment as invitations to call at U-5 in these latter days.

Alas, how quickly the cry of “Harvard, the rich man's college,” was raised. Early in the eighteenth century an investigating committee condemned the silk night-gowns of some students “as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education.” A better justification for the charge than the silk night-gowns was the practice of the college authorities themselves of arranging students according to the social standing of their parents. In their Freshman year students were assigned their places, and the fortunate individuals at the head of the list received the best rooms, the first helpings at Commons, the front seats in Chapel and at recitations, and, as the lists, once made up, were never changed, the honour for the rest of their lives of standing at the top of their class in the college catalogue.

No wonder that such an undemocratic method aroused much friction. "Scholars were often enraged beyond bounds for their disappointment in their place," wrote a graduate of the period. It was not until 1772 that this snobbish custom was abolished and the students were placed in alphabetical order.

A lively contrast to the mild and extremely brief set of rules furnished by the Harvard authorities twenty years ago, and perhaps still in vogue, is a list that comes down to us from the eighteenth century. Some of the fines for misconduct were as follows:

	s.	d.
Playing cards, not exceeding.....	5	
Drunkenness, not exceeding.....	1	6
Lying, not exceeding.....	1	6
Fighting, or hurting person, not exceeding	1	6

Whereby we can see that a student might get drunk, lie, and fight, and for all three offences be less in the bad graces of his superiors than to be caught playing cards.

From the same list—"Going upon the top of the college" was a one shilling and sixpence offence, while frequenting taverns was punishable with a fine not exceeding the same amount. Absence from prayers cost twopence; absence from public worship cost nine pence; but the two misdemeanours together did not equal the enormity of owning a gun or going skating.

The moderate charge for drunkenness leads us to consider a feature of college life which was fairly prominent from early days. Even before the end of the seventeenth century there was much complaint about the disorders at Commencement. Later the college authorities passed stringent regulations against the appearance "of any distilled Liquors or any composition therewith" in the students' rooms. In 1740 a committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of the students reported that at the election of officers for the Senior class—"It is usual for each scholar to bring a bottle of wine with him, which practice the

Committee apprehend has a natural tendency to produce disorders."

Disorders of alcoholic origin crop up time and again. Thus, early in the nineteenth century appeared the Harvard Washington Corps, of which Lowell says—"their gyrating banner, . . . on the evening of training-days, was an accurate dynamoter of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. . . . I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision."

The class of 1821, of which Emerson was class poet, "marched on their graduating day to Porter's Tavern, where they sat down at two o'clock to 'a fine dinner.' Caleb Cushing gave for a toast: 'The bonds of friendship, which always tighten when they are wet.' After this inspired sentiment the feast waxed merry. 'When we had all drunk our skins full, we marched round to all the professors' houses, danced round the Rebellion and Liberty Trees, and then returned to the hall. A great many of the class were half-seas over."

In 1836 the Rev. John Pierce entered this observation in his diary: "Be it noted that this is the first Commencement I ever attended in Cambridge in which I saw not a single person drunk in the Hall or out of it. . . . There were the fewest present I ever remember."

College athletics of the present day have some evils to answer for, but there is without doubt far less drunkenness and rowdyism in colleges now than in the time when athletics were unknown. As Mr. Pier says: "With cramping regulations, and with practically no athletics to absorb nervous and physical energy, college life often seemed irksome; frequent outbursts of disorder and drunkenness were the methods by which undergraduates sought relief from monotony."

Harvard is "the first and greatest creation of the Puritans," declares Mr. Pier. It began as a divinity school, and supported by a colony of desperately poor people living on the border of a wilderness it had a hard fight for life. The first tutors received the liberal salary of four pounds a year; the early presidents were paid partly in wood, and corn; partly from the receipts of the ferry between Cambridgeport and Boston; and partly not at all. Through the generations, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, Harvard has grown from that little school whose first graduating class contained nine members to a university numbering about five thousand souls, and an income of two and a half million dollars a year. In *The Story of Harvard* the history of this development, extending over two hundred and seventy-seven years, is sketched. And to the author is due the hearty thanks of Harvard men and of all who have an interest in or a little curiosity about the great university, for a volume that is full of information and entertainment.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY'S "THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN"*

Many so-called feminist books are extremely trying in that they tend, in the fervour of their propaganda, to be too utterly feminine and fail therein to be human. C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan), in *The Truth About Woman*, never lacks fervour and enthusiasm, but combines with these qualities an unusual sense of proportion. She maintains firmly that there is no solution of the woman question except as it includes man, and solves life's problems as a human equation including both sexes. This thoughtful book is written in a direct and simple style which gives the reader the constant feeling of entering into a personal talk with the author,

*The Truth About Woman. By C. Gasquoine Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

sharing the conclusions of a matured, poised individual who has lived broadly and understandingly among divers classes in many lands. Mrs. Gallichan has hitherto written chiefly on Spain and Spanish art; perhaps this explains why she touches all phases of her new subject with a keener sense of the emotional and human values than do many feminist writers who have devoted themselves exclusively to the economic and sociological aspects of life. She seems never to lose sight of the fact that, after all, in the most difficult of all arts—that which deals in the problems of human adjustments—many of the equations must be solved through individual education and development. Although she, in no sense, underestimates the possibilities of communal action, she continually emphasises the impossibility of accomplishing, through legislation, any reform which is not an expression of, at least, a majority conviction.

Mrs. Gallichan is the daughter of a Puritan father who died for the faith in which he believed. She herself says the desire to teach was born in her blood, and she began her work as the head mistress of a school for girls. She believed she would be able to train them to a new type of free women. To-day she states that, of course, she failed, and wonders further if she taught her pupils "one-hundredth part of what they taught her." She was saddened by what she felt to be her failure, and out of this experience grew the purpose to write a book seeking the truth about woman. She is grateful for the delay in carrying out her intention, since experience has since changed many of her early conclusions.

Her book is divided into three main sections: the first, biological; the second, historical; and the third is devoted to a consideration of the present day aspect of the woman problem as based on the other two. She feels it is absolutely essential to examine the history of woman's place in the civilisations of the past, and also the part the female has played in the evolution of the sexes, to understand the present or to suggest the future. The

conclusion of her biological study is that woman, through her potential motherhood, is the guardian of the Life Force; therefore, woman must be freed from both economic and sex bondage, so that her choice of the fathers of the children of to-morrow may be liberated toward the highest good of the future race. The author preaches the gospel of the liberation of woman; but not, as with so many feminists, liberation from man. She says:

That from which woman must be freed is herself—the unsocial self that has been created by a restricted environment.

In her discussion of the evolution from the matriarchal to the patriarchal form of society, the author fuses a new interest by her unique and sanely balanced conclusions regarding it and its suggestion for the future. She believes that both the past social superiority of the mother, and the transitional period of woman's social inferiority have served a legitimate and inevitable part in the evolution of the race to a higher humanity.

The opinion that the subjection of woman arose from male mastery, or was due to any special cruelty, must be set aside. With all the evils that father-right has brought to woman, we have got to remember that woman owes the individual relation of the man to herself and her children to the patriarchal system. We women need to remember this, lest bitterness stains our sense of justice. It may be that progress social and moral could not have been accomplished otherwise; that the cost of love's development has been the enslavement of woman. If so, then woman will not, in the long account of nature, have lost in the payment of the price. They may be (when they come at last to understand the truth) better fitted for their refund freedom.

Neither mother-right alone, nor father-right alone, can satisfy the new ideals of the true relationship of the sexes. The spiritual force, slowly unfolding, that has uplifted, and is still uplifting, womanhood, is the foundation of woman's claim that the further progress of humanity is bound up with

her restoration to a position of freedom and human equality. But this position she must not take from man—that, indeed, would be a step backwards. No, she is to share it with him, and this for her own sake and for his, and, more than all, for the sake of their children and all the children of the race.

This replacement of the mother side by side with the father in the home and in the larger home of the State is the true work of the Woman's Movement.

Mrs. Gallichan prefaces her modern section by a restatement of her biological and historical deductions as bearing on sex differences. She concludes:

"That it is a two sexed world—men and women are not alike . . . the female as the giver and keeper of life is relatively more constructive, relatively less disruptive than the male. . . . Now up to a certain point sex differences lead to sex attraction, but whenever such variability, whether initiated by some natural process or by some intentional guidance of the pressure of civilisation is unduly exaggerated, the way is opened up for sex antagonism. . . . Under our present civilisation, and mainly owing to the unnatural relation of the sexes, which has unduly emphasised certain qualities of excessive femininity, sex feeling has been at once over-accentuated and under-disciplined. Thus an extreme outward sex attraction has come to veil but thinly a deep inward sex antipathy.

Therefore, the author sees in the modern revolt of woman against this sex specialism, in her efforts to enter into communal activity, to understand and be a part of the man-made world, a token of nature tending again toward an harmonious balance.

In her consideration of marriage and prostitution, Mrs. Gallichan takes a position which will undoubtedly disturb those unthoughtful ones who are content to drift in ancient channels, and permit all their cerebration on social questions to be done for them. She frankly faces the relation between our present marriage system and prostitution. For example, she says:

Our marriage system is buttressed with prostitution, which makes our moral attitude one of intolerable deception, and our efforts at reform not only ineffective, but absurd. Without the assistance of the prostitution of one class of women and the enforced celibacy of another class, our marriage in its present form could not stand. . . . Marriage is in itself, in many cases, a legalised form of prostitution. . . . The fact is, our marriage, in its present legal form, is primarily an arrangement for securing the rights of property.

One wishes that every so-called good woman could read the chapter on prostitution; a new sanity would certainly be fused into their consideration of the social evil.

The degradation of prostitution rests not with these women, but on us, the sheltered, happy women, who have been content to ignore and despise them. . . . I therefore hold firmly to the belief that the hateful traffic in love will flourish just as long, and in proportion, as we regard passion outside of prostitution with shame. . . . These women, who for centuries have been blasted for our sins against love, must be readmitted by women and men into the social life of home and the State. Then, and then alone, can we have any hope that the prostitute will cease to be and the natural woman will take her place.

Mrs. Gallichan regards the ideal marriage as the union of one man with one woman for life. But she feels that the enforced continuance of an unreal marriage is a gross form of immorality, which hurts not only the individuals concerned but also the children. She maintains that just as consent is accepted as necessary to marriage, so it should be the condition for divorce. Through thus freeing our marriage relation to meet the real sex needs of men and women we may achieve a practical morality which will help us to abolish prostitution. She does not believe free love the practical solution. She differs with Ellen Key in that she considers all sex relations are in some degree the concern of the State and the race; first, because they hold the poten-

tiality of children; secondly, because whatever the individual gains of good or evil from love must ultimately react for the benefit or wastage of the race. It is natural then that she further believes free love does not offer any particular advantages over free marriage because the rare people who have made a success of free love might have made an equal success of marriage.

The author's discussion of sex differences in relation to work is exceedingly suggestive. She maintains that it is impossible to predicate what women can or cannot achieve in the future, by comparing woman's past achievements with man's; for, she argues, the opportunities of woman to develop as woman have not been equal to the opportunities of man to develop as man. We have, Mrs. Gallichan asserts, not an accurate estimate of woman's potentialities in even those exceptional women who have been able to achieve signal individual success; since, with the work world organised as it has been, women have had to spend so much vitality—which should have gone into the work itself—in fighting for the *right* to do the work they chose. As a matter of fact under the patriarchal system it has been woman's sex and not her work that has been valued. Sex is best paid, generally speaking, both in marriage and out of it. Women have had to submit to the will of man, of society, or of God—as interpreted by man. Woman could only realise herself through man. The wonder is—the author says—not that women have not accomplished more in the fields of creative work, but that they have achieved so much. This writer on the arts suggests that individualistic lives bar really great creative work: "all living and valuable art is really communal." In the primitive societies women engaged in communal and coöperative operations. With the rhythm of their work they created poetry and music. In Mrs. Gallichan's opinion, with the restoration of the modern woman to an active place in the coöperative life of the community, she will again participate in the creative field of

work as wonderfully as she has in the creation of life. She suggests that the inferior position woman has been given in communal life is well illustrated by the fact that pregnancy—which should be a period of glorification—has been regarded as a condition for concealment if not positive shame. The recent report of our Board of Education in regard to women teachers being mothers is a sad evidence of the persistence of this idea.

This book is a remarkable contribution. It should appeal deeply to both men and women interested in understanding the present awakening of women. It is many sided and deeply suggestive and should be widely read. The present writer feels that any review which is not a reprint of the book itself must be pitifully inadequate.

Fola La Follette.

V

STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S "AFRICAN CAMP FIRES"*

It may be that portions of this book, to readers of *In the Land of Footprints*, by the same author, will seem to be the literary by-product of the expedition to which they refer rather than the main relation. Such impression may be traceable to the considerable gaps in time and events that occur between chapters; it certainly is not due to lack of importance and interest on the part of what those chapters separately hold. If at times there is a suggestion of the notebook of the seasoned traveller and naturalist who sacrifices technical data out of regard for his unscientific reader's ignorance, there are many pages that chronicle those apparently inconsequential details of which our most vivid and lasting impressions are often made. And besides much substantial observation upon African life—human, animal and vegetable—there are tales of encounters with big game, told with a vigour and straightforwardness that is thrilling and convincing. No one but Mr. White we believe brings to the task of writing a

*African Camp Fires. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

book like this such a happy combination of experience, enthusiasm, keenness of observation and good judgment in balancing fact against personal fancy.

The book ranges far. In two chapters we move from the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix at Marseilles to Port Said, and in three chapters more we have gone through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Then we are landed on African soil and, with glimpses of Mombasa to remember, enter the jungle to begin the march through the Shimba Hills. Here soon begins the serious business for which all this long journey was made by the author and his companions—the hunting of the biggest of African game, and first, of course, the lion. Perhaps our most distinguished American lion hunter has said, I understand, that Mr. White is the best shot that Africa has known. One is strongly disposed to endorse that statement after reading the account of what happened to the Big Lion which had the misfortune to come his way, as here set down; and, again, accepting the writer's words for the conditions that confronted him when he secured a specimen of one of the most difficult of all wild animals—the greater Kudu—it would seem as if marksmanship could not be put to a severer test. But all this is far more than a matter of planting a bullet or bullets just right. The zest of the chase is the chase itself, the outwitting of the animal at its own game, the stalking of it, the meeting with it face to face, when a nerve quiver, a moment's delay or bungling may mean death to the man and not the brute. And this zest Mr. White imparts to his pages. Nor does the hunter always triumph. For all of the lion skins that the author brought home these were but few compared to what lions he saw, as witness that morning, approaching the Lucania hills, when fifteen of the beasts in leisurely file clambered out of a cañon in plain sight of the party and, as in leisurely fashion, betook themselves to the jungle while the hunters, for two hours, worked to get into a position to attack.

Quite as interesting in its own way

as anything concerning the big game is what is printed about the people. To most of us at least the African native is a black man, a savage—each and every one of him differentiated from his fellows only by his stature, or perhaps some cast of features or variegation of head-dress. But here we are introduced not only to peoples that differ from one another in humour, philosophy and habits, but also to individuals, to men who have at least some of those virtues of which we like to think civilisation possesses almost a monopoly. What happened to the expedition while in the Serengetti desert bears upon that point, and Mr. White's simple statement of the fortitude and sacrifice of one Memba Sasa is only perhaps the most striking instance related. There is something, too, in these Africans reminiscent of what we once called the American savage. Fenimore Cooper it maybe who comes to mind when we read this bit of reasoning by the Masai, a strong and warlike tribe who never have waged warfare with the English. "We have watched the war with the Wakamba," the Masai said, in effect, "and we have seen the Wakamba kill a great many of your men. But more of your men come in always; and there were no more Wakamba to come in and take the places of those who were killed. We are not afraid. If we should war with you, we would undoubtedly kill a great many of you, and you would undoubtedly kill a great many of us. But there can be no use in that. We want the ranges for our cattle; you want a road. Let us then agree." Mr. White has given us another sound and interesting book.

Churchill Williams.

VI

CARL EWALD'S "THE FOUR SEASONS"*

The gentle lyric personality of the Danish poet, Carl Ewald, is no stranger now to the American public. With several well-translated volumes he has won

*The Four Seasons. By Carl Ewald. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

for himself a quiet corner where the reader who is weary of the rush of action characterising our fiction as well as our daily life can retire and find repose and refreshment. The latest Ewald book to be presented in an English dress is a charming little prose-poem, simple in the extreme, and very engaging, as true simplicity always will be. It is so simple that a child could understand it and yet it will lead the grown-up reader back to a true comprehension of the eternal mystery of Nature.

Nothing could be more ingenuous than the slow unfolding of the little fable. The Prince of Winter and the Prince of Summer meet upon the high mountain as the Earth comes slowly out of Chaos. They would divide the world between them, but the two lesser Princes of Spring and Autumn claim each their share. Then the round of the seasons goes on, the simple processes, age-old and yet so little noticed, unfold themselves before our eyes until the Princes meet again to look upon their handiwork and find that it is good . . . or that it would be good, did not Man often make it to naught. Spring alone has conquered the Conqueror, as it is he who draws Man aside from his dreams of Empire to dream of Love.

In the charm of its lingering on little things, in its dallying with the Unessential, the book bears all the hallmarks of its Danish origin. Also in the sternness of the Prince of Winter, a picture that comes readily in those lands where Winter is a time of death not merely of rest. And in the lingering on the slow coming of Spring as well . . . nowhere as in the Northern literature do we find that choke in the voice when the poet sings of Spring. Spring means so much after the long cruel winter of the North!

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to render into another language such a bit of writing, where style is more than content. But on the whole the work has been well done. The dainty garb given the little book sits becomingly on its delicate charm.

Ellen Chalfont.

VII

RICHARD DEHAN'S "THE HEADQUARTER RECRUIT"*

The present reviewer confesses to a strong liking for short stories, and therefore, to a feeling of gratitude toward the publisher who has the courage to disregard the customary trade attitude toward this particular form of literary product. When the result of his courage is a book of such good short stories as those contained in the above volume, the gratitude is correspondingly heightened. The short story in its capacity for giving pleasure bears the same relation to the novel as the tiny glass of fine cordial does to the full bottle of wine, . . . or the good cigarette to the long cigar. There is many a half hour or less when the literary *gourmet* has neither time nor leisure to read a novel, but greatly longs for a bit of true literature. Then he longs for the short story just as he longs for the cigarette or the cordial, and nothing else can satisfy. To such readers, and there are many of them, the latest book from the pen of the talented woman who signs herself Richard Dehan can be most heartily recommended. Its stories will leave as pleasing a taste in the mouth, and will fill in those moments of longing as fully as will the perfect cigarette or the delicious cordial. They are not all evenly good of course, some are gems in their way, others lacking in concentration of form and weight of content. But through them all pulses the vitality of a remarkable literary personality, a virility thoroughly masculine, yet showing little touches, here and there, which make it believable that the author is a woman. The masculinity predominates, however, both in choice of subject and in style. It is not only in the choice of subject that the resemblance to Kipling forces itself upon the reader's mind. It lies in something deeper than that, in the taking of the reader into the writer's confidence from the start, as it were, two friends

*The Headquarter Recruit. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

talking together who share many acquaintances and interests in common. This touch, one of the most engaging of the Kipling qualities, Richard Dehan possesses in full, with a natural spontaneity quite different from the laboured imitations of which we have had so much since the Anglo-Indian writer dawned on our literature. A little more concentration would heighten the resemblance and still keep it free from the reproach of imitation.

There are so many stories that linger long in the memory after reading that it is hard to choose a few to praise in particular. "The Man in the Woods and Forests" is a gem in its tense brevity, its directness of style and its true originality of subject. "The Quality of Mercy" is a bit of irony of Fate that will not be easily forgotten. "Clairvoyance" is deliciously humorous, as is also the tale entitled "Realisation." Some of the longer stories depart from the tensivity of form and are really novelettes, yet it is one of these, "Full-Sized James," which from the tragedy and novelty of its subject lingers persistently in the mind long after the book is closed and laid away.

J. Marchand.

VIII

A. CONAN DOYLE'S "THE POISON BELT"*

In *The Poison Belt*, as in *The Lost World* of a year or so ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has found expression in the singular personality of Professor George Edward Challenger. The name itself is diagnostic. From the beginning the huge beard of the strange violent scientist bristles, and the hoarse bellowing voice booms out. These last two stories have been less telling of tales than the illumination of a character in which the author seems to find particular delight. Yet this character is too artificial, too much builded up of complexities, to be entirely convincing. In the Doyle portrait gallery he is hardly worthy of a

*The Poison Belt. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

place with Sherlock Holmes, with the Brigadier Gerard, with Sir Nigel Loring, or with the delightful Sir Charles Tregellis. His proper place is behind the counterfeit presentment of the well-meaning but monotonous Dr. Watson. That he is even there is due to the fact that his creator under all conditions is an accomplished literary workman. In less practiced and dexterous hands Challenger would be a rank absurdity. Another point. There was a suggestion of the character in an earlier tale by Conan Doyle. In many ways Challenger is a reincarnation of that singular evil genius who haunted the pages of the *Stark-Munro Letters*.

The story of *The Poison Belt* is entertaining but inconsequential. It involves the four characters who made the journey to South America to find *The Lost World*—Challenger, Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, and the young journalist, Malone. In a letter to the *London Times*, couched in terms of characteristic insolence, Challenger has called attention to certain cosmic changes which he thinks likely to bring about the immediate dissolution of the world. His prediction is at first ridiculed. But from remote corners of the earth there come items of news threateningly corroborative,—stories of queer illnesses in Sumatra, of light-houses out of action in the Straits of Sunda. Swiftly the menace draws nearer. India and Persia appear to be wiped out. Delirious excitement prevails through the south of France. Symptoms of an unnatural madness are perceptible in Paris and London. These are the conditions when Summerlee, Roxton, and Malone, carrying their precious tubes of oxygen, take train for the Surrey home of Professor Challenger, there to prolong life in a room hermetically sealed, and to witness the end of the world. It all depends whether the tale is of a kind that appeals to the reader. If it does he is assured of an authorship which, despite the amazing extent of its popularity, has never received its full meed of serious consideration. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

IX

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S "JOAN THURSDAY"*

Not to every writer is it given to spend several years producing the average sort of thing known, for want of a better term . . . or a more impolite one, . . . as "best sellers," and then to prove his ability to turn out a true picture of life, a book which can be seriously considered even by literary standards. Mr. Vance has proved himself to be one of the few who dare make the attempt. His latest book shows many carelessnesses, much slovenliness of style, much of the melodramatic touch of his former efforts, but it is a book which will make its way on something better than mere sensationalism. It is a picture of life that in spots is as bald and crude as life itself can be. And it is the portrait of a woman which deserves a place on the line with some of the best in fiction's great art gallery. The portrait is infinitely better than the background. In the composition of the stage settings that surround the heroine in her varied phases of existence can be found most of the faults and inadequacies of the book. In the character of Joan herself, consistent in her inconsistency, deliciously alive at all times, lies Mr. Vance's triumph.

Joan began life as Joan Thursby, and as a shop girl living in a cheap tenement. We leave her as Joan Thursday a successful Broadway star. And just as the change in her name was not the result of any conscious choice on her part, so do the various changes in her fortunes seem not the result of her own volition, any further than a general desire to "get on." Things just come to Joan, she finds nothing when she seeks for it, but when she drifts home to some shelter, weary from searching, Fate is waiting for her around the corner or on the doorstep. And so she goes on from step to step, from cheap to high-priced vaudeville, and then to a Broadway production, with as little definite desire or

*Joan Thursday. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

scheming on her part as is shown in her love affairs. From an engagement to a dramatist of refinement and ideals, she drifts into marriage with a vaudeville actor; then into the sort of paying liaison which proves the open sesame to Broadway theatres, . . . for Joan and such as Joan at least. She loves each one and forgets him just as easily, apparently inconsistent and inconsequent, but true always to her own self, a self she as little knows or understands as do any of the men who come into her life. The story of *Joan Thursday* is a story of theatrical life, but not by any means the story of an actress. There is a vast difference here. There was no inner impulse driving Joan to act—

. . . her theatrical ambitions had been founded more upon need of money than upon any real or fancied passion for the stage. Other girls had done likewise and bettered themselves; Joan knew no reason why she should fall short of their enviable achievements; but she was innocent of dramatic feeling and even of any real yearning for applause.

So Joan becomes the sort of actress who is drilled by the stage director into an instrument to carry out his intentions. There must be many such, sad as it may appear to those who still have some sort of ideals concerning the histrionic art, . . . for why otherwise should a well-known manager have stated publicly that most of our women stars couldn't "make fifteen dollars a week in a department store" if left to their own intelligence unaided by good looks and clothes. Joan is one of these, and as a study of the type and its influence upon theatrical conditions of the day, this picture of her life has more than mere interest for the passing reader, it has the importance of an historic document. However, it will prove also a very readable document to the many who seek only for the moment's enjoyment within the covers of a book. Mr. Vance is to be congratulated on his adventure into fresh fields.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

X

S. WEIR MITCHELL'S "WESTWAYS"*

Somewhere toward the close of *Westways*, Dr. Mitchell speaks "of those that knew me through my summer-born books"; and this phrase reminds us that its author has long since faced the winter time of life. Yet there is nothing in his latest novel, save perhaps the philosophic calm of a ripe maturity, which betrays the venerable age of the author, for it contains a sustained freshness and virility as remarkable as it is persistent. In fact, there does not come instantly to mind many scenes in fiction that excel in sheer animal exuberance those in which Mr. Mitchell has drawn the youthful episodes of his hero and heroine when they are first thrown together. These are delightfully fanciful and quite entrancing. The beginning of this story then has a lyric note which serves as a colour contrast to the deeper tragedy of the Civil War. As Dr. Mitchell points out in his intimate foreword, he is not concerned with plot, as such; he relies for interest "upon the influential relations of social groups, then more defined in small communities than they are to-day." It is with the small village of Westways, in Middle Pennsylvania, during the late fifties he is concerned—and his book epitomises the tragedy of our great war as it touched the intimate relations of the families who lived there. As with *Hugh Wynne*, too, the emphasis is placed upon social forces rather than dramatic episodes; it is the essence and spirit of the period which is transcribed rather than personal adventure. And Dr. Mitchell writes throughout with an unhurried charm, pausing now and then by the wayside and not disdaining the revelatory incident.

When John Penhallow arrives from abroad at his uncle's home he is a good example of a well-coddled youngster, brought up by an over-careful parent. As a result his abrupt contact with the Tom-boy qualities of Leila, his cousin,

**Westways*. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

comes as a distinct and educational shock. The various scenes which follow afford Dr. Mitchell ample opportunity for sly digs at the education of children, and also reveal him as a close student of the vagaries of adolescence. The Penhallow home in which these two children grow up is full of mutual love, but differing opinions: James Penhallow, one of the most vital figures in the novel, a strong Union man, brooding over the impending difficulties which are arising between the North and South; and Ann, his wife, with Southern affiliations and deep-seated feelings concerning her own people. Through many pages the author traces with subtle penetration the widening breach beneath the great love these two have for each other: a transcript, in fact, which best portrays the stress and anguish of that time. One episode, when an attempt is made to recapture an escaped slave, under the Fugitive Slave Law, focuses the personal drama of the period. The young John begins to awaken to the impending war, and it is only natural he should follow his uncle's footsteps and enter West Point. When the war finally breaks he goes to the front while his uncle tries to stay at home. But in a splendidly conceived series of scenes Dr. Mitchell shows the struggle which is taking place in the older man's heart, while his wife, too, realises his character will compel him to take up arms against her own people. James Penhallow first goes to Washington, and this serves to present many pictures of Lincoln and Stanton and of the Capitol during war time. There is a very exciting chapter about the spies at work in the city and a number of interesting comments upon the President's plan of campaign. Later, too, the older man takes part in the battle of Gettysburg, told succinctly and vividly. The younger Penhallow's fortunes lead him with Grant in the West and later in the Richmond campaign. Thus the author, in following each character, is enabled to catch the spirit of the whole war rather than to convey it through adherence to literal fact.

Eventually James Penhallow is brought home wounded to his wife.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she cried. "What do I care for Lee—or Mead—or battles! James Penhallow is all the world to me. Victory!—she flamed with mounting colour—"it is I am the victor! He comes back with honour—I have no duties—no country—I have only my love. Oh, my God! if he had died—if—if—I should have hated——" She spoke with harsh vehemence, and of a sudden stopped, and breathing fast, gasped in low-voiced, broken tones, "Don't stare at me—I am not a fool—I am—I am—only the fool of a great love. You don't know what it means. My God! I have no child—James Penhallow is to me children, husband—all—everything."

Here is voiced the other side of the great struggle: the silent suffering borne by the women who waited. In Ann's case, she is compelled to nurse one whose mind has been temporarily shattered, until an operation restores Penhallow's reason. These are intimate scenes told as only a physician could accurately describe them. Of course, the novel brings the younger characters together effectively, at the conclusion of the war.

This leisurely novel will be admired by all those who still feel respect for a dignity of intention and a lofty simplicity of style; permeated as it is with those sharp observations of character which have come to the keen eyes of this eminent nerve specialist. Dr. Mitchell has lost none of his capacity to tell a story and to show the subtle relation of character and environment which blend so with each other.

Griffin Mace.

XI

VAUGHAN KESTER'S "THE HAND OF THE MIGHTY"*

There is a singular pathos about this posthumous collection of Vaughan Kester's short stories, since it reveals once

*The Hand of the Mighty. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

again what a fine artist in character drawing has been lost. In spite of many splendid scenes and suggestive bits in his earlier work, Mr. Kester really did not find himself till he wrote the very popular *Prodigal Judge*. Here his undoubted skill at humorous portraiture found fullest expression, and this book, if nothing else, in completion, stamped him as an author who was to be reckoned with in depicting the cross currents of our American life. In *The Hand of the Mighty*—a series collected from his twentieth year—there are glimpses of this same power, and in two stories, at least, highly creditable achievement. Many of these are but sketches turned with a certain deftness—but the title story to the volume and “Mr. Feeny’s Social Experiment” have a unique merit which is as personal as it is compelling. In each of these Kester’s strong ironic humour finds full play: the former for its penetrating analysis of “simple souls” who obtain all they wish because they are thought so “genuine”; and the latter (which caused wide comment on its publication), since it showed the inherent absurdity of much in our social and economic scheme. In each story there is a touch of Kester’s tendency to caricature; but it is so amusing and so saturated with a genial comic spirit that exaggeration makes it all the more delightful. Readers may recall a few lines from the latter story where the crew and the capitalistic passengers are shipwrecked upon an isle, thus affording Mr. Feeny, the stoker, who controls the food supply, a chance to put into practical operations his somewhat badly digested ideas of social economics:

I pronounce these here the United States of Ireland! . . . In conference with Mister Murphy, I’ve decided on a Declaration of Independence and a Constitution which you can ask about if you’re at all curious. If you ain’t—I’ll say this much for it,—we’re opposed to anarchy, communism and socialism. We believe in the sacred rights of property—which is only another name for salvage. We believe, too, that the law of supply and demand is a great law, and well

adapted for to take root in this climate. We will now proceed to vote for Mike Feeny, for President; Tom Murphy, police judge; Jack Corrigan, alderman; and Pete, the Swede, cop. ’Tis right the foreigners we have should hold some of the jobs. And now the elections bein’ happily over, we’ll just leave the public at large to discover what’s been done for to make life brighter and easier for it.

Kester did not excel in romantic love scenes; but he had a sure touch in the relations of men. All the men, in this collection, stand out, but the women are more or less negligible. Those who recall the death scene of Mahaffy in *The Prodigal Judge* will not be surprised to find in some of these stories true notes of pathos. “The Half-Breed,” “The Bad Man of Las Vegas,” and “Mollie Darling” show the effect of Kester’s visit out West: they are based upon more or less melodramatic situations, but are atmospheric and interesting. The experiences of a playwright is handled with verisimilitude in “When We Have Waited.” Two stories somewhat out of Kester’s bent reveal his capacity for sharp, vivid episodes: “The Blood of His Ancestors,” a plot story with rather an odd twist, and “What Rearton Saw”—a grim study in horror unlike anything else which this gentle author ever attempted.

George Middleton.

XII

WILL N. HARBEN’S “THE DESIRED WOMAN”*

Speaking of the Georgia mountaineer in the October BOOKMAN, Mr. Harben says: “They really make story-telling easy for a writer, for they are story-tellers themselves. I have often been surprised as I sat in some country store, or in some whittling or checker-playing group in a court-house yard, to find that a man in brown jean pants, hickory shirt and slouched hat was telling an experi-

*The Desired Woman. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ence in the best possible form for print. He would be leading up to his situation, keeping back his climax as skilfully, and quoting the speakers of his yarn as naturally as O. Henry at his best."

Perhaps it is this story-telling knack of the Georgia mountaineer, coupled with Mr. Harben's skill in reproducing him in print,—which latter item the author modestly fails to mention,—that makes Mr. Harben's stories of Northern Georgia so popular. And it is perhaps for the same reason that the hill folk in *The Desired Woman* are so natural, and convincing, and impress one as true to life.

The Desired Woman is the story of a man who holds fast to the image, not of his first love, but of his best love. Something of a scamp, with more than a dash of goodness in him; something of a strong man with a noticeable vein of weakness in him, he appreciates a little mountain flower of a school teacher whom he meets on a vacation in the Georgia hills. And after his first marriage, desirable enough financially and socially, but lacking in other respects, comes to a dismal end, he drifts back in time to the hills and the school teacher. And for her sake and by her influence he undergoes regeneration.

People who don't know Georgia ought to read *The Desired Woman*. There is no old "cunnel" in it; no one says "suh," or prates about chivalry, or "totes a gun," or "plays cyards," or says or does any of the things which Northern readers expect to find in a novel about Southerners. In *The Desired Woman*, Georgians, especially the city folk, are hustling and money-grubbing just as they would be if they were natives of New Jersey or Iowa, which is true to the facts.

It may be objected that Mr. Harben's novel is melodramatic. Well, the existences of some few people in real life fortunately are melodramatic. And as for the rest of us, who lead quiet, even, uneventful lives, we sometimes love to sit down and read about the ups and downs and sudden upsets and ultimate rightings of melodramatic lies. Melo-

drama, the writer holds therefore, is not a taint in a novel.

Newell Cutts Hardwick.

XIII

JULIET G. SAGER'S "ANNE, ACTRESS"*

It is a matter of common knowledge among those who have had experience with the theatre and with actors, that an actor's play—and this phrase includes not only those plays written by actors, but those which they often extravagantly admire—may be lacking in appeal to a public with a broader angle of vision. The actor sees things from the narrower point of view of the specialist: in a situation which may strike an audience as theatric, unreal, or irrelevant, he may see the much-desired "punch" or the opportunity to "make points," and for the moment loses sight of the work as a whole.

In a large measure this criticism will apply to Juliet G. Sager's *Anne, Actress*. The first part of the book, which gives an intimate view of the world on the other side of the curtain, with its heartburnings, its jealousies, its intrigues, its disappointments and its hard and unremitting toil for the earnest and ambitious, together with its gayety, its joys and triumphs and its light-hearted unconventionality, is sincere and convincing. It is only when the "situation" around which the story is built comes that it becomes unreal and artificial. The heroine, Anne, has been a stock actress for many seasons. She has served her apprenticeship on the road, and when the story opens is the leading lady in a stock company in Brooklyn. When very young she had been left a widow with a child entirely dependent upon her. Everything, her ambition and her maternal affections as well, have been sacrificed for this child's welfare. She has placed her with a relative in the far West. Her poverty and the demands of her work prevent her seeing this beloved child except at long intervals. At

**Anne, Actress*. By Juliet G. Sager. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

length her opportunity arrives. A Broadway manager offers to star her in a new play by an unknown but promising author. She had intended bringing her daughter, now a young girl of eighteen, East at the close of her stock season, but she writes to postpone their reunion until the autumn. The play rehearses well. Anne and the author, who is several years her junior, are on the point of falling in love with each other when the daughter unexpectedly arrives. Unknown to her mother, she, too, has gone on the stage and has come East more to push herself, backed by her mother's supposed influence, than from any promptings of natural affection. They resemble each other so strikingly that they are frequently mistaken for one another. The fickle young author speedily transfers his affection to the daughter and secures her a small part in the play in which the mother is to star. In the end this designing, unpleasant, but cleverly drawn young person supplants her devoted mother, not only with her lover but professionally, wresting from her the long-coveted star part. Anne heroically consents to coach her and consoles herself by marrying a man of suitable age whom she had kept dangling after her for many years. The "situation" and the "lines" are there, but if it be true to life, nature before and behind the curtain must have certain marked points of difference.

H. Dick.

XIV

SAX ROHMER'S "THE INSIDIOUS DR. FU-MANCHU"*

China, the vast and mysterious, as a source from which criminals of uncanny powers and fell designs can overrun the Western world, is a safe card to play for a writer of mystery and adventure stories. No one really knows anything about China's innermost nature, and therefore no one can contradict the

*The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

writer if he is a little careful in his statements. The author of the adventures of the mysterious Dr. Fu-Manchu and his tireless foe, Wayland Smith of the Burmese Government Service, builded wisely in making his criminal a Chinese emissary. There's been so much said recently in the press about the stupidity of criminals in general that the writer of detective stories is hard put to it to give his shrewd discoverers of crime an opportunity truthfully to show their mettle. A Chinese criminal, clothed with all the powers of Western learning and Eastern knowledge, is a direct inspiration. And his creator, Mr. Sax Rohmer, has proved his ability to profit by his inspiration. After all, what is demanded of the writer of mystery and detective stories is first of all imagination to create situations and then the ability to handle his theme in a way that shall keep the reader breathless from beginning to end of the story. These qualities are all apparent in the narrative of Dr. Fu-Manchu's dread doings. A series of mysterious sudden deaths, the secret connection of which is not at first comprehended either by the police or the public, startles official England. One by one men who have had dealings with the Orient and proved themselves apt representatives of Occidental progress, drop out of the ranks of the living; but sudden death always, but sometimes by a manner of death so natural that no suspicion attaches to it at first. One man only, Wayland Smith, who is not a detective but a hard-working official of the British Government in Colonial Service, realises that these deaths are wrought by Fu-Manchu, a mysterious Chinese scholar who has dreamed a dream of China ruler of the world and attempts to make the dream an actuality. The appearance of the stories in book form has lost no interest by the publication of occasional chapters in a weekly. The volume is not a book of short stories but a well-connected narrative starting with the return to England of Wayland Smith, on the trail of his dangerous antagonist, and ending with the spectacu-

lar death or disappearance—the reader is left in doubt—of Dr. Fu-Manchu. The thrills are piled up skilfully, the style is simple and direct. A few affectations in the quieter passages are forgotten when things begin to happen. There is a touch of the supernatural that lends the final element of gruesomeness to the story, a reminder of *Dracula*, which comes as a surprise after the ultra modernity of the rest of the tale. In a word, the book is a very creditable specimen of its kind, and fulfils all the requirements the most exacting reader of that type of fiction could demand.

Ralph Hobart Phillips.

XV

EDNA K. WALLACE'S "THE QUEST OF THE DREAM"*

There are several kinds of letters which, broadly speaking, are interesting to a reading public—letters sparkling with genius, letters which no one has any business to read, humorous letters, letters which (properly or improperly) actually do reveal character, and the dainty rose-petal variety of letter to which Molly-Make-Believe belonged. The letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning come under both the first and second heads.

It is difficult to place Miss Wallace's *The Quest of the Dream*, for, although it is published as a collection of letters which tell a consecutive story, yet the spirit of the text suggests the diary, rather than the letter, form. The book essays to be the heart story of a young woman named Doria French, and narrates her introspections, wonders, perplexities, and some of her emotions. She is pictured (or rather she pictures herself) as a youngish composer of songs living in the Middle West. Her first letters and her first affections are given largely to a mythical creation of her own, a certain John whom she calls Abstract Man. Later her affections, her letters, her confidences and a great deal of gen-

eral information, she transfers by gentle degrees to Actual Man, one David Hartnell, a philanthropic, improvident artist, who happily combines a Viking appearance with a distinguished genius. The interchange of letters between David and Doria tell most of the story; although the mythical "John" receives a share that dwindles from the lion's to the jackal's, and when Doria goes to New York, where she sees so much of David that she has little time to write to him, the history of her romance is carried on in her letters to Miss Barbara West, her heart's confidante.

The story is pleasantly, and often brightly, told, and the picture of Doria French herself is a clear and convincing one. But her story and her type are both reasonably familiar, and both are curbed with an intellectual conservatism and restraint. Doria's passion for Hartnell is neither altogether naïve, nor altogether headlong. Her history is neither that of a child awakening into womanhood, nor of a woman baring her inmost soul, but rather the moderate love story of one of the independent women of to-day. The reader comes to sense her as a pleasant, clean-minded, personably young woman of high ideals, and a certain amount of intellectually artistic sensibility. She gives us little of her background, but a great deal of her cultural standpoint. Indeed, we are led to marvel at the patience of her lover-artist under her constant indication to him of the truly beautiful in the world about them. But, it may be said incidentally, that David Hartnell—if we are to judge by his letters—is not only mentally in sympathy with Doria, but so intellectually consanguineous, as to arouse grave doubts in the mind of the reader as to the wisdom of their union. It is, by the way, a frequent error of writers having views to express to set the mark of a too common parentage upon their diversely intended literary children.

In spite of its faults, however, the book presents a readable story which will appeal to many lovers of temperate romance, and it undoubtedly presents an

*The Quest of the Dream. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

admirable picture of the best type of that army of young women, which lays siege to fortune by countless ways of small artistic endeavour, whose ranks year by year astonishingly increase, and whose soldiers bivouacking in studio and hall bedroom, discuss eternally Art and Life, a little vaguely perhaps, but with unquestioned courage.

Wells Hastings.

XVI

HOLMAN F. DAY'S "SQUIRE PHIN"*

A sympathetic understanding of rural New England life and characteristics, together with an appreciation of its comic possibilities, is the distinctive note in the work of Mr. Holman F. Day. It is true that he frequently obtains his effects by resorting to broad caricature, as he has done in his new novel, *Squire Phin*; but the caricature is always good humoured without any trace of ill-nature. Phineas Look, attorney and notary, at the opening of the story, has arrived at that mellow period of life which the French happily describe as "between two ages." He is a sort of Providence for the inhabitants of the little New England village of Palermo. Substituting for the wisdom of this world the more kindly impulse to do good to his fellow-man, with disastrous results to his own pocket, he prefers to settle all of the local difficulties out of Court. With a profound knowledge of human nature and an unflagging sense of humour, he cajoles and ridicules by turns to pacify the belligerent spirits of his fellow-villagers. Twenty-five years before the story opens, his scapegrace brother Hiram had assaulted the only son of the village magnate, Judge Willard, thereby starting a feud between the two families. Squire Phin has been the chief sufferer. Not only has he paid off all of his brother's obligations at the sacrifice of

his career, but he has been obliged to give up all hope of marrying the judge's daughter, whose New England conscience has compelled her to choose her duty to her father rather than her duty to her lover.

The most eccentric figure in Palermo was easily Aquarius Wharff, familiarly known as "Hard Times" Wharff. He had a most uncanny gift of prophecy, an inheritance from his forbears. It was owing to the fact that his prognostications were rarely of a cheerful nature that he owed his sobriquet. For two hours on the afternoon when the story begins, he had been standing in the broiling sun on the corner of the platform in front of the village store, having what his friends called a "weather-vane spell." From time to time he announced the direction of the shifting wind and commented on the flights of crows which meant, "something besides a heavy fog was due to arrive." The "Something" arrived, sure enough, in the shape of the ne'er-do-weel Hiram. Never did returned prodigal reappear in less repentant guise. Eight horses, an elephant, a dissolute parrot and six circus wagons formed his train. With his advent, things began to happen so fast in Palermo that the overworked prophet was forced into temporary retirement. Hiram's uncontrolled temper had not modified in the discipline of the years. Taunted by the old Judge, he retorts in a manner which only serves to widen the existing breach between the two elderly lovers, and ultimately sets the whole village by the ears. Everything ends happily, however. Even the irrepressible and irascible Hiram settles down into the calm backwaters of matrimony and, metaphorically, turns his sword into a ploughshare by compelling Imogene, the elephant, to work his farm. There is a good deal of melodrama in the book, which sometimes seems a little forced, but it is a story worth reading.

H. M. Richards.

*Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. New York: Harper and Brothers.

FASHIONS IN TITLES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THEORETICALLY, one would say that the requisites of a good book title are not greatly unlike those of a key: namely, that it should be accurately fitted, that it should serve to unlock something of the author's secret purpose, and that it should not be of too general and indiscriminate application, not serve as a common pass-key to other locks than its own. In actual practice, however, the ideal book title, the title that awakens interest while promising neither too much nor too little, is exceedingly rare. And the reasons for the abundance of bad titles and the dearth of good ones are threefold: first, comparatively few authors have a natural, inborn instinct for the right title; secondly, the modern tendency is to regard the title as an advertising scheme, something that will lend itself to spectacular exploitation, something to be flaunted in the public eye with the effulgence of a scarlet cover. Now the scarlet cover was an effective device until ninety per cent. of current fiction adopted it; but to-day a red covered novel is as indistinguishable as a British soldier. And lastly, the tendency to imitate effective devices has resulted in fashions, more or less transitory, in book titles,—fashions that, while they last, lead many an editor or publisher to reject the one perfect and flawless name for a given story in favour of an inadequate one which has the advantage of satisfying the current formula.

It might be profitable, at some other time and place, to take up the study of titles chronologically and determine the epochs of the different fashions and the causes that led to them. The earliest formula, that of calling a volume by the name of its chief character, is self-explanatory. It is a practice which, with a minimum of mental effort at once satis-

fies all the legitimate requirements: Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*, Miss Austen's *Emma*, *Ivanhoe*, *Tom Jones*, *Henry Esmond*, *Nicholas Nickleby* are one and all of them titles which for obvious reasons fit the volumes to which they belong, reveal the author's purpose at least to the extent of advising us in advance which of the many characters is meant to be the protagonist, and certainly could not be applied indiscriminately to a miscellaneous host of other volumes. But as the ranks of fiction swelled, it became steadily more and more difficult to find proper names that would be sufficiently distinctive and individual and yet neither extravagant nor grotesque, and the eponymous formula suffered a perfectly natural decline.

But for our present purpose the history of fashions in titles, the precise dates of their rise and fall and the reasons that successively led to them are of no special importance. The point to be made is, not when or why the proverbial title, such as *Put Yourself in His Place*, or the monosyllabic title, such as *The Pit* and *The Cost*, or the Omar Khayyam title, such as *The Desert and the Sown*, came into favour and passed out again, but merely that such fluctuations in fashion occur and that their occurrence tends to result in mediocrity. And it follows as a natural corollary, that writers of the first magnitude have almost always maintained a healthy independence in the matter of naming their books, and refused to lend themselves to the passing fad of the hour. Hewlett's *Richard Yealand-Nay*, Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus*, Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King*, *Courtship of Dinah Shadd*, *Without Benefit of Clergy*,—the list might be expanded indefinitely,—are strokes of pure genius, obeying no fashion or for-

mula, but struck out in white heat, as it were, in each case the one inevitable, wholly satisfying title. And it is worth noting that the title which satisfies, as these titles do, is usually a full-packed bit of description, an almost miraculous piece of verbal condensation, as though the author were striving to embody the whole sum and substance of his story in that one square inch of available space on the back of the cover. *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, three little monosyllables of description, that stand, for any one who has once read the book, not merely as a luminous epitome of Hewlett's whole conception of a character at war with itself, but also an index to the very structure of the story, with its subdivision into the "Book of Yea" and "Book of Nay," and all the grim tragedy embodied in them. And *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is in its way scarcely less marvellous as an example of the one inevitable and absolutely appropriate title. For some reason it was deemed best to change the name on the American edition and to substitute the apparently colourless *Children of the Sea*, thereby following a formula which at that time was being rapidly worked to death,—one recalls, among others, *Children of the Mist*, *A Child of the Jago*, *Sons of the Morning*, *The Son of the Wolf*, *A Daughter of the Snows*, *A Daughter of the Vine*, as just a few of the volumes that came in swift succession during the late nineties. *Children of the Sea* is accurate, so far as it goes; but *Nigger of the Narcissus* is more than a title, it has the value of a master stroke of poster art. The very juxtaposition of the words, *Narcissus* and *Nigger*, with their respective connotations of black and white, flings before us that unforgettable picture of the consumptive negro lying deathlike on his pillow, a grim study in ebony against the whiteness of the sheets.

This whole question of fashions in titles was suggested by the names of a majority of this month's instalment of fiction, which are representative of what may, for lack of a better term, be called the presumptuous title, the title that

takes itself and its subject with a portentous seriousness and professes to settle once for all the most momentous problems of life. From Mr. Chambers, for instance, we have *The Business of Life*, from Robert Hichens *The Way of Ambition*, from Miss Willcocks *The Will to Live*, from Basil King *The Way Home*, which essays to teach not only how to live but how to die. It is a type of title of comparatively recent origin, dating certainly not further back than the time when editors first began to demand that stories should have an "uplift" in them. There was a time when the would-be purchaser of a book of entertainment would have been frightened off by a title that sounded like a sermon, or a treatise on economics. But for the passing hour there seems to be some mysterious lure in names that would seem to promise something very deep and abstruse, and that really are dishonest titles because they are far heavier and more solemn than the contents which they profess to describe. Furthermore, they are bad titles because they fit their respective volumes with a fatal looseness. One could think of a score of novels that deal quite as seriously with the business of life as that of Mr. Chambers does and quite as satisfactorily with the road to the eternal home as that of Mr. King. And in this respect the current fad in titles is not exceptional. American titles as a whole are far less apposite than British titles. Many of our leading novelists might take the names of all their books and shuffle them and deal over without serious misfits. Any of Mrs. Wharton's short stories are Crucial Instances; most of Robert Herrick's volumes preach the Gospel of Freedom and deal with the Real World; and it must sometimes puzzle Mr. Chambers himself to keep the *Firing Line* and the *Danger Mark* from becoming confused in his mind. And it all seems such a pity, because a poor title, a colourless title, a misleading title is a wasted opportunity, a failure to make the most of a bit of free and conspicuous advertising.

"THE BUSINESS OF LIVING"

Notwithstanding its title, this is a story of contemporary social life in New York, written in quite the customary manner of Mr. Chambers's later volumes. It concerns a young man of good connections, aesthetic tastes and prodigal instincts, who at the opening of the story has just awakened to the fact that the only way to satisfy his creditors' pardonable impatience is to sacrifice a rare collection of ancient armour, his grandfather's life-long hobby and known to connoisseurs throughout the world. Accordingly, Desboro, the young man in question, betakes himself to a certain antique shop of one Louis Nevers, supposed to be the foremost expert on the subject of armour, and discovers to his mingled discomfiture and curiosity that, Louis Nevers having recently died, the business is now conducted by his daughter, Jacqueline, slim, stately and forbiddingly aloof, who nevertheless radiates a subtle and compelling sex attraction. In other words, what Mr. Chambers is trying to say through the medium of Jacqueline is that youth and beauty are just as feminine to-day, and just as unable to protect themselves against masculine encroachment when surrounded by the atmosphere of business hours and financial problems as they formerly were in the conservatory and the boudoir. Mr. Chambers has a certain cleverness in the art of dexterous sparring between the sexes, of involving situations that skim the edge of excessively thin ice. During the weeks and months when Desboro and Jacqueline are thrown into almost daily companionship in the dim old halls of his Westchester home, identifying and cataloging ancient suits of mail, the chance of the lady's ability to preserve her good name and fame seems to grow infinitely remote, and little by little her original spirit of revolt ebbs and she becomes passive, inert, ready to surrender. But meanwhile a change has been wrought in Desboro. His attitude at the start is not so much an unwillingness to marry outside his own social set, as to marry at all. His bachelor freedom is an article

of his creed, one of the conditions that make life—the life he has hitherto led,—a passably tolerable state; from the first he likes Jacqueline too well to injure her voluntarily, but as the infatuation grows, he assumes that sooner or later the irreparable will happen. Mr. Chambers, however, decides that the outcome shall be otherwise. He wishes to persuade us that daily contact with a young woman of Jacqueline's charm and self-sacrifice and gentle womanliness is unconsciously accomplishing a regeneration in the character of the selfish and worldly-minded young man,—in short, that she is teaching him that life is not a perpetual playtime, but a rather serious business, and that to do the woman whom you happen to love the simple justice of marrying her instead of making her your mistress, is not such a serious calamity after all. There are a number of subordinate episodes, other women of various ages and temperaments who intrude, to complicate and disturb; but the idyll of Desboro and Jacqueline, in the dim and dusty setting of ancient helmets and breastplates, is the main issue. Mr. Chambers knows, none better, how to surround situations of this sort with an atmosphere of sensuous artistry; but the fact remains that stories depicting young couples hovering perpetually on the brink of immorality are a good deal more unwholesome than those that frankly and bluntly register the actual breaking of commandments.

"THE WAY HOME"

This new volume by the author of *The Inner Shrine* is the outcome of a more definite and serious purpose than Mr. Chambers's story. It is a study of certain aspects of the modern agnostic tendencies, the consequences of the loss of old-fashioned religious faith as a guiding principle in business and social life. One resents, however, the sweeping generality of the title. Mr. King has solved no universal problem, has written no up-to-date *Pilgrim's Progress*, has set up no signpost which may point the bulk of groping humanity to a higher way. His hero's case is too exceptional, too spe-

cialised for that. Charlie Grace is the son of a conservative, pompous, worldly-minded clergyman, one whose chief ambition was to keep St. David's the exclusive resort of the fashionable and the wealthy. In childhood, Charlie fancied that he also would become a minister,—an idea eagerly seized upon by his devout and tender mother, whose good influence was taken from him early in life. But, year by year, in the selfish, pharisaical parish of St. David's, Charlie Grace grew to see the wide divergence between Christian precept and example,—and finally when his aged father was summarily removed in his old age, to make room for a younger and more modern man, young Grace once for all flung aside all his old beliefs and adopted for his guiding principle self-interest and ruthless disregard of others. The main portion of the book narrates the consequences of this practice of systematic selfishness, the temporary prosperity that it brought him in the financial world, and the havoc it played with his married life. Hilda Penrhyn is a well-drawn character, strong, brave, with unwavering high ideals. She foresees that there is no happiness for her with a man whom she cannot respect; yet beneath Grace's unscrupulousness and agnosticism, she is keen enough to see glimmerings of something better and finer. So, after long wavering she gives herself to him, but with the result that after a few months of exaggerated fervour on his part, the novelty wanes and his allegiance wanders to other women. There is no space here to analyse at further length how perilously near he came to effecting the ruin of a daughter of one of his father's truest friends, nor of how another woman of frailer virtue taught Hilda a lasting lesson in humility and self-sacrifice, and paved the way for a reconciliation and mutual understanding between husband and wife. But what takes the whole case of Charlie Grace out of the general and into the exceptional category is that, just as the crisis comes in his business, as well as his domestic life, all worldly interests are discounted and set aside by

the paramount knowledge that he is dying of an incurable malady—that with the greatest care he has a scant year or two remaining. Under the shadow of the inevitable end, he attends the funeral of an old sexton, to whom throughout his life he has been indebted for many kindnesses, and during the service he hears the old familiar words, "Death is swallowed up in victory." These words ring in his ears with the force of a triumphant march, they seem to be leading him straight onward, to be pointing along a road, the road home. All of which, in Mr. Basil King's phrasing, is rhetorically effective; but somehow it is not practically helpful in the individual case.

"BENDISH"

As usual, Mr. Hewlett makes no attempt to generalise a special case, either in the title or in the story itself. *Bendish*, by the way, although it can be read separately with thorough enjoyment, needs for full comprehension a knowledge of its forerunner, *Mrs. Launcelot*, because the leading characters of the earlier volume, Gervase Poor, the Duke of Devises, Georgiana Launcelot herself also occupy the centre of the stage in *Bendish*. One suspects that Mr. Hewlett thoroughly enjoyed himself in writing this story: the background is the political situation in the early years of King William IVth's reign, when the agitation over Reform was at a white heat, and the opposing factions were lampooning each other with unstemmed floods of satiric verse. The volume is redolent of the spirit of its period; topical allusions fairly bristle from the pages, and imaginary conversations and letters from many a famous literary figure of the day give a very real and convincing flavour to the whole picture of early eighteenth century ethics, customs and mode of thought. In point of careful detail and amplitude of canvas the volume is unmistakably the work of the same hand that gave us in the past those earlier historical pageants of King Richard and Queen Mary: and if the colouring of these later times is

more leaden and sombre, that is not the author's fault. The magic of the rich colourings, the dazzling sheen of polished armour, the lilting song of troubadour and the prowess of chivalry are inevitably banished from the modern picture. But we miss them, because with them have departed the jewelled phrase, the exquisite embroidery of words, the delicate art of verbal illumination that makes a page of *Richard Yea-and-Nay* flame softly before the eye like a richly adorned missal. What Mr. Hewlett has done in *Bendish* is to give us an unforgettable portrait of a monumental type of self-conceit, fop, cockscorn and political charlatan all in one. Lord Bendish is an omnivorous lover of the fair sex; he lives on gentle sighs and heart-beats, he pursues sometimes hotly, at others languidly, as the mood seizes him,—but always the end means tears and heart-break for his victim,—his self-conceit demands no less. Now, readers of *Mrs. Launcelot* will remember how the lady of the title had many adorers, among them the aged Duke of Devises and the poet Gervase Poor, and how the citadel of her virtue, long held against the world at large, surrendered to the poet, and how, through the intercession of the Duke and the magnanimity of her husband, Georgiana and her lover were left unmolested in their Italian retreat and eventually enabled to legalise their union. Now, if Bendish could have known the true nature of Georgiana as well as Mr. Hewlett's readers know it, he would not have made the mistake of singling her out as one of his victims, nor later have avenged his discomfiture by slanderously celebrating her in a widely circulated poem. Of the consequences of this indiscretion and breach of good manners Mr. Hewlett writes at some length in chapters that are by no means the least edifying part of this altogether delectable and characteristic volume.

"THE WAY OF AMBITION"

Here is a volume that averages rather high in Mr. Hichens's somewhat variable

range of production. The underlying motive is the old question of artistic temperament and sincerity in creative work. Claude Heath is a musician, whose fixed belief is that he can bring forth the best in him by keeping aloof from the world, ignoring the current movement, shunning publicity and ignoring public taste. But he happens to meet Charmian Mansfield, beautiful, self-willed and inordinately ambitious, who determines to make him marry her and to help him to become famous. The volume is the history of the result of this union with its cross-purposes of motives. Little by little Charmian deludes him into self-deception; she persuades him to do a few light songs that, while not wholly unworthy of his talent, are a compromise with the best that is in him; they happen to win public favour, and Claude for the first time tastes the joy of applause and public fame. The next step, that of persuading him to write an opera around a big, bold, flamboyant libretto written by a Frenchman on an Algerian theme, is a comparatively simple one. And the gradual commercialisation of the musician, moulded like wax in the hands of his ambitious wife and one Jacob Crayford, the American manager, who is seeking to rival the Metropolitan Opera House, is cleverly and convincingly portrayed. The final opening night, the first production of this widely heralded opera by a new composer, meets with a well-merited defeat, and the volume ends with a far more optimistic note than there is warrant for, in view of the apparently irreconcilable characters of husband and wife, as depicted throughout the story. In other words, Mr. Hichens wants us to believe that Charmian, as well as her husband, has learned that art and commercialism cannot be reconciled,—and that is precisely the lesson that we doubt Charmian's ability to learn. But this personal bit of scepticism does not lessen the fact that the present reviewer has enjoyed *The Way of Ambition* far better than any work by Mr. Hichens since the publication of *The Garden of Allah*.

"THE DUST OF THE ROAD"

This is a story of an English theatrical company, touring the provincial towns. It is written by an American actress, Marjorie Patterson, who knows of what she writes and whose vivid and seemingly inexhaustible bits of portraiture, episode, diverting or tragic mishaps bear the imprint of having been drawn straight from life. As a record of the difficulties of gaining an opening on the stage, of the dangers which beset a young girl none too well informed regarding the facts of life, and of the friendly hands that are every now and then stretched forth when the outlook has seemed the darkest, this book is a joy and an enlightenment. But, considered as a novel, it has evidently been somewhat forced, the love interest is more or less dragged in, the laws of probability have been deliberately defied for the sake of securing just a few dramatic "curtains." That David Hearn, the sculptor, who loves Antoinette Ethgrete, the little Virginian actress who has unexpectedly made a hit, should object to seeing her star in a play of the underworld, whose heroine drags her skirts in the slime of London gutters, is quite plausible; but that after his quarrel with her he should manage to get himself crushed under the debris of a statue which was to have been his masterpiece, that Antoinette in her remorse should break her contract and set forth upon a penitential pilgrimage to Lourdes, that David should come out of the hospital minus a right arm and unknowingly follow upon her trail, and that finally they should meet again by accident in the south of France, he disqualified for his profession and she ostracised from hers, and should agree then and there to combine their broken fortunes,—all this seems so wildly haphazard and picaresque in its *non sequiturs* as to form a curious contrast to the sober and simple actuality of the earlier chapters. But, disappointing as the ending is, the fact remains that the book lives up to its title. The real theme is not the love story of a sculptor and an actress, but quite literally the dust of the road: the

toil and weariness of one-night stands, the inevitable tarnish that comes from contact with things not clean, the disillusion and disappointment that in spite of all awards and triumphs are in a measure the inevitable price of a life beyond the footlights. Marjorie Patterson has proved that she is entitled to be taken seriously as an author as well as upon the stage.

"MADELEINE AT HER MIRROR"

This latest characteristic volume, from the pen of Marcelle Tinayre, may be dismissed with a brief, although heartfelt word of commendation. As a story its scheme of construction is safely negligible. A widow, in the middle thirties, who by her own confession has no great share of beauty, no deep love although much genuine esteem for the deceased husband, and is content in the love of her two children, who are approaching young manhood and womanhood, sits before her mirror and communes with herself on her personal appearance, her past experiences and her future hopes. More than this, she reaches out and views all sorts and varieties of current topics of the day through the "mirror of her mind,"—and what distinguishes all these amiable *causeries* is their unfailing sanity and good taste, their avoidance of the extreme point of view, the unmistakable cachet they bear of having emanated from a lady to the manner born. That this still young and attractive widow little by little changes her mind about men and decides that the love of her children does not quite fill her horizon makes a pleasant and fitting little epilogue to an altogether satisfactory volume, the charm of which lingers behind it like an elusive perfume.

"HIS GREAT ADVENTURE"

Mr. Robert Herrick has tried a new experiment in his latest book and, whatever the general public may say, his earlier admirers must inevitably deprecate his departure from well-tried paths. In *His Great Adventure*, the hero is wandering aimlessly along New York streets,

hungry and with scanty cash, when he stumbles upon an elderly man lying on the sidewalk and apparently suffering from some sort of a seizure. With the help of a policeman he takes the stranger into his own humble room nearby, and while the officer goes to summon an ambulance, the sick man partially revives, explains brokenly that he is at the head of vast railroad interests, that papers of untold value are all locked up in a safe in San Francisco, the combination to which he mutters rapidly, that political and financial rivals have been trying to "smash" his road and have almost succeeded, and that what our young hero must do and do at once is to go to San Francisco, take possession of the papers, remove them to Germany and there sell them to certain designated parties, in order to protect the interests of "Melody,"—and who Melody may be is left in doubt, for the stranger relapses into unconsciousness. The wherewithal to travel is found in his pocket, greenbacks to the amount of fifty thousand dollars and more. The story, beginning in this flamboyant way, proceeds to narrate the young adventurer's exciting chase across the continent, his hair-breadth escapes, his wanderings through Mexico, Arizona, France, Belgium and back to New York, his eventual acquirement of millions, his numerous philanthropic ventures, including the establishment of a People's Theatre, and throughout it all his tireless quest for the mysterious and elusive Melody, who, after the formula of the old-fashioned melodrama, turns out to be the person nearest at hand all the time. Good, stirring stuff to be sure, but how incongruous coming from the pen that wrote *The Gospel of Freedom and Together*.

"FATIMA"

Let it be said at once that *Fatima*, the latest production of Rowland Thomas, is a pure joy, a gem of the first water. It refuses to be classified, for the simple

reason that there are no others with which to classify it,—it is *sui generis*. It is a story written with the brush of a poster artist against a background of desert sands and crumbling pyramids. It is an act out of a farce comedy, and it is at the same time a parable on the wisdom of wives, a portable monograph on matrimony. It is told in the phraseology of the *Thousand and One Nights*, and then startles us into redoubled attention by the bizarre contrast of some egregious bit of current American slang, that stares out as incongruously as a breakfast-food advertisement plastered over the face of the Sphinx. To give something of its flavour, which can never be quite conveyed at second hand, Fatima, the Fatima of the title rôle, is an Egyptian widow, "hardly turned sixteen, and very softly dark of eye and satiny of skin, and plumpy slender in the enticing *fausse maigre* way of girls, and gazellely straight and graceful." Her uncles would have her marry the "rich Sheikh Omar, who was a fattish, whiskerish, oldish thing with a blue silk tassel and a stave, who strutted." But Fatima observed that Omar had acquired his wealth through his cousin, the solitary fool in Ashmunein, who could make strange noises and "as long as he crowed and clucked and bubbled his face shone with interest. But as soon as he stopped his face became blank again and he would squat down in the dust and scratch himself." Omar had hit upon capitalising these strange noises of Ali the fool, for the enjoyment of English tourists who came up the river, and for the great enrichment of himself; and Fatima's great idea was, instead of marrying the fattish, oldish, whiskerish Omar, to marry Ali the fool, and herself reap the profit of his noises. The subsequent tale narrates the consequences of this happy thought, and shows that in more ways than one it may be not such a serious disadvantage to have a husband who is something of a fool.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BOOKS

BY MARGARET C. ANDERSON

JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR 1913—IN TWO PARTS—PART I

SAMUEL BUTLER says it's just as immoral to be too good as to be too anything else—which remark applies very happily to juvenile heroes and heroines. The old-school boy character who resisted temptation like an anæmic little angel, and reduced his companions to a state of truly immoral approval and imitation, has practically disappeared; and the unhealthy girl who discarded all her interesting ideas, with what Shaw calls that "degrading subjection" of youth to age, to follow the pallid ideals of an exhausted generation is clearly out of the running. Boy villains are much more human than they used to be; girl ones far less caricaturish; mothers and fathers much more possible as people. Thus a great deal of sentimentality has disappeared from juvenile literature; and much of the subtlety has come in. But—there's one great stride yet to be taken. Despite the beautiful new editions; despite the illustrations that make one fairly gasp with ecstatic satisfaction; despite the splendid coöperation between writers, publishers, and educators, there's still a lack. And it may be expressed quite simply as a matter of ideas.

Last winter Randolph Bourne wrote a remarkable book called *Youth and Life*. In it he summed up the amazing changes that have taken place in the relationships between the old and the young generations; then he justified those changes in a triumphant analysis; and then he pleaded, with vigour and logic and a certain whimsicality, for a deeper understanding of youth's rebellions. (The whimsicality was present because Mr. Bourne realises that it doesn't matter much, after all, whether youths understood or not; it continues to rebel, which is the important thing.)

But after the publication of such a book one had, somehow, a great hope about this season's juveniles—a hope that perhaps some of them would reflect this new susceptibility of youth to ideas, and of age's willingness to meet it. Owen Johnson has done it, and Inez Haynes Gillmore has done it; but their stories aren't juveniles. We can't go on forever producing boys' stories whose chief function is to score a goal in the last chapter; and we can't keep on perpetrating girl heroines whose aim in life seems to be a compound of boarding-school banality and hectic "good times." Now that we've got juvenile characters who are real, let's see to it that we get some who are interesting!

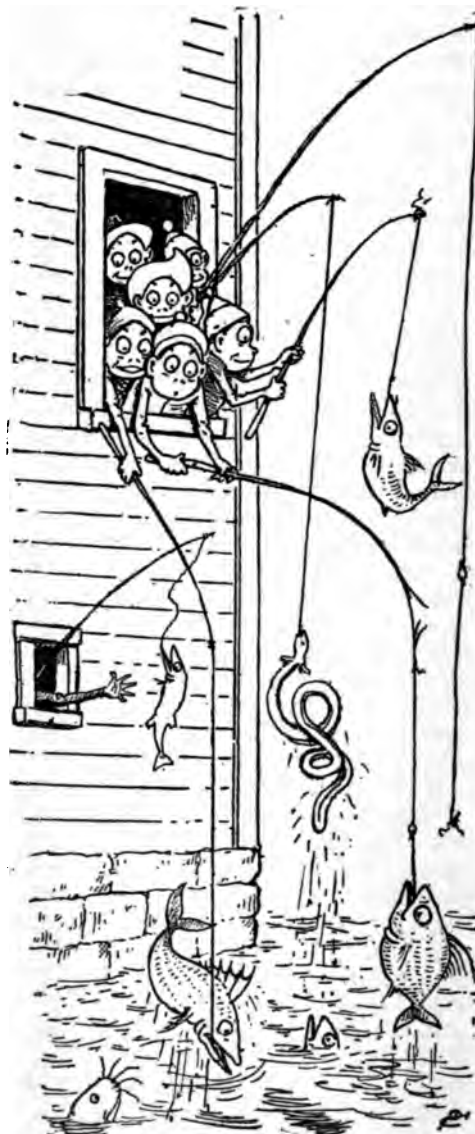
So far the stories of the season are much like those of every other season and don't appear to have been written from this standpoint. But then we've only examined the first instalment of them, and next month there'll be another "batch" which may disclose just the type we're waiting for. In the meantime let's enter the child's garden with anticipation and walk slowly through it, examining every variety of flower. We'll begin in the most uncultivated section—where the gardener has his biggest work yet to do,—and save for the last the corner where the cherry blossoms grow, so beautiful that they must all be carried away and preserved for their eternal fragrance.

SCHOOL STORIES FOR BOYS

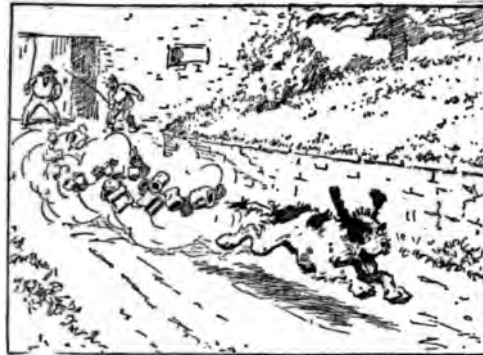
Ralph Henry Barbour has long been a master in creating a certain type of boy—the natural, manly youth who gets into no end of scraps at prep school and wins out because he's such an all-round likable, straightforward, attractive per-

son. His new book, *Around the End* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has just such a hero, only he is more likable than ever. His name is Kendall Burtis, and he is "continued" from last year's Yardley Hall story. He has lost his "greenness" by this time, and is playing football that attracts attention. Then the plot begins: a young traitor sells the team signals and Kendall is quite unsuspectingly involved. There is no use in saying that it all comes right, but the way it happens is truly worth reading about. The book may be recommended as one of the very best of the school stories. Another good football tale is Hawley Williams's *Five Yards to Go* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company). It has an unusual central figure in the person of a bulky young German who comes to Lansing Academy with all the assurance of an old student, refuses to be perturbed by hazings, and exhibits much more interest in eating sausages and buckwheat cakes than in conforming to training rules, although he wants to make the team. But he's worth while and eventually ceases to be a dead weight, turning the big game into a victory for his school by his newly awakened enthusiasm. *The Freshman Eight*, by Leslie W. Quirk (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), is a strong, exciting story of crew work laid in Wellworth College, and constituting the second volume in the series of that name. It chronicles all kinds of sports besides rowing, but the predominant interest lies there; and this is interesting, for the tendency seems to be to provide amply for the football and baseball enthusiasts, leaving the boy with the really biggest theme—the water—a little in the background. In *The Half-Miler* (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company) Mr. A. T. Dudley presents a hero who runs, giving his reader a thrilling time of it. But the real interest of the story goes deeper than athletics of any kind, and is to be found in the character of the forceful chap who, fresh from three years in a mill, works his

way through prep school and comes out with a scholarship for Harvard. It is all told with probability and an intensity that grips, and is very thoughtful—more inclined to "ideas"—than any other story in the group. *Strike Three*, by William Heyliger (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has a hero



THE BROWNIES AGAIN
The Century Company



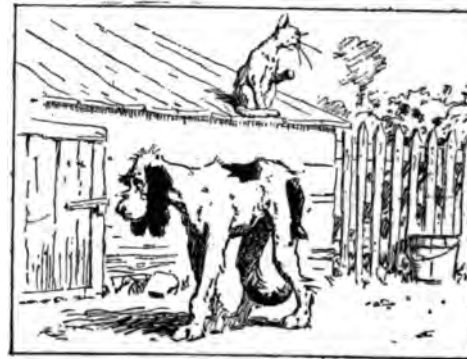
CARLO STARTS HOME. "CARLO," BY A. B. FROST
Doubleday, Page and Company

named Richard Bantly—already known to readers of the St. Mary School stories—and focuses its interest upon baseball. It opens cosily on a bleak February afternoon, with a suggestion of trouble in a possible scholarship rivalry. This develops to the mutual advantage of the two contestants in a thoroughly unusual fashion, and shows them to be boys of unusual character and charm. This group of books is suitable for boys of ten years and upward.

BOY'S ADVENTURE IN THE OUTDOORS

Emerson Hough knows how to write stories of the wilderness that are so explicit a boy may use them as guide books. In *Young Alaskans in the Rockies* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) he takes three boys and their Uncle Dick across the Rockies at the head of the Athabasca River, over the Yellowstone Pass, and on westward. These boys take along their maps and charts, planning their trip so that the reader feels he's really sharing in it. This gives the book a decided value, and its exciting adventures add the necessary entertainment. The illustrations consist of striking photographs. In fact, the whole thing is so satisfying that one cannot help asking why it could not have been made quite perfect: why *couldn't* these boys talk like real youngsters instead of appearing to recite their lessons? A great deal of interesting Panama Canal history may be learned from Ralph

D. Paine's *The Steam-Shovel Man* (illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). A young baseball player who wants to be of practical help to his "governor" takes a job as steam-shovel man and becomes a part of the huge undertaking. Many of the Panama personages are portrayed under thin disguise, and the narrative is full of action. *Treasure Mountain*, by Edwin L. Sabin (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a new volume in the "Bar B" series, and is designed for boys from eleven to fifteen years. Two well-known heroes appear again and are surrounded by a group of fascinating characters—Indians, cowpunchers, sheep herders, trappers, poachers, ranchers, tenderfeet, horses, dogs, and their old friends the professor, Cherry, and Molly. The boy who wants to know about prospecting and mining will want this book. The frontispiece of *Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt*, by Chauncey J. Hawkins (Boston: Little, Brown and Company), shows two cunning brown bears posing very vainly for their photographs; and the other pictures of woodchucks, minks, moose, beavers, and bears in various attitudes of wildness and subjection (one of them is even wheeling a



"THE PEOPLE IN THIS PLACE HAVE ALL GONE CRAZY. I WALK INTO THE DINING-ROOM WITH THAT NICE LITTLE ANIMAL I KILLED AND THEY ALL SCREAM AND JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOWS, THEN THE COOK CHASES ME OUT WITH THE BROOM AND CALLS ME FOREIGN NAMES, AND EVERYTHING I MEET LOOKS QUEER AND RUNS AWAY"

Doubleday, Page and Company

baby carriage) show how Ned Brewster spent his year in the woods. He is accompanied by his father and two guides and acquires a lot of woodcraft knowledge. Sometimes he has a great deal of difficulty in stalking his wild friends, but that makes the story all the more thrilling. This is a good book for boys from twelve to sixteen. *The Rainy Day Railroad War*, by Holman Day (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), is a story of the struggle between some lumbermen and the builders of a small railroad in the Maine woods. The central figure is one of those amazing youths who is always accomplishing some sort of miracle—a college engineer with an ability for handling men who is given charge of the railroad job. He has some rough customers to deal with, and it seems for a time that the situation is going to prove too much for him; but,

of course, it does not, and all his enemies humbly shake hands with him in the last chapter. Older boys will enjoy it. *For Uncle Sam, Boss*, by Percy K. Fitzhugh (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a rather important Boy Scout book with scenes laid in Panama during the last two years. The author visited the Canal and has made the incidents of his story tally with the facts as he found them. In this way he manages to impart a lot of real information. The last chapters are purely imaginative, for they describe the opening of the waterway. But this is of vivid interest. All Boy Scouts will revel here, as well as any other boys of eleven and upward. More ambitious in its claims to adventure is Joseph A. Altsheler's *Apache Gold* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), which describes a boy's hunt for treasure



"THE FROG." ILLUSTRATION FROM RUTH MCENERY STUART'S "DADDY DO-FUNNY"
The Century Company



BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

From "Boys and Girls. The Verses of James W. Foley." E. P. Dutton and Company

in the strange Southwest land among the cliff dwellers. Terrifying Apache Indians make the reader's hair stand on end and satisfy a craving for the melodramatic which used to be more frequently supplied than it is nowadays. Designed for boys from ten to sixteen.

WARFARE AND HISTORY FOR BOYS

The Young Sharpshooter, by Everett T. Tomlinson (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), deals with McClellan's Peninsular Campaign of 1862 in a way that brings Civil War days very close. We have had a great many such stories, but probably none written in so human a fashion as Mr. Tomlinson's. His purpose has been to revive stirring scenes and the many acts of nobility and heroism on both sides, purposely avoiding any suggestion of partisanship. His short, crisp dialogue and ingenuity of situation are a relief after some of the laboured efforts in this direction. *Henley on the Battle Line*, by Frank E. Channan (illustrated. Boston:

Little, Brown and Company), opens with a great storm at sea, with the hero, Roger Jackson, on his way to India to join his father. Roger has finished his course at Henley, and this volume concludes the "Henley Schoolboys" series. In India the lad becomes involved in a campaign with a native tribe, is kidnapped, and undergoes all kinds of adventures. *The Texan Triumph*, by Joseph A. Altsheler (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is the last volume about Ned Fulton's escapades in Texas, and tells the story of the San Jacinto campaign which gave that country her independence. The action follows the pattern of the conventional "thriller" and is suitable for boys from ten to sixteen. *The Boy Sailors of 1812*, by Everett T. Tomlinson (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is built about Perry's victory on Lake Erie and is, of course, very timely. It is typical Tomlinson stuff, which means that it is essentially readable; and Perry's qualities as man and commander

are so emphasised as to make emulation of them the first desire of the young reader. *Midshipman Days*, by Roger West (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), has Annapolis for its setting, though later its two young midshipmen do service in the Spanish War. A thread of love story runs through it, thus fitting it to a slightly older audience.

STORIES FOR GIRLS

As an example of the sort of girls' story we have no enthusiasm for we may turn to *Jean Cabot in the British Isles*, by Gertrude Fisher Scott (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company). Of course it has all kinds of information about England, Ireland, and Scotland, dealt out in a placid fashion that may interest a good many readers; but it's so stilted and written with such exasperating properness that it seems a mere literary exercise. *Betty Tucker's Ambition*, by Angelina W. Wray (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), serves as a refreshing antidote, and is the kind of thing we positively enjoy reading. It's slightly reminiscent of the "Pepper Books"—though not written with Margaret Sidney's talent; and it chronicles the doings of a poor but happy family whose ruling spirit is a daughter with literary ambitions. Betty's book is talked of in hushed voices, and her position on a newspaper entails all sorts of excitement. The story has spontaneity, cheerfulness, and a delightful quality of hominess that make it acceptable for the whole family. *Patty's Social Season* (illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company) has the enchanting name of Carolyn Wells attached to it, and so speaks largely for itself. The charming Patty is a débutante in this eleventh volume of the series; but she is not the frivolous butterfly type, and therefore contrives to combine her pleasures with plans for other people's enjoyment. For the girl who likes to read of Revolution days no better book than *Beatrice of Denewood* can be recommended (by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Illustrated. New

York: The Century Company). It is well done and its illustrations are wonderfully attractive. *Camp Brave Pine*, by Harriet T. Comstock (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a story for Camp Fire Girl enthusiasts laid on an abandoned farm in New Hampshire. This new movement is an interesting corollary of the Boy Scout developments, and is said already to embrace about fifty-five thousand girls. The characters in the story range from the society snob to the stenographer, but all social disparity is removed in the fine freedom of the great outdoors. In *Harmony Wins*, by Millicent Olmsted (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), we have a little heroine who proudly traces her descent from Nathan Hale. The story is a sentimental trifle, pleasant but uninspired. There are several really delightful drawings. *The Girl from Arizona*, by Nina Rhoades (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is like a hundred stories of its kind: a Western girl rebelling at the artificiality of her New York friends, but gradually compelling them all to love her by helping to solve a baffling mystery. *Dorothy Dainty's Vacation*, by Amy Brooks (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is simply another indication that this series is to go on forever.

FOR BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS

The Townsend Twins, by Warren L. Eldred (illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company), is a most refreshing and delightful story of a camping party in the Adirondacks. It's quite typical of the best stories one finds in *The St. Nicholas*—full of beauty, wholesome boys and girls who have the best fun in the world and play no end of pranks on each other and their elders. The series known as the "Buddie Books" comes to an end in *The Responsibility of Buddie*, by Anna Chapin Ray (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), which leads the young hero into the period when sen-

timent begins to count. There are several nice girls in the story, and a gay winter in New York makes possible a lot of typical Buddie escapades. In *Uncle David's Boys*, by Edna A. Brown (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), we have another story of a summer camping trip, with a small Vermont village for setting. The characters are attractively drawn and manage to have a beautiful time of it picnicking, exploring and boating.

FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS, AND CLASSICS

An altogether new and charming note is struck in Grace Duffie Boylan's *The Pipes of Clovis* (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Clovis is a sort of Pied Piper who charms all the woodland creatures with his magic pipes—though instead of being a man he's a shy little boy, the son of a forester. The fairy element is interwoven with scraps of real history, and thus the interest is twofold. But "Clovis" is done with a certain genius that removes it utterly from perfunctory books of its type; it must be read to be appreciated. *The House with the Silver Door*, by Eva March Tappan (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), contains three excellent fairy stories: "King Hansel the First," "The Star Princess," and the one named in the title. Miss Tappan has become familiar to hosts of readers because of the simple naturalness with which she approaches the task of writing for children. Her new book may be unhesitatingly recommended for the child who has just learned to read for himself or to be read aloud to younger children. The illustrations are delightful. Nathan Haskell Dole has translated from the Russian *The White Duckling and Other Tales* (illustrated in color by Bilibin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company). They are all fairy tales based upon the wonderful old Slavic myths, and Mr. Dole has put them into such readable English that small American children ought to revel in them. The book will make a most pleasing gift, being beautifully printed

and illustrated. In *A Book of Fairy-Tale Bears* (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) Clifton Johnston has collected some twenty fairy tales dealing with bears and representative of the various nations. The idea is novel, the treatment charming, and the child of from five to twelve who refuses to be amused by it will be a phenomenon. Johanna Spyri's famous Swiss story *Heidi* has been given a new lease of life in a translation by Helene S. White and a holiday edition containing sixteen full-page coloured illustrations. It's the sort of story that never loses its appeal, and it's a pleasure to have this standard translation put into such attractive dress.

ANIMAL STORIES

Everybody has been reading the delectable *Adventures of Reddy Fox and Adventures of Johnny Chuck* as they have appeared in various papers and magazines (by Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). They're now ready in two handy little volumes, and are sure to be among the season's most popular output. Reddy Fox becomes so conceited that the Green Forest will scarcely hold him—and then he's taught several severe lessons; and Johnny Chuck falls in love with Polly Chuck. They bring up a happy family of small Chucks. It's all exquisitely done. *Holding a Throne*, by Helen Eggleston Haskell (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is a story of the present king of Spain and his queen told by a royal kitten. This angora—a great favourite of the king's—is a most gossip person and tells all sorts of intimate anecdotes about her master's life, including his romantic wooing and marriage. It's all decidedly unusual and is said to be historically correct. *Laddie, the Master of the House*, by Lily F. Wesselhoft (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), tells of three beautiful Scotch collies whose business it is to guard two children and all the small animals on the farm. This, of course, is a big task and entails some real adventures.

HANDY BOOKS FOR BOYS

In *Harper's Aircraft Book* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) Mr. A. H. Verrill explains why aeroplanes fly, shows how to make models, and tells practically all there is to know about aircraft up to date. The keynote of his volume is practicability, and he talks not theories but facts. Comprehensive diagrams and plans make the text extremely lucid, and the author is said to have had the coöperation of many of America's most successful aviators. *How to Make Things*, by Archibald Williams (illustrated. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons), is an exhaustive manual for amateur craftsmen containing full directions for the making of everything from bookstands to telegraphic apparatus, electric motors and aeroplanes. It is one of the most complete things of its kind we've seen. *The Handy Boy*, by A. Neely Hall (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), stimulates all sorts of production — woodworking, electrical and mechanical toy-making, scout craft, practical money-making and so on. It is simple and thorough and designed for every-day needs.

VERSE, JINGLES, PICTURES

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart has encompassed the quaint charm of plantation life in a little volume of negro jingles called *Daddy Do-Funny* (illustrated by G. H. Clements. New York: The Century Company). The clever title signifies the Uncle Remus who sings for his pickaninnies—a loving old village philosopher full of the poetry and rhythm of his race. *The Brownies' Many More Nights*, by Palmer Cox (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), means just what it says—that the jolly little brownies are with us once more, engaged upon a series of adventures such as only Palmer Cox knows how to tell. All enthusiasts of the previous books will want this one, for it's just as amusing as anything can be. The verses of James W. Foley have been collected in a volume called *Boys*



PINCHIO UNDER THE SEA

The Macmillan Company

and Girls (illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company). After the reader gets over his feeling that these are pretty obvious imitations of Riley and Field, he realises that Mr. Foley has done some rather good work which deserves to be recognised more widely than it is. Most of the poems are in youthful dialect, and they are all designed for children, though of course mothers and fathers will like them quite as well. *Carlo*, by A. B. Frost (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company), is the remarkable story of a yellow dog told in a series of inimitable pictures by Mr. Frost. The pictures are full page, and there are a hundred and six of them. It's a joy to follow them through the whole tragic experience, for Carlo is a curious dog and gets into every brand of mischief ever invented. *Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo*, by Ella Bentley Arthur and Stanley Clisby Arthur (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), is a combination of jingles and photographs telling about the things a little boy saw in the New York Zoological Park. "Sonny Boy" is a real two-year-old child, just as cunning as he can be, and to see him photographed right by the side of a fierce-looking lion is a little exciting.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

AN ACADEMIC SUGGESTION TO A LITERARY FRIEND RECENTLY ELECTED
AN ASSOCIATE IMMORTAL

CAPE NEDDICK, MAINE,

September third, 1912.

MY DEAR TORRINGFORD:

I was delighted to read in this morning's issue of the daily *Parnassian* of your election to the American Academy of Poesie as an Associate Immortal, in recognition of your masterful handling of the limerick. It is a well-earned honour, my dear fellow. In my library there has hung for years the autograph copy you were so good as to send me of your delightful lines—

There was an old man of O-gunkit
Got tired of rennet and junket.
He thought 'twould be foxy
To substitute *Hoxie*,
But O what a head when he'd drunk it!

The moment I read those lines when they were first published in 1906 I made up my mind that this laurel would some day be placed upon your brow, and it is pleasing to my soul to learn that the eventuation has justified the anticipation.

I am glad, too, that you have been made an Associate Immortal rather than an Immortal, because it is proof that the Academy recognises that you still have years of usefulness ahead of you. Immortals have a way of being through with their work. To be one is almost *prima facie* evidence that you are dead, if not physically, at least spiritually, for it is not given to many humans to achieve more than one immortal work in a lifetime, and that accomplished it is impossible to rise higher. The fact that many great souls having thus achieved have still tried to rise higher is responsible for the depressing number of broken idols everywhere to be seen along the difficult trails leading to the Olympian Heights, for these subsequent efforts have served

only to mitigate their fame, and to drag them down again from the summits of hard-won pedestals to the lower levels of mere mediocrity. But Association with Immortals—ah, my dear Torrington, that indeed is a good thing, a fine thing! The standards set by them are a heritage to those who are still striving that helps them on to nobler and better things, and it is the unfortunate fact of the hour that too many of us are trying to get along without standards of any sort. By associating with the folk by whom these standards have been set up you cannot help but be nerved on to your best. As a Singer you will be satisfied with nothing less than that, and your ultimate fame will be all the more secure, because when your day's work has been done you will have acquired the habit of measuring up the stature of your own product by the stature of that which has gone before, and if you act wisely upon the deductions thereby ascertained, and feed your basket with everything that strikes you as less good, the greatness of your name will increase proportionately to the fatness of your literary waste.

More especially am I pleased to learn of the distinction which has been conferred upon you, however, because it leads me to hope that through you a suggestion which I have wished vainly for many years to make to the Deathless, and which I have been prevented from making because I could not reach them, may now be brought to their attention by your good self. It is, in short, that the Academy instead of being, as it is, the Institutional Sum and Substance of a successful prosecution of the Art of Poetry, should be but the grand climactic of what for the want of a better term I may perhaps properly call a *cademic career*. "What is the use of a lad-

der on which there is but one rung, and that the highest?" is the question I would ask in my desire to get the Academy to establish a series of subsidiary and, as it were, sequential degrees of cademic effort through which the struggler must pass before reaching the Ultima Thule of his aspirations. Truly it seems to me that such a ladder ceases to be a ladder upon which the beginner may climb, and becomes merely a rather lofty horizontal bar on which only literary acrobats are permitted to perform. So, I wish you would try to get into communication with Blandringham, or Larrabee, or perhaps both, and get them interested in a scheme to provide a series of lettered auxiliary branches of the *A-Cademy*, such as might be indicated, for instance, by such words as the *B-Cademy*, the *C-Cademy*, the *D-Cademy*, and so on all the way down to the *Z-Cademy*. I am told that Blandringham and Larrabee have more influence with the other members of the institution than any other ten men on the roll of the Immortals, and if this suggestion of mine were to be endorsed by either, or both, of them, it would be almost certain of adoption, to the vast betterment of the literary output of the age, and leading certainly to a far easier method of classification of our Poets than is now possible.

Let us suppose that, subject to the rule of the Academy itself, there were twenty-five other Cademic Grades, which, as is fitting in so vital a branch of human endeavour, that of letters, shall each be designated by a letter of the alphabet. A literary beginner would then in the very nature of things enroll himself frankly as a novice, in the very humblest class, as a member of the *Z-Cademy*, being compelled to remain there, serving his apprenticeship as it were, until a proper estimate of a full year's work, determined by a marking committee of the Immortals themselves, gives him a definitely higher status. Let us say that in January he writes a Sonnet, which the marking committee of the Academy, measuring it up by its own

standards, decides is of eighteenth-rate. That Sonnet thus marked would entitle him to a place in the *R-Cademy*, *R* being the eighteenth letter of the alphabet, and therefore the symbol for eighteenth-rate work. But in February the apprentice turns out a tenth-rate triolet, following it up in March with a fifth-rate rondeau, and unhappily falling down in April with a limerick, which, taking Edward Lear and Oliver Herford as standards, slumps to twenty-fourth rate proportions. These various contributions standing alone would place him respectively in the *R-Cademy*, the *J-Cademy*, the *E-Cademy*, and the *T-Cademy*. But, manifestly, a man who writes *T-Cademically* does not deserve final classification in *E-Cademic* circles, nor is it fair that one who has in one production attained to *E-Cademic* heights should be reduced to *T-Cademic* grade, so his final status for the year is ascertained on the *basis of his average output*, involving some such operation as this:

Sonnet	18th rate.
Triolet	10th rate.
Rondeau	5th rate.
Limerick	20th rate.
<hr/>	
Total.....	53. Average, 13 plus.

Which lands him definitely, and automatically, in the *M-Cademy*, thereby giving him the exact rating in the literary world to which he is entitled, and enabling his publishers to give the public his true status in terms which readers everywhere can understand, instead of falling back upon such absurdities of classification as "The Canajoharie Tupper," "The Austin of Texas," or "The James J. Coogler of the North-West," which may or may not convey a definite idea to the mind of a prospective purchaser of his wares. The plan is a more practical development of an idea I had many years ago for the division of Immortals into such classes as *Me-Mortals*, *You-Mortals*, *She-Mortals*, *Her-Mortals*, and *Him-Mortals*, according to the

qualities of individuality and self-consciousness shown by various writers of distinction, a scheme which I could never quite work out even to my own satisfaction, but which nevertheless held the germ of my present proposition.

The great value of this division of Cademic Distinction into definitely fixed grades according, as we have seen, to exact merit, seems to me to be so obvious that it hardly needs further explication, but its chief virtue, as it reveals itself to me, will be the incentive it will give a man always to do the best that in him lies. It is inconceivable to me that a man who has once worked his way up from the X- Y- and Z-Cademies, into the first ten divisions, and has become, let us say, a *G-Cademician*, will ever be satisfied with a quality of work that will send him lower in the scale, although under present conditions we all know it to be the sad fact that many a man who has been the recipient of *B-Cademic* honours in the mad race for fortune has, in the absence of any definite system of relentless classification, been content to put forth stuff that a member of the *Q-Cademy* would view with scorn. Thus great names, now constantly in peril, would be automatically protected, and an indulgent and helpless public, now literally swamped with worse than indifferent productions by distinguished literary personages, would no longer find themselves in danger of being swept from their moorings in taste by the sterile output of jaded genius. It would not

be surprising indeed if once in operation, and its beneficent workings made manifest to all, this plan should prove of vast benefit to the Immortals themselves, since confronted by the danger of losing the distinction conferred upon them by admission to the highest grade they would prefer retirement to the hazard of new manuscripts, thus again benefitting the members of the lower grades, since one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of budding genius is the competition of great signatures.

Speak to Blandringham about this, my dear Torringford, and if he thinks well of the proposition tell him that I shall be glad to go into it in further detail for him at any time suited to his convenience; and if he wants to know what reward I seek for all this, assure him that I want none at all. Having recently taken up Lobster Culture here on the coast of Maine, I have wholly abandoned the allurements of Parnassus, and seek my rating now not in the Anthologies of my Native Land, but in the books of Bradstreet, Dun, and other commercial agencies. I am the happy possessor of a hundred lobster-pots, each one of which yields me five-hundred dollars per annum, which is vastly more than my works, *Hints from Helicon*, and *The Thistles of Parnassus* combined, have brought me in twenty years. Moreover, I have discovered that I can buy better poetry than I write. So you see I am wholly disinterested.

Affectionately your well-wisher,
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE MYTHS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Lewis Spence. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The romance of "Old America," the mediæval history of Mexico and Peru, is interestingly presented in Mr. Lewis Spence's volume on the myths and legends of Mexico and Peru, which will charm all people interested in folklore. While the Asiatic origin for the aborigines of America is admitted, the

author shares the belief of many students that it stretched back into that dim era when man was little more than beast, and language, if it existed at all, was only half formed. The legends of intercourse with Europe and Asia can easily be dissipated. As a proof he cites the fact that aboriginal-American arithmetic, language and methods of reckoning time, bore no resemblance to

any of the Old World systems and that none of the domesticated animals known to old civilisation, such as the horse, cow and sheep, were found in America by the earliest discoverers, thus giving proof of the prolonged isolation which the American continent underwent.

The first civilised people with whom the discoverers came in contact were known as the Nahua (those who lived by rule), so called to distinguish them from the nomadic tribe who roamed the plains of New Mexico. A curious and interesting fact is that the most valuable work on the history and mythology of this people was translated from the Nahua tongue into Spanish by Father Bernardino Sahagun, a monk who entered the country at the time of the Spanish Conquest. This stupendous work was achieved when Father Sahagun was over eighty years of age. Written in the first half of the sixteenth century it was lost for three hundred years and finally found in the ancient convent of Tolosa in Navarre. Commenced in 1530, it was only published the middle of the last century. Few authors certainly have had such an unfortunate experience. The book is embellished by many illustrations and several interesting maps.

VILLAGE LIFE IN AMERICA. By Caroline Cowles Richards. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

There is much of the same quaint charm that clings to the old-fashioned samplers at which our grandmothers' fingers toiled so laboriously, about the late Caroline Cowles Richards's *Village Life in America*. It is the diary begun by a little schoolgirl ten years of age, conscientiously kept up for twenty years until after her marriage. Including, as it does, the years from 1852 to 1872, it covers the interesting period of the Civil War, and the Civil War from a Northern woman's point of view, which is somewhat of a novelty. Mrs. Richards speaks familiarly of a number of her relatives who at that time or later were helping to make history in literature and science. Her brother John's daughter Pearl, hardly more than a baby at the time she is mentioned, became the well-known writer, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs). The famous Field brothers, their father, David Dudley Field, and their

nephew, Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, were her kinsmen. Miss Hannah Upham, one of the pioneers in the cause of the higher education of women, was her friend. Her mother having died when she was very young, she and her younger sister, Anna, made their home with their maternal grandparents in Canandaigua, New York. In the strict Puritan atmosphere of their home such diversions as dancing, card-playing and the theatre were looked upon as the choicest devices of the Father of Evil. Once they were about to be permitted to go to a travelling circus on the ground that seeing the strange wild animals would be instructive. Unfortunately, their grandmother's eye fell upon a poster of a bareback woman rider. That settled the circus for all time as far as the children were concerned. No amount of instruction could weigh in the balance against the woman's abbreviated costume. Later on, Madame Anna Bishop gave a concert in Canandaigua. Her voice pleased, but her costume horrified. "She was dressed in the latest stage costume," we read. "It took so much material for her skirt that there was hardly any left for the waist!" But child nature is much the same in all ages. Both the little girls, and particularly the mischievous Anna, who had a sprightly wit of her own, contrived to extract a great deal of fun out of life, although the present generation would have found life rather drab under such circumstances.

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS. By Margaret W. Morley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

If one accepts Margaret W. Morley's enthusiastic account of the charms and delights of life in North Carolina, that favourite State must indeed be an earthly paradise. Spring, summer, autumn and winter are equally flawless. There are chapters on the climate, which leaves nothing to be desired; on the fruits and flowers, which are more luscious and brighter there than anywhere else on earth; and on the scenery, which is unrivalled for its picturesqueness. Even the mountaineers, it would appear, have more than a human share of the virtues, a fact hitherto unsuspected by prejudiced Northerners.

The chapter headed "A Vanishing Romance" is devoted to the moonshiners, who "appear to the imagination as the Robin Hoods of the Southern greenwood, sallying forth from their illicit 'stills' hidden in some cavern in the mountains, to pursue the relentless vendetta and contribute 'spirits' to a grateful community."

The most interesting part of the book is that portion which confines itself to the history of the early settlers and the life in general before the new era when Biltmore was built and Asheville became a resort for rich Northern people. But as a whole it is a little too much like a glorified guide-book to be of much interest to the general reader. The numerous illustrations are reproduced from photographs which bear the stamp of the amateur.

OUT OF THE DARK. By Helen Keller. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Anything that came to us from the pen of Helen Keller naturally possesses a unique interest all its own. That her book should ever have been written at all remains, in spite of the fact that she has already several volumes to her credit, one of the marvels of the century; a monument to a patience and courage persevering under conditions so adverse as to make them seem almost superhuman.

The thirty essays which go to make up Miss Keller's latest book, *Out of the Dark*, treat of a variety of subjects, embracing Socialism, capital and labour, the higher education of women, woman suffrage and the problems of the blind. They represent the author's output for the last few years, both in the way of addresses delivered before various societies interested in the amelioration of the condition of the blind, and in published articles collected from various sources. While her theories on socialistic and economic subjects are clearly stated and well put, they could not be expected to disclose anything either new or especially illuminating, being, as they are, the reflection of read-

ing and discussion. Miss Keller's life has of necessity been too guarded and sheltered to permit of her having any actual contact with present day economic conditions. But it is when she writes of the blind that she is able to speak first-hand, as one having authority. Many of the conditions of which she writes have disappeared in most of our States, as she says in the preface, since the essays were first written. But not all of the reforms which she urges have been accomplished throughout the country. The book is of value in itself. But it has a distinct value apart from whatever intrinsic merit it may possess; if only it teaches what wonders cheerfulness and courage may accomplish under cruel conditions.

HERALDRY FOR CRAFTSMEN AND DESIGNERS. By W. H. St. John Hope. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A book that will be valuable for artists and designers and for all people interested in Heraldry is W. H. St. John Hope's *Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers*, one of the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks edited by W. R. Lethaby. As the author says: "Year after year in paintings and sculpture at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, the attempts to introduce armorial accessories, even by some of the best artists, is almost always a failure." He points out that even in so recent a work as the National Memorial to Queen Victoria before Buckingham Palace, the shields and arms are far from accurately reproduced. While making a strong appeal for a return to first principles in Heraldic Decoration, disregarding all modern defects, the author devotes himself rather to the artistic side of Heraldry than to the scientific, avoiding thereby the use of many obscure technical terms, confusing to the average student. There are chapters on the proper treatment of Shields, Crests, Banners of Arms and Heraldic Embroideries, all of which are simply and interestingly written. The book is enriched with a great number of illustrations, a number of which are in colour.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending September 3d:

1. The Plays of Bernard Shaw. (Brentano.)
2. The Plays of Oscar Wilde.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. Shorthand Instruction. (Pitman.) \$1.00.
5. Chapters from Modern Psychology. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.35.
6. The Truth About the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
7. Woman Under Socialism. Bebel. (N. Y. Labor News.) \$1.00.

For the week ending September 10th:

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Lee Keadick.) 10.00.
3. Plays. Galsworthy. (Scribner.)
4. Poems of Alfred Noyes.
5. Food Inspection and Analysis. Leach. (Wiley.) \$7.50.
6. Common Diseases. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
7. Interpretation of Dreams. Freud. (Macmillan.)

For the week ending September 17th:

1. Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.25.
4. This and That and The Other. Belloc. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Plays. Strindberg.
6. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
7. Through our Unknown Southwest. Laut. (McBride, Nast.) \$2.00.

For the week ending September 24th:

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
5. Corporation Finance. Meade. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
6. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.25.
7. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent. (Moving Picture World.) \$1.00.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 3. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
 4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
 5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
 6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
- NON-FICTION
 1. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
 2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
 3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse.) and Hopkins.) \$1.25.
- JUVENILES
 1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
 2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
- ATLANTA, GA.
 FICTION
 1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
 2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
 4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
- NON-FICTION
 No report.
- JUVENILES
 No report.
- BALTIMORE, MD.
 FICTION
 1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
 2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
 6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
- NON-FICTION
 1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
 3. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
 4. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
- JUVENILES
 1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
 2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
 3. Robin Hood. Rhead. (Harper.) \$1.50.
- BALTIMORE, MD.
 FICTION
 1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
 4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
 5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
 6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
- NON-FICTION
 1. A Preface to Politics. Lippmann. (Kernerley.) \$1.50.
 2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
 3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
 4. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
- JUVENILES
 1. Billy Whiskers. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) \$1.00.
 2. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
 3. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
- BOSTON, MASS.
 FICTION
 1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
 2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
 4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
 5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
- NON-FICTION
 1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
 2. One Hundred Years of Peace. Lodge. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
 3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
 4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
- JUVENILES
 1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
 2. Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
 3. The Boy Scouts in Dismal Swamp. Eaton. (Wilde.) \$1.00.
- BOSTON, MASS.
 FICTION
 1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
 2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
 4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
 6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. A Song of Sixpence. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
2. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. The Republic. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Jean Cabot in the British Isles. Scott. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Moving Picture Boys Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Funk and Wagnalls.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Sojourner. Elder. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.40.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Mediator. Norton. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Pedagogical Anthropology. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$3.50.
2. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. The English Novel. Saintsbury. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jane Stuart, Twin. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Mother West Wind's Neighbours. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Bend in the Road. De Weese. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Irvine. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady and the Pirate. Parrot. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
2. Bed-Time Story Books. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Merrilie Dawes. Spearman. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. European Cities at Work. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Unrest of Women. Martin. (Appleton.) \$1.00.
4. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. Sue Jane. Daviess. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Right of the Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Dramatic Works. Vol. II. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
4. Miracle of Right Thought. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote. Sams. (Neale.) \$1.35.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) \$1.50.
3. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

2. Boy Scout Series. (Chatterton.) 60 cents.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in England and America. Holder. (Nenner.) \$6.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Household Helps and Hints. Andel. (Andel.) 60 cents.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Vacation. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Northern Iron. Birmingham. (Remington.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Poems. Noyes. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. When I Was a Boy in Greece. Demetrios. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) 60 cents.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Camp Fire Girls. Doran. 25 cents.
2. The Pioneer Boys of Mississippi. Adams. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of the Panama Canal. Lindsay and Marshall. (Winston.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Unpathed Waters. Harris. (Kennerley.) \$1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Psychology of Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lang. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. California in History and Romance. McGroarty. (Grafton Co.) \$3.50.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Steam Shovel Man. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. The Texan Triumph. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) \$2.00.
3. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Annie Laurie and Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) 75 cents.
3. Faith Palmer at Fordyce Hall. Wooley. (Penn.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Mussion.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
5. { Golden Road. Montgomery. (L. C. Page.) \$1.75.
- { Threads of Grey and Gold. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Stop Thief. Jenks. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) \$1.25.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Young Sharpshooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. My Own Story. Louisa of Tuscany. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	331
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.....	328
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	311
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.....	221
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.....	136
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.....	80

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

WE confess to finding nothing astonishing in Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin's *Things I Remember*. Most of the anecdotes are comparatively tame, and the author, after preparing us for a tale with the remark that it used to convulse people with laughter at some former time, will proceed to a narrative that is in most cases quite witless and without point. Summing it all up we should say that Mr. Martin has had very little to tell and has succeeded in telling it ponderously. There is little anecdote about the late F. Marion Crawford which is not without some slight interest.

One of my pleasant memories of Rome is my meeting with the late Marion Crawford. His wife was a most charming woman, and I remember she asked me which of her husband's books I liked best. "*A Cigarette Maker's Romance*," I replied.

"Well," said Mrs. Crawford, "that was written for me when I was ill. My husband used to write a chapter at a time and read it aloud to amuse me; the 'Romance' continued in this way until I was well, and by that time it had grown into a novel."

That is one of the very best of Mr. Martin's stories. The reader can judge of the nature of the poorer ones.

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Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, the new editor of *The Century*, is the fourth in VOL. XXXVIII, No. 4

the line of succession in a magazine which has always been justly esteemed as upholding the best and most dignified of American magazine traditions. His predecessors were Dr. J. G. Holland, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, and Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. Mr. Yard brought to *The Century* a splendid equipment



FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN



ROBERT STERLING YARD

and a ripe experience. After his graduation from Princeton with the class of 1883, he entered active journalism. Then for a number of years he was associated with the literary enterprises of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, being at one time the editor of the *Book Buyer*. About nine years ago, he and Mr. William D. Moffat launched the publishing firm of Moffat, Yard and Company. Mr. Yard is the author of *The Publisher*, parts of which appeared in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *BOOKMAN* a year or so ago. The work has recently been issued in book form from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company.

• • •

Times have changed greatly since the days when, as we recorded in our October issue, the stories that made up Mr. E. W. Hornung's *The Amateur Cracksman* was sold for twenty-five dollars apiece. In fact it was a very short time before

Raffles and his adventures came to be appraised at a high monetary value. There was even a moment when Mr. Hornung's creation threatened to rival Sherlock Holmes in popularity. In connection with this rivalry there is a story. Dr. Doyle and Mr. Hornung are brothers-in-law. An ingenious publisher went to the two with the suggestion of a series of new tales in which the cunning of Raffles as a criminal was to be pitted against the skill of Sherlock Holmes in the detection of unusual crime. The two authors were to collaborate in this series of tales.

• • •

In *L'Illustration*, of Paris, for October 11th, there was a touching paper by Albéric Cahuet about Pierre de Coulevain the woman who was so widely known under the pseudonym of Pierre de Coulevain, and who died the latter part of the summer. M. Cahuet called her *L'Errante* (the wanderer), a wanderer who had "finished her wander-



E. W. HORNUNG. MR. HORNUNG'S LATEST STORY IS "THE THOUSANDTH WOMAN"



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON IN HIS LIBRARY AT SHADY HILL

ing, and who for the first time has a corner of earth that is all her own." "The news of her death," he wrote, "came to us in short newspaper paragraphs 'Madame Pierre de Coulevain, the author of *American Nobility*, of *Eve Victorious*, of *On the Branch*, of *The Unknown Island*, of *The Heart of Life* died yesterday at Lausanne.' That was all. Nothing more was added because very little more was known about her. With her work they were familiar. Of course. It was impossible, in the world of letters, to ignore books that had had more than a million readers, novels which had been the most popular of this epoch. *The Unknown Island* had reached its one hundred and fortieth edition; *On the Branch* its hundred and eightieth edition. But of her they knew nothing except that she was the most inaccessible of women, and that she refused to the newspapers of France and the magazines of all countries the secret of her own personality. 'I am an old woman,' she said, in her books, 'I am a wanderer. I have never been anything but an anonymity. I wish to remain an anonymity.' And before this wish, mani-

festes with so much firm sweetness, so much clear, wise intelligence, the most inquisitive were disarmed.

• • •

Pierre de Coulevain's name was Mlle. Fabre. She was a little white-haired old woman with dry and angular features who gave the impression of never having been young. But her eyes were soft and kind. All her inner life, which was so intense, was expressed in the intelligent curious and charitable look of these eyes. She was born a long time ago, in the fine years of the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1842 they say. Thus she was probably, at the time of her death, seventy-one years old. But it was not more than fifteen years ago that she published her first book and knew her first great success. Before that the greater part of her existence had been given to travelling about the world. Even if we had not heard so as a fact, we could gather from her books that she was for a long time a humble governess in great families, English and American, Russian and Italian. There she taught the hearts and the minds of many of those attractive and ardent young girls whose



KATHERINE TYNAN, AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF THE GARDEN"

portraits she was afterward to draw with such remarkable tenderness in her books. That, in a great measure, was her life until she reached the age of fifty-seven. It was then that she wrote her first novel, *American Nobility*. And after having discovered America, she turned to the discovery of England in *The Unknown Island*.

"But without doubt," writes M. Cahuet, "*On the Branch* will remain the book the most universally loved. By the smiling courage of its philosophy it has restored serenity to many souls. From all quarters of the world it brought letters to its author. But nothing could persuade her to emerge from her quiet obscurity. This obscurity also had another result. There were many who came forward with the claim that they had written the books signed Pierre de Coulevain. One of them, a young woman of high social position, for a long time played that comedy. Warned, Mlle. Fabre replied smiling, 'What? She is young, she is pretty, she says she is Pierre de Coulevain. Why should I

protest?' The unknown old lady is dead at Lausanne in the Hotel Beau-Séjour, where she had been staying from time to time for the past seven years. She was devoted to the landscape which spread out before her window, the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy, and the necropolis of Territet. 'I hope,' she wrote in her last book, 'to be able to sleep in that sweet cemetery among exiles, wanderers, and forgotten ones. There I shall never be entirely dead.' This wish, one of the few that she deigned to tell to the world, was granted. She died in the silence. They dressed her in the burial shroud that she always carried in one of the shelves of her trunk and even after her death they respected her lifelong desire to live invisible.

Tennessee is the subject of the paper in this month's BOOKMAN in the "American Backgrounds for Fiction" series, and its opportunities are presented by Maria Thompson Daviess, author of *Miss Selina Lue, The Road to Provi-*



MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, WHO WRITES FOR TENNESSEE IN THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES

dence, *The Melting of Molly*, *Andrew the Glad*, and *The Tinder Box*. Although Miss Daviess is now widely known throughout the country, four years ago she was an absolute stranger. Then appeared *Miss Selina Lue*, a first book which became a "best seller." Miss Daviess has been doing more than writing books. She has found time to study art abroad, exhibit miniatures in the Paris Salon, design and make arts and crafts jewelry for herself and friends, conduct a studio, supervise a Tennessee farm, which produced prize-winning cattle and chickens, organise woman suffrage societies, and campaign vigorously for the "cause."

• • •

Maria Thompson Daviess was born in Kentucky with a heritage that was both Kentuckian and literary. A great-great-

uncle helped draft the Constitution of the State, and conducted the prosecution of Aaron Burr. Her grandfather, Major William Daviess, was the most celebrated *raconteur* of his time. Her grandmother, whose name also was Maria Thompson Daviess, edited the first "woman's page" in this country, a page in the *Home and Farm*, which was published in Springfield, Massachusetts. After leaving Wellesley Miss Daviess went to Nashville and enrolled herself in an art class at Peabody Institute. There she won a scholarship to study abroad for three years and, overruling the prejudices of her family and friends, sailed for Paris, where she found a studio in the Latin Quarter. Then followed days of roaming about Europe with congenial sketching parties, among the peasantry of Holland, up and down

the Rhine, in the Chateau country of Touraine, in Brittany, in Italy, and in England. Coming home to Nashville, she opened a studio and painted miniatures. One day, in a little club of writers and painters she read a short story. That was the beginning of her changed career. Not long after *Miss Selina Lue* succeeded, and the author was crowded with requests for more work. In order to find time for writing she left the city and went, with an uncle and two aunts, to a farm in the Harpeth Valley, a short distance out of Nashville. *Miss Selina*



KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS"

Lue had been just the writing out of what came in her day's work. *The Road to Providence* was the same. From her window in the Harpeth Valley she could see the very road—though of course "Providence" was not the real name; but the conditions and people were all true.

A decided contribution to literary anecdote is the chapter "Thackeray at

the *Punch* Table" to be found in Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Loiterer's Harvest*, which comes from the press of the Macmillan Company. The gossip upon which Mr. Lucas has based his paper is selected from a record of the *Punch* dinners attended by one of the editors, Henry Silver, who joined the staff in 1858, taking the place made vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold. The history of Thackeray's connection with *Punch* is comparatively well known. He began to contribute in 1842, a year after the paper was established, and joined the staff at the end of 1843. For eight years he was a *Punch* man in the full sense of the term. He left the inner staff in 1851, but continued to contribute occasionally until 1854. Even after ceasing to write for the paper he kept up his social connection, frequently joining his old friends at the Table at the weekly dinner, and often either suggesting the cartoon or materially assisting it.

• • •

In 1858, when Henry Silver joined the *Punch* staff, Thackeray was forty-seven years of age, and had written *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*, while *The Virginians* was in the course of its serial publication. He had still to become the first *Cornhill* editor, and to write *The Adventures of Philip*. The unfortunate squabble with Edmund Yates, involving Dickens and the Garrick Club, was in progress. The quarrel complicated the situation at the *Punch* Table, for Mark Lemon, the editor, and Dickens had been close friends, and Evans, one of the proprietors of the paper, was the father-in-law of Charles Dickens, Jr. That was the situation when, to quote Mr. Lucas, "we meet Thackeray at the Table first on October 21, 1858, the dinner being at the 'Bedford' in Covent Garden; and he is at once kind to Silver and takes champagne with him. To have been at Charterhouse was a main road to the heart both of Thackeray and Leech." At

this dinner there was talk of Charles Mackay, the song writer, whose verse Thackeray likened to Kitawba wine, sparkling, but not so creamy as Moore's champagne or so sound as Scott's claret. There were references on the part of Shirley Brooks to *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*. "Thackeray says that Leech has the best beer and claret in London. Wishes for a cottage, like Macready's, the walls hung with caricatures and cuts from *Punch*; there would he end his days." Of the dinner of December 15, 1858, it is recorded that Thackeray described the literary style of George Augustus Sala as "Dickens and water." *A propos* of the dinner of January 19, 1859, Mr. Lucas notes that Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold seem not to be on the best of terms. "One reason given by Henry Silver is that the sight of Jerrold eating peas with a knife got on Thackeray's nerves. Thackeray came to the Table again the following week. He received and corrected a *Virginians* proof, and told Silver that it would inform him of the name of the head master at Charter House a hundred years before.

• • •

That the bitterness caused by the Edmund Yates quarrel did not die out quickly is shown by an incident of the *Punch* dinner of November 20, 1862. Then Thackeray spoke of being troubled by a coolness of attitude on the part of one of Dickens's children. "Let fathers treat each other like hell, but why need their children quarrel?" He denied that it was natural for rival writers to be enemies. He called Tennyson "the greatest man of the age: has thrown the quoit farthest." Brooks thereupon remarked that *Vanity Fair* ranked higher than anything of Tennyson's, and asked, "Would you change your reputation for his?" "Yes," said Thackeray. But he was not believed. Scott as a poet then cropped up and was praised for stirring the blood. "But," said Thackeray, "I don't want to have my blood stirred."

On December 4th Thackeray tells of his mother-in-law giving him claret à six sous,

and now drinking wine of his at seven shillings a bottle. His daughters, too, are "terribly matured in their taste."

On December 11th he remarks to Leech, "How happy we were this day forty years ago, breaking up at Charterhouse!" Remembers Leech at six-and-a-half in his form. Master Bush just like him. Leech tells how he has been "coaling the waits" from his bedroom window, and says he



DAVID STARR JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND AUTHOR OF "WAR AND WASTE"

would like £1,000 and a country life. "Couldn't do it," says Thackeray. Dickens, some one says, made £10,000 by his readings in 1860. Thackeray says he made only half that altogether, and it is suggested that Leech should read publicly the lines under his drawings.

The following week, December 18, 1861, the prevailing topic is the death of Prince Albert. Some one says that Sala has received £100 from Smith and Elder for a trip to Genoa to make a *Cornhill* article, and Thackeray adds that it is for the "Genoa-wary number," which is a fair sample of many outrageous puns of his that I have omitted.

On January 8, 1862, Shirley Brooks tells how he once danced with Grisi: "like waltzing with a whirlwind." Thackeray and Leech recall old Charterhouse songs.

...

It was to the dinner of March 12, 1862, Thackeray brought the news of his resignation as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He spoke of George Smith as a noble, generous fellow, but said that he wished to have a co-editor and not a sub. The fact was that Thackeray did not do editor's work, nor was he fit for it. Notes on the dinner record that Thackeray had built his house, costing five thousand pounds, out of his two years' savings. In a discourse on editorship Mark Lemon suggested that it was Thackeray's name that made the *Cornhill*, but Thackeray insisted that it was made by Anthony Trollope's serial, *Framley Parsonage*.

Later Thackeray says that John Forster cuts him, but "he can't be savage, because it was Forster who brought Dr. Eliotson to him and saved his life." Envy-ing Brooks his ready pen, Thackeray says it takes him "two days to think of a *Roundabout* and one day to write it. Writes best out of his house: anywhere except at home." Elsewhere Silver says that Thackeray writes *currente calamo* and hardly makes a correction. Dickens, on the contrary, almost rewrites with interlineations.

...

In the new house at Palace Green Thackeray had the *Punch* staff to dine with him on July 9, 1862. Later *Punch* dinners at which Thackeray was present were those of July 15th, Septem-



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG STRAKOSCH, WHOSE "MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA" IS DISCUSSED IN FOLLOWING PAGES

ber 18th, September 4th, and October 8th. At the last mentioned feast the novelist imparted the information that Mrs. Yates (*née* Elizabeth Brunton, the actress, and the mother of his enemy in the Garrick) was his boyish love. Almost a year later, at the dinner of August 12, 1863, there was further allusion to the old Yates row. Thackeray, in somewhat of a temper, turned to Horace Mayhew, and said: "Damn it, you fellows seem to think that it was because of his attack on my nose that I fell foul of him. I don't care a damn for my

nose. He imputed dishonourable conduct to me, and for *that* I got him kicked out of the Garrick."

"With your strength you might have been more generous," said Mayhew, and Thackeray blazed up and finally bolted. Late in the evening of December 24, 1865, Mayhew brought to the *Punch* Table the news of Thackeray's death, and all joined in singing "The Mahogany Tree." "Thank God we shan't have to go around with the hat; his daughters will have a thousand pounds a year between them," said Leech two weeks

later. But Leech himself was to survive his old chum and school-fellow but a few months. He died on October 29, 1864, and ten days later his successor, George du Maurier, took his seat at the Table.

...

So George du Maurier came to the Table. Of how he conducted himself there much is told in another book of the hour, *George du Maurier, the Satirist of the Victorians*, written by T. Mar-

tin Wood, and published by McBride, Nast and Company. According to Mr. Wood it was the convivial side of the *Punch* dinner that appealed to du Maurier. He abstained from these meetings, or came in late, when a tendency prevailed to make them too much, as he thought, the pretext of business. He was regarded as singular in ordering an immense cup of tea to be put before him immediately after dinner. Over this cup he sat with a bent back, always with a cigarette, fuming whilst the business part of the proceeding went forward. When that was over, when decision had been reached as to the nature of the weekly cartoon, he entered into his own, regaling his comrades with droll stories, creating a witty atmosphere at his own corner by his taste for repartee. Never at any stage of his life did he lose the rollicking boyish spirit. It was always in his conversation and in his letters. For example, after one of the dinners, he wrote the head of the *Punch* firm:

Would you allow one of your retainers to look under the table and see if I left a golosh there—and if so, tell him to leave it at Swain's, to be returned by his messenger on Monday? I must have been tight, and the golosh not tight enough, and I appeared at the Duchess's with one golosh and my trousers tucked up. H.R.H. was much concerned about it, and said, "It's all that ——— *Punch* dinner!"

• • •

The place that du Maurier won as a satirist of Victorian manners by his pictures in *Punch* is secure. For all that we are inclined to think that to an American audience the mention of his name conjures up first of all not the artist, but the author who, turning to fiction for the first time in the later years of his life, produced, in quick succession, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby*, and *The Martian*. There have been subsequent books which have far outstripped *Trilby* in the matter of sales. Yet when regarded from all points the story introducing Miss O'Ferrell, the Three Musketeers of the Brush, and the sinister

Svengali, is the most conspicuous literary success of any book written in the English language in the last quarter of a century. Mr. Wood has much to say of the conception and the writing of that book, nothing astonishingly new, but all exceedingly entertaining. Du Maurier had always been conscious that a store of plots for novels was undeveloped in his mind. It was the offer of a plot to Mr. Henry James one evening when they were walking up and down High Street, Bayswater, that resulted in du Maurier's becoming a novelist. "But you ought to write that story," said James, after he had listened to the outline of *Trilby*. "I can't write, I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may take it," was the reply. But Henry James said that the present was far too valuable, and that du Maurier must write the story himself. So on reaching home that night du Maurier set to work. By the next morning he had written the first two numbers not of *Trilby* but of *Peter Ibbetson*.

"It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream," he said, "but I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me, for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of *Peter Ibbetson*."

• • •

Peter Ibbetson was sold outright by du Maurier for the sum of one thousand pounds. In view of our feelings over the attitude assumed by many Americans a year or two ago when the Dickens Stamp Fund was being exploited, the story of du Maurier's financial relations with the American publishing house that brought out his work is one that we like to retell. Believing in *Trilby* from the very first they began by offering double the *Peter Ibbetson* terms, while generously urging the author to retain his rights in the book by accepting a little

less in a lump sum and receiving a royalty. But so little faith did du Maurier have in *Trilby* that he said "No!" Within a few weeks the "boom" began. And when the publishers saw what proportions it was likely to assume, they voluntarily destroyed the agreement, and arranged to allow him a royalty on every copy sold. Also they handed over to him the dramatic rights with which he had parted for a small sum like fifty pounds, and thus he became a partner in the dramatic property called *Trilby* as a play. When in matters concerning English scribes and American publishers we feel the inclination to confess ourselves abject and miserable offenders, this is a little light on the subject which should not be entirely overlooked.

• • •

Trilby was a name that had long lain *perdu* "somewhere at the back of du Maurier's head." He traced it to a story by Charles Nodier, in which *Trilby* was a man. The name *Trilby* also appears in a poem by Alfred de Musset. And to this name, and to the story of a woman which was once told to him, *Trilby* owed her birth. "From the moment the name occurred to him," he said, "I was struck with its value. I at once realised that it was a name of great importance. I think I must have felt as happy as Thackeray did when the title of *Vanity Fair* suggested itself to him." With this beginning all he had to do was to tell the story of the brightest period of his Bohemian youth, just as in *Peter Ibbetson* he had told the story of his childhood, and as he was later, in *The Martian*, to record the nature of the shock he received from threatened blindness, and the depression of days before his genius had discovered itself and revealed the prospect of a great career to him.

• • •

Like Thackeray, his literary idol (indeed the boom of *Trilby* surprised and rather distressed him because he reflected that Thackeray never had a boom), du Maurier was a member of the Athenæum Club of London. Unlike Thack-

eray, he went into the club the first time he was put up for membership. The author of *Vanity Fair*, it will be remembered, was blackballed when he first presented himself on the ground that he might yield to the temptation to portray some of his fellow-members in his novels, and was finally admitted by a rule that called for the addition to the club rolls every year of a number of men distinguished in letters and art. In view of the Athenæum's attitude toward writers in the past it is interesting to note what men of letters of the present day are on the club's lists. Such men are Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Maurice Hewlett, and J. M. Barrie. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Hall Caine, and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero are, so far as we are able to gather from their biographies in the English *Who's Who*, still outside of the Athenæum's portals.

• • •

Last month we spoke of Clara Louise Kellogg's *Memoirs of an American Prima Donna* in connection with the author's allusions to Helen Hunt Jackson and Jeannette L. Gilder. There is a chapter in the early part of the book in which the singer describes literary Boston as she saw it on the eve of the War of Secession. At that day literary Boston revolved around Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, at whose house assembled such distinguished men and women as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Anthony Trollope, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe. She found Longfellow cold and shy, but in time the two became good friends. She often went to his house to sing to him and he greatly enjoyed her singing of his own "Beware." Nathaniel Hawthorne was also shy, so shy she never met him at all. More than once he escaped from the house when she went in. "Hawthorne has just gone out



THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION IS PRESENTED IN MR. WOOD'S BOOK MERELY AS AN "UNPUBLISHED DRAWING FROM SKETCH BOOK." BUT EVEN IN ITS UNFINISHED STATE WE THINK THAT THE READER WHO KNOWS "TRILBY" WELL CAN GUESS SHREWDLY FOR WHAT DU MAURIER DESIGNED IT. THE FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS UNQUESTIONABLY THAT OF LITTLE BILLEE, WHILE THE HUDDLED OBSCURE FIGURE IS VERY LIKELY THAT OF THE TIPSY LAW STUDENT RIBOT, WHOM LITTLE BILLEE FOUND AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS EVE SINGING AT THE MADELEINE AND PUT TO BED. THE NEXT NIGHT, IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, IT WAS RIBOT WHO PERFORMED A SIMILAR SERVICE FOR LITTLE BILLEE.

the other way," Mrs. Fields would whisper, smiling. "He's too frightened to meet you." Lowell Miss Kellogg knew only slightly, yet was impressed by his distinguished and distinctive personality. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was then a blond, curly-headed young man. She thinks that his later prosperity greatly interfered with his ability, that he was too successful too young, and that it stultified his gifts.

Miss Kellogg's particular *bête noire* was Anthony Trollope, whom she met at the Fields's home. He had just come from England and was filled with conceit. "English people of that kind were incredibly insular and uninformed about us, and did not seem to want to know anything. Certainly, English people when they are not thoroughbreds can be very common! Trollope was full of himself and wrote only for what he

could get out of it. I never, before or since, met a literary person who was so frankly 'on the make.' The discussion that afternoon was about the recompense of authors, and Trollope said that he had reduced his literary efforts to a working basis and wrote so many words per page and so many pages to a chapter. He refrained from using the actual word 'money'—the English shrink from the word 'money'—but he managed to convey to his hearers the fact that a considerable consideration was the main incentive to his literary labour, and put the matter more specifically later, to my mother, by telling her that he always chose the words that would fill up the pages quickest." Which confidence of Miss Kellogg calls to mind a play popular a few years ago entitled *The Earl of Pawtucket*, in which the English hero ventures the query "Wasn't he spoofing?" and then, for the benefit of his American hearers, corrects himself and goes on, "I beg pardon, I mean, Wasn't he talking through his hat?" In other words, we harbour the grave suspicion that the author of the Bassetshire Novels may have been "talking through his hat" for the benefit of Miss Kellogg and her mother.

...

That winter in which Miss Kellogg first made the acquaintance of literary Boston was stirred by the approaching agitations for war. Those two remarkable women, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe, were using their pens to excite the community into a species of splendid rage. "I first met them both at the Fields's," Miss Kellogg records, "and always admired Julia Ward Howe as a representative type of the highest Boston culture. Harriet Beecher Stowe had just finished *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Many people believed that it and the disturbance it made were partly responsible for the war itself. Mr. Fields told me that her 'copy' was the most remarkable 'stuff' that the publishers had ever encountered. It was written quite roughly and disconnectedly on whatever scraps of paper she

had at hand. I suppose she wrote it when the spirit moved her. At any rate, Mr. Fields said it was the most difficult task imaginable to fit it into any form that the printers could understand. Mrs. Stowe was a quiet, elderly woman, and talked very little. I had an odd sort of feeling that she had put so much of herself into her book that she had nothing left to offer socially.

...

While, as we have suggested, Anthony Trollope was probably talking for effect when he told

Trollope's Miss Kellogg's mother
Methods that he always chose
the words that would

fill up the pages quickest there is no doubt that Trollope was one of the most methodical of all literary men. He wrote regularly and steadily, and had the utmost contempt for the writer who waited for inspiration. "To me," he said, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things or has drunk too much or has smoked too many cigars—as men who write will sometimes do—then his condition may be unfavourable to work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted has been the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. The author wants that as does every other workman—that's a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration." Trollope was severe on those whose methods were not his. He could—and did—write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. Therefore, every author should write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. To do so was virtue, not to do so vice.

But the Trollope that Miss Kellogg saw for a brief moment in the Boston of 1860 is very different from the man to whom T. H. S. Escott introduces us in *Anthony Trollope, His Work, Associates and Originals*, which has just come from the press of John Lane and Company. Mr. Escott is always loud in praise of his subject, even in the period of that subject's temporary eclipse. In the course of his work Mr. Escott naturally has much to say about the Thackeray-Edmund Yates dispute in the Gar-

only one or two more, perhaps, were its occupants he seemed to have come in to look for something he had mislaid, and, if he did not make rather an abrupt exit, stayed only to bury himself in a newspaper, in silence, or in forty winks. Once, and once only, Trollope recalled Thackeray making a remark about Dickens's writing. The subject was *Little Dorrit*, then appearing in monthly parts. "I cannot," observed some one, "see the falling off in Dickens complained of by his critics." "At least," rejoined Thackeray,

*Et quelle grande amitié vous lui
préparez — ?*

Quelle est vos antennes favorites ?

Quelle est vos occupations favorites ?

Qui vous aime et est ?

*Quelle place vous donne l'histoire de la
bonne la plus ?*

*Pourquoi faites vous dans la plus
d'indulgence ?*

à la grande

avec

à la suite de la plus

— et je

à la suite de la plus

à la suite de la plus

Napoleon

NAPOLEON'S SIGNATURE AND ANSWERS TO MADAME MOULTON'S QUESTIONS

rick Club, of which mention has been made in preceding paragraphs, and brings out one or two comparatively new points. For example, he shows how intense the feeling was between Thackeray and Dickens. Quoting Trollope's own words, he pictures the Garrick as divided into two sets as widely separated from each other, and as seldom intermingling as if they had been assembled under two entirely different roofs. Trollope never saw Thackeray and Dickens engaged in any regular conversation. If either of them entered a room where the other and

"it must be admitted that a good deal of *Little D.* is d—— rot."

• • •

In the Chronicle and Comment of the October number, attention was called to the interest which the early '70's took in writing "Confessions." A specimen "Confession" was quoted, ascribed to the Prince Imperial. Madame L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who recently wrote in *In the Courts of Memory* her reminiscences of the Court of Napoleon III, claims to

have introduced that diversion to French Society. During a visit to Compiègne in 1868 she induced the Emperor and Empress to write their answers to a set of questions she had just received from America, and in her book are inserted the facsimiles of their answers, as well as those of Prosper Mérimée.

• • •

In the November *Harper's* Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone had an interesting paper entitled "A Diplomat's Wife in Washington," dealing with her experiences in the capital from 1875 to 1878. Perhaps even more interesting than her own experiences were those of her sister in Boston, outlined in a letter written in 1877. Sarah Bernhardt was playing in Boston and the writer of the letter tells of an interview she had with the actress at the Tremont House.

She said she was surprised to see how many people in America understood French. "Really?" I answered. "It did not strike me so the other evening when I heard you in *La Dame aux Camélias*." "I don't mean the public," she replied. "It apparently understands very little, and the turning of the leaves of the librettos distracts me so much that I sometimes forget my rôle. At any rate, I wait till the leaves have finished rustling. But in society," she added, "I find that almost every one who is presented to me talks very good French." "Well," I answered, "if Boston didn't speak French I should be ashamed of it." She laughed. "Sometimes," she said, "they do make curious mistakes. I am making note of all I can remember. They will be amusing in the book I am writing. A lady said to me, 'What I admire the most in you, madame, *c'est votre température*.' [She meant 'temperament.']" "What did you answer to that?" I asked. "I said, 'Oui, madame, il fait très-chaud,' which fell unappreciated."

• • •

Madame Bernhardt expressed an admiration for Longfellow and said that she would like to make his bust. But the idea did not appeal to the poet. He spoke of being about to leave for Portland, but suggested that the actress come

to his house the next day to take a cup of tea. Then he added: "You must come and chaperon me. It would not do to leave me alone with such a dangerous and captivating visitor." He invited Mr. Howells and Dr. Holmes to meet her. Madame Bernhardt was quite willing to come under these conditions.

The next afternoon I met her at Mr. Longfellow's. When we were drinking our tea she said, "*Cher M. Longfellow*, I would like so much to have made your bust, but I am so occupied that I really have not the time." And he answered her in the most suave manner, "I would have been delighted to sit for you, but unfortunately I am leaving for the country to-morrow." How clever people are!

Mr. Longfellow speaks French like a native. He said: "I saw you the other evening in *Phèdre*. I saw Rachel in it fifty years ago, but you surpass her. You are magnificent, for you are *plus vivante*. I wish I could make my praises vocal—*chanter vos louanges*."

"I wish that you could make *me* vocal," she said. "How much finer my *Phèdre* would be if I could sing, and not be obliged to depend upon some horrible soprano behind the scenes!"

"You don't need any extra attraction," Mr. Longfellow said. "I wish I could make you feel what I felt."

"You can," she said, "and you do—by your poetry."

"Can you read my poetry?"

"Yes. I read your *He-a-vatere*."

"My— Oh, yes—*Hiawatha*. But you surely do not understand that?"

"Yes, yes, indeed I do," she said. "*Chaque mot*."

"You are wonderful," he said, and hastened to present Dr. Holmes, fearing that she might be tempted to recite "*chaque mot*" of his *Hiawatha*.

Dr. Holmes was all attention, as also was Mr. John Owen. I thought I caught the latter making notes on his already literary shirt-cuff.

At last the tea-party came to an end. We all accompanied her to her carriage, and as she was about to get in she turned with a

sudden impulse, threw her arms round Mr. Longfellow's neck, and said, "*Vous êtes adorable*," and kissed him on his cheek. He did not seem displeased, but as she drove away he turned to me and said, "You see I did need a chaperon."

• • •

If Thackeray were alive to-day and engaged in writing his *Book of Snobs* he would find admirable material for an additional paper or two in *King Edward As I Knew Him*, by C. W. Stamper. For five years Stamper was in personal attendance upon the late Edward VII in the capacity of the King's motor expert and engineer. The post did not have any of the dignity of the Hereditary Boot-jack of feudal days, who had the honour of pulling off one royal boot while being kicked by the other. But Stamper seems to have inherited some of the spirit. "Perhaps you are right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down the stairs?" is the nature of his tune. Of Edward VII he says that he came to know him and his ways, and that he was a great man and that they were great ways. "Good natured and dignified," "scrupulously fair," "never unreasonable," "wide sympathy and a sunny, generous nature," "possessing that quality, rare in kings, of being able to look at things from a point of view other than that which was naturally his own." These are some of the expressions that Stamper uses in his chapter of introduction. But it must be said that the body of the book does not entirely bear out his professed admiration. As a matter of fact there are countless anecdotes which place the King in an exceedingly irritable and peevish light.

• • •

For example, once, at the King's positive direction, and against his own judgment, Stamper took a private road through a park near Edinburgh. The natural result was complication. Coming to a place where the road branched with nothing to indicate which way

should be taken, Stamper guessed wrong, and a moment later the car was stalled in a rick-yard.

I slipped off the car to start her up again, and as I took hold of the starting-handle, I heard His Majesty say to the chauffeur,

"What's he doing down there?"

The chauffeur said I was starting the engine, and when I returned to take my seat on the car I found that His Majesty was very angry.

"What do you mean by taking the wrong turning?" he cried. "You are always taking me wrong."

I said I was very sorry, but that I had not been told which way to go.

"Get on, get on," he cried. "We shall be late."

On another occasion the royal party was touring the south of France. Under such conditions it was customary to have the royal car followed by two others, one the car of the Equerry, and the other a car filled with police. It happened that the second car met with a puncture a few miles from Pau. Stamper went to report the fact to the King.

The bad tidings greatly provoked His Majesty. He turned upon me and said that I was to blame. Of me, as his motor expert, he demanded the missing car. I assured him that to my knowledge the car was in perfect order when it started, and that there were a thousand and one things which might have happened, which no amount of forethought could have prevented. But it was no good. He held me responsible and said so, and asked me what I proposed to do. I had nothing to suggest. His Majesty was furious.

• • •

That the old spirit is neither dead nor dying is indicated by two very significant pages of a recent issue of *L'Illustrations*, of Paris. The "Taste" and "Manner" occasion for these pages was the dedication of the huge monument erected in Leipzig to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig. So on one page *L'Illustrations*

prints a picture of the Arc de Triomphe, at the head of Champs Elysées in Paris in all its splendid dignity and simplicity. Then, on the opposite page appears the picture of the Leipzic monument, a structure which one of the most distinguished of our American architects said the other night reminded him of nothing so much as a gigantic cellar door. To have placed the two pictures on opposite pages would have been enough. The malice was evident, sweeping, and triumphant. But *L'Illustrations* went a step farther. Under the picture of the arch was the legend: "Le Gout Français (the French Taste), The Arch of Triumph, erected to commemorate one hundred and seventy-two victories over the Allied Nations of Europe." Under the cut on the opposite page we read: "La Manière Germanique (the German Way), The monument erected at Leipzic in memory of the battle of Leipzic, where three hundred and eighty thousand Allies withstood one hundred and thirty-five thousand French."

• • •

In much the same form and for much the same purpose as Mr. Saxton's monograph on Stewart Edward White, from which we quoted in our September issue, is Mr. Alfred A. Knopf's *Joseph Conrad, the Romance of His Life and of His Books*. Perhaps one reason why these little books have proved so entertaining is that both Mr. Saxton and Mr. Knopf have had unusually interesting personalities to discuss—adventurers by land and sea who incidentally happen to be writing men of decided talent. Mr. Knopf begins by telling of an evening, some twenty years ago, when the captain of the sailing ship *Torrens*, out of London and bound for Australia, was chatting in his cabin with a young Cambridge man named Jacques. They talked for a long time about Gibbon's *History*. On an impulse the captain asked: "Would it bore you very much reading a manuscript in a handwriting

like mine?" Jacques read the manuscript, and reported the next day that the tale was very well worth finishing. They never spoke of the manuscript again. Bad weather came and the captain was busy. Jacques caught a fatal cold and died not long after he left the *Torrens*. That captain was Joseph Conrad; the manuscript was *Almayer's Folly*, the first thing he ever wrote, and Jacques was his very first reader.

• • •

But before it found its first reader in the young Cambridge man, *Almayer's Folly* had tasted a variety of adventure. Mr. Conrad had found the hero forty miles up a Bornean river and grew to know him well. Then, some time later, the sailor took a land holiday in England, and, being bored by inactivity, began to jot down on paper his impressions of the intimacy without any thought of the printed page.

In 1891 Mr. Conrad was in the Belgian Congo. The first seven chapters of *Almayer's Folly*, a manuscript of many adventures, were with him—as they always were—so that he could write a little now and then in a purely desultory fashion. He came out of the tropical forest more dead than alive, too ill to care much which, and he came without baggage of far greater immediate importance than his manuscript. A long illness followed and Chapter VIII was completed as he convalesced in the hydropathic establishment of Champel in Geneva.

When the first words of Chapter IX were written Mr. Conrad made a trip to Poland. The manuscript was with him—in his Gladstone bag. One morning early, as he was sleepily changing trains, he left this bag in the refreshment room of the Friedrichstrasse railway station in Berlin. Luckily a porter brought it after him.

Then back to England and between the details of managing a waterside warehouse the events of Chapter IX were set down.

And still no end. *Almayer's Folly* went to sea with its author for the next three years. The tenth chapter was begun aboard the two thousand ton steamer *Adowa* as she lay frozen fast in the river in the midst

of Rouen, and continued between interruptions by the third officer—a cheerful youth with a banjo—who, as Mr. Conrad once remarked, has remained the only banjoist of his acquaintance.

And so, line by line, *Almayer's Folly* grew, until in 1894, five years after Mr. Conrad had begun it, it was complete. The following year it was published.

• • •

A few months ago we outlined Mr. Conrad's early career in Poland, where he was born in 1857, and the years when his pursuit of the sea took him to every corner of the known earth. So we shall make no allusion to Mr. Knopf's account of that part of Conrad's life. Joseph Conrad, man of letters, came into being with the publication of *Almayer's Folly*. That book was followed, in 1896, by *An Outcast of the Islands*. A month before the publication of the second book Mr. Conrad was married and settled down with his wife in Brittany. The next year appeared the first real success, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*—the American title was *The Children of the Sea*—which first ran serially in *The New Review*, then edited by W. E. Henley. Then in 1898 *Tales of Un-*



THE CONRAD HOME

rest appeared and divided with Mr. Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers*, and Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* the London Academy's prize of one hundred and fifty pounds for the year's most worthy literary production.

The Conrads went to Essex to live. There the eldest child, a son, was born. "Youth,"



MRS. CONRAD AND JOHN

often called the finest short story in English, he began to write that very day "in the evening, downstairs, in a two-penny pocket book in pencil by the light of a solitary candle. Couldn't go to sleep. The first draft was finished next day. The story as printed



ANOTHER VIEW OF "CAPEL HOUSE" OR
"THE WIGWAM"



FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. HIS LATEST NOVEL IS "RING FOR NANCY." MR. HUEFFER WAS ONE OF JOSEPH CONRAD'S EARLIEST FRIENDS

was finished in a week." When the child was nine months old the family moved to Pent Farm in Kent, and there the literary life began in dead earnestness.

One of the first of the great friendships of Mr. Conrad's shore life was with the author, Ford Maddox Hueffer. The two families visited each other very often and Mr. Conrad finished one or two of his shorter stories in Winchelsea in a cottage opposite "The Bungalow," which was the Hueffer home, and indeed, wrote two of his books, *The Inheritors* and *Romance*, in collaboration with Mr. Hueffer.

In these early days Mr. Conrad was deeply attached also to Stephen Crane, the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, who spent the last years of his short career in Kent.

. . .

Again we are hearing from that figurative and misunderstood line in the June instalment of the "Literary Baedeker" to the effect that "Sherwood Forest is no more." This time our critic is Mr. Bur-



IN SHERWOOD FOREST TO-DAY

ton Egbert Stevenson, himself an industrious follower of the trail. He sends us the accompanying illustration with the comment, "Here is proof that Sherwood Forest still exists. I took this picture myself, just out of Edminstowe."

• • •

A propos of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Passionate Friends*, Mr. Clement

Shorter said the other day that in his judgment the last great novels in English literature were *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. Now we are not inclined to question the power of either of those two books of Thomas Hardy, nor to quarrel with Mr. Shorter about his opinions. But it seems worth while to point out that some very impor-

tant and permanent works of fiction in the English language have appeared since Mr. Hardy was in his prime. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was issued in 1891 and *Jude the Obscure* in 1895. Without going to the lengths of characterising any of them as great novels, we may call attention to the fact that George du Maurier's *Trilby* was published in 1894 (subsequent to *Tess*), that Mr. Kipling's *Kim* appeared in 1901, Mr. Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (no slight achievement, that book) in 1896, Maurice Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay* in 1900, Conrad's *Lord Jim* in 1900, J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* in 1896, Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* in 1901, and Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* in 1905.

AVIGNON

BY ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM

(The road to Avignon is broad
And sunny all the way!)

And he who goes to Avignon
He need not lonely ride,
For kings too pass along the road
In all their royal pride,
And noble lords with waving plumes,
Wan poets lured by hope,
And footsore pilgrims, telling beads,
Who go to see the Pope.

When evening falls in Avignon
The troubadours come singing
A serenade to Adelais,
When vesper bells are ringing.
Then on that bridge across the Rhone,—
Where all the gay world dances,
Fair youths and maids stroll laughing by
To catch their lovers' glances.

Through quiet streets of Avignon
A solemn cortège moves along,
A slight form borne beneath a pall,—
Now mute with woe is Petrarch's song.
Hushed by a sense of some vague fear
The children cease their play,
Grave Capuchins in cowléd hoods
Go silent down the way.

(The silver chimes of Avignon
Are calling folks to pray.)



"TANTE"—ACT IV

"Even in the face of her ultimate defeat, Tante is not to be denied a momentary triumph of theatricism. She sits down at a piano; and, revelling in the revelation of her undefeatable art, plays a strain of solemn music as the final curtain falls."

THE UNDRAMATIC DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE are many indications that the time has come for a revision of those traditional definitions of the drama which we have inherited from a long line of critics stretching all the way from Aristotle down to Brunetière. A critical formula can never be fixed and final like a proposition in geometry: it will serve only so long as it continues to be of service. The true critic cannot be a dogmatist: he is required, by the very nature of his work, to maintain that open and elastic mood of mind which has lately been denominated pragmatism. Though his ancestors in the art may, with entire soundness, have reiterated a certain formulation for a thousand years, he is required to reject it, without compunction or regret, so soon as it ceases to apply.

The reason why critical principles must always be pragmatic, and can never be dogmatic, is that criticism, by its very nature, is an inductive art. It must always follow—not precede—creation. The critic derives a principle inductively, from the analysis of many works of art which exhibit a family relation to one another. This principle may subsequently be applied, in a logical process

of deduction, to the measurement of other works of art created in imitation, or in emulation, of those from which the formula was originally inferred. But any attempt to impose this principle upon another group of works of art, created in expression of a totally different impulse, would be illogical and, as a consequence, uncritical. Thus, a critic of the tragedies of Shakespeare would properly infer the principle that the chief incidents in a tragic story should be acted on the stage; but a critic of the tragedies of Racine would be required to infer the contrary principle that the chief incidents in a tragic story should be imagined off the stage.

Such fluctuating principles as these have been altered, easily and unreluctantly, from age to age; but there are a few formulas which have been repeated, with apparent soundness, for so many centuries that they appear as obstacles in the path of critics with whom pragmatism is not a native and instinctive mood of mind. One of these is Aristotle's dictum that action is the prime essential of a play. This ancient critic stated that the method of the drama is to exhibit character in action. So far as I recall, no sub-

sequent critic has ever ventured to argue against this assertion; and yet, if we accept it as a dogma, what are we to do with such a play as Mr. Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*? This work is undeniably a masterpiece according to its kind, because it reminds us vividly of life and tells us something that is new and true; yet it is almost utterly devoid of action. Its method is not to exhibit character in action but to reveal character through dialogue. What—to repeat—shall be done with such a play? It would surely be a cowardly recourse to beg this question by labelling this interesting and admirable work with such an adjective as “undramatic.”

Another statement of Aristotle's that has always been accepted without argument is that the plot of a play should exhibit a beginning, a middle, and an end. Yet, if we regard this statement as a dogma, what are we to do with such

a play as Mr. Granville Barker's *The Madras House*? This piece reveals no definite beginning; and the author has deliberately planned it in such a way that it shall show no end. Structurally, this work is, so to speak, a succession of four middles. The final stage-direction reads, “She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject”; and then the curtain falls, to cut us off from our momentary participation in a dozen lives which are considered as continuous and as undetermined as our own. Shall we dare to dismiss such a fabric as “unstructural,” after it has entertained us for two hours with the activity of one of the keenest intellects at present working for the English theatre?

Less than a hundred years ago, the successful German playwright Gustav Freytag wrote a book on *The Technique of the Drama*, in which he asserted that a dramatic plot may be di-



“THE GREAT ADVENTURE”—ACT III—SCENE 2

“The hero pleasantly accepts whatever happens. When a horrifying woman with two grown sons, trained up most horribly as vicars, descends from a clear sky to claim him as her long-lost husband and to accuse him of bigamy, he is no more moved than if some one had remarked that it looked like rain.”

vided into five successive sections,—namely, the Exposition, the Rise, the Climax, the Fall, and the Catastrophe. He induced this principle mainly from a study of the plays of Shakespeare,—a study in which he was hampered by the assumption, which has subsequently been disproved, that Shakespeare planned his plays in five acts instead of in an uncounted series of scenes. This formula of Freytag's has attained a popular currency that is astonishingly wide; and yet, if we should attempt to support it as a dogma, what could we do with such a play as Mr. Galsworthy's *The Pigeon*? This piece, from the outset to the end, is merely an exposition of a problem of society: it reveals no Rise, no Climax, no Fall, and no Catastrophe: yet it is a very interesting play and has been accepted by the most intelligent citizens of London and New York as one of the most moving dramas of recent years.

It was only twenty years ago that the late Ferdinand Brunetière announced his

famous principle that the essential element of drama is a struggle between human wills. This statement was at once accepted as an axiom. It has been repeated from mouth to mouth so many million times, especially in such popular phrases as "dramatic conflict," that very few people realise at present that this formula is not at least as old as Aristotle. Until very recently there have been none so bold to do this principle irreverence, and the formula, "no struggle, no drama," has been accepted as a commonplace of dramatic criticism. Yet, if we receive this statement as a dogma, what are we to do with such a play as *Chains*, by Miss Elizabeth Baker? This piece exhibits not an assertion, but a negation, of human wills. It presents, at most, a struggle of wills with a minus sign in front of them. The entire point of the play is that nothing can happen to the characters. Their wills are paralysed by an environment which renders them incapable of self-assertion. Yet few



"PRUNELLA"—ACT I

"Prunella is a modest little maiden who is brought up very strictly by her three aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. She lives immured in a picture-book garden with a great gate that is locked against the world."

plays of recent years have stirred an audience so deeply to a realisation of life.

In his manual of craftsmanship entitled *Play-Making*, that bold and pioneering critic, Mr. William Archer, has devoted a very interesting chapter to a discussion of the intrinsic meaning of the terms "Dramatic and Undramatic." He has bravely rejected the formula of Brunetière as inapplicable to many famous instances. Discarding "conflict" as essential to the drama, Mr. Archer has suggested, in its stead, the element of "crisis." In this point, he seems to follow Robert Louis Stevenson, who referred to the drama as dealing with "those great, passionate crises of existence where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Yet I do not think it would be difficult to convince so open-minded a critic as Mr. Archer that the element of "crisis" is no more indispensable to a genuinely interesting drama than the element of "conflict." Where, for instance, is there any crisis in *The Madras House*, which—if I remember rightly—Mr. Archer much admired? Where is the element of crisis in *The Pigeon*? And where, after the very first minute of the action, is there any crisis in *The Great Adventure*?

In the face of these negations of even the most modest effort to advance a dogma, it would seem that the only course for the critic is to retreat to the position thus admirably put by Mr. Archer,—“The only really valid definition of the dramatic is: Any representation of imaginary personages which is capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre. . . . Any further attempt to limit the context of the term ‘dramatic’ is simply the expression of an opinion that such-and-such forms of representation will not be found to interest an audience; and this opinion may always be rebutted by experiment.”

The fact that, in recent years, every attempt to limit the context of the term “dramatic” has been rebutted by experiment must be accepted as an evidence that we are living in a very vigorous



"PRUNELLA"—ACT II

"Pierrot steals her away at midnight from her window, and she becomes his Pierrette."



"INDIAN SUMMER"—ACT III

"The play sets forth an elaborate story; but there is no apparent reason why the story need be told." In this scene, an illegitimate son, who has been shot down while attempting to escape from the police, dies in the arms of his half-sister. The scene is exciting, but it lacks an informing theme.



"THE BLACK MASK"

"This melodrama is genuinely horrible. The action passes in a dingy cottage in a mining colony in Northern England. . . . The wife takes advantage of her husband's absence one night to entertain a lover."

period of dramatic art. No playwright is so indisputably a creative artist as one who can send the critics back to their studies to revise their definitions of the drama. The attitude of such an artist may be phrased familiarly as follows: "You tell me that such-and-such a process has never yet been followed in the drama: very well,—I will show you that it can be followed, with both artistic and popular success." If, after this assumed assertion, the creative artist fails in his endeavour, his failure may be taken as an evidence of the inviolability of the principle he has assaulted; but, if he succeeds, there can be no other recourse for the critic than to discard the ancient formula and to induce a new one.

But this necessity is repugnant to the type of critic who hates to change his mind. In the epilogue to *Fanny's First Play*, Mr. Bernard Shaw has introduced a critic of this type, in the figure of the ultra-Aristotelian Mr. Trotter. Of the later works of Mr. Shaw and many of his emulators, Mr. Trotter simply and definitively says: "They are not plays." He is willing to consider them as essays, as discussions, or as conversations; but he will not consider them as plays, since Aristotle never saw the like of them. But this view of Mr. Trotter's seems unnecessarily narrow. Surely—as Mr. Archer has stated—any story presented by actors on a stage, which interests an audience, cannot be denied the name of drama: one might as logically look a lion in the eyes and tell him he was not a lion. And if only an action that is motivated by a struggle of the wills can be labelled with the adjective "dramatic," let us, by all means, hasten to admit that there is such a thing as undramatic drama.

This playful contradiction in terms affords the critic a convenient label to apply to many modern works which, while violating at several points the traditional canons of dramatic criticism, have evoked an enthusiastic response from audiences of more than usual intelligence. Such a work, for instance, is *The Great Adventure*. In the practical

sense, this fabric is, of course, dramatic, since it has held the attention and enchanted the interest of the most intelligent citizens of London and New York. And if, also, we smilingly apply to it the paradoxical adjective "undramatic," this pleasant exercise of whimsicality should be taken as a tribute to the author's skill in stretching the traditional limitations of the drama to force them to encompass something strange and new.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

To students of the drama, the most interesting aspect of *The Great Adventure** is its unconventionality of structure. In preparing this stage version of his widely read novel entitled *Buried Alive*, Mr. Arnold Bennett has deliberately discarded the traditional distinctions between what is supposed to be dramatic and what is considered to be merely narrative. His purpose was to tell a story on the stage, a story that toyed whimsically with many great ideas; he desired to illuminate an important phase of life; and it never occurred to him to ask the question whether his work should be labelled "undramatic" or "dramatic."

The story of *The Great Adventure* is, by this time, so familiar that it will not be necessary to summarise it in this place. At no point does this narrative reveal the slightest semblance of a struggle between human wills. The hero is an absent-minded, nervous, careless, drifting person,—such a character as has always been defined by academic critics as "undramatic." If he has any will at all, he never ventures to assert it. He is merely haled along, without resisting, by a current of events that he has carelessly and casually initiated in a mood of whimsicality. The heroine marries him before he knows it: he has not even attempted to oppose the woman with that hopeless imitation of resistance to which most men in such a situation are prompted by the natural instinct of self-

**The Great Adventure*. A Play of Fancy, in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

preservation. Even when the best legal talent of two continents has been employed to determine whether he is actually alive or dead, he refuses, by any assertion of his will, to aggravate the arguments of either side. There is surely no "dramatic struggle" in this drama.

But if Brunetière's element of "conflict" is absent from *The Great Adventure*, it is no less evident that the author has ignored Mr. Archer's element of "crisis." The very first moment of the play, when the eminent painter humourously allows himself to be mistaken for his dying valet, might, indeed, be regarded, in the light of subsequent events, as a crisis in his life; but assuredly no later moment in the drama can be considered as a crisis in the life of any of the characters. The hero is endowed with that peculiar type of mind which refuses to regard any eventuality as a crisis. He pleasantly accepts whatever happens. When a horrifying woman with two grown sons, trained up most horribly as vicars, descends from a clear sky to claim him as her long-lost husband and to accuse him of bigamy, he is no more moved than if some one had remarked that it looked like rain. Even this incident is not a crisis to this great man who is also a simple child.

Instead of offering us a series of "conflicts" or of "crises," Mr. Bennett has set before us a series of exquisite contrasts of characters. The drifting hero is wonderfully contrasted with the practical and sensible heroine; and every scene of the play reveals some minor contrast between antithetic minds. If the desire to dogmatise had not been disclaimed so emphatically at the outset of the present paper, we might be tempted to suggest to Mr. Archer that this element of "contrast" is more essential to success upon the stage than his favoured element of "crisis."

These points being disposed of, the time has come for us to look upon *The Great Adventure* through the eyes of Aristotle. This play has a very definite beginning; but it has no end, and it can scarcely be said to have a middle. The

action is inadvertently started, and then goes on forever. The last line of the play is a question, which looks forward to an undetermined future. Furthermore, even Aristotle would be forced to acknowledge that the essential element of this particular drama is assuredly not action. Character is all the author cares about; and his chosen medium for the revelation of character is not action but dialogue. This dialogue is so simply, so naturally, so humourously written that it is a luxury to listen to: it reminds us evermore of life, and makes us glad that we have ears to hear.

The formula of Freytag suffers even more disastrously at the hands of Mr. Bennett. There is no climax to *The Great Adventure*,—no rise, no fall, and no catastrophe. The piece floats easily along, like life itself, and takes no cognisance of curtain-falls. The narrative is arranged in four pigeon-holes of place, each of which is subdivided into two pigeon-holes of time; and the eight successive glimpses of life that are afforded by this structure are disclosed without any artificial heightening of effect.

These technical innovations would not be notable unless *The Great Adventure* were more interesting than most contemporary plays constructed in accordance with the ancient canons. But this play of Mr. Bennett's, which was the leading success of the recent London season, is far and away the most interesting drama that has been disclosed this autumn in New York. Ostensibly, it is a satire of that Philistinism of the British public, and incidentally of the public of every other modern nation, which leads it to estimate the value of works of art in proportion to the extent to which they have been popularly advertised. But the deeper purpose of the play is to discuss that arch-conception of Philistinism which is known as Fame, and to show that no other sublunary glory is equal to what Tennyson called "the glory of going on, and still to be." Mortality and immortality are held lightly in the balance by the laughing author; and his verdict is that fifty years

of eggs and bacon are more than worth a cycle of the Poet's Corner.

"PRUNELLA"

Critics of the type of Mr. Trotter would undoubtedly insist that *Prunella* is a lyric poem in dialogue, rather than a drama; yet Mr. Winthrop Ames's production of this dainty little fantasy affords the public the loveliest æsthetic experience that is at present attainable in a New York theatre. The scenery and costumes are delightful to the eye, the incidental music of Mr. Joseph Moorat is delightful to the ear; and the stage-direction of Mr. Ames himself is so unfalteringly fine that we receive a general impression of almost faultless poetry. If such an impression may not be called "dramatic," we must hasten to insist that it is far more enjoyable than the more "dramatic" impressions which are conveyed by the common run of plays.

Prunella is a Pierrot-play in three acts, by Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker. It was reviewed in the *BOOKMAN* for October, 1910, on the occasion of its last revival in London. As was stated at that time, the text of the play is a little disappointing. It is undeniably good; but it seems, somehow, not so good as it ought to be. Many of Mr. Housman's lyric stanzas are very charming; but his handling of rhymed couplets is frequently pedestrian, and in several laboured passages the spectator is made to wish that the lines might be dispensed with altogether and the incidents enacted in pantomime.

The story, charming as it is, is neither novel nor profound. It is merely the old, old tale of seduction and disillusionment which has attained its greatest expression in the *Sister Beatrice* of Maurice Maeterlinck. *Prunella* is a modest little maiden who is brought up very strictly by her three aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. She lives immured in a picture-book garden with a great gate that is locked against the world. But along comes Pierrot, at the head of a roving band of mummers. These mot-

ley creatures overleap the hedges of the garden and awaken in *Prunella* a longing for adventure and experience. Pierrot steals her away at midnight from her window, and she becomes his Pierrette. After a few months, he tires of her and deserts her; but, in the last act, he drifts back to the deserted garden weighed down by a remorseful loneliness. *Prunella*, disenchanted and despairing, also wanders back to see her forsaken home before she dies; and the two are reunited in the garden, with a new awakening of love that promises, this time, to be enduring.

This story tells us little that we have not always known; and Mr. Housman's verse is not sufficiently brilliant to make it live as literature. One may easily imagine, for example, how much more might have been achieved with this material by such a poet as M. Edmond Rostand. But as a text for decorative treatment in the theatre, *Prunella* is sufficiently satisfactory; and Mr. Ames's production of the piece is, in all details, a joy to see.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

When the Princess Theatre was opened last spring for the production of one-act plays, it was announced as the intention of the management to inaugurate a "theatre of ideas." It is easy to perceive that this intention—if, indeed, it were ever honestly held—has been totally abandoned. In the current advertisements of this theatre, we read the curious legend, "Come and be thrilled and laugh and blush." Was anybody ever known to blush at an idea, or even to be thrilled by it? Intelligent laughter may indeed be called forth by ideas; but thrills and blushes can be awakened only by sensations.

Sensations are the stock in trade of all five of the plays that make up the present bill at the Princess Theatre; and none of these plays suggests the slightest hint of an idea. They may easily be grouped into two classes,—those designed to produce a sensation of horror, and those designed to produce a sensation of

the imminence of impropriety. These pieces are intended to be shocking, in the one way or the other, and they are meant to minister to jaded minds.

It is the belief of the present writer that only a small minority of the New York public are afflicted with minds so satiated with sensations that they can respond only to extremely overemphasised assaults upon the mental or moral nerves. It is entirely fitting that this minority should find its entertainment at the Princess Theatre. But it seems rather a pity that the much larger section of the public that is still capable of responding to ideas should not also be afforded an opportunity to see the many one-act plays endowed with real ideas which remain banished from our stage because there is no theatre for them.

By far the most effective of the five plays now visible at the Princess Theatre is *The Black Mask*, by Messrs. F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. This melodrama is genuinely horrible. The action passes in a dingy cottage in a mining colony in northern England. The husband goes about with his head hooded in a black mask, because his face has been obliterated by an explosion in the mines. His wife hates him, and takes advantage of his absence one night to entertain a lover. The husband returns unexpectedly. There is a scuffle between the two men in the dark, in which the husband is apparently slain. The guilty couple plan to drop the body down a mining shaft, after which the lover will disguise himself in a black mask and continue to impersonate the husband. The wife goes upstairs to get a new mask that she has just made. Suddenly the body of the husband stirs. He sneaks to his feet, and quickly overwhelms and kills the lover. His wife passes down to him over the banisters the mask she went to fetch, and he casts this over the head of the dead man. The two survivors carry forth the body and drop it down the shaft. Returning to the house the wife goes upstairs, to prepare for the reception of her lover. Slowly her husband mounts the steps; and as he enters

the lighted bedroom, he flings away his mask. There is a piercing shriek from the woman; and the curtain falls.

"TO-DAY"

The last act of a melodrama called *To-Day*, by Messrs. George Broadhurst and Abraham S. Schomer, is in itself a very effective one-act play of the sensational sort that is favoured at the Princess Theatre. In this act, a real-estate agent who has called to collect the rent from a woman who uses her apartment as a place of assignation discovers on her drawing-room table a photograph of his own wife and is told that the nameless beauty will be willing to meet him for a monetary consideration. He arranges an assignation over the telephone, and waits for her romantically in the dark. In darkness he meets her and grips her tightly by the wrists. Then the lights are switched on, and the erring woman looks into the face of her own husband. There is a scene of violence which ends when the husband kills his wife.

Setting aside any question as to whether or not this sort of story should be told upon the stage, it must be admitted that this last act is developed with great cleverness of theatric craftsmanship. But it is preceded by three fatuous and weary acts which sorely try the patience of the audience. This play was originally written in Yiddish by Mr. Schomer, and before it was revised by Mr. Broadhurst, was acted in a Yiddish theatre on the Bowery. The only point about the first three acts that is at all interesting is the fact that they reveal how very bad and mad our modern American life may look to the eyes of an alien author who is not to the manner born.

"INDIAN SUMMER"

Indian Summer is thoroughly characteristic of the later work of Mr. Augustus Thomas. It is not so bad a play as *The Model* or *Mere Man*; it is not so good a play as *The Harvest Moon* or *As A Man Thinks*; but it bears a family resemblance to all of them. Its merit

is a matured and mellow artistry in the handling of difficult technical details, and its defect is an excessive discursiveness and general lack of unity.

The dialogue of *Indian Summer* is beautifully written, the intricate plot is artfully expounded, and the characters are real and true to life; but so many different topics are touched upon during the course of the composition that, in the end, the auditor is left vainly wondering what the play is all about. What it lacks is a central and informing theme, to give it unity. It sets forth an elaborate story; but there is no apparent reason why this story need be told. A hundred little niceties of art are exercised in the presentation of details which seem to have no pertinence to the author's object; and this object itself remains forever undefined.

Ever since the composition of *The Witching Hour*—which remains, in the opinion of the present writer, the best play that has yet been written by any American author—Mr. Thomas has seemed to be so interested in a number of things that he has been unable to focus his attention on any one thing at a time. The broadening of mind that has naturally come to him in middle age appears to have been attended by a loss of the power of concentration. Mr. Thomas is our most experienced and most finished artist in the American drama; and it is strongly to be hoped that he may soon succeed in pulling his mind together.

"TANTE"

Tante is a very interesting comedy of character, derived by Mr. Haddon Chambers from the novel of the same name by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. It is a study of that maintenance of the manners of a spoiled child through years when normal beings are presumed to be adult which is commonly excused, by people who know nothing of the mental processes of art, as a necessary phase of the artistic temperament.

The heroine is a very adroit and very famous player of the piano. She is a

monument of egotism. She selfishly demands that every one shall pay a servile tribute to her whims; and she is clever enough to put down nearly any insurrection against her self-erected majesty of mind. Because she feels the need of real affection, she has showered a great deal of almost genuine charity upon an adopted daughter named Karen. Karen marries a lucid-minded lawyer, who sees through the shams and poses of her guardian. Tante sets herself to defeat the insurrection of this sane and sensible man; and by a series of subtle feminine tricks, she succeeds in winning Karen away from him. But Tante, in her turn, is caught by Karen in a situation which reveals to the younger woman the shallow and artificial nature of her guardian. Thereupon Karen returns to her husband. But even in the face of this defeat, Tante is not to be denied a momentary triumph of theatricism. She sits down at a piano; and, revelling in the revelation of her undefeatable art, plays a strain of solemn music as the final curtain falls.

The interest of this accomplished comedy depends entirely upon its exhibition of a series of contrasts of character. Mr. Chambers has revolted against Aristotle's dictum that the essential element of drama is action. There is scarcely any action in the play. There is, indeed, a definite struggle between human wills which is brought to a crisis at the end of the penultimate act; but this struggle is exhibited not in action but in dialogue. Mr. Chambers has a practised knack of writing spoken words; and to this gift must be ascribed the undeniable success of the present composition.

"THE MARRIAGE GAME"

In *The Marriage Game*, by Anne Crawford Flexner, we are introduced to three pairs of married lovers who find it difficult to get along together. The reason is, in each case, that the married woman, having won her husband, fails to appreciate the necessity of making herself sufficiently agreeable to hold his af-

fection. The hero is a bachelor, endowed with a steam-yacht. He hits upon the happy thought of inviting the three husbands to come upon a cruise, giving each of them the impression that it is to be a "bachelor" party. Then he also invites the three wives,—his idea being that several days of close connubial confinement will afford an effective cure for their marital disagreements.

Unfortunately, one of the husbands brings aboard the yacht a lady of obliging virtue, whose name is Mrs. Oliver. Her presence has to be explained to the assembled wives by the invention of an elaborate history of the missing Mr. Oliver; but she is so tactful, so charming, so urbane, that she soon wins the admiration and affection of the women. When, however, her stockings are discovered in a suit-case brought aboard by the erring husband, a rumpus is created, during which the charming Mrs. Oliver is required to beat a hasty retreat. Subsequently, after no little discussion of the rules which must be followed in the marriage game, the vagrant husbands are reconciled with their unconsiderate wives.

This comedy, though inartistic, is

amusing; but a critic who defended *The Lure* and *The Fight* against the censorship of the police, may perhaps be permitted to assert that it is an immoral fabrication. The peccant Mrs. Oliver is exhibited as a woman of perfect taste, unusual culture, and extraordinary refinement. She appears a much more admirable person than any of the jealous wives. It is not immoral to make vice attractive, since, in very truth, it often is; but, if the writer, speaking from a sadly limited experience, may venture an opinion, it would appear that Mrs. Oliver is an exceedingly exceptional representative of her class. To exhibit an exception as a creditable portrait of the class might lead the inexperienced theatre-goer to form a false estimate of comparative values; and this allurements is the only immorality of which a play is capable. Why do the Anthony Comstocks always object to plays in which vice is exhibited as reprehensible, and never object to plays in which it is exhibited as more admirable than virtue? But the agitation of this question would require many pages more; and space must be reserved for the discussion of more important topics.

THE GLEANER

BY ZONA GALE

SIDE by my side all day the Gleaner went.
 We breathed the cold, spiced air of sweet spring, dark
 Before the dawn; together, when the lark
 Awoke, we raised rapt faces, and we bent
 To listen in still grasses; the dear scent
 Of noon and dusk we breathed. We knelt to mark
 Holy of holies of the deathless ark,
 Unveiled for us before the day was spent.

Oh, prodigal of sweetness that dead day
 I saw and worshipped, and I passed; nor knew
 That Silent One beside me stooped to lay
 Somewhat aside. Now, in the dusk of rue
 And bitterness, the Gleaner bears to me,
 Wistful, her garnered wreath of rosemary.



MR. PUNCH

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF PUNCH AND JUDY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WITH REPRODUCTIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

WHEN we consider how cosmopolitan is the population of these United States and how freely we have drawn upon all the races of Europe, it is very curious that the puppet-show does not flourish in our American cities as it flourishes in many of the towns on the other side of the Western Ocean. The shrill squeak of Punch is not infrequent in the streets of London, although it may not now be heard as often as it was a score of years ago. In Paris in the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg and again in the Champs Elysées, where the children congregate in the afternoon, there are nearly half a dozen enclosures roped off and provided with cane chairs, so that spectators, old and young, may be gladdened by the vision of Polichinelle and by the pranks of Guignol. Yet even in Paris there are not now as many puppet-shows as there were forty years ago; and in Italy and in Germany the

traveller fails to find as frequent exhibitions of this sort as he used to meet with in the years that are gone. Apparently there is everywhere a waning interest in the plays performed by the little troop of personages animated by the thumb and fingers of the invisible performer. And perhaps the declining vogue of this diminutive drama in old Europe is one reason why it has never achieved a wide popularity in young America.

In France the puppet-show is stationary; it has its fixed habitation and abode; and its lovers can easily discover where to find it when they seek the specific pleasure it alone can provide. In England Punch and Judy are ambulatory; they roam the streets at large; and their arrival in any one avenue of traffic can never be predicted with certainty. In the United States poor Punch has never ventured to show his face in the open

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COSTUMES OF
ITALIAN COMEDYHARLEQUIN PANTALON DOCTOR PUNCH
(Ancient) (Ancient) (Modern) (Neapolitan)SCAPIN MEZZETIN PIERROT SCARAMOUCHE
(Neapolitan)

street seeking the suffrages of the casual throng; he is not ambulatory, but intermittent; and he makes his appearances only in private houses and only when he is sent for specially to entertain the children's party. Here in America Punch is still a stranger to the broad public; he has an exotic flavour; he suggests Dickens, somehow; and he must be wholly unknown to countless thousands who would rejoice to make his acquaintance and to laugh at his terrible deeds.

His terrible deeds!—perhaps there is in these words a possible explanation for the failure of Punch to win favour among the descendants of the Puritans, who are always inclined to apply severe moral standards to conduct. Now, if we apply any moral standard at all to the conduct of Mr. Punch, the result is simply appalling, for the customary drama of which he is the sole hero sets before us a story of triumphant villainy, adequately to be compared only with the dastardly history of Richard III

in Shakespeare's melodramatic tragedy. Mr. Punch is an accessory before the fact in the death of his infant child; and when his devoted wife very naturally remonstrates with him, he turns upon her with invective and violence—a violence which culminates in assassination. Having once seen red and tasted blood he finds himself swiftly started upon a career of crime. His total depravity tempts him to a startling succession of hideous murders. He slays an inoffensive negro, a harmless clown, and a worthy policeman. Then he succeeds, by a simple trick, in hanging the hangman himself. By his fatal assaults upon these two officers of justice, the necessary policeman and the useful hangman, Mr. Punch exhibits his contempt for the majesty of the law. He stands forth, without a shred of conscience, as a practical anarchist, rejecting all authority. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. And having violated the laws of this world, he finally discloses his callous contempt for the punishment which ought to await him in the next world; he has a hand-to-hand fight with the devil himself—a deadly struggle, from which he emerges victorious. And this is the end, which crowns the work.

When we consider the several episodes of Mr. Punch's abhorrent history, we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that his story is even less informed with morality than that of Richard III. The crookbacked king comes to a bad end at last; he meets with the just retribution for his many misdeeds; and he falls before the sword of Richmond. But Mr. Punch comes to a good end; and, so far as we may know, he lives happy ever after, like the princes and princesses of the fairy-tales. He may even marry again and have another child, to be made away with in its turn. The more we consider his misdeeds and his misadventures the more shocking they are to our moral sense. Mr. Punch then appears as a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated he needs but to be seen. This is how he must appear to every one

of us who applies a moral standard to the drama and who is willing to hold every character in a play to a strict accountability for his words and deeds. If we apply this moral standard to the play of *Punch and Judy*, then that play must be dismissed as profoundly and hopelessly immoral, carrying ethical infection to all who are so unfortunate as to be spectators at its performance. And, more particularly, it is an absolutely unfit piece for the young, whose immature minds need to be guarded against every thing which might tend to confuse the delicate distinctions between right and wrong.

But, of course, we do not apply a moral standard to the sayings and doings of Mr. Punch, for the plain and sufficient reason that he is not a human being. He is not a man and a brother, upon whom we may be tempted to pattern ourselves. He is but a four-inch puppet, a thing of shreds and patches, a wooden-headed doll, vitalised for a moment only by the hand concealed inside his flimsy body with its flaunting colours. He is too fantastic, too impossible, too unreal, too unrelated to any possible world, for us to feel called upon to frown upon his misdeeds or to take them seriously. He is a joke, and we know that he is a joke, and all the children know that he is only a joke. Even the youngest child is never tempted to be-



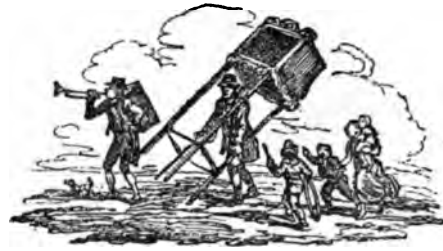
AT THE FESTIVE BOARD

lieve in his existence and to be moved to follow his example or to imitate his dark deeds. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and the proof of a play is in the effect it produces upon the spectators. We may question whether any one of the millions of performances of the lamentable tragedy of Mr. Punch has suggested to a single father the fatal neglect of his child or to a single husband the possibility of wife-murder. And we may doubt whether any child, after witnessing Mr. Punch's murderous combats with the policeman and the devil, has ever felt any lessening of his respect for those two honoured guardians of law and order.

The plea of confession and avoidance which is here set up for Punch and Judy is much the same as that set up by Charles Lamb for the frolicsome Restoration comedies. Lamb admitted that they were degradingly immoral—if you took them seriously and accepted them as pictures of life. But he insisted that they were not really amenable to this moral standard, since they were plainly impossible in any world known to man. Macaulay had no difficulty in showing that Lamb was judging others by his clever and sophisticated self. To Lamb the characters of Wycherly and Congreve might reveal manners and customs which removed them from the sphere of recognisable humanity; but the majority of his fellow spectators were not so nimble-witted; they saw characters on the stage personated by living performers and they beheld these characters shamelessly doing shameful things. Be-



BEHIND THE SCENES



PUNCH'S COMPANY ON THEIR TRAVELS

cause the persons in the play were represented by actual human beings they seemed indisputably human; and their deeds could not be considered as outside morality. Yet the plea made by Lamb for the Restoration comedies has a certain validity when put forward in behalf of Mr. Punch. He is not personated by an actual human being; and even the least sophisticated of juvenile spectators does not accept him as a fellow creature.

Historians of the Greek drama have often commented on the fact that the Athenian actors wore towering masks and that, therefore, they were deprived of all facial expression. In our snug modern theatres, with their well-lighted stages, we follow with our eyes the shifting emotions as these chase each other across the faces of the actors; and this is one of our keenest pleasures in the playhouse. In the huge theatre of Dionysius at Athens, with its ten or twenty thousand spectators, seated tier on tier along the curving hillside of the Acropolis, the actor was too far removed from most of the playgoers for any play of feature to be visible; and the critics have commiserated the Attic dramatists on their deprivation of this element of potent appeal. Yet the question arises whether the Greek playwrights were really the losers by this immobility of the actors' faces; and we may be allowed to doubt that they were when we recall the fact that the faces of Mr. Punch and of Mrs. Judy, of the policeman and of the hangman, are also fixed once for all. The expression that Mr. Punch wears when he is fondling the baby is,

perforce, the same which illuminates his face when he is engaged in joyful combat with the devil, a foeman worthy of his stick. Here the imagination of the spectator comes to the rescue. The wooden head of Mr. Punch is unchanging, no doubt; but those who gaze entranced upon his marvellous doings never miss the play of feature which they would expect if they were part of the audience in a playhouse for grown-ups. Quite possibly the Athenian spectators did not mind the immobility of the masks their actors wore—in fact, that very immobility may have been an incentive to their imaginations. When the Greeks went to their open-air theatre, as when we gather around the tent-like theatre of Mr. Punch, they knew in advance, as we know, that the faces of the performers would be unchanging; therefore, they did not expect any variety of expression; and probably they got along as well without it as we do at a puppet-show.

There is another likeness between Attic tragedy and Punch and Judy; there is a limitation in the number of characters we are allowed to see at the same time. As the hidden performer who operates all the figures has only two hands, he can bring before us at any one moment only Mr. Punch and one other of the several characters. The fingers of the right hand animate Mr. Punch and the fingers of the left hand animate, in turn, Mrs. Judy and the



BEFORE THE BOOTH

negro and the clown. At Athens (for reasons which need not here be discussed) the dramatist had the use of only three actors, even though these might each of them "double" and appear as two or more of the successive characters of the play. So it was that there were never more than three persons taking part in any given episode of an Attic tragedy, as there are not more than two persons taking part in any given episode of Punch and Judy. In the thumb-and-finger plays devised in Paris by M. Lemerrier de Neuville, he felt so severely the inconvenience of his limitation to two characters that he devised a kind of spiral-spring arrangement inside the costumes of his little figures and supporting their heads; and he prepared invisible arms, jutting out just below the flat ledge which forms the base of the proscenium. Thus he was enabled to leave the figure in sight, while he withdrew his hand to animate another character. His "Pupazzi," as he called them, were clever caricatures of contemporary celebrities; and he was ingenious enough sometimes to manœuvre half a dozen of them at once with his single pair of hands, four adjusted into the projecting rests and two on his fingers.

In the little puppet-show in the garden of the Tuileries the same result is achieved by the employment of two or



PUNCH THROWS AWAY HIS CHILD

three performers, so that four or even six figures may appear at once. This has greatly enlarged the scope of the performance; and the manager of this theatre has very ambitious aims. He likes to rearrange for his juvenile audience the most appropriate of the pieces which have won favour in the real theatres, and to present these with all sorts of spectacular adornments. He has even ventured to give plays as elaborate as *Around the World in Eighty Days*. But it may be doubted whether this vaulting ambition has not overleaped itself and whether a puppet-show does not gain rather than lose by restricting its efforts within narrower limits. After all, nothing so delights us at a puppet-show as the feats which are most characteristic and least difficult of accomplishment. We joy to behold one solid tiny figure belabouring another with his solid club or to follow the vicissitudes of a bout at single-stick, when both combatants thwack lustily at each other's wooden heads.

Yet this mention of M. Lemerrier de Neuville's Pupazzi, with their varied repertory of Aristophanic commentaries on current events and this memory of the spectacular efforts exhibited in the garden of the Tuileries, suggest a possi-



PUNCH, JUDY, AND THEIR CHILD



PUNCH QUIETS JUDY



PUNCH ON HIS STEED



PUNCH IN PRISON

ble explanation for the fact that Punch and Judy have failed to find widespread favour here in America, and that they seem to be losing their pristine popularity in England. There is a pitiable monotony of programme in all English-speaking puppet-shows. They confine their repertory to the single play which sets forth the deeds and misdeeds of Mr. Punch. Now in the continent of Europe there is no such monotony. Not only in the gardens of the Tuileries, but in the Champs Elysées, a young spectator can sit through performance after performance without fear of having to witness the same piece. Punch appears in only one drama, whereas his French rival, Guignol, in his time plays many parts, with a host of other characters to be his associates, some in one piece and some in another. And the several plays are adorned with a variety of scenery. Of course, there cannot be a very wide range of subject; and always is the stick a prominent feature in the miniature dramas. There are a certain number of traditional Guignol pieces, handed down from generation to generation. Some of these have been printed, for the use of devoted students of the drama; and some are to be had in little pamphlets for the benefit of the happy French children who may have had a puppet theatre, with its dozen or more figures, presented to them as a New Year's gift. There is in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University, the manuscript of half a dozen of these little plays, written out (in all the license of his own simplified spelling) by the incomparable performer who was in charge of the leading Guignol in the Champs Elysées in 1867, now not far from half a century ago.

It is rather curious that the English puppet-show should have confined itself for now nearly a hundred years to the unique Punch and Judy, when the puppet-shows of other countries have a changing repertory. It was a puppet-performance of a German perversion of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* which first introduced Goethe to the Faust legend. George Sand, unlike the great German

poet in most ways, was yet like him in her delight in the puppet-show. In her country-place at Nohant, she had a tiny theatre of her own, for which she dressed all the puppets, while her son Maurice carved the heads, painted the scenery, devised the plays and improved the dialogue. Maurice Sand it was, sometimes alone, but occasionally with the aid of a friend, who manipulated the little figures and bestowed upon them a momentary vitality. His mother persuaded him to write out a dozen of the more successful of his little plays for puppets and to publish them; and this volume, *Le Théâtre des Marionnettes à Nohant*, appeared in 1876. George Sand herself wrote a delightful account of the humble beginnings of this famous puppet-show and described how there came in time to be all sorts of ingenious improvements for achieving spectacular effects.

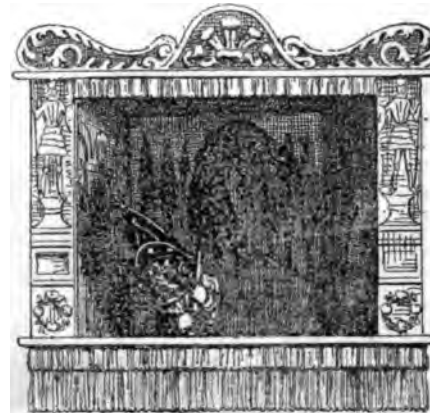
She declared that the puppet-show is not what it is vainly thought, because it demands an art of a special kind, not only in the construction of the little figures themselves, but more especially in the story which these little figures are to interpret. She held that the particular field of the puppet playwright-performer was to be found in the dramatisation of distended fantastic romances, abounding in comic characters and in comic episodes and gratifying the fundamental human liking for long-drawn tales of adventure and for fantastic fairy stories. She found in her son's acted narratives a rest from reality, a release from the oppression of every-day life, an excursion into a realm of fancy and of legend—even if the legend was itself a fanciful invention of the improvising performer. And she declared that she liked the puppet-playhouse in her own home, because it was a domestic and fireside pleasure, which could be enjoyed without the exertion imposed by a visit to a real theatre. Obviously she found as much delight in being a spectator—after having been a costumer—as her son did in being the author and operator of the spectacle.

There is one note to be made upon George Sand's account of the slow de-



PUNCH TEACHES JACK KETCH HOW TO HANG A MAN

velopment of the puppet-show at Nohant, beginning as early as 1847. If you will look at any set of Punch and Judy figures hung up to-day in the toy store to tempt the eye of Young America, you will discover, alongside Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy, Jack Ketch and the Devil, a strange green figure, with huge jaws and double rows of white teeth. This verdant beast has a body like all other Punch and Judy figures, a loose cloth funnel to slip over the sleeve of the operator; but its head suggests the head of an alligator or of a crocodile or of a dragon. Now, if you will turn to the classic text of the English play of *Punch*

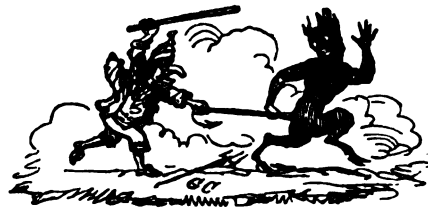


PUNCH KILLS THE DEVIL

and Judy edited with a learned introduction and an abundance of scholarly annotation by John Payne Collier—at least, so it is said, for the rare little book is anonymous—you will find no mention of any strange beast of this sort. Collier's text of the play is adorned by two dozen illustrations, etched by George Cruikshank; and in no one of these plates will you discover any crocodile or alligator or dragon. You will find Toby, the dog, who still survives in the few shows to be seen to-day in the streets of London; and you will find Hector, the gallant steed that Mr. Punch mounts with difficulty—and it is sad to have to record that Hector is no longer in the service of Mr. Punch. Indeed, one devoted admirer of puppet-shows, whose memory goes back nearly fifty years, is ready to declare that he has never laid eyes on Hector—except in Cruikshank's illustrations. But Mr. Punch, deprived of the privilege of bestriding Hector, now enjoys the fiercer delight of overcoming the green-eyed alligator.

Here we have a question of profound historic interest. Whence came the strange beast with the wide jaws? And here is where George Sand's pleasant paper is a very present help in time of need. She tells us that her son besought her to make a green monster for one of the earliest pieces he devised for her

puppet-figures. She did as she was bid, and she sacrificed a pair of blue velvet slippers to provide the marvellous creature with his gently smiling jaws. She draws attention to the fact that the slippers were blue, and to the further fact that, nevertheless, the strange beast was always called the Green Monster. And here may be the explanation of the historic mystery. The fame of the puppets of Nohant was borne abroad; they were talked about all through France, and they were discussed again and again in the Parisian newspapers. What more likely than that one of the professional puppet-players should have seen the infinite possibilities of the Green Monster, and its novel fascination for children, and have borrowed it for his own performances? Certain it is that the Green Monster is a character in at least one of the manuscript plays preserved in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University and written out nearly half a century ago. Probably the Green Monster strayed from the puppet-show of the Champs Elysées sooner or later to one of the toystores of Paris at the request of some boy who desired it for his own. When the Green Monster had elected domicile in the stores of Paris, he was soon appropriated by the toymakers of Germany for export to Great Britain and the United States.



CHICAGO IN FICTION

BY FLOYD DELL

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BUT definite as Mr. Dreiser is in his presentation of scenes, he, too, gives us in *Sister Carrie* a general sense of Chicago the city. Only it is a less sociological, more human conception of the city. And it isn't Mr. Dreiser's Chicago—it is Sister Carrie's: the Chicago of all the Sister Carries who come up from little Indiana and Iowa towns, ignorant and adventurous, at the mercy of their new environment, and yet capable of making some sort of terms with life no matter in what guise it presents itself to them.

There is a Chicago that lives in the minds and imaginations of young people all through the Middle West, a Chicago that exists by virtue of their aspiration and their need, and that begins to die with their first sight of the town. It lives perhaps most in the moment of leave-taking, of departure from the little Indiana or Iowa home. It is this Chicago which Mr. Dreiser has suggested in the first paragraph of his novel:

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap, imitation alligator skin satchel, a small lunch in a pepper-box, and a yellow leather snap-purse containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in West Van Buren Street and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterised her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and

the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken.

It is thus that young people come to Chicago. The train nears the city: "To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of the night. . . . Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil."

She goes to her first home in Chicago. "Minnie's flat, as the one-floor resident apartments were then being called, was in a part of West Van Buren Street inhabited by families of labourers and clerks, men who had come, and were still coming, at the rate of fifty thousand a year. It was on the third floor, the front windows looking down into the street, where, at night, the lights of grocery stores were shining and children were playing. To Carrie, the sound of the little bells upon the horse cars, as they tinkled in and out of hearing, was as pleasing as it was novel. She gazed out into the lighted streets when Minnie brought her into the front room, and wondered at the sounds, the movement, the murmur of the vast city which stretched for miles and miles in every direction."

In a word, it is the poetry of Chicago that we have in *Sister Carrie*. And she passes out of the life of the town before

there is opportunity for us to see, through her eyes, the colours and contours of any part of Chicago as they appear to the eyes of one who has been made a real part of them. Where then shall we look for such pictures of Chicago as Mr. Cable, for instance, has given us of New Orleans?

Well, there is Upton Sinclair's story, *The Jungle*, which certainly gives as photographic a picture of the stockyards and of the lives of the people who work there as any one could wish—more than one could wish, some readers will say, remembering the impression it made upon them at the time it was published. Mr. Sinclair realised, he afterward said, that while he had meant to touch the hearts of the American people, he had only affected their stomachs. No severer judgment could be made upon a work of fiction; but it remains to be said that aside from the inartistic and obtrusive sociology of the book, it is in part a really affecting interpretation of the lives of our immigrant population—painted in too dark colours, it is true, but having the value that a quickened sympathy can give to such an attempt. The story of how Jurgis "buys" his house, down on the prairie a few miles to the south of the stockyards, fear of losing his money contending in his breast with the old-world passion for a home of his own, is memorable.

Of this same immigrant population an English novelist, Frank Harris, gave us another attempt at interpretation in *The Bomb*. He took as his theme that period in the eighties when the hatred and fear of native-born Americans for the newer arrivals was most intense, strengthened as it was by the passions of a great conflict between the classes in the industrial world. It was the Germans who first brought to this country the doctrines, then so feared, but now acclimated and familiar, of Socialism; and it was the foreign workers in such industries as that of the lumber mills on the West Side in Chicago who seemed the readiest material for conversion to these strange and dangerous doctrines.

A generation of employers who had been accustomed to take advantage of their foreign-born workers' ignorance of the language and their weakness in disunion, was able to see the wildest anarchy in any attempt to organise and educate these workers for their own interests. The eight-hour movement, which included the idea of a general strike, had grown up all over the country, and the Socialist and Anarchist orators of Chicago gave very effective help to it. The police were used ruthlessly to prevent the spread of ideas by speaking, as well as to crush strikes, and so there was created something in the nature of a race war. Mr. Harris, taking as his hero the young Anarchist Lingg, undertakes to show the foreigner's side of the question. The real merits of that struggle, and the facts about the whole discreditable episode, in which a Chicago, crazed with fear, hanged four innocent men, are pretty well known by this time; Chicago is ashamed of the Haymarket hanging. But an incident like the Averbuch affair, occurring only a few years ago, shows that the fear of the foreigner is a mania of which the brain of Chicago has not been wholly cured, and Mr. Harris's effort to engage our sympathy—not our pity—in behalf of the strangely idealistic West Side will need to be reduplicated many times.

Something of the same sort was attempted by Charlotte Teller in her novel, *The Cage*. Incidentally it gave a picture of a little colony of radicals who lived in an apartment house on the West Side, not far from Hull House. In "The Langdon," which is the real name of this building, lived many active Socialists, settlement workers and amateur sociologists, among them Clarence Darrow and William English Walling, the latter of whom is said to have served as the model for the "Austrian Socialist" who is the hero of *The Cage*.

An episode in a recent novel by Susan Glaspell, *The Visioning*, leads her heroine to Chicago. It is the Janus-faced Chicago of the girl who comes there to work, with its face of allurements and

its face of despair. Chicago had called her, with moving pictures and with grand-opera music from a phonograph. "I was called," says Katie, "by the voices that had sung into that box. It proved—I thought—that all the lovely things I had dreamed were true. I had only to go and find them. People were walking upon those streets. Then I could walk on those streets. And those people were laughing and talking to each other. Everybody seemed to have

column in one of the morning newspapers, has satirised his town in a book called *The Charlatans*. Besides those who come to Chicago for money and those who come for pleasure, there are those who come for fame. One thing, especially which attracts them is "The Colossus,"—"the largest conservatory of music in this or any other land." And so they come in, as flies to a musk-rose full of dewy wine. Only the flower turns out in reality to be a fly-trap,



THE PLACE WHERE THE ANARCHIST BOMB WAS THROWN. DESPLAINES STREET WHERE IT ENTERS THE HAYMARKET. FRANK HARRIS'S "THE BOMB"

friends. Everybody was happy! And all of that really was." So she answers the call, and comes to Chicago. Only Chicago doesn't know it has called her. Chicago is indifferent. It finally allows her to become part of the machinery of a telephone exchange, and uses her, as it had neglected her, with an indifferent wastefulness. That, too, is Chicago.

Yes, it is true that the novelists seem to "have it in for" Chicago. Even Bert Leston Taylor, who conducts a funny

which sucks the nourishment out of their helpless bodies and lets them perish. An unsophisticated village girl who has been told she can play is the heroine. The musical critic on one of the daily newspapers falls in love with her, and after her disillusionment she finds a conventional sort of happiness in his arms. But, incidentally, there is a good deal of rather subtle and pointed satire of the pretences and shams of the musical world.



"CROUCHING LIKE A BLIND SPHINX." THE BOARD OF TRADE. THE SCENE OF JADWIN'S SPECTACULAR RISE AND FALL. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE PIT"

But, it may be asked, does nobody love Chicago? There are two writers, it may be replied, who really do. One is Joseph Medill Patterson, in whose novel, *Rebellion*, the city plays a very creditable part. For it is Chicago, and nothing else, who finally breaks the bonds of convention, and permits his heroine, Georgia Connor, to have her happiness. Georgia has a drunken husband, and though she has left him she is deterred by religious scruples from divorcing him and remarrying. Her lover, the brisk young insurance agent who works at the same place she does, is unable to convert her. But Chicago does it.

Mr. Patterson has no grudge against business as such; he thinks it is a very fine thing for such people as Georgia. At her home she lives back in the dark ages; but throughout the day she is "a citizen of no mean city." The news-



THE WIDOW JUKNIENE'S BOARDING HOUSE, BACK OF THE YARDS. JURGIS'S FIRST HOME IN PACKINGTOWN. UPTON SINCLAIR'S "THE JUNGLE"

paper that she reads on the elevated train going down to work is a civilising influence. Her typewriter rattles to her the message of "twenty dollars a week by your own ten fingers and no man's gratuity." And in this down-town world "there were no oaths, no bonds unbreakable, no church to tell her that she couldn't change her job, as it tells the housed and covered women who get their bread by wifehood." It is Chi-



THE LANGDON. A NEST OF RADICALS. CHARLOTTE TELLER'S "THE CAGE"

ago, the focus of modernity, which redeems her from her moral provincialism, and makes her marry the man she loves. Mr. Patterson approves of Chicago.

The other writer who likes Chicago is Peter Finley Dunne. Of course, he is not a novelist—as yet—but Mr. Dooley is a great character, and what the sage of the Ar-rchey Road has to say about Chicago is well worth listening to. Mr. Dooley is a democrat, as well as a Democrat, and a real democrat just can't help liking Chicago. He likes it for much the same reason that Mr. Her-rick hates it—because it is a big, ugly



THE LANGDON. ANOTHER VIEW

place with something exciting always going on in it. Mr. Dooley doesn't want life made too smooth and pretty. He quoted Father Kelley with approval on the subject of a religious newspaper, with expurgated, antiseptic, deodorised news in it. "News is sin, an' sin is news. . . . A religious newspaper? None iv them f'r me. I want to know what's goin' on among th' murder an' burglary set." Chicago is America, and he admits that "if ye ar-re a tired lad an' wan without much fight in ye, livin' in this counthry is like thryin' to read th' Lives iv th' Saints at a meetin' iv th' Clanna-Gael." Once he told his old friend Mr. Hennessy that he, like William Waldorf Astor, was tired of it and was going to expatriate himself. Mr. Hennessy didn't believe him for a minute.

"Ye wuddent live an-nywhere but here," said Mr. Hennessy confidently.

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "I wuddent. I'd rather be Dooley iv Chicago than th' Earl iv Peltville. It must be that I'm iv th' fightin' kind."

THE CHRISTMAS PEN AND BRUSH

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

ONCE more the authors and artists bid us take up our seasonable journey around the globe of the solid earth and that other of the imagination all compact. It is a journey from which one annually returns with a grateful sense of how much richer is life than it used to be. Both our years and our pocketbooks are limited, and we may none of us hope to cover this amazing world. Yet for us, thousands joyously speed o'er land and ocean without rest, bring home the treasures of their ripened observation and reflection—and pay all the bills themselves. On such pleasing terms we may all of us travel, even as far as our Carcassonne. On the reviewer's desk are piled books as fat and lean and gay and scrawny as the rats of Hamelin Town, but they have all sprung forth to follow the whistling of a magic pipe—of joyous appreciation of what lies beyond the frontier of our daily life.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* comes illustrated by Mr. W. Lee Hankey. The many-coloured pictures are conceived in a vein of matter-of-fact sentimentality, without either invention or particular sympathy, but with some historic propriety. Yet in their way they vivify pleasantly and anecdotically a poem too often disposed of in schools without the least visualisation on the part of reluctant youthful readers. *Parsifal* is a pretentious art-book with little artistic merit, in the sense of giving the spirit of the thing it illustrates. One feels the straining after studio-effects rather than the effort to picture the legend in a direct and forceful manner. Mr. George Hood's illustrations to *Tales From Washington Irving's Traveller* have little to recommend them. Clumsy in drawing and crude in colour, they remind one of a Christmas long ago—except, indeed, that they have many

echoes of more recent picture-books. The volume itself is desirable.

Two books of Maeterlinck's appear this season, and both of them are pleasingly adorned. *News of Spring* is a large and handsome book containing eight nature essays, one of which is for the first time printed in a book. Maeterlinck, whether one agrees with him or not, has always something substantial to say on matters usually restricted to mere sentiment or mere science. A garden should be harmonious with the house and locality, he writes, and hence most of our gardens, being constructed on the Chinese plan, are wrong. Or he puts the discoveries of science in a memorable form which stirs the popular imagination—many people quote "The Intelligence of Flowers" who would be left unmoved and even uncomprehending by a botanist. The imaginative reach of his essays seems to arise from uniting everything that engages his attention with all the forces of the universe, a petal with human psychology and the principalities of the earth. The many rich illustrations by Mr. Detmold are accurate floral transcripts from nature and have the additional merit of interesting from the point of view of presenting the life and environment of the flower,—they do not merely, as is so often the case, present its dead anatomy. A charming little book contains the ever-welcome essay, *Our Friend the Dog*.

The Deserted Village. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by W. Lee Hankey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Parsifal. By Richard Wagner. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Tales from Washington Irving's Traveller. Illustrated by George Hood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

News of Spring. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Illustrated by Edward J. Detmold. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The little Pelleas is quite enchantingly caught by Cecil Alden in many captivating doggy attitudes. The winsomeness and haunting suggestiveness of this exquisite essay are both summed up in its closing lines—"He is the only living being that has found and recognises an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable and definite god. And when I saw him thus, young, ardent and believing, bringing me in some wise from the depths of unwearyed nature, quite fresh news of life and trusting and wonderstruck, I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still plunging on every side into darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two."

Mr. Wyeth's pictures for *Kidnapped* are as full of dash and go as those to *Treasure Island* two years ago, of which this handsome book is the companion. They are romantic with just the desirable admixture of the melodramatic prescribed by the subject. In some of them he shows that he can be poetic in a very simple and pleasing manner. But he excels in definite and vigorous movement; and these pictures have a long destiny to stir the boyish heart. Miss Selma Lagerlöf's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* has been hailed with one accord by the Swedish press as native and monumental. This article has not the opportunity to examine it in detail, but must devote a few words to the illustrations, which leave the reviewer in a less doubt-

Our Friend the Dog. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Illustrated by Cecil Alden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf. Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Gulliver's Travels. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated by Monro S. Orr. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

ful frame of mind. They show Miss Frye to be one of our most promising illustrators of fanciful subjects. To children the pictures ought to appear an accurate record of the wonderland to which the author introduces them. They have much understanding of childish psychology and the way a child's mind would re-create these fantastic episodes. To the adult, they bring a charming sense of composition, somewhat Japanese both in arrangement and colouring.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF MISS SELMA LAGERLÖF'S "THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS" SHOW MISS FRYE TO BE ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING ILLUSTRATORS OF FANCIFUL SUBJECTS

Their lightness, their delicacy of line and colour, together with the stimulus to the imagination which her invention so abundantly provides, are all delightful. Far short of their fancy and dexterity fall the illustrations of Mr. Louis Rhead for *Gulliver's Travels*. He adds nothing to the conceptions of the many who have gone before him. They are particularly lacking in just what you expect of them—robust humour; and technically they offer no compensations. Mr. Heath Robinson's illustrations for *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* are just the op-



GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS. FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS RHEAD.
HARPER AND BROTHERS

posite. Their racy humour and their vigorous and subtle technique are alike admirable. The black-and-whites particularly have as much drollery of design as of conception. He gets an effect of humour out of his composition and arrangement which is quite equal to the humour of the figures themselves. But these have characteristics which should make them the classic types for future illustrators of the Tales, as Tenniel's types of *Alice in Wonderland* have been accepted by subsequent artists. The originality of the treatment is no more striking than the variety and simplicity of the means he employs to sustain the interest. A volume of *The Arabian Nights* is illustrated by Mr. Monro S. Orr in a commonplace and unoriginal manner, but sufficient to arouse lively interest in children. There are many stories in the book which are not included in the other children's editions. Side by side with the exquisite pictures of Mr. Dulac for the *Princess Badoura*, they can hardly be mentioned. On the Poe pictures of last season these mark an immense advance. Here he gets the flavour and feeling of his text without resort to the unnecessarily grotesque and extravagant. They are the most fitting imaginable; and their sentiment is exactly in the proper key. Furthermore, they are in drawing, in design, and in colouring masterly. A season which brings us three such picture books as the Frye, the Heath Robinson, and the Dulac is noteworthy.

II

Two very seasonable books depict the Gospel story. The first is *The Pictorial Life of Christ*. The text expands simply and reverently the New Testament narrative by setting it in its social and historical background. The pictures to which it is the accompaniment are reproductions from Mastroianni. He, the Tissot of sculpture, as Miss Ruth Kedzie Wood tells us in the introduction, is the first to present in modelled tableaux the events from Bethlehem to Golgotha. Of the quality of these modelled tab-

leaux it is difficult to judge from photographic reproduction, or even to recreate them satisfactorily. The figures they present are entire and stand out separately from their architectural or scenic backgrounds. So strong is their theatrical sense they should, one supposes, be judged as models of stage-setting and groups done in wax or clay. The action, grouping, and effects of lighting are admirably vigorous. Yet the attempt to portray the sweetness of the main figure stumbles, as usual, into insipidity; and Peter is far more the leader of men. *The Gospel Story in Art*, by John La Farge, is not only fortunate in its comprehensive scheme, but its eighty full-page plates have been selected as best presenting their story by a practiced judgment and a reverent heart. Only into some of the general considerations which La Farge raises may this paragraph enter. The paganism of the earliest pictorial representations was inevitable; inevitable, too, that the painters should seek to present symbolism rather than reality. Only the first of the religious painters—the unknown men of the Catacombs—and the very last to give an authoritative treatment—Rembrandt—were naturalists. La Farge sets about his work in the mood which will make it most widely valuable—not over-professional and with the poetic comment which he tells us has, in explaining works of art, as much place as the facts. He begins his survey imaginatively, with the Prophets and the Sibyls of Angelo, which he says are the most monumental figures known to painting. These foretold, the angels announced, Christ. Botticelli is the supreme painter of angels, characterised by sweetness and joy and the sadness of the perfection of both of

Princess Badoura. Retold by Laurence Housman. Illustrations by Edmund Dulac. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Pictorial Life of Christ. Reproductions from Plastic Models. By D. Mastroianni. Text by Ira Seymour Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Gospel Story in Art. By John La Farge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

these qualities. The Apocryphal Gospels supplied the necessity for something more than the mere record; and we often forget that these legends were as true as the rest until the Church decided to discard them. It is with the pictures of the Annunciation that the authentic story begins; the representations of the Temptation are few, the Church seeming to have felt that the association of ideas



FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

would not appeal to the devout; similarly, the intentional humility of the Entry has prevented it from being painted convincingly and with the adequate sense of its external importance. The Greeks would never have attempted to express the agony of a god of theirs, for they taught us to despise suffering and would have disdained to permanise it by art even had they not seen that the conflicting ideas could not be satisfactorily depicted. But the Christian story made its supreme appeal in a God who endured suffering for love's sake. We are late in the world now, and the times are

nearing when the feeling of the motives will disappear from pictures presenting the religious story. The only thing that saves the greatest of Rubens from being mere art is personal religious feeling.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *In Thackeray's London* is the pilgrimage its name indicates to the shrine of a well-beloved. The text has just the right endearing tone both in its tender, humorous make-believe and in its real personal encounters, although he asks us to rely rather upon the illustrations to acquire the reality and the charm of the homes and haunts of Thackeray. The Charter House and Colonel Newcome's Rooms at Grey Friars, and the Cloister and Chapel, Wash-House Court "with scarred, soot-encrusted walls pockmarked with the maladies of centuries, and here and there a small window peeping out with an uncertain frightened look"—these and many other scenes he gives us, all dear and never-too-familiar to the passionate pilgrim. He sings a lyric of London smoke—"its velvety quality when applied to the rough surfaces of rudely chiselled stone and its soft caressing loveliness is what the dark purpling is to a plum." His charcoal sketches have the merit of their rapidity—impressions seized with the dew upon them. His eye is quick to perceive the salient characteristic of a scene and his hand is quick to translate without effort and with sureness. But his response to the emotion is more literary than artistic and is to be found in the text rather than the sketches.

Royal Castles of England is a pilgrimage to those haunts of vanished greatness outside of London which have thus far resisted the ravages of time and man. There are twenty-seven castles in all and they frown upon us in many photographs. The text narrates their various romances and tragedies in a pleasant and unpretentious manner; and the author, Henry C. Shelley, also includes in the handsomely bound volume an extended

In Thackeray's London. Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.



F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY



F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "IN THACKERAY'S LONDON." DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

bibliography. Both in illustration and in text, *Salisbury Plain*, by Ella Noyes and Dora Noyes, is more personal. It is a loving history and description of the Plain with its two rivers, several towns, many villages and manors. It seems as minute and thorough as it is endearing. The wandering flock with its solitary shepherd is the proper emblem of the place. It belongs to the Britain of King Lear; and nowhere in the country are there so many vestiges of prehistoric human life followed by the successive imprints of subsequent ages—Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Norman. Stonehenge at the first invasion of the Saxons was already empty and infinitely old, and still its intention and its purpose are shrouded in mist. Midway between Stonehenge and the grey finger of Salisbury spire stands Old Sarum, the most impressive and the most famous of the grassy castles of the Plain. Until last year the ancient city of which it was the citadel lay buried under the thick green pall of centuries, but now one may walk among its ruined foundations as at Pompeii. Salisbury to-day enjoys a comfortable, dignified, untroubled existence of little activity. Its interest for the world now lies in its mellow charm and in its beautiful cathedral. How the stupendous spire could be built or remain standing on a quagmire is still a miracle. The main door is even more insignificant than in most English cathedrals; but the interior impresses with noble clearness, simplicity, and unity.

III

Mr. Charles Tower takes us *Along Germany's River of Romance*, which one finds is not the Rhine but the Moselle. The Rhine, he explains, has lost forever both grace and peace; and people have deserted it because they can no longer form their own impressions or keep clear of a list of catchwords. But the Moselle is still, as of old, the Virgin. The book has naught to do with guides of any description. It is a granary of the rich impressions of a full mind. The Moselle in spring is the only corner of

Europe where Omar would be content; there he would have his roses, his wine, and his nightingales. One may twist and turn with the river a whole day long and be but one hour's straight climb from his starting-point. Timbered Renaissance houses are rarely so numerous and in such perfection as along its banks; there are no glaring horrors of restored castles as on the Rhine, and yet the ruins and the legends are as many as of the more storied river. Between Trèves and Berncastel are ten curves packed with the romance of history. The essential beauty of the Moselle is that all its shallow vistas afford a vague sense of distance. At the most wonderful reach of the river the railroad abruptly deserts the bank; and the people instead of grumbling and organising a motor service as they would on the Rhine "go home softly, praising God." The final descent to that stream is a heart-breaking staircase from a valley of dreams to a universal counting-house and emporium.

The companion-piece to this book is Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Along France's River of Romance*. Both are pleasantly illustrated. This book is more smartly and brightly written, and has indeed a Gallic gaiety befitting the scenes it sings. The Loire, too, is called a woman, but it is because she is capricious and treacherous. Its history has been just the opposite of the Rhine's, for now navigation has practically deserted the largest river of France, although it flows through the garden heart of the country. The Loire can be heartily cursed for having so inaccessible a source, though when the sun is out its pasture lands are like those of Paradise. It gurgles up, 4,500 feet above sea-level, out of a

Royal Castles of England. By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

Salisbury Plain. By Ella Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Along Germany's River of Romance. By Charles Tower. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

Along France's River of Romance. By Douglas Goldring. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

pipe in a farmer's stable; but until there are more roads, few are likely to go in search of it. After some days of rough tramping down stream, you get to Le Puy, on whose high needle-point stands the gigantic statue of Our Lady. When the Loire quits the mountains and canyons, it has done so for good; but still through its sloping plains it rushes headlong. The first real château is at Nevers and this is also the first tourist town. Then it becomes golden, isle-choked, and broad, studded with ancient fortified towns now become villages. The Gienese find it a monster at their doorstep, which in winter drags down people. Past Orleans, dull but the most aristocratic town in France; past Blois, where the château country begins—a very French-looking city with a Chicago accent and full of hackneyed excursions which may not be left undone; past Chaumont, a gleaming medley of towers and turrets despoiled by the ubiquitous restorer; past Tours with its immense air of good breeding which makes the Republic look shabby—one wanders with a charming companion, roguish and lyric by turns, down the yellow river swirling more strongly to the sea. At Nantes the river is six-armed and the sailing ships come in, and finally one reaches the last town of all, St. Nazaire, which has no right to its American air, and there the broad estuary becomes like the sea itself.

As bountifully illustrated is Mr. V. Scott O'Connor's *Travels in the Pyrenees*. Like Mr. Howells, who covers all Spain, the author's chief interest is the folk he comes upon. Like him he is impressed with the worthiness of the people and the great qualities that flourish in small communities, but he notes that whether it be due to poverty or temperament, most Spaniards have a mad look. At the same time, however, this is more of a hand-book than any of the others and is to be taken along with less ample guides. Between France and Spain, the Catalans and Basques are divided, but Mr. O'Connor deals chiefly with the French Catalans, and that

chance survival of the past, the Republic of Andorra, which owes its independence to the rival temperaments of both countries. He is not so content with his own impressions that he hesitates to venture upon a somewhat lengthy historical introduction and he scatters much readable history throughout the book. Even the little mountain villages, he says, are yielding to modernity. No longer do the people carry tortoises to church to be blessed before grinding them into a sovereign powder for their sheep, or charm their cattle with olive branches on Palm Sunday against sorcerers. But still in church porches are enacted miracle-plays, against a background of battlemented arches and grey walls, arranged with all the solemnity of an ancient day when religion was a passion and to an audience still as naïve and earnest. It would take a Hokusai to depict the various aspects of the beauty of the Canigou, the immortal mountain. All over the Eastern Pyrenees one sees feudal ruins against the sky; and everywhere breathes in spite of the softening tendencies of modern life the fierce spirit of the frontier.

On every page of *Familiar Spanish Travels* is revealed the charm of Mr. Howells's personality, the mellowness and gentility of which makes every book of his one more privilege. His text should be the burden of all the travel books yet to be written. The guide-book object of interest is seldom an object of human interest, he says, and for ten who see architecture and picture there is only one who sees people. Mr. Howells warns the reader in the beginning that a passion for things Spanish was the ruling passion of his boyhood, and that whenever the real Spain does not come up to his ideal he is going to try to hide it. You may think Spanish trains are snails, he prefers to call them dignified and deliberate. In a Europe

Travels in the Pyrenees. By V. Scott O'Connor. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Familiar Spanish Travels. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

abounding in volcanic Italians, nervous Germans, and exasperated Frenchmen, he finds it edifying to see Castilian peasants self-respecting and self-possessed, especially when they are quite palpably in the wrong. This is the sort of observation which makes Mr. Howells so delightful. Here is another: the distinct merit of the Escorial is that it does not take long to do it—the monastery is so vast that a look round it is enough, so terribly impressive that more would be unbearable. The Spanish street is rarely the theatrical spectacle that the Italian street is; and the vast majority of all the inhabitants of all the cities of Spain are the boys that play in them, but there

was no city in which he was not sorry to leave behind some boy out of the immense rabble of boys whom he hoped never to see again. The people of Cordova walk and talk away their whole lives in the streets, having a total want of visible employment. But if indolence is a vice of the towns, there is no loafing in the country. Everywhere in Spain, however (in spite of the national repose of manner), there are many bad smells, and many accumulate not to be elsewhere acquired. No Spaniard in humble life shaves oftener than once in three days, and you always see him on the third day just before the function. Spain is a songless land; the dance may



THE GATE OF THE SUN, TOLEDO. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE FOR WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS'S "FAMILIAR SPANISH TRAVELS." HARPER AND BROTHERS

be hired but the song never, either for love or money. The Spanish women are a domestic genus and are expected to keep at home by the men who expect to keep abroad. And finally, to add one charm more to this charming book, Mr. Howells does not hesitate to echo Mrs. Amelia Barr's frank statement that after a long life she has found that good food produces the pleasantest memories. Generally, he says, their meals are delicious; and every now and then he is good enough to tell us what he paid for them. (How travellers pretend to be above such vulgar considerations!)

In *An Artist in Italy*, Mr. Walter Tyndale lays emphasis on his pictures with more success than does Mr. Smith. His pleasant unpretentious text, adorned with quotations from various sources, is meant to be no more than the narrative of his journey—an adequate framing of his many illustrations. Here and there, along with descriptions of the art treasures Italy contains, are interesting reflections. We must find other causes for the decline of Christian art, he says, than the undue exaltation of Our Lady; and her dethronement in Protestant countries may well have left a blank in the souls of her sex which men can hardly appreciate. His pictures are notable and well-produced. When they depict architecture, they are very accurate and well but discreetly elaborated. When they are landscapes or bits of life, they are brilliant in colour and genuine in atmosphere.

IV

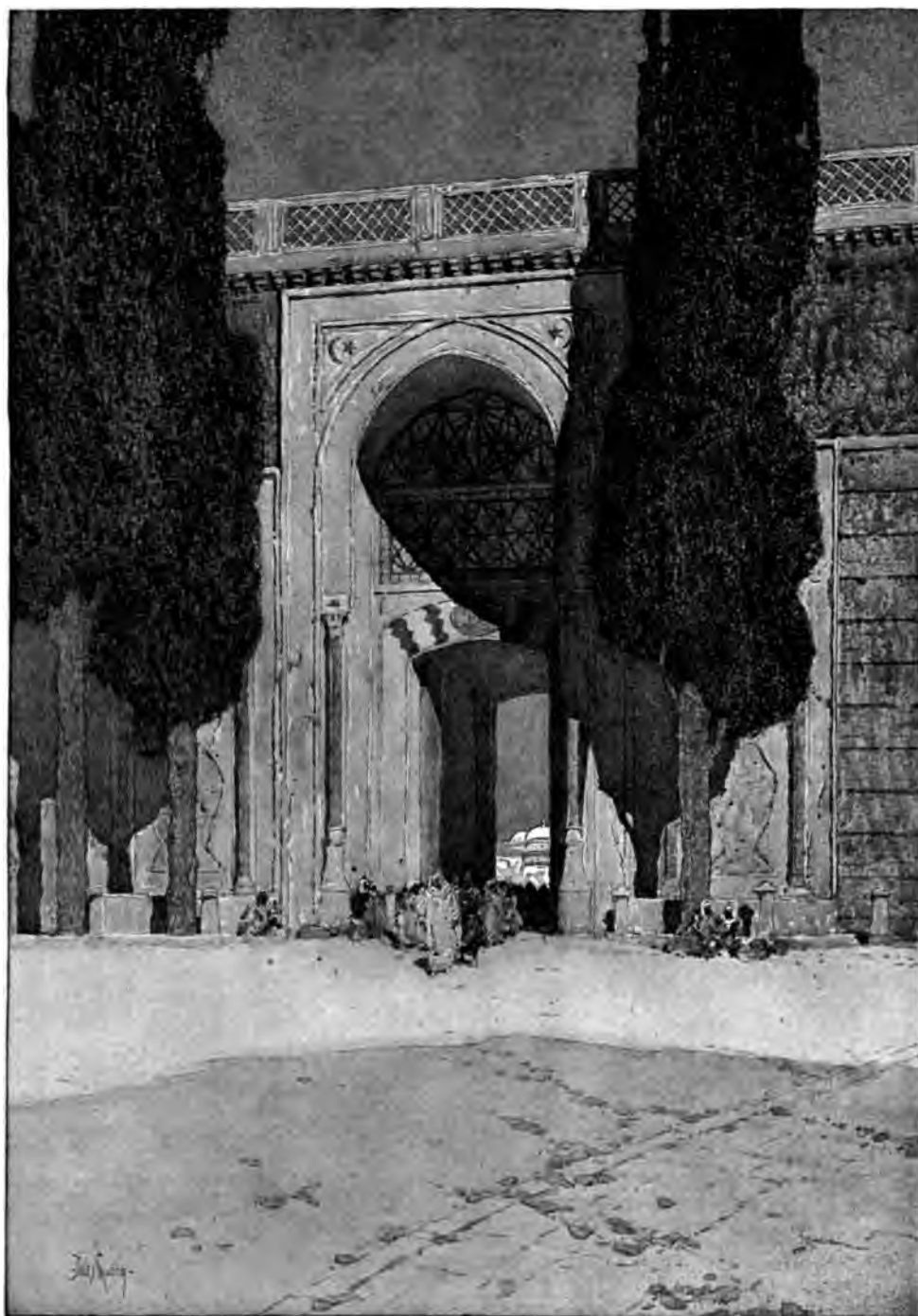
Whoso remembers Mr. Hichens's *Palestine and Egypt* takes up with a warm welcome his new sumptuous volume, *The Near East*. It is a description of Dalmatia, Greece, and Constantinople. There are many photographs in addition to the pictures of Mr. Jules Guérin. These latter are in his well-known style—remarkable for his command of distinctive technique and his feeling for colour harmonies, but nice decoration rather than vehicles of artistic

emotion. The jewelled phrases of the author one dares not even begin to cull. They are in his well-known style—acutely sentimental, if you will, but how they pulse and glow! Dalmatia is a land of forgetting, cut off by the sea from the many banalities and annoyances of modern life; yet it is nevertheless not sad but full of a cozy gaiety. Ragusa is like an enchanted town in a Burne-Jones background or a city in a poem of William Morris; and everywhere there is a delicious cheerfulness. In fact, though the ten cities of Dalmatia have various charms, each smiles perpetually. The Hellenes always speak of Europe as a continent in which Greece is not concluded; and when you are in Athens you understand why. But if it is not Europe, it is not wholly of the East—about it is something very delicate and pure and individual; antipathetic to the Eastern drowsiness and heavy Eastern perfume. Athens is large and growing, but one feels as if it were a village. In the glorious view from the Parthenon, nature seems purged of all excesses. At Marathon you live for a while in an exquisite pastoral. The land of Greece is not Alpine but more beautiful and romantic. As the Parthenon is the soul of Athens, so the Hermes of Praxiteles is the soul of Olympia—expressing its aloofness from all ugly things and its reflective calm. Constantinople is both beautiful and hateful. It is like a person with two natures in a perturbed body. Pera is one and Stamboul the other, and between them is the Golden Horn—the whole forming the most superbly situated city of the world. On the one side is blatancy against an almost rustic melancholy on the other. Pera is bewildering, since it is full of a brutal haste toward nothing that one can discover; Stamboul is bewildering,

An Artist in Italy. By Walter Tyndale. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Near East. By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company.

Eöthen. By A. W. Kinglake. Introduction by S. L. Bensusan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



THE ROYAL GATE LEADING TO THE SERAGLIO. FROM AN ILLUSTRATION BY JULES GUERIN FOR ROBERT HICHENS'S "THE NEAR EAST." THE CENTURY COMPANY

since it is haunted by something you cannot perceive.

To turn from Mr. Hichens to Kinglake is to jump from impressionism to an eighteenth century landscape. Eöthen, as Mr. Bensusan points out in an interesting introduction, bears many marks of its date, 1834. But though it contains much that is inexact and traditional and though both his geography and ideas are out of date, Kinglake possesses what is still the essential equipment of every traveller who would interest us—enthusiasm and humour. The occasional visitor by caravan to an antique land, he says, sought every whit as strenuously for the soul of it as any modern who goes by railroad. Mr. Bensusan indulges himself in the customary ungenerous lamentation at the popularisation of distant goals. The mysterious East found almost its last historian in Kinglake; mysteries are no more. But neither are misinformation and bad geography, nor so many flowers that blush unseen; so let us take comfort—caravans were confining and comfortless anyway! It is interesting to compare the ultra-modern and the early Victorian upon their common ground—a harmless comparison, too, as neither party suffers from it. Kinglake speaks in Constantinople of nothing but the people and their customs, and of these rather as encounters than impressions. The turbaned faces of the East have nothing for you—no welcome, no wonder, no wrath, no scorn. Nowhere does the sea so come home to a city as at Constantinople. In Greek towns, the windows are entirely appropriated by the gentle sex, and his companion was scorned by landladies because he desired a street-giving one. Beyrout he found buzzing with rumours of the mysterious Lady Hester Stanhope, who had shut herself up in a distant convent. She was in her reputed male costume when he was admitted to her, but she took refuge in some irrelevant draperies which she held upon her lap. A prophetess white and gaunt, she poured forth for hours her speech of sacred and profane mysteries, mixed with an occa-

sional spiteful interest in the world she had abjured. Lamartine and Byron she crucified nicely. The sea of Galilee had for this traveller the winning ways of an English lake. Flea-bitten and unimpressed by religious tradition (he never feels the modern necessity of striking an attitude!), he found Jerusalem only a show-place resounding in strident denunciations. Except for his frankness he travels like the typical Englishman, making unending comparisons with home. But in scorning the customary emotions he is as un-Victorian as he is un-English in dispensing with the customary hypocrisies. He is, however, all one and the other in reiterating that the prime duty of woman is to please the masculine eye. Mr. Brangwyn's pictures seem curiously to lack colour and life, although they are a distinct addition to the book.

And now having encircled the globe in our Christmas voyage, let us home again. This going home is a good fashion, fortunately increasing of late. It is possible at last to travel in our own country at Christmas time; and in our armchair reap the far-gathered fruits of native brush and pen. America for the American reader no longer reminds the jocular of the slogan of some crudely booming Western village, and we are allowed at last many books which picture the American spirit and landscapes.

V

The most distinctive difference of the Western hemisphere from the Eastern, says Mr. Howells, is its habit of seeing the fun in things. This habit is not particularly noticeable in *Barn Doors and Byways*, in which Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton collects his nature essays of a half-dozen years. Perhaps there is not much room for it, however, for most of them are written in the conventional style of genial sentiment so popular of late in the many nature books which sing the friendly road and the literary allusions, philosophic reflections, and mildly humorous comparisons which it churns up. The familiar recipe here results in



THE FRENCH QUARTER OF OLD NEW ORLEANS. FROM ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER'S "ROMANTIC AMERICA." THE CENTURY COMPANY

a pleasing dish, but one for which the appetite of many temperaments is not inexhaustible. Not even Mr. Eaton's, for he pokes fun "at the quantities of gush written about those honest clean little monogamists, the birds"; and then proceeds to gush in his own charming way. The first part of the title commemorates a little gallery of barn-door landscapes seen between golden dusty walls of hay and pervaded with an aura of enchantment, and a childhood for which the barn-door landscape was somehow the essence of things. But the essays are not all of rural life or grey abandoned farms, for we have a glimpse of New York harbour and the unexpected magics of the town. One of the many pathetic features of a great city is that so many of its streets are numbered, and Mr. Eaton has small patience with confirmed cockneys. He does not sympathise with Ardelia's wriggle of joy when she returned from her propulsion into the country by the Fresh Air Fund, crying as she sprang to the hurdy-gurdy "Gawd! N' Yuk's the place for me!"

Nevertheless this book is in its way a distillation of the American spirit. So, in a larger way, is *Romantic America*. Remembering Romantic Germany, one takes up Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's new book with rosy expectations. Let the author do as much for us and we are content! One is not disappointed; in fact one wants to quote the whole of it—from the first arresting phrase (Mr. Schauffler can make them neatly and without trying) "Cape Cod wears its heart upon its sleeve" to its last arresting sentence which pronounces Mount Desert "the benign Vesuvius of the New World." The handsome volume has eighty pictures gathered from many American artists, but they are not as pictorial as the text. At Provincetown, he says, folks have a horror of letting the tongue's reach exceed its grasp. The Cavalier cradle of the country rocked upon the banks of the James more expansive souls. The beauty of the site of Pittsburgh should be invulnerable, but man

has done what he could to deface it. Yet its crowning beauty is won from its foulest stain—smoke; and then the author echoes Mr. Hopkinson Smith's sooty raptures. To-day Mammoth Cave with all its panoplied wonders and splendours means little more to the average American citizen than the Egyptian Pharos, but once no man's education was considered complete until he had seen them. Yellowstone Park is God's old curiosity shop, whether you enter by the Montana or the Wyoming or the Idaho door. Within, one inspects a million lesser curios until he suddenly drops, stricken with acute Baedekeritis—you simply must save your adjectives and your energy for the Mammoth Paint Pots. It does, however, make a great deal of difference how you come into Yosemite. One should approach by the more expensive route, for then its romance bursts upon you overpoweringly. Drive to it through the trees that were old when young David was choosing pebbles out of the brook for his sling. Then, it is the whole West at a glance; and Nature holds out to you her full cup of holiness and mystery. But one has never seen colour until he sees the Grand Canyon. It is the prototype of all haunts of unearthly majesty, of all Ninevehs, Babylons, and Hesperides and Kubla Khans. Mr. Schauffler learns from the Grand Canyon that descriptions must not be too grand for steady diet. In leaving it he warns the visitor, however, to beware for a time of going anywhere else on earth. It is not fair; let him travel only in his armchair for a while. New Orleans has an alchemic power—it abates even in a Yankee something of his Yankeeedom. Prick the old French quarter anywhere and it bleeds romance. The wonderland of Maine is not, like those

Barn Doors and Byways. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Romantic America. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: The Century Company.

The Old Spanish Missions of California. By Paul Elder. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.

of the West, too wonderful to wear well; and its mountains are not godlike but engaging. And finally, Mr. Schauf-fler, like Mr. Howells, gives a text to travellers which they should write upon their hearts in letters of gold. We have had more than enough of this illogical wail from voyagers who object that others are voyaging too. Why should any one write about romantic America, he asks, who doesn't want to have people enjoy it? He glories in trippers, if only they would not cluster so thickly in every foreground and chatter Weber-Fields.

The Old Spanish Missions of California is a book uniquely made up, and with much elegance. Its many photographs,

taken with a great deal of feeling and tastefully mounted and placed, are scattered through an attractive text, which draws upon many sources. The book is a delightful attempt to give an adequate visual and imaginative impression of the missions. But in all its mosaic of trib-utes from many pens there is nothing better than Mr. Schauf-fler's lines in *Romantic America*. It seems hardly fair to him to "spread honey on sugar" by gracing such an Eden as California with the glamour of the old Spanish ruins. In this brand-new country of ours they seem fictitious; yet to see them is to hear the sweet impassioned voice of the little brother of St. Francis crying in the wilderness.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

III—TENNESSEE

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

AUTHOR OF "MISS SELINA LUE," "THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE," AND "THE
TINDER BOX"

THE tradition-encrusted old Pioneer State of Tennessee is calmly waiting for some one of her sons or daughters with pens of genius to discover her to the rest of the world as being the field from which to write the great Human Drama of American Normality. Her amazing fertility has made her able to welcome, feed and fuse all comers into her Commonwealth, and she is now ready to furnish types of humanity which have unconsciously evolved themselves into an astonishing symmetrical simplicity, to any writer who questions her, as some of us have begun to do with both love and timidity. Ask for what phase of natural life you want and she can furnish it.

Her western boundaries are laid across the ranges of the Alleghenies, in whose fertile coves and on whose wooded ranges live the hardy, silent Tennessee mountaineers, shiftless and poverty-stricken, but with a word that passes as a business bond and an honour that is protected by swift vengeance. They live their lives almost entirely according to

their own codes of government and defy the United States Law, with their liquor stills, with a calm fatalism which teaches that a few must be caught and pay the price that the majority may go on manufacturing "mountain dew" as the generations before them have done. And yet they are not drunkards; they just want the right to their own "dew."

The form of family life is patriarchal, and several generations may be discovered living in the cabin with Dad, with the same submissive spirit the Tribes displayed during the life of Father Abraham.

A story is told of a traveller finding a great, hulking man sobbing in the corner of a rail snake-fence, and on being asked the cause of his grief he had answered:

"Paw have jest licked the hide off my back fer spitting acrost in front of Grandad when I didn't know he was nigh ready to spit." The story could easily be true.

And, of course, in families with such

government family loyalty exists raised to its nth power. Hence the feuds which arise between families that last for generations, with the loss of numbers of members on both sides; feuds that may be begun over the boundary lines of small plots of land or the ownership of a wandering "razor-back" swine, but which are carried on as a matter of family allegiance. The quarrels have never been over a breach of chastity by a mountain woman, for such a thing has never been recorded as occurring in the Tennessee Mountains; but the most thrilling "shoot ups" have taken place when a man of one side of the feud surreptitiously courts and marries a woman of the other. If they are not hunted, caught and murdered, they must flee to the lowlands for the rest of their lives, depressed exiles, for the mountaineer droops out of sight of his hills.

And always at his cabin door the mountaineer finds standing the gaunt hunger wolf, ready to begin to gnaw as soon as the first deep snow covers the paths. About these long, hungry winters they are fatalistic, sometimes even humorous. An old woman from whom I bought berries in the summer answered my question as to how the winter had gone, by saying:

"Oh, the potato barrel and the buckles on our belly-straps didn't give out until the turnip patch sprouted."

Then consider that the thing which throws the very garment of mystery over this whole hungry, ignorant, moral, vengeful, humorous, butternut-jeansed, rawhide-booted and calico-sunbonnetted people is the historical fact that they are most of them descended from adventurous Cavaliers and Huguenots who started across the Alleghenies and stopped on the way, content with the mountains or too exhausted to go farther. Their aristocratic family names, their pure-bred profiles, and an occasional old silver cup, or an inscribed copy of some rare old English or French edition of a classic in their possession, easily proves their claim to a heritage of gentle lineage.

And when freed from the shackles of ignorance, as they are rapidly becoming, are they not going to make great Americans, whose primitiveness it is valuable to have recorded in romance and song?

And is it any wonder that the American world of letters was stirred when Charles Egbert Craddock intrepidly ventured into these fastnesses and sent out such stories as "The Star in the Valley," and "Drifting Down Lost Creek"? Were they not human documents that brought quick pulse and quick tears? Were they not slices of raw, primitive life?

Others have since made thoughtful and fruitful excursions where the mountain trail has been blazed and brought valuable additions to the romances of these obscure lives. Grace McGowan Cook and Alice McGowan have done interesting work about these wilderness folk, and Will Allen Dromgoole has sung songs of them in some verses as exquisite as have come from American pen.

Next, descending from the dim purple mountains into the lowlands of Tennessee one finds a country folk of such great and exquisite normality that the grim vision of America as a melting pot of the refuse of the nations fades away and we feel ourselves washed clean in a pure stream of real Jeffersonian Americanism. In the tiny villages that group themselves along the white turnpikes, which rise and fall and curve over hill and dale, the people live together in an almost Arcadian simplicity, and one is tempted to wonder if they have not solved the problem of genuine life as it was meant to be, and if it is not possible that before long the students and experimenters in the economics of our national life will not discover them and come to study their scheme of existence for formulas for the adjustment of the domestic problems of the country at large:

They were never slave owners, and the tragedies and bitternesses of the Civil War passed them by, except in a few cases to impoverish them. Their relations to the great plantation owners have always been friendly, but they have

been separated by what were almost class lines. They do not know or employ the negro, and so have not that distressing problem. They live together in the dignity of liberty, fraternity and equality. They have comfortable, flower-surrounded, vine-covered old homes, with not a single one of the modern conveniences. Their tables fairly groan with food, and their small farms and gardens are almost as productive as the Italian's intensive patch. In fact, they are the best producers in Tennessee, and they are rapidly becoming richer than the larger land owners. Their education is rudimentary and they speak a vernacular that is delicious. They are humorous to the highest degree, and as sentimental as such a degree of humour always implies. The estate of woman is so nearly equal to that of man in these communities that it is probable that she will be the last of the American women to ask for a readjustment of her status, and then she will only have to ask to have it given with hearty confidence. In my *Road to Providence* I have tried to give a pen photograph of one of these villages, which are at the cross-roads throughout the Harpeth Valley, and I feel that the heroine, Mother Mayberry, is a true transcription of her type.

I beg leave to quote her on the sex question:

A wife oughter stand on no pedistal to her husband, but she have got no call to make squaw tracks behind him neither.

• • • • •

A man oughter be allowed to sense his wife have got plenty of love and affection preseved for him, but he don't know just where she keeps the jar at.

• • • • •

With such a sane though provocative philosophy, coupled with their sweet comeliness, is it any wonder that the divorce question is never even thought of in the Harpeth Valley? Their problems and tragedies are not of the inter-sex nature. The women are still strong

enough to admit of an astonishing and satisfying fertility, and the men work so hard to shoe and feed the broods thus produced, that they have no time for pas-sional excursions. Their emotional outlet is for the most part a violent and partisan, though thoughtful, interest in politics, not only of their own small part of the world, but of the whole national scheme. The Senator in his seat of the mighty is often more justly understood by the farmer in the Harpeth Valley, who with his neighbours, wrangles over old news' reports of his votes in the past, who quotes him from Congressional Records and writes him long, illiterate but shrewd letters of advice, than by any legislative critic on any big news daily.

Also, both men and women of these hamlets are deeply and intelligently religious, and when a devastating frost destroys a valuable crop, dogs get to the throat of a flock of sheep which were to be sold to raise a pressing mortgage or buy new land, a scourge of diphtheria carries off a half-dozen children, all too far from a doctor and antitoxin, a man is mangled in a machine or gored by a bull, or a woman dies unattended by a surgeon in dangerous child-birth, they display a silent courage in the face of these primitive, normal tragedies that rises from the depths of a deep-rooted faith in the God of their pioneer fathers who conquered the wilderness for them. In my mind, these humble folk, whom my pen has so haltingly but lovingly tried to portray, are a type of the Ultimate American who will exist after the feverish dreams of our great cities have passed away.

Next we drive slowly along Providence Road, up and down hill, past silvery little creeks that run from huge limestone springs and water the blue-grass meadows, where fat stock and speedy horses graze, until we jog into some one of the larger towns around which the great stock farms are grouped, and which are the centre of the most cultivated, wealthy and complex life of Tennessee. I have chosen the name of

Glendale, for the one in which to explode my last novel, *The Tinder Box*. There are many such which will furnish all kinds of reactions in the retorts of any writer who cares to come down into their laboratories. Though impoverished greatly by the Civil War, the inhabitants of these Harpeth towns have grown rapidly rich again, and are again assuming their ante-bellum joy in life, deepened and enhanced by a spirit of progression that is just awakening and interesting them. They are having a great time paving their streets, experimenting with water-systems, installing gas and electric plants and entertaining magnates who are coming from all over the world to estimate, buy and calculate for railroads with which to move the wealth of middle Tennessee. Coal is under her corn fields and phosphate at the roots of her blue grass, that the world must have, to say nothing of vast and uncharted oil lakes waiting for the tapping. And while the people are engaged in great construction schemes, factories, railroads and power plants, the mental and spiritual awakening in the Tennessee towns is just as vigorous as her material activities would indicate.

The younger generation, both masculine and feminine, are off to the best colleges in America in due season, and on their return to the old towns, that one of my heroines describes as being "stiff in its knees from aristocracy," they are making things happen rapidly, to say the least of it. Their rakish automobiles are whirling past or stopping to chat with the old surreys coming in from Harpeth Valley down Providence Road. Slim, high-born lads from Yale, and then the Agricultural schools of Cornell or Wisconsin, dressed in worldly Khaki field clothes, are leaving the motor-driven farming implements at work in the fields of their ancestral plantations and coming to the modern wire fences that supplant the old cedar rail-worm fence, the rails having been sold at a premium to pencil factories, to flirt with girls who are driving their own runabouts. The sentiment which they ex-

change is the same that passed between the sexes in the ante-bellum days, though couched often in progressive language that might be in danger of waking the stately dead in the old plantation graveyards. The typical Tennessean still loves and woos the woman of his choice in exactly the same fashion that his grandfather loved his grandmother. Both of the youngsters heard emotional questions discussed when out in the world, and they may have made a few experiments along new lines, but back down in Tennessee they love each other "just in the same old way." I am afraid that the problem novel, which deals with the great emotions of sexual or material hunger, will not be written from a Tennessee town. Almost everybody has had opportunity to select a mate, guided by the light of a knowledge of the chosen that dates from infancy, and everybody is too well fed and normal to get into any kind of emotional or material hunger riot. And so when a maiden comes back down to middle Tennessee, after a sojourn in the world, ready to explode some extreme feminist idea, like my heroine of *The Tinder Box* had tucked up her sleeve, with which to startle her fellow-townsmen and townswomen, she will find a happy and humorous interest in the subject, and what she wants will be given her before she has time to "throw any rocks at anybody's opinions or break the windows of anybody's prejudices." And if she should undertake to revolutionise her town by proving her right to emotional equality with man by proposing to a man she has been in love with since infancy, as did *The Tinder Box* experimenter, Evelina Shelby, she will probably have him "beat her to it," but comfort her in his arms by acknowledging, quoting my humorous hero, "you are right about the whole question. I see that and I want to help—but if I am stupid about life, will you hold my hand in the dark?" If my grandmother had put my grandfather in that same embarrassing predicament, just the same result would have been observed. I am

one of the organisers of the Suffrage Party of Tennessee, and the first time I mentioned the subject to one of the thought-moulders of his time, a man sixty-five years old and a fire-eating Confederate, from whom I expected fireworks, he answered me by saying:

"I never saw any question upon which three good women agreed prove wrong in my long life. I'm ready to give the ballot to woman."

Now, just what are we Tennessee writers going to do for material for the great and sombre modern problem novel when men treat women like that? Can stories of mating ever stir the critics like those of mismating? Have we got to go on writing truthfully and cheerfully about the roses and moonlight and death and babies and lovers and religion, of our extreme state of normal evolution?

And yet—and yet—some day some man or woman is going to feel the call to write in a great story the dark, tragic, heart-breaking appeal of the new negro, who is being graduated in numbers from the African Colleges in Tennessee and the rest of the South, to go out North, East and West, to have his life ground out of him by lack of opportunity. Octave Thanet, in her novel *By Inheritance*, sounded the far-off note of the storm mutterings that are threatening America from these dark children of hers, who have worked hard for the up-building of her National life. Let us reverently thank God for Booker Washington.

Then we must give voice to any cry that the children make from factories. John Trottwood Moore, in his *Bishop of Cotton Town*, which has sold well for a decade, has been listening to and transmitting such cries with sympathy and power, and Garnett Noel Wiley sings their cause into the heart of any reader.

And in the few large cities of Tennessee rotten municipal machines, dishonest handling of the negro in the courts, bad prison conditions and juvenile protection are questions for discussion, but

these conditions compare favourably with the best in other parts of the country. No startling story can be muck-raked from them. The only hope the writer can have for a plot is the County Judge shooting up the City Attorney for a disagreeable personality in the court-room, or a kidnapped child. Tennessee has had fewer lynchings than almost any of the Southern States, and not one for years. The white-slave dealers have not discovered Tennessee, or are afraid of the very handy guns in the hip-pockets of men to protect women. There are no records of man, woman or child freezing or starving in any Tennessee city or town. Just what is going to furnish us fictional groans to interest the outside world? And yet people *do* buy our books! And we do figure on the "Best Seller List."

The social life of the Tennessee cities is absolutely provincial and modelled exactly on the lines of that in the towns. Neighbours are neighbourly, Sunday is still God's day and one of rest from most forms of social activities, and Magazine Clubs still flourish. Sisterliness is on the increase among the women, and good executive housekeeping is getting itself put on record. A hearty, healthy epic could be written about the way the Southern man has builded his city and family and himself out of the wreckage the War left him and his father fifty years ago. Sarah Barnwell Elliott has written some intellectual and moving New South from the Old stories. Virginia Frazier Boyle, Francis Lynde, Elizabeth Fry Page, Sarah Beaumont Kenneday, Francis Perry Elliott and Kate Trimble Sharber have found and pleased audiences even without neurotic fictional themes.

A most unusual novel that has its moving human plot materialised from the psychic world is *Sis Within*, just published from the pen of Harriet Hobson. Harmoniously attuned natures like that of the typical Southerner are good subjects for psychical research.

And so I make claim for Tennessee that, from boundary to boundary, she

lives a clean, decent, moral, abundant life that in quietude has evolved itself beyond many noisome phases of American life that fictional historians are labouring in to-day, and that records of her at this period in song and story will in their simplicity come to read as a forecast of the future America after she

has had time to digest all her grim problems, has regulated the distribution of her wealth so that all her people have enough to support life and encourage the pursuit of happiness, and has settled down after the turmoil genuinely to live by God's "still waters and green pastures."

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

III—A LITERARY LABORATORY

ONE might think, to listen to some current comment, that the public library is an institution intended to make the private ownership of books unnecessary. Were it so, there would be little excuse for its existence—still less for supporting it from the public funds. A man's books should be as close to him as his clothes, and there is no more reason for collecting them all in a central depository than there would be for creating a public clothing warehouse, whence particular garments could be borrowed by individuals.

The public book collection is not intended as a substitute for the private library, nor does it so act. It may rather be described as an institution one of whose chief functions is to make possible a sane and well-considered private ownership. Some of its books, it is true, are too rare, or too large, or too expensive for the private owner to consider them as possibilities for his own library. Most of the others, too, are books that he would scarcely choose for intimate, permanent companionship. And yet there are potentialities in such a large collection, and the larger it is, the greater becomes the chance of making friends in it—of being able to choose from it the few intimates that are to be the joy of the book-owner's lifetime.

Such a use of a public collection of

books is peculiarly modern, and it embodies the modern idea of a live, as opposed to a dead, literature. The desire of the book-lover in every age has been to care for the book—to shield it from physical harm, so that his children, and his children's children, should be able to take the same pleasure in it that he himself had taken. But in the old days, the book, regarded as a dead thing, was preserved by seclusion, whereas now it is looked upon as alive, and is kept alive by dissemination.

An object without life, such as a mineral or a fossil, is best kept from harm by locking it in a case. But the preservation of a living thing, or the germ of a living thing, is quite a different matter. What is the best way to ensure that the men of a thousand years hence shall have a sufficient quantity of corn, and peas, and beans? Shall we collect all we can and put them into cold storage? Shall we not rather distribute them as widely as possible in good soil, and raise crops? That is what the modern library is doing with literature—treating it as seed, and therefore distributing it as widely as possible. The edition of Shakespeare that your descendant of centuries hence is to hold in his hand will not be any edition now extant, but a copy of a copy of a copy. The fate of literature is closely interwoven

with the fate of the race. If the race is to deteriorate, so that it no longer appreciates Shakespeare, his works will vanish, except for a few musty tomes kept as curiosities.

What we are doing is to give every writer a fair chance. This has not always been done in the past—it is not always done to-day. It has happened again and again that the works of an author, long issued, but little read, have suddenly become the fashion and have taken a new lease of life, so that it has been necessary to print edition after edition to meet the popular demand. This is because at first the books did not fall into the hands of those who would like and appreciate them. The library, with its ever-multiplying methods of reaching the public, does all that it can to remedy such a state of things.

II

Not long ago the writer of an article in one of our most popular magazines asserted that the devices used to-day by public libraries to bring the man and the book together, were born of despair, caused by waning circulation. Readers were falling off and it had become necessary, we were told, to attract and stimulate them in all sorts of abnormal ways. This is so far from the truth as to be laughable. Librarians have been literally forced into these methods, often sorely against their will, by outside pressure from the public. Scarcely one of the methods of distributing books, or of widening their use, now in vogue has been adopted at first by general consent. Branch libraries, free access to the shelves, special rooms for children, inter-library loans, lectures and exhibitions in library buildings, co-operation with the schools—each plan was strenuously opposed at its introduction by eminent and representative librarians. Each has won its way, not because it was needed to bolster up a waning circulation, but because the public liked it, and demanded it, and would not be gainsaid. Evidently the public likes literature, as it likes corn and beans, and approves of the

method of preservation by popularisation—by successive sowings and reapings.

The library has used, and will continue to use, measures of publicity; it appreciates, in other words, the value of advertising. Yet the best advertiser is he who has something good for others and who simply disseminates the facts as widely as possible. Didacticism has seldom been successful in the library; apt presentation and spreading of facts almost always bring results.

When these measures come to their complete fruition, every community will have an adequate opportunity to examine a wide literary field, to test its likes and dislikes, to form its tastes, to make literary acquaintances, friends and intimates, to worship its literary heroes. Literature is life. We must all live, and we cannot help making contact with the life of others. Literature simply ensures that such contact shall be with the world's life instead of that of our own little parish—with the life of the ages instead of that of a brief day and hour. Does this mean that we need buy no more books? Only to those who get no reaction from these age-long and world-wide contacts. If you can spend your life in a public collection of books and never handle one that you covet, the public collection may be enough for you. But experience does not indicate that this is the way things work out. By nothing is the desire for personal possession so quickened and aroused as by books. If the reader is dishonest this results in theft, as the libraries know to their cost. Large libraries lose in this way thousands of volumes yearly. Very few of these are ever recovered through the channels of commerce and probably only a small percentage is sold. They were not taken to be sold but to be kept. The thief was a book-lover tempted beyond his power of resistance—that is all. Had he the means, he might have gone to the nearest bookstore to buy a copy of the book instead of appropriating the library's property. And for every man who is thus tempted to steal a book, there must be hundreds who are induced

to buy one, in the proportion of honest to dishonest book-lovers in the community. We have record of the thefts so induced, but not of the purchases. If we assume that in a city from whose public library one thousand books are stolen yearly, there are one hundred honest book-lovers to one dishonest one (and Heaven help the place in which there are not more than this), then the library must stimulate the purchase of a hundred thousand volumes yearly. In so doing it is but fulfilling its mission of sowing literature broadcast. So it comes about that the public library, besides its various other functions on which we need not touch here, has become adapted to serve, and does in fact serve, as the testing laboratory for book-purchasers. The tests may be purely empirical, like those employed by Edison, who, if reports are true, has made some of his greatest discoveries simply by accumulating a vast store of materials or of chemical reagents and patiently trying one after the other until he finds one that will best serve the particular purpose that he has in mind. I imagine, however, that even in this case there is some preliminary exclusion, made not from actual trial, but by reliance on the recorded experience of others. One of Edison's great finds was the carbonised strip of bamboo for the incandescent lamp, which he is said to have obtained in the manner described above. Here he must have limited his tests to substances that appeared likely to serve; it is not probable that he tried limestone, or steel, or molasses. And even in the case of the man most ignorant of literature, it is hardly probable that he would find it necessary in his preliminary tests to begin with the bibliographical titles and work down through the whole classification. His object is as clear as Edison's was, although it may not be as definite. He wants books for his collection of room-mates, and he has some vague idea, at any rate, of the kind of companions that he would be likely to cherish most.

We have seen how well adapted the

public library is for this kind of preliminary testing, and how the would-be purchaser — sometimes unconsciously, perhaps — does in fact make just this kind of use of it. It does not follow that librarians as a class fully realise this function of their collections or actively aid it. When the widow announced to her little son that she was about to give him a step-father, in the person of Mr. Jones, he replied with enthusiasm: "Bully for you, Ma! does Mr. Jones know it?" Knowledge of the part that he was about to play was doubtless necessary in the case of Mr. Jones. It is not so indispensable in the case of the librarian. Sometimes he thinks he is merely the curator of a large collection of literary specimens. He knows that scholars come to peer at them, and measure them, and even to borrow them for closer inspection; but he has no conception of the degree to which they can be used, and are being used, as a kind of huge sales catalogue. The use may and does go on, without his knowledge, but it will go on more widely and to vastly better advantage if he wakes up and consciously furthers what he has before only blindly refrained from interfering with.

III

There are already plenty of instances where the situation is realised and action taken accordingly. Librarians are not perhaps generally recognised as the book-purchasing experts of the community. Many of them would be surprised, perhaps, at receiving large numbers of requests about prices, and editions, and dealers. Yet the belief is growing, both among librarians and among the public whom they serve, that this particular kind of service is germane to the library's function, and that, as a perfectly neutral and unprejudiced outsider, it is better fitted to act as adviser in matters of book-purchase than is the dealer himself. Indeed, this is only one more instance of the library's growth of influence through its commanding position of neutrality. It places on its shelves books on both sides of all sorts

of controverted questions. It welcomes Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Democrat and Republican, Capitalist and Labour Unionist. There is no danger that when you ask for books on the tariff it will load you with either free-trade or protectionist literature. Propaganda is the one word that is not in its dictionary. This makes it a haven of rest for the weary soul who is sorely beset on all sides with attempts to convert him to some ism or other. It should be, and is rapidly becoming, a refuge for the bewildered book-buyer, who is loudly importuned on the one hand to buy foolishly expensive editions and on the other to invest in "series" and "sets" and "complete works" without end. Which is the best cyclopedia? The agent will tell you that it is his, everywhere and always. The librarian will ask you just for what purpose you require it, and advise you accordingly. What are the best picture-books to buy for your children? You may see them at the library; and the assistant in the children's room will tell you which will suit your needs. The library, in fact, may save its book-buying public time and money and mortification, simply by giving to inquirers the information that it possesses—that its business is to possess—but that it too often keeps ignorantly or passively to itself.

Many years ago, Dr. Melvil Dewey, in whose fertile brain so many good library ideas seem to have sprouted long before others recognised their importance, suggested that the library might even, in the future, actually sell books to its users. In a day when it was considered improper for a library even to let its readers know the price of a book, still more so to betray the place where it might be obtained by purchase, this suggestion was received by one type of mind in awestruck silence and by another with whistles of derision. And yet to-day we find the most progressive libraries furnishing their readers with all the information necessary for the purchase of books, displaying the volumes themselves, recommending editions, stat-

ing clearly prices, publishers and book-sellers.

This, it seems to me, is as far as the library is likely to go in the direction of Dr. Dewey's interesting suggestion. Possibly it is as far as he himself intended. The one additional step, of itself receiving money for the book, instead of merely indicating where it may be bought, is just the step that would take the library out of the position of neutrality that is one of the chief sources of its influence. The moment it should say "buy of me!" it would become an interested party, and its advice would cease to be of value.

Libraries have probably gone farthest in this new function of advice in book-purchase, at the holiday season, when many of them hold exhibits of books recommended for Christmas presents. This has been most widely done with children's books, and the service to perplexed parents has been great, as well as that to the cause of general education. In the St. Louis Public Library an exhibit of Christmas gifts of books for adults is now in progress, the books being classified according to the nature of the intended recipient, as "Books for the Busy," "For Lovers of Outdoors," "For Amateur Actors," "For Housewives," "For Sportsmen," and so on.

That such exhibitions need not be limited to the holiday season is obvious. Already some publishers and vendors of books on special subjects are issuing neat lists of these books, with prices and other information, in such form that the libraries need not hesitate to accept and distribute them. Others, less astute, have overstepped the line that separates library information from advertising, and their compilations cannot be used. Ultimately, doubtless, a great deal of the money that now goes into forms of book-advertising suitable chiefly for the librarian's waste-paper basket will be diverted in a direction where publisher, bookseller, library and the reading public will all benefit by it.

Indeed, we may go further, and look forward to the time when many of our

large libraries will serve as general exhibition rooms for the combined book-trade of the country. No library can afford to buy all the books that are published, or more than a small part of them. There are few bookstores in the country—none, except in the largest cities, where one may be sure to find everything of value as soon as it leaves the press. It would seem to be to the advantage of both publishers and the book trade to place on deposit in certain selected large libraries a copy of each published book with the same regularity as these are sent to the copyright office in Washington. These loans would naturally be kept together in an accessible place for a stated period of time—say one year—and could then be disposed of as might be agreed. They might be returned to the lenders, or the library might be given the option of purchasing such as it might want, at a reduced price, or they might be allowed to remain as a permanent reference deposit. Each volume would be marked with its price and with a list of the bookstores, in the home city, where it could be obtained. Book-lovers would soon come to realise that they could inspect all new books at the public library, whether the library could purchase them or not, and publishers would secure the very best possible exhibition-room for their samples, absolutely without cost. The advantage to the library would be obvious.

IV

That the book-trade is beginning to realise the part that the library may play as its chief feeder, is strikingly shown by the attention that it is giving to the monthly *Booklist* of the American Library Association—the organ through which the national organisation of librarians advises its members, particularly the small rural libraries that are badly in need of such advice, regarding the suitability, for library purchase, of the month's literary output. Inclusion in the *Booklist* is coming to be regarded as a special mark of commendation. Such

inclusion is heralded in publishers' advertisements, and whenever the publications of one firm constitute the majority of entries, that firm is apt to announce the fact publicly with considerable pride. A dozen years ago or so, before this publication had been thought of, the writer of this article suggested, in a meeting of librarians, that as book reviews were not generally written from the library's standpoint, we needed our own critical publication in which the particular availability of each book for library use should be duly set forth. This suggestion seemed to meet with disfavour; but in the *Booklist* we now have precisely such a publication.

The same attitude of neutrality that has been emphasised above as a library asset is, of course, the thing that makes commendation by this official organ of librarians so valuable. There is no reason why its value should not commend it to the general public as well as to librarians. A little effort to adapt it to that public, possibly by a change of name and of physical make-up, and the supplementing of its notices by exhibitions of the noticed books themselves, in library buildings, would be great steps toward the end already indicated—the complete recognition, by the book-trade and the public, of the library's function as a testing laboratory for book-buyers. Even if publishers should hesitate to place on deposit copies of all their books, they might at least make a beginning by displaying in libraries those publications that have been accorded public praise by the critical organ of the libraries themselves. If copies are sent freely to the office of the *Booklist* for examination, with absolutely no guaranty of notice, it would seem to be even better business policy to send them, for certain display, to a large library; and at any rate, volumes already favourably noticed in the *Booklist* might be so sent.

These suggestions look toward making the resources of our laboratory more complete in the direction of current literature; but of course this is not the place to put the emphasis. Even with-

out such co-operation with the book-trade, large libraries include all the books that the world has loved, and most of those that the average book-buyer is likely to take into his heart. He can make his selection from what he finds there, and the lack of a few thousands of last year's books, and those of the year-before, will not irk him.

The Public Library, in its present form, has taken shape and has expanded to great proportions within a brief tale of years. This expansion, in the democratic conditions under which it has taken place, is the best possible proof that the library has filled a popular need—that is, unless we are to suppose that it has skilfully blinded the people to its real aims and value. But there are some persons in whose minds success always presupposes doubtful methods. From these we hear occasionally either that the library is going beyond its province, or that its work has been artificially stimulated in some way, or even that the whole programme of public support on which it is proceeding is fundamentally wrong. Even so clear-headed a thinker as the late Goldwin Smith said of its work that he believed it no more the duty of the municipality to furnish citizens free books than to provide them with free clothes. The obvious answer to this is that free books are an element in popular education, while free clothes are not. The trouble with Mr. Smith, however, and with those who, like him, think either that the public library is not minding its own business, or that the business itself is not a proper one for the public to carry on—the trouble is that theirs is a limited view; they are scrutinising the trees so closely that they do not see the forest. The whole is not merely the sum of its parts, where those parts are inter-related, any more than

the properties of water are merely those of its component gases. We cannot predict the services that a collection of books may render, simply by adding together the possible values of its units. Every collector knows that the chief worth of a group of objects often resides in the fact that it *is* a group, apart from the characteristics of the objects separately. So with the library. We might—although we decidedly do not—agree with Goldwin Smith that it is an impropriety for the public to furnish an individual man with an individual book, and yet we might continue to assert the propriety of providing for that man and his fellows a collection of books.

One of the things that a collection can do, as a collection, I have tried to emphasise in what has just been said. It is on functions of this kind that the library must rely, in the end, if it is to justify its existence and its support from the public funds. Otherwise we shall have to admire the plan of the Philadelphia alderman who proposed to cut off all library appropriations for buildings and staff, spend all the library money for books, dump them on the City Hall floor and let the public carry them off *ad libitum*. Such a collection would be worth precisely as much as the sum of its components; it is the arrangement, the cataloguing, the environment, the trained assistance, that make it a library instead of a hodge-podge; and all these make possible its use, as a testing laboratory for literature, by every citizen who realises what he may gain by such use. It is thus as a library, with all that the name implies, instead of as a mere mass of volumes in juxtaposition, that a public collection properly performs its greatest public service and should make its most effective appeal to the public mind and purse.

PLOTS IN POSTAGE-STAMPS

BY GARDNER TEALL

"Oh! happy era, happy age, when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! Deeds worthy of being engraven on brass, sculptured in marble and recorded by the pencil."

These were the words the enraptured Don Quixote cried out as he set forth in search of his astounding adventures. How surprised Cervantes would have been, all those three hundred years ago, had he dreamed the laurel of world-renown would become his to share with the doughty knight; how astonished, perhaps, had he ever dreamed of a time when the record of Don Quixote's glorious deeds would be carried to the furthestmost corners of the earth, engraven on postage-stamps! Miguel de Cervantes knew nothing of postage-stamps of course. Such things did not exist in his day, but when Spain celebrated the tercentenary of the appearance of the first edition of Cervantes's famous book, the happy idea was hit upon of fittingly commemorating the event, by issuing a pictorial set of postage-stamps bearing designs suggested by the principal scenes from *Don Quixote*. The demand for these was enormous.

The Spaniards took commendable pleasure in putting them upon their correspondence. Thus the story of the "Adventures" was carried to places where, probably, the Knight of the Mancha had

not before come to be known. Indeed the ten *Don Quixote* stamps of Spain form a little primer to the story. In the first design Don Quixote is shown in the act of starting forth on his famous steed, Rosinante, bent on stirring deeds that should win him the heart of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso.

As Sancho Panza and Dapple did not join the Knight at first, we do not find them until we come to the second stamp, where they appear in the background as onlookers while the Knight of the Mancha charges the windmill. Another stamp depicts Don Quixote on bended knee before the country lassies. Here, too, we see Sancho Panza tossed in the blanket, while the thirty centimos stamp illustrates the knighting of Don Quixote by the innkeeper. Then we have Don

Quixote at his famous tilting bout with the flock of sheep and also the incidents of his ride upon the wooden horse, his bearding the lion in his den, the ride



THE WORLD'S FIRST POSTAGE-STAMP, WILLIAM WYON'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT STAMP PROJECTED BUT NEVER ADOPTED



THE DON QUIXOTE STAMPS OF SPAIN ISSUED TO COMMEMORATE THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE BOOK



THE DON QUIXOTE STAMPS PORTRAY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES'S IMMORTAL HERO IN HIS MOST FAMOUS MOMENTS,—STARTING OUT, ATTACKING THE WINDMILL, MEETING THE COUNTRY LASS, KNIGHTED AT THE INN, TILTING WITH THE SHEEP, RIDING THE WOODEN HORSE, ENCOUNTERING THE LIONS, ADVENTURE IN THE OX-CART, MEETING THE ENCHANTED LADY, AND SANCHO PANZA TOSSED IN THE BLANKET

in the ox-cart, and, finally, his valourous rescue of the "enchanted" lady. Truly it is no slight task to picture episodes so momentous within the tiny area of a postage-stamp, and Señor B. Maura, the Spanish engraver who designed this series, acquitted himself of his task with credit. Not the least interesting thing about these *Don Quixote* stamps is the fact that each one of them exhibits a portrait of Cervantes, the smallest Cervantes portrait ever designed, as it measures only a quarter of an inch in circumference. These little stamps contributed much to a revival of interest in *Don Quixote* and the author of this immortal book.

We may look to Spain for other ingenious things in the way of "literary" postage-stamps. This country sought to

perpetuate the memory of another of its seventeenth-century celebrities, Alonso Cano of Granada (called "the Michael Angelo of Spain" by reason of his varied and masterly attainments), by engraving his portrait on the earliest Spanish stamps. Although the plate was completed, Queen Isabella had other ideas upon the subject, and so Alonso Cano had to make way for *majestad*, and the stamp was never issued. Only a few impressions of it have survived. These are very beautiful and are highly prized by collectors fortunate enough to obtain them.

On another occasion Spain's appreciation of literary effort was made manifest by the Government awarding franking privileges to the late Señor Castell and Señor F. Duro, historians



THIS GROUP OF EX-RULERS SUGGESTS THE SUBJECT OF ALPHONSE DAUDET'S "LES ROIS EN EXILE"—FOR KINGS, QUEENS AND EMPERORS IN EXILE THEY ARE—QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL, EX-QUEEN LILIUOKULANI OF HAWAII, EMPEROR NAPOLEON III OF FRANCE, DON CARLOS "THE PRETENDER" OF SPAIN AND EX-KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL



THESE THREE MAP POSTAGE-STAMPS CAUSED ENOUGH FLURRY TO HAVE FURNISHED THE HISTORICAL NOVELIST WITH PLOTS TEEMING WITH INCIDENT AND EXCITEMENT. THE FIRST WAS WITHDRAWN AT THE REQUEST OF HAITI, WHOSE BOUNDARIES HAD BEEN MISREPRESENTED IN THE DESIGN, THE SECOND GAVE OFFENSE BY QUOTING A FAMOUS LINE FROM SIR LEWIS MORRIS, THE ENGLISH POET, AND THE THIRD WAS A MILITANT MOVE ON THE PART OF VENEZUELA TO ASSERT HER CLAIM TO THE GOLD FIELDS, WHOSE POSSESSION GREAT BRITAIN DISPUTED WITH HER

of note, when sending certain of their works through the mails within the kingdom, and for this purpose the two stamps illustrated in this article were devised. Portugal likewise encourages historical research, and true to her traditions, lends a helping hand to geographical enterprise by printing special postage-stamps for franking the books and correspondence sent out by the Geographical Society of Lisbon.

Robert Louis Stevenson, referring to the old home at Colington, where his mother and her sisters grew up, and whence so many of the generation had gone forth, said that "the face of the earth was peppered with the children of

the manse and letters with outlandish stamps became familiar to the local postmen." Probably Stevenson forgot, for the moment, that postage-stamps were not "invented" until 1840, only ten years before his own advent. He himself must have been familiar with the famous "penny blacks" of Great Britain, the world's first postage-stamps, issued in 1840 and bearing the engraved portrait of Queen Victoria after William Wyon's medal, which was struck by the city of London to commemorate the visit of the Queen to the Guild Hall.

As a boy, Stevenson had a little home "museum," wherein were gathered all sorts of relics and curios and "outlandish



TWO SPANISH HISTORIANS, THE LATE SEÑOR CASTELL AND SEÑOR F. DURO, WERE HONOURED BY HAVING THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE EXTENDED TO TWO OF THEIR WORKS BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT, THESE SPECIAL STAMPS BEING DEvised FOR THE PURPOSE



FIVE INTERESTING PORTRAIT STAMPS THAT TELL STORIES. FERDINAND OF SICILY ISSUED THE FIRST AND WAS ANGRY WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT HIS POSTMASTER OBLITERATED THE PORTRAIT WHEN CANCELLING THE STAMP; THE SUBJECTS OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA HAVE REFUSED TO MUTILATE THE PORTRAIT OF THEIR "LITTLE FATHER" BY CANCELLATION; LORD VERULAM IS ERRONEOUSLY CALLED LORD BACON ON NEWFOUNDLAND'S STAMP; THE VANITY OF AN EARLY NEW BRUNSWICK POSTMASTER-GENERAL LED HIM TO PUT HIS OWN PORTRAIT ON A STAMP INSTEAD OF THE QUEEN'S, AND GENERAL SIR BADEN-POWELL IS SAID TO HAVE PROVOKED THE WRATH OF THE THRONE BY PERMITTING HIS OWN PORTRAIT TO APPEAR ON A SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PROVISIONAL STAMP



THE FIRST STAMP PICTURES TOSCANELLI WRITING HIS FAMOUS REPLY TO COLUMBUS, THE SECOND IS A PORTRAIT OF THE UNFORTUNATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO, BY THE THIRD SWITZERLAND KEEPS GREEN THE MEMORY OF THE SON OF WILLIAM TELL, AND THE THIRD ONE, "ST. ANTHONY PREACHING TO THE FISHES," IS A REMARKABLE PORTUGUESE POSTAGE-STAMP, HAVING PRINTED ON THE BACK A PRAYER IN LATIN

stamps" too. Perhaps there came his way a copy of the stamp which bore a portrait of the Prince Consort, for an Albert stamp as well as the Victoria type was projected, and impressions of it were printed, though never put into postal circulation, for reasons which it is not difficult to guess, anticipating, remotely, the two tempests in a teapot which occurred in after years when Charles Connell, postmaster-general of New Brunswick, placed his own portrait on the New Brunswick five-cent stamp of 1861, instead of that of the Queen, and when General Sir Baden-Powell permitted his portrait to appear on the "Mafeking Besieged" stamp of 1900, to the Queen's displeasure, it is said, the sovereign claiming the prerogative of decorating the stamps of the British Empire with royal portraits.

One is often tempted to ask if the decline in the gentle art of letter-writing may not be attributed, in a large measure, to the introduction of the postage-stamp and all it represents. Now-a-days, no matter how good and how literary our intentions may be, the little red

postage-stamp that crowns our communication is apt to find us impressed with the sense of intimate expedition it affords and we do not seem to put forth the best that is in us the way they did in those good old days when it cost a guinea to get a letter from London to Paris and when ten shillings was the rate from Edinburgh to Canterbury. Those were letter-writing days indeed! "Get me ink and paper, and hire post-horses" Shakespeare has Romeo say to Balthasar. If we of to-day had to stop to figure out the item of post-horses for every letter we wrote probably the world of letters would be the gainer so far as the epistolatory quality of our literature is concerned. Perhaps we can get some fuller hint of this from Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. There is the brief one of May 28, 1888 to Henry James just before Stevenson's departure. In a letter to Charles Baxter, written a year later from Honolulu, Stevenson says, "Would I like to see the *Scots Observer*? Wouldn't I not? But whaur? I'm direckit at space. They have nae post-offishes at the Gilberts, and as for



THESE STAMPS OF ROUMANIA PORTRAY ITS BELOVED QUEEN ELISABETA, KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AS "CARMEN SYLVA"



THE BAVARIAN STAMP, A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE REGENT LUITPOLD BY THE NOTED GERMAN PORTRAIT PAINTER, F. VON KAULBACH, SUGGESTS THAT THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS LEND THEIR SKILL TO THESE "PETITES CHOSES." THE STAMP WITH THE COLUMBUS PORTRAIT IS IN USE ON ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND AND THE ST. LUCIA STAMP SHOWS THE DREAD MOUNTAIN, "THE PITONS," WHENCE NO CLIMBER HAS EVER RETURNED. IT FURNISHES A PLOT FOR A JULES VERNE

the Car'lines! Ye see, Mr. Baxter, we're no just in the punkshewal *centre* o' civ'lisation!" Since then, alas, there are "post-offshes" at the Gilbert's and post-offices for the Carolines. One is almost glad the lack of them inspired Stevenson!

But new things take root quickly. They tell the story of how King Ferdinand of Sicily, chagrined, after fully fifteen years' apparent darkness on the subject, to find his kingdom postage-stampless, sent for his noted copper-plate engraver, T. Aloisio Juvara of Messina, to come and engrave him a portrait stamp. This was duly accomplished and proved very gratifying to Bomba (as Ferdinand was nicknamed), although the reader will see from the reproduction herewith that it must have taken much inherent vanity to have approved the design without a sigh! It had been arranged that Bomba's Minister of Posts should officially inaugurate the introduction of stamps into the Two Sicilies by the au-

spicious procedure of mailing the first one to the King on the outside of a letter. Alas! The Minister of Posts had not taken into account the cancelling process, and angry indeed was old Bomba when he beheld his "beautiful" portrait all bespattered with daubs of ink faithfully applied by the postmaster, who came in for his share of royal displeasure in consequence. However, the ingenious Minister soothed monarchical wrath and devised a delicate framework of renaissance pattern for the cancellation obliterator, whereafter Bomba's portrait peeped blissfully out and yet permitted the checking of any fraudulent re-use of the stamps. It is strange that a half-century later the intricacies of the "plot" should be reversed

as they have been in the instance of the new postage-stamps of Russia, which bear the Czar's portrait. At the Czar's express command a series of stamps bearing portraits of Russia's rulers from the founding of the Romanhoff



STAMP ISSUED BY MONTE-NEGRO ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO THE LITTLE KINGDOM



SWISS STAMP BY EUGENE GRASSET, THE GREAT FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR AND POSTER ARTIST, THE STAMP ISSUED BY GREECE TO CELEBRATE HER VICTORIES IN TURKEY AND A STAMP OF BRAZIL CONTAINING THE SMALLEST ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

dynasty to the present was prepared, but when the values with Czar Nicholas's own portrait were put in circulation, the orthodox Russian post-masters absolutely refused to cancel them, taking the position that to deface the Czar's portrait was to deserve Siberia. That was the law, and the fact that the portrait was on a postage-stamp did not, in their opinion, alter the status of the act in the least. In vain the Czar let it be known that cancelling the stamps had his approval, nay, even his command. The rural postmasters were obdurate and so the issue had to be withdrawn from circulation to maintain the revenue, otherwise the private posts would have gotten all the business!

The vicissitudes of monarchs is well illustrated by the stamps of various countries, particularly by those of the nineteenth century. We may form a little gallery of "Les Rois en Exil" that might extra-illustrate Alphonse Daudet's title,—Queen Isabella and Don Carlos of Spain, the Emperor Napoleon III of France, Dom Pedro of Brazil, Queen Liliukulani of Hawaii, King Manoel of Portugal and then there is poor Maximilian of Mexico. What stories stamps tell! What note-books of modern history they are, little memory-joggers we could ill-afford to be without! It is a pity that we relegate stamp-collecting to the limbo of merely a school-boy's hobby. Sanely and sensibly and delightfully the collecting of stamps can be pursued. There is scarcely a

country which has not some plot-suggesting stamp. St. Lucia, for instance, with its "t'penny" landscape stamp showing the dread mountain, "The Pitons" whence no daring explorer has ever returned. It would furnish a background for Rider Haggard at his vividest, for it is believed that half-way up the mountain begins a zone of stinging vipers whose poison is so deadly it causes instant death. Those who have laughed at the story and have insisted on attempting the ascent have been watched from below through powerful glasses and have been seen to drop, dead apparently, at a certain line. Then stamps have written history in other ways. Take, for instance, the map stamp of the Dominican Republic. Proud of their possessions, the Dominicans were careless of their accuracy, and when their map stamp appeared it was discovered that quite a slice had been appropriated in the design from territory that really belonged to Haiti. Probably the Dominicans thought it would not be noticed, but the Haitians considered it a good chip to put on their shoulders, in consequence of which it was the withdrawal of the stamp or war. The stamp was withdrawn. On the other hand, when Venezuela and Great Britain were having their famous quarrel over the gold-fields, Venezuela issued a challenge of her claims in the way of a stamp with a design that consisted of a map showing her boundaries as she proposed to maintain them.

THE SENSE OF PERSONALITY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

AT frequent intervals, an instalment of the novels of the month brings to mind again, by certain striking contrasts, the old, elusive question, Why are some characters in fiction living personalities and others merely lay figures? Why do

some authors, through just a few broad, impressionistic strokes, reveal the creative gift, while others, after infinite patience and pains, fail to breathe in the breath of life? Every reader of fiction has felt these differences; every reader

has certain favourite characters, whom he instinctively feels to be living out their lives somewhere beyond his ken, just as friends in the flesh who have drifted away from his immediate circle still continue to lead their own lives. And on the other hand, every reader knows how negligible the personal element is, in the case of the great majority of more or less mechanical figures that jerkily act and articulate the parts assigned to them. But what is the explanation of these differences, what is the philosophy underlying the sense of personality in the characters in fiction?

In the first place, let us get clearly in mind the fact that the ability to create character, and the ability to tell a story are two separate gifts that need not necessarily go together. A good storyteller is one who possesses the power of holding our attention by the interest of what is happening to some person or group of persons, through their individual efforts to control the circumstances in which they happen to be placed. Now, there are some situations of such universal interest that the individuality of the chief actor is unimportant. Supposing, for instance, that you are on some height, a sheer bluff overlooking the sea; and far out, where the currents of a swift-running tide cross and churn the water to a foam, you see a swimmer struggling to reach the land, alternately drifting and fighting and zigzagging, and inch by inch making headway toward the desired point. Of the swimmer's personality you know nothing; you may not even be sure of the sex; you do not know whether the victory is the result of great courage and cool calculation, or the mere blind instinct of self-preservation. Yet the sight holds you rivetted, tremulous, almost prayerfully anxious on behalf of this unknown struggler: the fact that a human life is at stake gives an all-sufficient interest. But take another case, at the extreme opposite end of the scale: you are seated in a restaurant, in close vicinity to another table occupied by a man and a woman; the light shines full upon the woman's

face, so that you lose no detail of her beauty, nor a single change in the mobile lines of her face. You cannot help hearing the conversation, and you note that while the man's voice is soft and caressing, and the words he utters are in themselves courteous, eager, full of admiration, there is something in them or behind them which makes the woman wince as from a blow. There you have an intimate drama in full course, in a brilliant and crowded room, and unheeded, unguessed by a single person excepting you; the interest is too special, too secret to attract the careless and detached glance of the general public. And even you, who happen to have glimpsed something of a woman's hidden anguish, miss the real interest of the story unless by some magic you are permitted to look further and read to the last detail the inmost workings of her heart.

Now, in the first of the above examples, the element of narrative, the story, the thing actually being done is not only the chief element, but almost the only element; in the second, there is practically no narrative, but simply an unguessed tragedy of hidden emotions. The first class of cases is the class that gathers crowds in the street, jostling throngs eager to know what has happened to some utter stranger, willing to waste ten minutes or more to learn the fate of a man or woman in whom they have no interest beyond the fact that something tragic has happened to a fellow human being. And here we have laid hold of one of the great secrets in story-telling. Let your opening incidents be of sufficiently keen interest in themselves; let them be of the kind that would draw a crowd in a street. Then it is a simple matter to intensify that interest by gradually revealing the personality of the chief actor; you thrilled at the sight of a brave deed, and suddenly you become aware that you know the doer of that deed and know him intimately; the effect is like that of seeing, in real life, a man stop a runaway at eminent risk of his life, and then as

you surge forward for a nearer view, you suddenly become aware that the man is Jones, whom you have known for years, yet never before understood.

Or, to get at the whole question from a slightly different angle, let us consider story-telling in terms of a game, draughts, chess, or whist. The story itself is the game that the author plays with the pack or the pieces of his own making, the more or less individualised characters. Now draughts may be taken as the simplest type of narrative, in which the element of character is practically eliminated; there is the single class distinction between king and commoner, but otherwise they are all precisely alike. In fact there is a sort of Homeric simplicity, when you stop to think of it, in the battles of these undistinguished throngs, in which every now and then some doughty Achilles of the checker-board mows down two and three Hectors at a time. Chess is less simple; the characters of the combatants are more carefully differentiated, although here still are the hordes of undistinguished pawns. And lastly, in cards, we have the type of the highly developed story of character, in which the part played by each and every one depends solely upon his individuality, and no two parts can be interchanged; the Jack of Spades is eternally the Jack of Spades, and never for a moment can he or the Two of Diamonds do each other's work.

But the real point of this comparison lies not in the resemblance between certain games and certain types of fiction, but in a subtle difference yet to be pointed out. In all the games above mentioned, there is a complete absence of any sense of personality. The white knight and the black bishop, the Ace of Hearts and the Queen of Clubs are mere conventions, symbols, dummies designed to move through certain established rôles, with no more individual thrills and heart-aches than the lay figures of a puppet show. And this same difference between the pieces in a game, and the characters created by an author possessed of the sense of personality, is

the same difference that always exists between the best fiction and inferior fiction, regardless of the degree to which the type of story demands the individualising of the characters.

This sense of personality is, apparently, an inborn quality and one that cannot be taught. It is an instinct that extends beyond human beings, and that some of us feel for all sorts of inanimate things that we have grown to love. There is one writer, a woman and the author of several well-known novels that are fairly saturated with personality, who confesses to a curious and intimate affection for her type-writer. It is an aged machine, with many weaknesses and eccentricities; yet such is the force of habit that if suddenly the "w" ceased to stumble and the alignment of the "l" corrected itself, the effect would be sadly confusing upon the author. Once, in a misguided moment, she allowed herself to be persuaded into purchasing a new type-writer, the old one being taken in part payment. Immediately, work came to a standstill, and it was not until after much frantic telegraphing and exasperating delays that the old machine was recovered and the interrupted novel once more safely under way.

In the same way, there are just a few chess players who come in time to feel a sense of the personality of each and every piece in an old and valued set of chess-men. Every little stain and crack in the ivory, inevitable traces of the dint of battle and the passage of years, tends to give each separate pawn an individuality far beyond the rôle assigned him in the game. A player with this instinct for personality finds himself mechanically arranging each separate pawn on its accustomed square.

And this leads us to the similar sense of personality in the highest type of born story-teller. In such a writer, every one of his characters, even the mere unconsidered pawn, has a hundred little marks of identification, most of which, perhaps, are never mentioned in the written pages, but are ever present in the

author's mind. The great masters of fiction have most of them, at one time or another, in print, in letters or in private conversation, waxed confidential about the characters they have created, and half whimsically, half in earnest, as though almost ashamed to own how utterly real these shadow-shapes of their imagining have grown to seem, have told further intimate little details about their peculiarities of dress and manner, their habits of life and thought. Herein really lies the secret of the ability of just a few novelists to convey the sense of personality in their characters: they themselves must have had it first. They must have lived in intimate association with these characters, have come to know and cherish an affection for them; they must have reached a point where in writing of them, they feel that the characters have taken the matter of their next word or act out of their author's hand, and have actually become free agents, bending the author to their will. It is only by recognising the independent existence of his creations, that an author can take them out of the printed page and force his readers to recognise their independent existence also. For no one can communicate a faith that he does not have himself.

"THE WHITE THREAD"

The book which immediately suggested the foregoing line of thought is *The White Thread*, the new volume by Robert Halifax, author of *A Whistling Woman*. Mr. Halifax deserves to be better known to American readers; he is easily entitled to a place in that group of serious-minded young English novelists headed by Galsworthy, Bennett and Merrick. The fabric that he weaves of life has quite as sombre a background, quite as much of the leaden hues of poverty and sickness and disappointment as *Clayhanger* and *An Old Wives' Tale*,—but with this difference, that it is shot through with a persistent white thread, a gleam of unquenchable optimism, the courage and loyalty of some one valiant soul. Take, for example, the new vol-

ume, whose title lends itself so aptly to a brief summing up of its author's distinctive note: The place which they call home is a dank, dim, unclean rookery, in a London slum. The cellar is foul and wet, the water pipes rotten with age and perpetually dripping, the under side of the flooring a breeding place for mould and fungus. The father is a consumptive, discouraged man, long out of work; his wife is shiftless and slatternly, with a fatal fondness for a friendly glass of ale, and a willingness to stoop to any degradation to obtain the price of a drink. Of their five children, two are dead; one of the sons is already in the insane asylum,—a supplementary one, known as the "Overflow,"—and the youngest son, Gideon, is rapidly qualifying to join him. One curious, almost uncanny note that recurs persistently throughout the book is furnished by this Gideon, furtive, silent, eternally voracious, and perpetually imitating, with the utmost seriousness of intent, first one animal and then another; now arching his back, cat-like, and purring loudly with contentment, and again thinking himself an ant-eater, and busily licking up with his tongue the ants and beetles crawling on the walls. Then lastly, there is Tilly, short and "tubby" and by no means beautiful, but sound and kind and loyal, a ray of unquenchable sunshine in the midst of sordidness and gloom. She is only a poor, little overworked drudge, cruelly driven by a well-meaning, naturally good-hearted mistress, whose only fault is that she is incapable of understanding any other social class than her own. Tilly's whole life is a sacrifice; she skimps, and saves, she half-starves herself, in order to have a few pennies to buy gifts with, and a few pinches out of her meagre allowance of tea, to take home to the family on her rare afternoons out. We follow her with a growing admiration for her bravery, a growing heart-ache for her disappointments, a growing apprehension that the multiplying trials, the latent insanity of Gideon, the more and more frequent lapses of the mother, the father's

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suicide, the cowardice and perfidy of the man she thinks she loves,—will sooner or later crush her buoyancy and sour her nature. But Tilly, young and immature though she is, is saved by her inborn sense of motherhood. Every one who is sick in body or mind, every one who is discouraged or lonely appeals to the big, warm heart in the small, disproportioned body. Even big, stalwart Kingdon, the slow, taciturn plumber, who has long loved her with a dumb hopelessness, appeals first of all to this same maternal instinct, because she feels dimly that there is something that he misses in life. In short, one closes the volume feeling that Mr. Halifax is a good deal of a magician in evolving so clean and tender a story from such ugly and unclean sources, and making us lose sight of all the sorrow and sordidness and sin in the light of the one strong, loyal soul. It is a fine piece of artistry, that promises even bigger things in the near future.

"YOUTH'S ENCOUNTER"

No one can accuse Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the author of *Carnival* and *Youth's Encounter*, of a failure to know the personality of his characters. His new volume has its faults of construction; it is at times too long and too diffuse, and the mystery surrounding Michael's parentage is dwelt upon and hinted at and withheld in a wearisomely tantalising fashion, out of all proportion to the magnitude of the solution. But as a study of the growth, week by week, month by month, year by year, of a human being, from early childhood to school-boy days, and upward through the crucial period of adolescence, until we leave him on the threshold of manhood, *Youth's Encounter* is almost uncanny in its discernment, its grasp of the mental standpoint of the successive periods, its marvellous and sympathetic understanding of the countless trivial details which are so amazingly important to the immature mind of childhood. It requires something more than intuition to write such a probing and intimate study; it is only by recalling memories

of our own childhood with an almost photographic fidelity that any of us could approach this record of a small child's griefs and anxieties and terrors, his queerly distorted conceptions of the realities around him, his true instincts and defective reasonings. For the purpose of giving it a certain glamour of romanticism, the history of Michael is, as already intimated, overhung with a veil of mystery. His mother, whom we always see as a fairy vision of loveliness in a shimmer of rose-coloured draperies, hovers over his bedside at rare intervals; but her visits are always fleeting, and her absences last for weary months, while he and his still younger sister are left to the ignorant and indifferent care of incompetent and drunken servants. His father he never sees, at least not knowingly, and he supposes him to be dead; but the sum and substance of the mystery is that Michael's mother loved a married man, whose wife refused to divorce him, and who atoned as best he could by treating Michael's mother as though she were his wife, so long as he lived, and settling the bulk of his fortune on her at his death. All of which may seem of importance or not, according to your individual preferences in fiction. But what cannot fail to arouse cordial recognition are just a few remarkable scenes: the nightmare dreams of a lonely, frightened child in strange surroundings in the dead of night; the slow awakening of adolescence to the physical facts of life, and certain specific incidents that complete that awakening. These are the features of the book that refuse to be forgotten and that confirm the impression already produced by *Carnival* that Mr. Compton Mackenzie is one of the authors that we cannot afford to overlook.

"THE DARK FLOWER"

To the reader with a critical instinct, the first impression made by Mr. Galsworthy's new novel, *The Dark Flower*, is that of keen delight at the sheer technical skill of it, the beautiful symmetry of its structure and its symbolism. It

is only after enjoying this feature to the utmost that such lovers of fine artistry will begin to enjoy the equally fine interpretation of an almost universal phase of human life. Perhaps the shortest way of summing up the inside significance of Mr. Galsworthy's theme is simply by repeating the overworked quotation from Byron, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;" and yet, after all, that does not quite say the thing. Man's love, says Mr. Galsworthy, or at least the love of a large number of men, is the dark flower of passion; he may pluck this flower successively from more than one garden, but its bloom never lasts. Woman also knows and plucks the dark flower, but in her case when it withers, it is the end of all things. Now note the simplicity and effectiveness of Mr. Galsworthy's structure, as clear-cut and nicely balanced as a perfect play. It is easy to see how his recent training as a dramatist has reacted helpfully upon his art as a story-teller. The story is divided into three epochs, "Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn," three great passions in a man's life belonging respectively to his youth, his maturity and his middle age. Of the three women who successively inspire these three passions, the first might almost have been his mother, the second was of suitable age to be his wife, the third could easily have been his daughter. The first of these women, Anna Stormer, is the wife of an elderly, dried-out university man, Mark Lennan's favourite instructor. The lad, for he is little more than a lad, accompanies the couple for a summer jaunt through Switzerland, and there, to his own great perturbation and bewilderment, discovers that what he had supposed was a beautiful friendship for his good friend's wife is a fierce, unreasoning desire for her, disloyal and shameful, yet apparently reciprocated by the lady herself, without shame or hesitation. His first awakening dates from her gift of a flower, a dark red clove carnation, strong and heady, emblematic of passion. It is the merest accident, just the intervention of chance in the shape of illness

in his home circle, that recalls the boy before the dark flower has fully bloomed, and brings him into touch with a girl of his own age, Sylvia Doone, gentle, tender and faithful, the type of woman who is a stranger to the lawlessness of riotous blood. When Mark asks her what is her favourite flower, she owns that it is a forget-me-not, and when he mentions clove carnations, she confesses that perhaps she likes them, "but not very much." And later, when Mark has the opportunity to see the two women side by side, the opulent, mature beauty of the older one makes such a sorry showing beside the fresh and wholesome innocence of the young girl that Anna Stormer realises that the summer idyll is over and the autumn of her life has closed in upon her. Ten years later Mark Lennan, now a successful artist, meets his second great affinity in Italy. Olive Cramier is another married woman, unhappily bound to a jealous, exacting, tyrannical man, whose very touch she loathes. From the moment that she and Mark meet, it is another case of Tristan and Isolde, Paolo and Francesca, nothing in the whole wide world matters but their two selves. But the dark flower has barely had its brief hour of triumph when it is ruthlessly crushed and trampled on, and Olive Cramier's dead body testifies to the ruthlessness of her husband's vengeance. Lastly, at forty-five, Mark Lennan, now for many years placidly happy in the calmness of his married life with Sylvia, once again feels the stirrings of tumultuous passion, awakened this time by a mere slip of a girl, Nell Dromore, the daughter of a life-long friend. This time what keeps the dark flower from unfolding is not any sense of loyalty to his friend, not compunction for the ruin of a young life, but simply a tardily awakened sense of fidelity to the wife who has patiently borne so much and demanded so little; he feels that to desert her now would show a selfish, a lack of elemental chivalry, of which he could not be guilty. And yet the last fight with himself is long and bitter:

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To say goodbye to her and Youth and Passion!—to the only salve for the aching that Spring and Beauty bring,—the aching for the wild, the passionate, the new, that never quite dies in a man's heart.

Such is the substance of *The Dark Flower*, a curiously interesting and probing study of man's passions and woman's weaknesses. But in his striving after perfect technique, extreme condensation, and every ultimate economy of means, Mr. Galsworthy has perforce sacrificed something of the element of personality, his characters are not individualised with the sharpness of his earlier novels; he has been satisfied to let them be little more than types.

"THE JOY OF YOUTH"

Here is another story of youth and art and love, in the warmth and glamour of an Italian setting. It is an odd sort of book to come from Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and one feels that in roaming so far from the "good red earth of his native Dartmoor," he has in large measure lost his cunning. The formula of the book is sufficiently familiar. A young woman and a young man, both abundantly endowed with youth, good looks and worldly prosperity, meet by chance, waive conventions, and forthwith indulge in most preposterously confidential interchange of their life histories. She, it seems, is engaged to be married to a rich and titled gentleman, a fifth Baronet, conservative and narrow. The young artist has a score of reasons for disapproving of this match and for urging the girl to come instead to Italy and study art, his chief though unspoken reason being that although he is not quite aware of it, he is in love with her himself. Well, the girl does go to Italy, although she has not yet broken off her engagement nor has she any intention of doing so. The greater portion of the volume is taken up with the details of her weeks of sight-seeing in Florence, most of them as revealed through her lengthy letters to her betrothed,—through which it becomes more and more apparent that the handsome young

artist is playing havoc with the young woman's constancy. But she has no intention to throw aside a title, and the artist has not the slightest intention of asking her to, until one day a crisis is brought about by an episode that even a better craftsman than Mr. Phillpotts would have hard work to make convincing. The artist is struggling to finish a picture that is destined to be his masterpiece, and he cannot find a model that will satisfy his needs. He feels instinctively that this girl is the one woman in the world who has the figure that he needs. It is the same situation as that handled with infinitely more art by Zola in *L'Œuvre*, where Claude makes known his needs to Christine. There is nothing fastidious or delicate about this artist of Mr. Phillpotts. He blurts out his wish quite brutally, and then wonders at the girl's sense of outrage. One feels that in real life no man with even the veneer of a gentleman could blunder so crassly, and no girl, after such an insult, could be persuaded to sit down again and argue the question out. But behind the surface crudeness of the situation there is a bit of psychology that rings true. These two are self-blinded, they do not yet realise that they love each other. Consequently, argues Mr. Phillpotts, so long as they do not know, he can ask this favour and she is compelled to refuse. But the crisis brings awakening; and when they do know, she is able to consent to his wish, while for him it has become impossible to accept. An interesting bit of subtlety, but spoiled by the failure to make the individuals concerned seem real.

"THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY"

Three husbands seem to be the customary allowance granted by novelists to the pushing, climbing, heartless type of American woman, who will sacrifice everything to her social ambitions and insatiable love of pleasure. Three husbands, it will be remembered, were given by Robert Grant to Selma White, the heroine of *Unleavened Bread*; three also by Winston Churchill to the hero-

ine of *A Modern Chronicle*; and similarly, Mrs. Wharton is equally generous to Undine Spragg, the central figure of her latest volume, *The Custom of the Country*. It is a brilliantly cynical picture of feminine ruthlessness, and a fundamental inability to conceive of father, mother, friends and husbands having been created for any other purpose than to gratify every passing whim of this one beautiful and utterly spoiled young woman. Mrs. Wharton has painted Undine Spragg with an unsparing mercilessness that almost makes the reader wince. It is a splendid and memorable piece of work, a portrait to form a worthy contrast to the equally unforgettable one of Lily Bart. But there is little object in analysing in detail the separate episodes which make Miss Spragg successively Mrs. Ralph Marvell, the Marquise de Chelles, and Mrs. Elmer Moffatt. They are of a nature that cannot be adequately conveyed at second hand; it is not what happens that matters, it is the play of human motives and human limitations behind the happenings that makes this volume one of Mrs. Wharton's finest achievements. And the final touch of the closing paragraph is a perfect climax, a crowning touch of comprehension of monumental and perennial dissatisfaction:

Under all the dazzle a tiny black cloud remained. She had learned there was something she could never get, something that neither beauty nor influence nor millions could ever buy for her. She could never be an ambassador's wife; and as she advanced to receive her first guests, she said to herself that it was the one part she was really made for.

"VAN CLEVE"

Mrs. Mary S. Watts, who is pleasantly remembered by a good many readers as the author of *Nathan Burke* and *The Legacy*, has just added to her list another piece of similarly careful workmanship, entitled *Van Cleve*. There is no point in quarrelling with an author for deliberately adopting the somewhat antiquated methods of mid-Victorian

novelists, writing themselves partly into and partly out of the stage setting, and indulging in all sorts of side remarks concerning their characters, after the time-honoured example of Thackeray. Some readers probably like this sort of thing, while those of us who feel otherwise can manage to let our eye pass unseeingly over such irritating interruptions. Taken on its merits, *Van Cleve* may be summed up as a piece of sterling character study and a somewhat disappointing story. It is the history of a young man's struggle to win a place in the world, although handicapped by poverty and a family of helpless women and one old man, all of them foolishly wasteful and extravagant, and bent upon making a foolish show of prosperity. But however busy young Van Cleve Kendrick may have been at the bank, where he was rapidly "making good," he found time to fall in love with Lorrie, the quiet, steady, clear-sighted daughter of old Professor Gilbert, whose only son, Robert, was a dissipated ne'er-do-well. Lorrie, with her precocious wisdom, ought to have known that she could have found no more steady, devoted and altogether better husband than Van Cleve; but in this one respect she did not see clearly, and so engaged herself to one of her brother Robert's undesirable acquaintances. All this is portrayed with a quiet skill, a simplicity and minuteness of detail that make the characters luminously real and delightfully human, even in their small vanities and foibles. But all of a sudden the whole tone of the book changes: the Spanish War has broken out; Lorrie's betrothed, having crowned a series of misdeeds by ruining one of Lorrie's life-long girl friends, secures a commission, and Lorrie's brother, failing to pass the medical examination, follows the regiment as a newspaper reporter. No sooner have they gone than Lorrie's girl friend acknowledges her misfortune, and in order to save her lover, lays the blame upon Robert. Immediately, we have a mad Odyssey of Lorrie with Van Cleve acting as chaperon, rushing frantically to the seat of

war, in pursuit, intent upon bringing him back to right a wrong for which he was not responsible. They arrive in Cuba just in time to hear the news that Lorrie's betrothed was one of the few soldiers who lost their lives in the first skirmish. Lorrie is prostrated with grief, but finds comfort in the belief that her lost lover had lived and died like a hero. Robert, almost at the end of his own dissipated life, decides to do a quixotic thing: it would kill Lorrie, he thinks, to know of her lover's baseness, so he accepts the other girl's lie as the truth and consents to marry her. The situation is a close parallel to that of Amelia and the patient Dobbin in *Vanity Fair*: Lorrie keeps poor Van Cleve waiting for ten weary years, because of the mistaken image she has cherished of her lost lover. And it is not until her brother's wife plays the part of Becky Sharp and disillusiones her that she finally discovers that her heart has room for another and a worthier love.

"T. TEMBAROM"

Imagine Mrs. Burnett saying to herself: "I think I will rewrite *Little Lord Fauntleroy* for grown-up readers, but instead of having him the carefully nurtured son of a refined and loving mother, he shall have had the harsher training of Dick the bootblack, a product of the New York streets." Whether consciously or not, that at all events is precisely what Mrs. Burnett has done in

T. Tembarom,—which mysterious and cryptic name is simply a convenient abbreviation of the hero's more aristocratic appellation of Temple Temple Barholm. A young man of twenty odd years, who has slept in cellars and barrels, has roughed it from the days of his earliest remembrance and fought his way to a position as editor of the Harlem social page on a New York daily paper; a young man whose ignorance of history, geography, and practically everything which most educated persons are expected to know is monumental,—such a man offers a chance for curious and amusing contrasts on a far larger scale than a small boy like Little Lord Fauntleroy, when suddenly injected into the utterly foreign environment of British aristocracy. Mrs. Burnett has obviously enjoyed herself immensely, and it is only fair to say that the enjoyment is contagious. It is all quite preposterous of course, and the coincidence on which the whole plot turns, that of the hero having picked up in New York streets a poor, unfortunate gentleman who has lost his memory and does not know who he is, and who ultimately turns out to be the real heir, thus ousting T. Tembarom from his temporary life of luxury, is too artificial, too far-fetched to win even a moment's credence. But if you take the book as just a good piece of fun, you will extract a good hour or two of genuine amusement out of it,—and few readers are so unreasonable as to ask more.

TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

It is a curious coincidence that there should have been published within a few months of each autobiographies of three

*Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. With illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1913.

History as Literature and Other Essays. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.

distinguished Americans, Admiral Dewey, Senator Lodge and Colonel Roosevelt,—since it was Mr. Lodge who was mainly instrumental in having Mr. Roosevelt made Assistant-Secretary of the Navy and it was Mr. Roosevelt who was mainly instrumental in having Admiral Dewey appointed to the command of the Asiatic fleet. It is also a coincidence, although it is not at all curious, that these three American autobiographies are what they purport to be;

they are the records of their narrators' careers penned by themselves, each of the writers expressing himself in characteristic fashion. Unfortunately all self-styled autobiographies are not what they vaunt themselves to be; and the *Memoirs of D'Artagnan*, the *Confessions of Vidocq* and the *Confidences of Robert Houdin* seem to have been written for the alleged autobiographers and not by them. And two recent American autobiographies are deprived of not a little of their self-revelatory charm by the expert revision to which they have been subjected by outside hands.

It is a wise autobiography that knows its own father; and there need be no doubt as to the paternity of Colonel Roosevelt's account of his own adventures and experiences. Colonel Roosevelt is interested in many things and in many persons. Why should he not be interested also in himself? And how could this interest help being contagious? In fact, "interesting" is an adjective which stands in danger of being overworked by any one who undertakes to write about Colonel Roosevelt. He is a most interesting personality himself; he has met many interesting persons; he has seen many interesting things; and he has done many interesting things. There would be few to dispute the assertion that Benjamin Franklin had the most interesting life ever lived by any American born before 1850; the range of his activities private and public, in America and in Europe, was without precedent and without parallel. But there would also be few to dispute the assertion that Colonel Roosevelt's life bids fair to equal Franklin's in interest, if not to surpass it.

Now, Franklin's remains the most alluring of American autobiographies, withstanding comparison with the most characteristic of European autobiographies—Cellini's and Rousseau's. If Colonel Roosevelt's career has been as interesting as Franklin's we are entitled to hope that his autobiography may also be as interesting as Franklin's. But this is an unreasonable expectation, since the

conditions of composition are altogether different. Franklin wrote out his recollections in his old age for his own children, with no intention of immediate publication, whereas Colonel Roosevelt has here talked about himself for immediate publication, while he is still in the prime of life and while he is intensely active in the welter of contemporary politics. He cannot yet take the disinterested view of men and things which was more or less natural to Franklin. Many of the most interesting things he could tell us, he cannot tell us now, for the hour has not yet come for such revelations as these. Furthermore he has in some measure discounted this book by earlier books which were in fact anticipatory sections of this possible autobiography, the *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, for one, the *Rough Riders* for another, and for a third the account of his adventures in the dark continent, which he called *African Game Trails*.

Franklin was perfectly candid in talking about himself and so is Colonel Roosevelt. Indeed, it is probable that in conversation even Franklin was not as frank as Colonel Roosevelt, whose openness of speech has often astonished his intimates. But the spoken word vanishes with the wind and the printed word remains for all to read; and therefore we read in the first lines of the preface that naturally there are chapters of his autobiography "which cannot now be written." And some of those now unwritten would be most interesting to read. How was it that he procured the resignation of Byrnes, the chief of police? How was it that he got through the New York Legislature a franchise tax and a civil service law which the members of that legislature did not want to pass? By what unsuspected inducements did he suddenly persuade the presidents of the coal roads to agree to a method of settling the strike which they had hitherto contemptuously refused to consider? These revelations we have no right to expect now, of course, yet it is to be hoped that Colonel Roosevelt has put

them in writing for the benefit of future historians. And we take heart of hope when we remark that the title of this volume is "*An Autobiography*" and not "*The Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt*." An autobiography does not debar other autobiographies in days to come. Colonel Roosevelt is a man of surpassing energy and initiative, who has already broken many precedents, and there is no reason why—when he has happily attained the fulness of years that were Franklin's—he should not write a second autobiography or even a third.

It remains to be said, moreover, that this present autobiography is not confined to personalia; it is partly apologia and partly propaganda; and it is not disparaging the value of the propaganda or the validity of the apologia to suggest that these parts are necessarily less interesting, although perhaps not less characteristic, than the passages of purely personal narrative which are more truly autobiographic. After all, what we want in a book by Colonel Roosevelt about Colonel Roosevelt, is as much as possible of Colonel Roosevelt himself. We want to see him as he sees himself. We want as many lights as may be on the most interesting of Americans at the beginning of the twentieth century, as Franklin was the most interesting of Americans at the end of the eighteenth century. And these pages, incomplete as they are in some directions, and didactic or even hortatory as they may be at times, do reveal to us the man Roosevelt as reflected in his own mirror.

It is a very human personality that is so disclosed; very engaging and very energetic; tingling with vitality; endowed with the zest of life and the gusto of living; not unduly self-conscious; interested in himself, no doubt, like the rest of us, but scarcely more than he is interested in many others; possessed of abundant humour and good humour; able to take a joke even when it is against himself—and perhaps especially when it is against himself; and enriched with unsurpassed gift for friendship. Probably it is the extraordinary range

of his interests in life which is the explanation of the extraordinary diversity of his comradeships. If a man is to be judged by his associates, if he is known by the friends he makes and by the friends he keeps then is Colonel Roosevelt disclosed as the most marvellously varied of men. Across these pages of personal record there files an endless procession of intimates, policemen and cowboys, statesmen and rough riders, civil service reformers and prize fighters, heelers and henchmen, soldiers and sailors, horsemen and sportsmen, men of letters and men of affairs, labour leaders and foreign diplomats, simplified spellers and faunal naturalists, historians and priests, society women and working girls, Mr. Jacob Riis and General Leonard Wood, Mark Hanna and Matthew S. Quay. Especially significant and instructive are his opinions of these two last, machine politicians both of them, and one of them badly smirched by the facts of his career; yet here we are made to see the better aspects of their characters, their courage and on occasion their faculty of self-sacrifice.

No passages of the book are more interesting—the adjective must be pardoned once for all since its repetition is imperative—than those devoted to Colonel Roosevelt's childhood. He showed his customary shrewdness in selecting his parents; he calls his father the best man he ever knew. Oddly enough he fails to record the fact that his father was nominated for Collector of the Port of New York only to fail of confirmation from the objection of Roscoe Conkling. His mother was a Southerner, who sympathised with her section throughout the Civil War. The autobiographer records that although he was only seven years of age when the war came to an end he had become conscious that his parents were not in accord in their views about the conflict; "and once, when I felt that I had been wronged by maternal discipline during the day, I attempted a partial vengeance by praying with loud fervour for the success of the Union arms, when we all

came to say our prayers before my mother in the evening." Fortunately, the mother had the same sense of humour as her son; and she also could take a joke even if it was against herself.

This incident is as significant as any in the book, although it would be possible to adduce scores of others as self-revelatory. But the reviewer must deny himself the privilege of further quotation, for if he once began he would not know when to stop. There are a host of salient passages, very valuable to all who seek to understand American character and the changing conditions of American life; and these passages are scattered throughout the book, although they are perhaps most numerous in the chapters on Colonel Roosevelt's career as an assembly-man, as a police-commissioner and as Governor. Perhaps it will suffice to say that this is a book that no American citizen can afford to neglect. Colonel Roosevelt has accumulated bitter enemies as assiduously as he has gathered about him fast friends. The friends know him already for what he is; and the enemies have now an opportunity for making his acquaintance and for perceiving a little better the reasons why his personality has appealed powerfully to the American people—a people whom he both understands and represents.

It is greatly to be regretted that the publishers have not given to Colonel Roosevelt's book a mechanical setting commensurate with its merits. The volume is undeniably ugly; it is clumsy and heavy; the page is ill-proportioned and the paper is unpleasantly shiny, while the multiplied illustrations are not displayed to advantage. In fact, the volume might be likened not unfairly to an ill-made subscription-book cluttered with haphazard process-cuts. It is in marked contrast with the sober dignity of the other book of Colonel Roosevelt's writing which has appeared almost simultaneously and which is easy in the hand and pleasant to the eye.

History as Literature, and Other Essays is the title Colonel Roosevelt has given to the volume containing his three

important European addresses of several years ago. It takes its name from the address he delivered last year as president of the American Historical Association. To these four papers intended for oral delivery are added seven other essays originally prepared for publication in various periodicals, on the "Ancient Irish Sagas," for example; on "Dante in the Bowery," and on "Productive Scholarship" (in which he expresses his high appreciation of the writings of Professor Lounsbury). Perhaps no one of these minor essays is more characteristic than the ingenious article, entitled "Dante in the Bowery," which presents an aspect of Dante's art not hitherto recognised, probably because Colonel Roosevelt is the first writer about Dante who happened also to have a personal knowledge of the Bowery.

Interesting as these minor articles are (the adjective will insist on thrusting itself forward) they are not as important as the four addresses which precede them. These are the lofty and dignified utterances of a statesman, of a practical politician—who is also a man of letters. No statesman of our time, either here or abroad, has so wide a range of interests as Colonel Roosevelt or has garnered so varied a mass of information, not merely collected but assimilated. His disquisitions on themes seemingly remote from his special fields of activity may seem daring to some; indeed, they are daring; but they justify themselves. They reveal his possession of the interpreting imagination which can survey the whole field of history past and present, using the present to illuminate the past and the past as a beacon to the present, and calling upon natural history to explain the laws of human history.

The three European addresses, in Paris, in Berlin, and at Oxford, call for no criticism now as they were abundantly discussed when they were delivered. To the present reviewer they are less interesting (once more!) although not less significant, than the address on "History as Literature" which Colonel Roosevelt has wisely chosen to put in

the forefront of his volume. It was no empty compliment which the American Historical Association paid him when it elected him as one of its annual presidents; it was only a belated recognition of one of the leading American historians. For Colonel Roosevelt wrote history before he helped to make it. He tells us in the autobiography that he began his *Naval History of the War of 1812* while he was still an undergraduate. The four volumes of the *Winning of the West* were prepared in his early manhood while he was ranching and later while he was serving on the Civil Service Commission in Washington. They represent strenuous labour in research and arduous toil in the co-ordination of material industriously accumulated. They may be considered as a necessary continuation of Parkman's great work, and here regret may be recorded that Colonel Roosevelt has never replevined from the oblivion of the back-number the cordial appreciation of Parkman as a historian which he contributed anonymously to the *Independent* a score of years ago.

In his address to his fellow-historians he drove home the point that history is both a science and an art, and that neither aspect can be slighted. If the historian insists that his duty is solely that of the scientific investigator, then the result is a justification of the old jibe which described history as "a barren region abounding in dates." If, on the other hand, he neglects the necessary integrity of research, the result is a fragile rhetorical narrative certain speedily to disintegrate. The great historian is at once a man of science and a man of letters; he is a good workman who makes sure of the best materials, but who does not invite the inspection of his chips. Colonel Roosevelt, it may be noted, has practised the doctrine he is here preaching. His *Winning of the West* has the sterner scientific merits as well as abundant literary charm. What is his own ideal of this artistic science and scientific art is set forth in a passage of soaring eloquence wherein he rises on

the wings of imagination (pp. 32-34) to survey in compact perspective a succession of significant moments in the shifting panorama of human progress in peace and through war.

Brander Matthews.

III

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ADMIRAL DEWEY*

Admiral Dewey has shown a modest frankness in this part of the book and in the following section in which he deals with his dramatic and instructive Civil War service, which is most engaging. In fact, the story of his boyhood, his youth, and young manhood is altogether charming. When an old sailor has the gift of humour he has it in a riper, mellow and more stimulating way, as a rule, than any other man. Then the Admiral's frankness. It leaves something to be desired. One knows instinctively that he just bubbles over with good stories of himself and others which he has not told. He has tried to write seriously as befitted the dignity of the subject, but the pleasant humour of the man will not down. One wishes that the Admiral would sit down with a sympathetic friend and a competent stenographer nearby and talk about the men and things that he has come across in his long life without being trammelled by literary or other considerations. His table talk would be delightful.

The public career of the Admiral is too fresh in the minds of all Americans to require any extended notice or comment here. This is just a warm appreciation of a book and a hearty urging upon our people to buy it and read it and let their boys read it, and their girls, too. Not only for the splendid story of the brilliant achievements of a man making good at everything entrusted to him, but for the self-revelation of a personality which explains and measures up to

*Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the Admiral's deeds. The country is rich that can develop such men, the institutions which contribute to the development have approved themselves as worthy of the best thought of the people. How much this great captain and all other great captains to come owe to the past. Like Nelson, Dewey commanded a band of brothers when he made that extraordinarily gallant dash into that port of romance and ancient history, Manila. Like Farragut, although he did not say it, he damned the torpedoes in the Boca Grande as he went ahead in his flagship when the hour to strike had come. The most valuable sea maxim perhaps that has ever been enunciated came from Farragut's lips. "The best protection from an enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from your own guns." Dewey had that in mind on that morning off Cavite.

Here is what the Admiral says about Farragut:

Farragut has always been my ideal of the naval officer, urbane, decisive, indomitable. Whenever I have been in a difficult situation, or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have often asked myself, "What would Farragut do?" In the course of the preparations for Manila Bay I often asked myself this question, and I confess that I was thinking of him the night that we entered the Bay, and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done. Valuable as the training of Annapolis was, it was poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war.

And certainly he is right without derogation to the Naval Academy or any other school, for no institution or system can take the place of a man. The Naval School plus Farragut made Dewey. The Naval School plus Dewey will make the next great captain if, which God forbid, our battle flags should once more be broken out from the mastheads of our ships on the high seas.

The frankness with which the Admiral writes at first changes into an ex-

traordinary reserve when he reaches what is perhaps the most interesting period of his career; the time when he and von Diedrichs, the German Admiral, were playing the war game in Manila Harbour after the annihilation of the Spanish Fleet, with every possibility that the play might develop into earnest.

The chapter well marked, "A Period of Anxiety," is more remarkable for what it does not say than for what it does. These are the words with which the Admiral begins the chapter:

At a dinner given me at the White House upon my return home President McKinley mentioned the repeated statement in the press about the friction in my relations with Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs, in command of the German Asiatic Squadron.

"There is no record of it at all on the files," he said.

"No, Mr. President," I answered. "As I was on the spot and familiar with the situation from day to day, it seemed best that I look after it myself, at a time when you had worries of your own."

Quite characteristic of the self-reliant man! And this the paragraph with which the Admiral closes the chapter:

Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs sent a capable, tactful young officer of his staff to me with a memorandum of grievances. When I had heard them through I made the most of the occasion by using him as a third person to state candidly and firmly my attitude in a verbal message which he conveyed to his superior so successfully that Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs was able to understand my point of view. There was no further interference with the blockade or breach of the etiquette which had been established by the common consent of the other foreign commanders. Thus, as I explained to the President, after the war was over, a difference of opinion about international law had been adjusted amicably, without adding to the sum of his worries.

Now what was that candid but firm message the Admiral sent to von Diedrichs which finally enlightened him as to the American's view point and settled his pernicious and annoying meddling?

Perhaps the Admiral may be inclined to dictate a supplementary chapter of his memoirs some day and turn it over to some Trust Company to keep until a sufficient number of years have elapsed to render the publication of all the facts and incidents of that trying time a perfectly safe and proper thing to do.

There are one or two other interesting statements.

As we got under way the officers and men of the British ship *Immortalité* crowded on the deck, her guard was paraded, and her band played "Under the Double Eagle," which was known to be my favourite march. Then, as we drew away from the anchorage from which for over three months we had watched the city and bay, Captain Chichester got under way also, and with the *Immortalité* and the *Iphigenia* steamed over toward the city and took up a position which placed his vessels between ours and those of the foreign fleet.

This interesting incident took place when the fleet was moving over to enforce that bloodless surrender of the city for the sake of saving Spanish honour. Twisting the Lion's tail is a practice which has not entirely lost its vogue in America. But it is not so much fun as it was, and we do not enter into it with such hearty zest when we think of the way Captain Chichester conducted himself at Manila Bay. Dewey and Chichester made quite a combination. Perhaps some day von Diedrichs will give us his version of the situation. The statements of the two admirals placed side by side would make interesting reading.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

IV

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "SHAKSPERE AS A PLAYWRIGHT"*

This book is packed with the brisk and illuminating phrases in which Professor Matthews so excels. He brings his splendid equipment in theatrical his-

*Shakspere as a Playwright. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tory to bear on the local conditions of Shakespeare's stage and audience, in a way productive of much enlightenment on many matters darkened by the old-fashioned sentimental and philosophical criticism. Temperate and sensible, the book allows you to bundle away much of the lyrical bombast of an earlier day; though one must own this is rather by implication than aggressive statement.

The thesis of the book is that which we have learned to expect from the body of the author's doctrine upon the theatre. He marvels at the type of mind which can, even down to the present day, discuss Shakespeare without reference to his stage where no effort was made either by audience or playwright to localise the spot on which the characters were meeting, where any change in this locality was naïvely indicated, where both sides were interested only in what people said and did and not what they were supposed to be, and where everything said was frankly directed to the spectator. His stage is to be visualised by its relation to the mediæval stage rather than our own. As for the man himself, much misinterpretation has resulted from the failure to keep in mind that he himself was an Elizabethan with their characteristic stoutness of nerves and insensibility to pain. His semi-mediæval attitude led him to think of many things as mirthful which we do not accept as such. We should be glad to think he had a keener sense of artistic propriety than his plays reveal, but there is no reason to suppose that he did not share the preference of his time for violence, unreasonableness, and word-juggling. That a man of his tastes and beliefs should have written his greatest plays must ever remain an insoluble mystery.

While his great plays are for all time, his poor ones are only for the Tudor theatre. They are feeble, dramaturgically empty, often perversely gross. He was half way through his career before he ceased to serve up again and again the traditional personages of the Greek and mediæval stages. The final test of

a writer of fiction is whether he gives life to his people or not. Shakespeare is richer in this life-giving quality than any other dramatist. It was unlucky for him that he wrote before definite types of comedy and tragedy had been established. He was as unable to create them as he was to do any original thinking, in the sense of pushing forward the boundaries of intellectual speculation. This handicap is particularly noticeable in the former kind of play. His four chief comedies are curiously alike in structure, frankly mediæval in devices, and renascence only in characterisation. Since his predecessors had provided him with no examples to go by, he wrote no play which belongs to the highest type of comedy.

This brings us to a discussion of the unnecessarily ticklish subject of Shakespeare's lack of originality. It cannot be said that Professor Matthews is at all convincing here. It is true, of course, that in taking plots from histories and novels and even other plays—and even in borrowing from the latter whole scenes—Shakespeare was but conforming to the custom of his theatre. But why depreciate invention because Shakespeare lacked it? To say that originality is to be found inside and not outside, is to close one's eyes to the fact that nowadays we refuse to discuss seriously plots which have been bodily transferred from elsewhere and merely bettered, as is to be expected, by second manipulation. Also, if originality of story is as hopeless as Professor Matthews in his brief for Shakespeare assumes, why do modern writers waste so much time and brains in what they falsely term invention? When one admits that Shakespeare is at his best only in improving a ready-made play, why dispose so lightly of the pattern which is thus vitally necessary to his genius? The non-delivery of Friar Laurence's letter in *Romeo and Juliet* is brought about by a mighty arm of coincidence, he concedes—but goes on to say that some other stroke of ill-fortune would have prevented its arrival, since what

had to be had to be. The point seems to be, however, that no other stroke did prevent; and one wonders if anybody could be found who would care to speak in this fond tone of any contemporary work. Far safer is it to say, as the author says so well, that Shakespeare seemed to be perfectly satisfied with what ran off his pen since he thought it sufficient for the species of ephemeral journalism which plays were then considered. In abandoning the old sentimental criticism which neglected Shakespeare's stage and audience altogether and in a book which frankly announces a distinctly scientific policy, the author still casts a lingering look behind to the grateful precincts of a more glowing day.

The interesting chapter on Shakespeare's actors is the most novel contribution of the book. The company at its fullest strength numbered probably not over twenty-six; and its usual number was fifteen, many doubles being made. Fifteen to twenty new plays were produced a season, and even the old tried successes never had consecutive performances. We may be sure that Shakespeare, like Molière, rarely wrote any part for which there was not a fit performer in his company and that he suited his characters to his people. He himself seems to have played what are technically termed "old men," important but not prominent parts and calling for more intelligence than emotion. It is not improbable, Professor Matthews thinks, that he had physical limitations as an actor which condemned him to such parts; and notes that the sonnets seem to show that he had a dislike for the calling of actor. Burbage, he goes on to say, must have been a great tragedian because Shakespeare wrote *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet* for him. This may have been, of course, but it does not seem particularly probable. The fact proves only that he was the best tragedian in the company. For it is scarcely likely that even the practical Shakespeare would have deliberately written down to the abilities of his ac-

tors. Even the critical estimation of the time does not help us, for the critics had small comparison. Alleyn greatly pleased the critics in his declamation of the part of Tamburlaine, but he jumped into it without any previous training whatever, and it is absurd to imagine that any untrained voice could be adequate from our point of view to speeches so extraordinarily exacting. Great actors have not, in theatrical history, by the mere fact of their existence called forth great plays; or great parts created great actors. When this same assumption is made for the boy heroines (of whom Cleopatra speaks with such contempt) it makes one gasp. Where are such boys in the world to-day? Physical demands aside, how many qualifications of grace, refinement, and flexibility must have united in order that they should have been even tolerable! The audiences probably accepted the boys merely because it had not occurred to them that they might have girls. It was a convention of their stage, like all their other conventions which would nowadays interfere with the illusion we demand; and one doubts if the stage which tolerated it could have had very high ideals of acting.

This fresh and lively treatment of an eternal subject is delightful. Bernard Shaw, too, will be delighted that the English race is one book the nearer to a rational treatment of their national idol.

Graham Berry.

V

MARY JOHNSTON'S "HAGAR"*

Some thirteen years ago, Miss Johnston wrote a novel called *To Have and to Hold*, which many of us will remember. It was her second book, though with regard to popular attention practically her first; a book which to-day possibly she would wish us to forget, albeit of that surely there would be no need. For it was a good buxom, rosy, Colonial ro-

*Hagar. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

mance according to the fashion of the time: a trifle naïve here and there, somewhat formally amateurish in its quaintnesses of style, but no less an honest bit of workmanship, pleasantly imaginative. It told of a Virginia planter buying for a hundred pounds of tobacco a wife from among that cargo of maidens brought over to the bachelor colony for the purpose; and of how this off-hand and primitive union in the end hallowed itself adventurously into wholesomeness. A book written frankly for the story, neither searching very deeply into character nor preoccupied with teaching any particular lesson; but the odd thing is that only now, in connection with the author's latest effort, *To Have and to Hold* acquires suddenly a lesson to teach.

The first impression of *Hagar* is as a contrast to Miss Johnston's early work, and as the culmination of that trend apparent in *Cease Firing* and *The Long Roll*: a very serious novel of modern times, realistic in method and much preoccupied with propaganda, "a glowing argument for feminism." Hagar Ashendyne appears as the child of a hedonist father who disports himself at large in Europe, leaving her and a weakly rebellious mother to live upon his family in Virginia. The Ashendynes are an overbearing old family, starched stiff with tradition. The mother frets and pines, while the child reads *The Origin of Species* and otherwise evinces an uncomfortable intelligence. Both are considered shocking, and are repressed; and so soon as the pathos and irritation of this are established, the mother dies and Hagar goes to boarding-school. There she further disquiets her grandparents by an adolescent love affair with a teacher; and after a rapid recovery is sent to New York for the winter, where she reads and observes much of the modern social unrest, recognises at a Socialist meeting a former convict to whom she had in childhood given apple turnovers when he was attempting escape, and makes the beginnings of a literary career. Thence she is suddenly called abroad to her father, who has been crip-

pled in a shipwreck and has lost in the same disaster his wealthy second wife. After travelling with him for several years, she reappears in London, by now a mature woman and a successful author. During a visit to Nassau she meets again Denny, the ex-convict, self-educated and developed, editor of a Socialist paper, and is on the point of falling in love with him; but he is already married, and she conquers the impulse in an hour's struggle. Her father dies, and Hagar, leaving his fortune to charity (for she has long been self-supporting), returns to New York, to throw herself into the feminist movement with Denny and his wife. There she finally disposes of a rather stupidly persistent lover (a friend of the family) who has annoyed her at intervals throughout the story, and at its close marries a civil engineer, who enters into it only in the last four chapters.

Thus baldly summarised, the story appears flat and inconsequential enough; and considered as mere narrative, it is so. It has no plot, in the sense of a coherent action carried up against opposition to a crisis: there is no knotting and unknotting; only a casual string of episodes, related only to the heroine and to the status of woman. But it is by this last that the book achieves unity. Miss Johnston has really no story to tell, unless it be of the inner growth and conviction of a feminist. She has a thesis to maintain, of which she never for an instant loses sight, and toward which she bends every effort of her art. The characters, loosely connected in action, are chosen with careful skill to set forth each a particular phase of the woman-problem: hardly a conceivable point of view, but is occupied by the appropriate type of person, voluble and distinct. Many of them indeed are in the book for no other purpose than to talk feminism. All the pleasant people are in its favour; all those opposed to it are disagreeable; and none of them change their minds. The events, again, though they fail to grow out of one another, invariably grow out of the subject. There

is real narrative art in the opening chapters, in the quiet, deft emphasis upon the intolerable repression of Hagar and her mother until the reader forgets that the one is priggish and the other fretful, that their false position results not inherently from the subjection of woman but extraneously from a special arrangement of characters and circumstances; and feels only that burning irritation against propriety which the author intended him to feel. Thereafter for a space the story flounders, losing direction and vividness. And thenceforward to the end the narrative is buried by the propaganda, the action growing weaker and the argument steadily stronger and more impersonal. Of course, this is not the way to write a purpose-novel, or any novel for that matter; for the first essence of narrative is to express the theme in terms of human action: concretely as life, not abstractly as argument. But it cannot be called an inartistic (or ineffective) way of writing an essay on woman's rights in fictional form.

But perhaps the pleasantest thing of all is the inevitable persistence in this mature and ambitious book of Miss Johnston's native romance and original naiveté. She tries so honestly to be realistic; she is so unwilling to seem innocent; and she remains through all so beautifully ladylike. Mr. Laydon, the teacher of Belles-Lettres, reads Browning to the schoolgirl Hagar sitting by the fire. She feels something rich and delicate rising within her, he is shaken by the passion of his own reading. Their eyes meet for a moment, while their hearts beat violently. Next morning, Laydon meets her in the garden, crying: "Hagar, Hagar! That was Love came to us last night! I have not slept. I did not know there was such a force in the world." To which Hagar for the time being agrees. Now, we are expressly told that neither heretofore had personally noticed the other, and that Mr. Laydon was twenty-eight years of age. The question of Hagar's psychology we may leave to the ladies; but let them be assured that no man ever stood

in trousers who did not since he was fifteen know more than that about himself. Certainly there is such a thing as love at first sight, but. . . . The effort after realism appears in the disruption of the affair a little later, as a mistake. Ten years ago, Miss Johnston would have made such an episode the beginning of a real love story. Another interesting trifle is that in a book usually quite modern in its discussion of improprieties, she still alludes with Victorian restraint to Hagar's "limbs." But the romantic spirit comes out most solidly in the talk of the persons. Under the least stress of thought or action, they speak to the situation, in good old-fashioned tirades; and character and colloquialism may go hang. "My own sharp inner struggle," says Hagar to Denny, "was for intellectual and spiritual freedom. I had to think away from concepts with which the atmosphere in which I was raised was saturated. I had to think away from creeds and dogmas and affirmations made for me by my ancestors. I had to think away from a sacrosanct Past and the virtue of Immobility. . . ." And Fay, who has just been accepted by Hagar in a sinking boat storm-dashed along the Breton coast, remarks: "It has sometimes seemed to me that After Death may prove to be just Life with something like fourth dimensional powers." Do people talk like that?

It would be fairer in some respects to approach this book not as fiction at all, but as argument: not as a tale, but as a tract; and upon that ground to agree or take issue with its propositions. *To Have and to Hold* is vastly inferior to it in thoughtfulness, in art and knowledge of characterisation, in descriptive vividness, in force and maturity of style. Yet with all its youth, it remains the better story, more creative and less intellectual. And it may even be questioned whether it is not unintentionally the wiser vision of the bondage and the freedom of womanhood. For in that mere romance of the brute bargain hal- lowing itself, of the false position com-

ing true, may be read more, if you will, than ever was written into it. Freedom is not in the destruction of conditions but in the control of them; and that which men and women require of each other must be given at last not in the clamours of the market-place but in the harmony of home.

Brian Hooker.

VI

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "THE CORYSTON FAMILY"*

It has been Mrs. Humphry Ward's chosen task to set before her readers, in each novel, some formative period of England's life, in its intimate influence on the hearts, minds, and fates of the people of that time. It might have been expected, therefore, that in some work of hers we should find, sooner or later, the echoes of the greatest political struggle England has seen since the days of Magna Charta, the famous Budget Fight of 1910. Here, as in the other work of this gifted writer, the human interest is intimately a part of the stirring background of political strife, is so powerfully conditioned by it, that in no other epoch could the fortunes of the Coryston family have fallen out as they did,—in no other epoch as in those stirring months when landlordocracy and democracy first stood facing each other like hostile armies straining in bonds. Lady Coryston is the banner-bearer of the land-owning nobility, fighting with all the strength of an unusual brain and will power to retain inherited privileges. As the opposing force we see the Chancellor Glenwilliam,—and even though he is described as "big and burly" the adjectives are but a thin disguise for that foremost and most-hated as well as most-adored man in England, David Lloyd-George. Lady Coryston is a wonderful figure. In a long line of splendid women portraits Mrs. Ward has never done anything so striking, so imposing as this. She reminds one of a life-size

*The Coryston Family. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

wooden statue by Stephan Sinding, called "The Oldest of her Clan," and indeed Mrs. Ward might have chosen a reproduction of this figure as frontispiece for her book. Just so completely apart from any human consideration, just so completely denuded of any life interest except Pride and Will is Lady Cryston. Hate is the keynote of her existence, hate focussing itself on the person of the Chancellor, who typifies the encroaching forces of the New Order. Her love for her children is more pride than love. They mean something to her solely because they are *her* children, are members of the Cryston Family and of the British land-owning nobility. One alone, Arthur, the second son, seems to awaken a spark of something like true mother-love in the heart of this woman. But he is destined to give her the crushing blow.

The elder son, successor to the title, but kept by his mother from the ownership of the estates, is a distinctly modern type. The high-born reformer, struggling hard to get at the understanding of things, but as all his life emotions and fads have been allowed to sway him, undeterred by hard facts, he succeeds merely in keeping himself and every one else in hot water. Mrs. Ward describes him delightfully in the words:

He was one of those mercurial men who exist in order to keep the human tide in movement. Their opinions matter principally because without them the opinions of other men would not exist. Their function is to provoke.

But Cryston,—it is characteristic of the people described that no one ever calls him by his given name, we don't know what it is until the quiet little middle-class woman whom he marries insists on using it—Cryston is most engaging and is really more interesting than the daughter Marcia, who is unformed at first and then develops apparently into conventional repression; or than the other two sons. But the whole family stand completely as types of an institution, we feel in making their ac-

quaintance just as we feel in other of Mrs. Ward's books,—we are oppressed by the quiet passive immovability of That which is England. At the last, however, the writer has turned aside from her usual sincere frankness. Having taken a living man, a man known throughout the civilised world to-day, to be one of the characters of an imaginary tale,—the tale of an epoch impressed by this man's personality and deeds,—then she should have carried it through bravely. But the touch in the very last chapter, the notice of the death of Chancellor Glenwilliam in the wreck of a private yacht, comes somehow with a shock. It is as if the author had wished to tell us, "this man is not whom you think he is," or else that she wished to show the epoch so powerfully described as but a passing phase, no more important than many that have passed before. And a writer so clear to see her time as is Mrs. Ward must know that it is much too early to prophesy thus. But it is a notable book, and like the others that can be called the best of Mrs. Ward's books, it is a notable contribution to the intimate history of an important decade.

Edith Talbot Guernsey.

VII

STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S "GOLD"*

The birth of a great State, the opening up of the wonder-empire of the California Coast, is the theme of Mr. White's latest book. And he gives it to us as the first in a trilogy dealing with the Golden State, glimpses of its history from its earliest beginnings until the present day. There is a subtle charm, altogether enviable to others who may have tried to do the same thing and failed, in the way Mr. White hands his readers a great deal of solid, useful knowledge so that they swallow it down as if enjoying the most purely imaginative fiction. His hand has not lost its cunning here. In a style quaint and

*Gold. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

seemingly old-fashioned, until we realise that the narrator is a man of '49, writing in and of that time, he lets us follow the fortunes of a party of gold-seekers starting out from Baltimore.

The excitement of those months, when tales of gold lying about for any to gather who would, reached the Eastern States; the trials of what was then a long, perilous and slow journey by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and then—California, El Dorado of so many dreams!—are pictured with Mr. White's well-known skill. The narrator, Frank Munroe, a Vermont farmer boy, and his self-selected chum, Talbot Ward, find two further companions on the steamer, as oddly consorted as they themselves. The long, lank backwoodsman from the Middle West and the eager-eyed young scion of an old Southern family, complete a quartet so happily chosen by the author to typify the sorts and conditions of men who went to the Goldfields, and so humanly depicted, that it is only in thinking over the book after laying it aside that we notice the symbolism of it. We become humanly interested in the adventures of the quartet, and of the others who join them in the flower-strewn wilderness of California valleys,—all these other types as well. The high-born Spaniard, then known as the "native Californian," the various miners who had been in those regions long enough to lose their home identity; the gamblers who did not mine gold, but mined the miners; and the sturdy backwoodsmen, father and five tall sons, who came out honestly to settle and till the soil, not to seize the gold and run away, as the others planned to do. Then come pictures of the slow-arriving emigrant teams that had survived the journey across the plains, and stories of the horrors of that journey that made it indeed a test of the survival of the fittest.

As far as the adventurous part of the story is concerned, the excitement of discovering a "lead"; the fights with Indians; the shootings, open and by stealth, in the gambling-hells of a frontier town, the test that such rough life puts on a

man to show his real calibre,—all these things Mr. White does well. But so do others and, merely as such, they have been done many times before. What Mr. White has given us of novelty lies quite elsewhere. It is not merely a story of the rough life of the goldfields that he has written, it is the depicting of the birth of an empire. Gold, in his book, as in reality, means not only the so-called precious metal itself, but the Opportunity it spells, the opportunity given to every man to dig his livelihood from the earth without let or hindrance of any other man. This is the thing that led the pioneers through many a heart-breaking hour of journeying, Opportunity. Opportunity to dig gold, opportunity to settle and cultivate fertile land to be had for the taking; opportunity (to some far-sighted Easterners who knew the power of monopoly) to trade in men's necessities and make much gain thereby,—this was what the California of those early days spelled, and this it is as Mr. White has portrayed it for us. It is this which gives his book the epic quality and which makes us look forward eagerly to the volumes still to come.

J. Marchand.

VIII

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE'S "THE GOLDEN BARRIER"*

Most followers of the fiction of the day have pleasant recollections of *The Pride of Jennico*, *The Bath Comedy* and *The Incomparable Bellaires*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, all of which enjoyed a second lease of popular life on the stage. Then, too, there was the strong but slightly unpleasant story of *The Secret Orchard*, and best of all, the endearing charm of *Young April* will remain after many other more pretentious books have gone their way to the dusty death of the top shelf. To the reader mindful of their previous work, *The Golden Barrier*, by the same authors, will come with a distinct shock

*The Golden Barrier. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

of disappointment. It is a book distinctly reminiscent, and not reminiscent of anything they have formerly given us, but of Ouida and "The Duchess" when not at their best. From the heroine down to the old family servant most of the characters—and there are many—are types exaggerated to the point of caricature. Their motives are mean, with few exceptions, and their manners are bad. How any young woman of wealth and position and presumably of culture could have borne with their society for an hour, passes comprehension. She wouldn't have. She would have ordered the ridiculous Butler to show them the door in one of the earlier chapters. And their dishonesty and self-seeking is made so childishly apparent, that it would have taken an even greater fool than the heroine not to have seen through them at once. There are one or two characters sufficiently human to stand out pleasantly from the rest, but it takes more than a little leaven, in matters artistic, to produce the needed effect.

The general theme of the story is that of a rich young woman left without any one to warn or advise her, who becomes a prey to a crowd of miserable sycophants, some of whom are her relatives. Her appetite for flattery and admiration is insatiable. She is the Lady Bountiful for all the unsuccessful, would-be artists and writers who make her house a "home for would-be geniuses," to paraphrase the remark of one of Mr. Barrie's characters. She is supposed to fall in love with the only disinterested man she knows. But in spite of the fact that he brings into her life the only real happiness and feeling of security she has ever known, in a fit of vulgar ill-temper, she taunts him with having married her for her money, although she really knows the genuineness and honesty of his affection, and then is astonished that he resents her attitude. He leaves her to work out her own destiny, and a sorry destiny it is. She falls back into the clutches of her former associates. It is only when they have nearly succeeded

in ruining her that she comes to her senses and of her own will returns to her husband, to share his modest fortunes. The presumption is that they end better than they began, but no great feeling of interest in their fortunes is aroused.

Hobart Baker Ballin.

IX

CORRA HARRIS'S "IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND"*

It is possible that the very title *In Search of a Husband* which Corra Harris has chosen should prepare one for a book of few illusions: a search of this description having, somehow, a faintly sordid even—to employ that obsolete word dear to our grandmothers—unmaidenly suggestion. To be sure, Diogenes searched for an honest man. His motives have never been questioned. But that was different. The heroine of this book, if we may accept her own reiterated declaration, is an adventuress. Not the picturesque, flamboyant type that one meets with on the stage, but an adventuress of position and respectability. In her own words: "I was one of those pretty virgin adventuresses who are, after all, the greatest adventuresses in this world, because, being good, they have no conscience about how they attain the ends they seek." This remark may be more profound than it seems. Certainly the implication that the ordinary adventuress is troubled with conscience will go far to re-establish her in the minds of many who have formerly condemned her, now that we picture her tossing on her sleepless pillow, the victim of remorse.

But on one point one can endorse the heroine's opinion of herself. It was an unusually sophisticated and curiously hard young girl that makes her debut in the society of one of the Southern capitals at the opening of the story. Her one ambition in life is to make a rich match, her own family having been impoverished by the War. She is gifted with

**In Search of a Husband*. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

beauty, which, later, is to make her famous all through the South. She has, apparently, both charm and wit of a sort which manifests itself rather tiresomely in epigrams. The fact that she unwillingly falls in love with a poor man does not alter her determination to marry only a rich one. But, somehow, she does not succeed. She sees the years passing and her younger rivals succeeding where she has failed. She practically retires from society and, if we are to take her word for it, devotes her time to making home uncomfortable for her disagreeable brother and her dissipated father. The latter's failing health sends them both north to Atlantic City. She has held her brother up for the money for an outfit, and makes one more desperate play for a rich New York man, a thorough man of the world, who makes it quite plain that, while he is desperately in love with her, his intentions are, to put it gently, not serious. Matrimony plays no part in his scheme of life. She is properly shocked and cuts short her father's cure to return home and marry the poor man, who has not been too faithful to his early love. One hardly feels that their final marriage is the culmination of a pretty romance. It offers more the spectacle of two people, past their first youth, who, having missed the Great Prize, have wisely decided to make the best of things. There is little charm about the story, which is told in the first person. There is much effort at "smart" talk, which becomes rather a strain for the reader after a time. Most of the epigrams, naturally, fall to the heroine.

Lewis Bland Rhodes.

X

GRANT RICHARDS'S "VALENTINE"*

An agreeable sensation of having passed several pleasant hours with thoroughly likable people, such people as one would be glad to know, is the first impression that will come to the reader

*Valentine. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

on finishing *Valentine*, by Grant Richards. And this is not, nor is it intended to be, the faint, faint praise that damns. So many books are filled with people whom, however interesting they may be as studies of the unusual and the morbid, one would bow out of the door with what politeness one might, if encountered in every-day life, that, to make the acquaintance of sane, wholesome, clever people whose conduct and ideals conform to the standards generally accepted by society at large, comes as a refreshing change. When it can be said in addition, that the book is well and brightly written throughout, with no dull moments, and that there is a good strong plot, which owes none of its interest to melodrama, nor to the overstretched arm of coincidence, it will be seen that Mr. Richards has, again, given us an uncommonly good story, a worthy successor to *Caviare*, although in no respects resembling it.

Valentine Barat is a very modern young Englishman, an Oxford man, whose way of life has not been such as to encourage ambition. He is employed in the office of his father, a noted London architect. In addition to his salary, his father makes him an allowance ample for his needs. He is not encouraged to do much work. His father, completely absorbed in his profession, and unusually unapproachable by habit of mind, takes a distinctly superficial view of his son's life. So long as he does not run into debt, or do anything contrary to the traditions of what a decently brought up person should, he may conduct his life and play at work as he sees fit. All of the son's efforts to convince the father that he would like the opportunity of taking his work more seriously, are unavailing. The elder man has an epoch-making project on hand and does not wish to take any one into his confidence. He needs no help from his son nor any one else. The father dies suddenly, just as he has completed his great work, the Palace of Empire, the pride of all England. It is then that his son, in going carefully over the plans, finds a

fatal flaw in the calculations. How, in the face of enormous pecuniary loss to himself, and against his natural reluctance to destroy the edifice of his dead father's fame as an architect, he does what he conceives to be his duty, makes the drama of the story.

T. Bradlee Storer.

XI

BEULAH MARIE DIX'S "MOTHER'S SON"*

The Stranger within our Gates receives almost as much attention from the American novelist as he does from the American politician. But in spite of this, there are phases of the problem of the newly arrived alien which have been quite neglected, phases that may have no value for the statistician or the sociologist, but which offer rich store of material for the writer of fiction. Miss Dix has had the happy inspiration to turn to this field lying fallow, and has found there a theme for her latest novel, a theme as appealing as her treatment of it is sympathetic. It would seem almost a heresy to say that Germany, the country which sends us so many eager, capable workers and law-abiding citizens from every rank of society, sends us also the most utterly helpless and useless alien who comes to us, an alien who in his own country believed himself the Flower of the Nation. In small numbers they come, but still in numbers sufficient to deal with them as a class, . . . these ex-army officers, cashiered because of debts or some escapade, and then (as one of Miss Dix's characters puts it),

When he had proved himself unfit for Germany, his people were bound to send him to America. They've been doing the like ever since there was an America to ship bad cases to. . . . The less a man is fitted to come here, the surer people are to send him.

Noble or bourgeois, but always men of social position, spoiled and petted,

*Mother's Son. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

never having learned anything that is of any use to themselves or any one else, they come to a world that needs a man's whole strength to cope with. They come trammelled by tradition, by false notions that hang like dragnets about them, and they drift down more or less slowly into the depths to be lost utterly. Out of every ten, nine drop out of sight. The tenth may end as riding-master or head-waiter or, once in a while, his youth, strength, and breeding may be coupled with the cat's power of landing on his feet and he will make his way upward of himself alone. They furnish a human document, and, when one sees the good use Miss Dix has made of it, one wonders why our writers have neglected it so long.

Nothing could be more appealing than the story of the struggles of little Hugo Mehrling, who was so pretty that no one took him seriously, who had been utterly spoiled by a foolish mother; whom even the friends trying to aid him called the "Stray Kitten," and who yet made his way upward in spite of everything, by dogged persistence and a sort of stubborn patience. Even the sympathetic little New England authoress, Betty Willard, who caught a glimpse of him once in his days of glory when gorgeous in his blue and white Hussar uniform, he clanked and jingled into her compartment in a German railway train, . . . and who finds him again with "the look in his eyes of a kitten that has been hunted over the ash-cans," even Betty does not take him seriously until she discovers that he is very much of a man, this little one-time Toy Soldier, and that he is the man she loves.

It was inevitable, now that the horror of it is passing into the dimness of distance, that the sinking of the *Titanic* should find its way into our fiction. Miss Dix utilises it for the climax of her story with great tact. She shows us those shuddering days only through Betty Willard's eyes, hoping against hope and the doubt of lists sent in that Hugo might be among the saved. And in a short page or two the hours of that

unforgettable Thursday evening when the *Carpathia* docked are well pictured. It may be questioned whether we yet dare awaken memories painful to so many, but it cannot be questioned that Miss Dix has done it considerately and delicately. From the novelty of its subject and the easy, natural, sympathetic manner of its telling, her book will deserve the success it is sure to have.

Grace Merchant.

XII

GERTRUDE HALL'S "THE TRUTH ABOUT CAMILLA"*

The writer introduces us to a fairly new setting here, as even Marion Crawford did not spend much time with the world of petty shopkeepers and their kin in his stories of modern Italy. Camilla, the heroine, is the daughter of a former steward at the castle of Count Mari, and the girl's mother was waiting-maid to the Countess. Rumour has it, and no one seems to deny, that Camilla has more claim to the Count's consideration and financial assistance toward her education than would be based solely on the pleading of an old village priest. But the priest's plea and the child's own aristocratic eyebrows win her her chance in life. It comes slowly, long years at school, continuing as student-teacher when her noble benefactor seemed to have forgotten her, then earning a pittance for giving language lessons, and cheated of her little earnings by an old harpy. Finally Fate, in the person of Mrs. Northmere, a distinguished American author, but a simple old New England woman with an aging feeble body and keen eyes that read the soul, comes into Camilla's life. The girl goes with

*The Truth About Camilla. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company.

her new-found friend for seven years of devoted attention as companion. It is rewarded by a legacy that means affluence and a marriage with a decidedly *ramponé* Russian Prince. Camilla glories in "society" as she understands it, but then, when past forty, love comes for the first time into her life and upsets the calculations of many years. It is long, lingering and somewhat wordy, this story of Camilla. The background is a large canvas thronged with so many figures that it is not always easy to follow them, and to recognise them again. But through it all the figure of the heroine stands out clear, a definite character, dreaming golden dreams, but opportunist enough to seize whatever bit of good came to her hand. Beautiful and attractive, with a beauty that developed late but held long, she fears love and holds her emotions in check for ambition's sake. This same calculating coolness gives her strength to control her awakened heart and deliberately part from the husband she loves, rather than await the end which must come when his passion paled and he recognised the difference in their ages. This is an element of novelty in the hackneyed theme of marital bliss or sorrow. We rather like Camilla, and are glad to know of good fortune that comes to her at the last. We like the pictures of Italian life of various kinds, which ring true, and show us types not seen by the tourist. Also we have a little glimpse of America and Americans seen through Italian eyes, which is of decided interest. Only, we would like to ask why, . . . conceded that a certain difference in the English of the dialogue helps to sustain the illusion of a foreign life and country, but why must so much of the descriptive narrative sound like a translation? It bothers a bit at times.

John Carey Merritt.

STRINDBERG IN AMERICA

BY J. MARCHAND

WE have been having a great deal of Strindberg lately. To the impartial observer it would seem as though our national literary conscience—is there such a thing?—were troubling us, and we were hastening to make up for lost time. For it is some good twenty years since France and Germany discovered the undoubted, if repellent genius of the Swedish poet, and England came into line somewhat later.

Ten years ago, or possibly more, the present writer tried to arouse a little interest in Strindberg and his work, but the above-mentioned national literary conscience was fast asleep or saw no reason to exert itself in that direction. Now, volumes of Strindberg's writings are piling in on the reviewer's desk fast and furious. Four new ones have come to hand since drawing breath after the first lot. And in speaking of them it is just as well to pause and consider how much of a passing fad this awakened interest is, how much within the bounds of possibility it is that there should ever be a lasting audience here for the writings of so erratic, so contradictory, and yet so powerful a literary temperament as is August Strindberg.

Of the volumes now under consideration one is a third book of plays in the translation of Edwin Bjorkman, containing *Swanwhite*, *Simoon*, *Debit and Credit*, *Advent*, *The Thunderstorm*, *After the Fire*. None of these

*Plays. By August Strindberg. Third Series. Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Red Room. By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

plays measures up to the sustained power of *Countess Julia*, *Creditors* or *Pariah*. *Debit and Credit* and *The Thunderstorm* are the nearest in strength, style and subject. That is, they deal with the actualities of modern life and deal with them in the pitiless iconoclastic manner which is Strindberg at his best—and at his most repulsive, if you will. The cruelty of *Simoon* seems to have no justification because of the aloofness of the subject, and *Swanwhite* and *Advent* are, like so much of Strindberg's work, frankly disappointing. He has decorated a simple fairy-tale with so much extraneous matter in *Swanwhite* that its gentle directness and naïve symbolism is quite lost; to be honest it becomes puerile. And in *Advent*, we seem to see, as in so much of his later work, the satyr's grin through the priest's cowl, which is the expression of one of the qualities that make Strindberg unique—his ability to make the reader thoroughly disgusted and angry, and yet to compel a grudging admission of a something that is beyond the ordinary. Mr. Bjorkman has tried faithfully to keep to the rhythm and swing of the original. This is a dangerous thing to do, and while he should be praised for a fair measure of success it cannot be denied that the obscurity of some passages in the original has grown a little more obscure through his Englishing of them.

Companion volumes, *Zones of the Spirit* and *The Son of a Servant*, in an English version by Claud Field, M.A., come from the press of Putnam's Sons. And latest of all comes *The Red Room*, translated by Ellie Schleussner. This book, the latest to be presented to American readers, is one of Strindberg's earlier works, written long before the Catholicised neurasthenia of his later years set in. It is frankly outspoken, full of youthful daring, of ribald criticism of

everything and everybody that he sees about him in his native land, and it is the very last book that could ever expect to win favour in any country but the writer's own. It deals mainly with Bohemia, and Bohemia is the most localised of all local phases of national life. This seems like a heresy at first hearing. Bohemia, the land of the free artist soul, alike everywhere, as it dwells in a cloud-land above the sordid cares of existence!—humph—not always. There are many Bohemias just like the one in the *Red Room*, where the free artist soul spends its time reviling the institutions of his native land, not trying to better them as he might, but enjoying himself in epigrammatic criticism amid clouds of smoke in dingy cafés. This is the Bohemia of the *Red Room*, and while it gives all sorts of cynic glimpses of Swedish bureaucratic life, what it describes is so intensely local that it cannot possibly seem even humanly interesting elsewhere. And yet through it all walk some human beings pictured with all Strindberg's pitiless power, very much alive amid surroundings that make them what they are. But somehow,—this is where Strindberg disappoints us again, his people are, after all, not alive enough to make us want to know their surroundings better. When one sees a book like the *Red Room* given a capable and dignified English setting, the wonder grows that the *Hemso Folks* or *Skerry Tales*, those delightful and most un-Strindbergian peasant stories, are not given to us instead. These would be sure of some sort of interest, for they portray natural simple people in beautiful natural surroundings. They have the brutal outspokenness of all Northern literature, of course, but the naïve brutality of the peasant is preferable to the cynic brutality of the city Bohemian, at least when Strindberg portrays it.

It is very hard to judge *The Son of a Servant*. It seems such an unnecessary self-castigation, so much the expression of the imaginings of unhappy morbid childhood, that we either put it away gently or openly reject it. For child-

hood that is not happy is a very unhappy thing indeed. And there is no suffering like that the sense of injustice imposes on a child's mind. And yet in this book we feel that this particular child was so often unhappy when he need not have been,—and that he knew it. There is something wholesome, however, about a book which will generally be termed unwholesome by those who take the pains to read it at all. That is a certain wholesome iconoclastic attitude with regard to the sacredness and beauty of the home and the family. It is all very well to revere a basic institution without which society could not exist, in the present form at least. But when the reverence becomes an unthinking phrasing it is just as well for us to hear of some of the things a home and family can become, when the members of it do not understand that consideration and patience are necessary virtues there as well as in the larger world outside the home. What Strindberg says of the family partakes of his attitude toward many things, but there may be much truth in it.

Sacred Family! Thou art supposed to be the home of the virtues, where innocent children are tortured into their first falsehood, where wills are broken by tyranny, and self-respect killed by narrow egoism. Family! Thou art the home of all social evil, a charitable institution for comfortable women, an anchorage for house-fathers, and a hell for children.

It is August Strindberg's misfortune that not what he says, but the manner of his saying, counts against him. He may utter what in any one else we would acknowledge as wisdom born of instinct and nurtured by keen observation. But as he says it, it sounds like the ravings of a dyspeptic. He cannot escape it. In all the wonderful strength of some of the pictures, types, characters, he has created, there is always that nagging, quarrelsome personal note, that choosing of the unpleasant thing to say, as if in fear that the saying of the pleasant thing would reveal a weakness—that is Strindberg. How different from the iron strength of Ibsen, who said the unpleas-

ant thing as a physician cuts into the wound to heal. It is the fatal weakness in the genius of August Strindberg. And it is the one which will forever prevent a lasting liking for his work among Anglo-Saxon readers. It is not choice of subject nor, in superficial technicalities, style of treatment that will stand between him and permanent success here—or possibly anywhere for the matter of that. It is this certain something false, the fearing to be himself either in brutality or softness, it is the manner that gives praise or invective in his mouth always the touch of personal hatred or prejudice. Where he has let himself go and painted the picture without reserve, he has done wonderful things, cruel and unpleasant as they seem. *Creditors, Countess Julia, Pariah, The Father* be-

long in that class. But where he has descended to personal grumbling and nagging, and at the last has thrown himself into the arms of a churchianity which demands of a man that he no longer think for himself, then he becomes the Strindberg who is hatable, not the Strindberg we must admire even if we do not like him. But in almost any mood the soul, the man, his angle of vision have something so repellent for every phase of our mental attitude here, that it may be doubted if his admirers, trying honestly to introduce an undoubted genius to American readers, will succeed even in making him a fashionable fad. A greater truer liking seems out of the question. And yet no student of modern literature can afford to overlook or neglect August Strindberg's work.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BOOKS

BY MARGARET C. ANDERSON

JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR 1913—IN TWO PARTS—PART II

IT is significant, probably, that without a single exception the juveniles of the season which have been given elaborate holiday editions are not new books but reprints of classic old ones. No one has written a new *Peter Pan* or a *Jungle Book* or a *Treasure Island* or a *Little Women*. No one ever will, in all probability. But it is quite conceivable that something worthy of ranking with these immortals should blossom in the child's garden soon. Perhaps it is already planted and won't bloom until another season; and when one gets to thinking of such a possibility life becomes fearfully exciting. Imagine some one—perhaps Galsworthy—creating a new kind of *Peter Pan*, or discovering an unused theme in the *Blue Bird* field; imagine Jack London with a sort of Robinson Crusoe idea in his head. What if Coningsby Dawson should have it up his sleeve to invent a new "Alice"; or Ethel

Sidgwick, who is proved in *Succession* that she knows everything there is to know about a boy with a dream in his soul, turn her talent to that sort of girl and give us a new *Rebecca*. It is too enchanting a prospect to be calm about; it makes for a terrible suspense.

But since this is not the season for it, and since all seeming disappointments have a way of turning out to be interesting for one reason or another, there is a very obvious reason for being thankful about this year's reprints: simply that, as in the case of a wonderful song, one wants to hear it sung by as many beautiful singers as possible. To many of us this is a greater joy than that of discovery.

THE GARDEN'S CHERRY BLOSSOMS

The new edition of Kipling's *Jungle Book* (New York: The Century Company) proves the last statement. Not so

much in point of elaborateness as in the perfection of its simplicity lies the secret of this book's beauty. To begin with, the cover is wonderfully appropriate. Three lovely tones of green suggest depth on depth of cool greenness in the heart of the jungle; through the lacy foliage gleams a suggestion of gold—which is, of course, the sun rays shining through; and between the great trees flit Mowgli and Gray Brother, gliding swiftly to some important assemblage on the Council Rock—or hot on the hunt with “feet in the jungle that leave no mark.” Inside, the end papers are a green mass of entwined trees and vines and jungle flowers, and each page has a green border of the same design running completely around it. Best of all are Maurice and Edward Detmold's full-page illustrations in colour. One is convinced that no one else should have been asked to illustrate Kipling, for these pictures are incomparable—supberb—done with consummate art. (There is no danger of being superlative: if one could only invent some Kiplingesque adjectives to meet this great need!) To one who keeps alive by reading the *Jungle Book* at least twice a year, this is the literary event of the season; and think of the happiness of the child who discovers in this setting the Seal Lullaby:

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind
us,
And black are the waters that sparkle so
green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward
to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow there soft be thy
pillow;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark
overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging
seas.

To lull one's self to sleep on this is surely one of the divine adventures of childhood. And to have the following in mind when one plays in the woods:

As the dawn was breaking the Samhur
belled

Once, twice, and again!

And a wolf stole back—and a wolf stole
back

To carry the word to the waiting *Pack*;

And we sought and we found and we bayed
on his track

Once, twice, and again!

In *The Children's Blue Bird* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company) Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck) has retold her husband's lovely fairy play in simple prose for children too young to appreciate it in play form. It begins very properly “Once upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest;” and Madame Maeterlinck proves herself very much of an artist all through the telling. A book of this kind leaves one resourceless when it comes to adequate description. It is bound in a beautiful tone of blue and the cover has a picture of Tytyl and Mytyl entering the Land of Memory—an exquisite conception in colour by Herbert Paus, who has furnished all the illustrations. It seems ridiculously indiscriminate to say, as in the case of this and the Kipling and the three or four others in this group, that the illustrations are so superlatively satisfying that one cannot imagine them being done any better. But it is true; they seem to be perfection. The imagination responsible for these conceptions of the Cat and the Dog, Sugar, Light, Water, Father Time, and above all, Night—who is a quivering thing with great beating wings—defies analysis. Almost no one will be unresponsive to its poetry. When Mr. Paus makes a picture for a line like this:—“A wonderful garden lay before him, a dream-garden filled with flowers that shone like stars”—he shows a great pillared hall, deep with gloom, and through an open door suggests rather than portrays the enchantment of the garden. This is art. That a book of this type should sell for \$2.50 is one of the modern miracles.

Next comes another play that has been

even more inaccessible to children in the original—*The Story of Chanticleer*, adapted from the French of Edmond Rostand, by Florence Yates Hann (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company). It is a simply charming thing; almost every page is decorated with the most artistic sketches in colour of the Cock who believed so intensely in his dream and of his interesting barnyard friends. J. A. Shepherd is the artist, and he combines a splendid skill in massing colours with a propensity for drawing that reveals all the shades of Rostand's satire. If one feels any disappointment at all it is in some of the conceptions of Chanticleer himself: for any one who has been moved by the jaunty majesty and sweeping rhythm of Maude Adams, as the Cock, when she walked out on the garden wall, is bound to feel a little lack even in Mr. Shepherd's splendid frontispiece. In two or three instances Chanticleer is even made *short-legged*; and that *cannot* be forgiven! But this is hair-splitting; and we must hasten to pay tribute to Miss Hann's beautiful interpretation. Take, for instance, these renderings: "His cry is like a golden needle threading together the edges of the sky and the valley;" "The woods lay enchanted, the moonlight trembled, a star bent down to listen, and the spider, swallowing her thread, mounted toward the Nightingale;" . . . "and like a flash of blue lightning a Jay flew laughing by;" "When a flower is insulted, the sun also is concerned;" and from the famous Hymn to the Sun: "O glory to you in the meadows, and in the vines; in the grass, in the eyes of lizards, and on the wings of swans! You put roses in the air. . . ." The child who owns this book will be blessed.

It has become fearfully hackneyed to talk about Arthur Rackham's wonderful imaginative qualities and his genius in illustrating for children. But the latest reflection of this attitude is anything but hackneyed, for it has found expression in a new *Mother Goose* (New York: The Century Company)—a beautiful octavo for which Mr. Rackham has sup-

plied thirteen wonderful illustrations in colour and an infinitude of black-and-white sketches. For any one to whom *Mother Goose* has been less rich than other lore this will come as a revelation; and it is an added pleasure to discover that Mr. Rackham has made the selection of rhymes himself, choosing those that he loved best in his own nursery days. Of the coloured plates, the "Bye, Baby Bunting," "Hey, diddle diddle," "Jack and Jill," "Little Miss Muffett," "Jack Sprat," "There Was an Old Woman Lived under a Hill," and "The Man in the Wilderness" are the most distinctive. This is probably the season's most elaborate juvenile gift book.

Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is a recent classic—an utterly unique and exquisite thing whose publishers ought to be given a vote of thanks for bringing out in a new edition. How we can thank them for this particular edition with its myriad beauties is a little obscure, but we can begin at least by saying that the cover is a poem. Against a background of yellowish sky and water hang the long delicate green branches of a weeping willow; and behind them are massed trees and their reflections in deep blue. Up among the green leaves appears the title: "The Wind in the Willows." Who else ever thought of such a title anyhow?—unless one might be made of Stevenson's remark about "the shivering of the reeds" and the myth that should be founded thereon. The end papers in lovely tints of brown show the Mole and the Rat, the Badger and the Otter at luncheon; and the full plates in colour by Paul Bransom have a sort of slushy green about them that suits the "Duck's Ditty:"

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!
Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills out of sight,
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth,
Where the roach swim—
Here we keep our larder,
Cool and full and dim.

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call—
We are down a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

But all this poetry is keeping us from a book that many people are going to consider more handsome than the Rackham *Mother Goose*. It is a wonderful new edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* (New York: Henry Holt and Company) with over a hundred illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. Personally—well, it is foolish to make comparisons, but this is a transcendently lovely thing. There is one plate in colour in the story of "The Little Mermaid" that is more adorable than anything Mr. Rackham has achieved; and besides the other fourteen in colour the black-and-white ones are simply stunning. The volume may be a little large for a child to handle with ease, but it is a perfect treasure-house of delights.

In *The Treasure Book of Children's Verse* (New York: George H. Doran and Company) Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch have compiled the best poetry of childhood and M. Etheldreda Gray has furnished some twenty full-page colour plates, making the volume a very substantial, decorative and, we feel, permanent contribution to juvenile literature. The poems are classified under the following heads: Fairies and Fancies; Birds and Flowers, Beasts and Insects; Stories in Verse; Romance and Heroism; Good Behaviour; Fun and Frolic; Bed-time; For Sundays and Quiet Days. This will give an idea of its wide range.

Blossoms from a Japanese Garden: A Book of Child-Verses, by Mary Fenollosa (illustrated in colour by Japanese artists. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company), is a gem! The verses will give a child an idea of Japanese childhood that is enchanting, for they tell stories of the flowers, the cherry picnic, the gardens contained in a dish, the clay

modelling of queer little animals, and so forth; but the pictures will serve an even larger purpose—that of initiating the young reader into the delicate profundities of Japanese art. The one illustrating "Mist Elves" is a good example—and just listen to part of the poem:

In our garden flowers gleam
Cherries pink, and red, and white;
Soft as pleasures in a dream
Ere waking fades the frail delight.
Like blurs of purple ink, that fall
And soak in tissue mist, are seen
The iris blossoms, straight and tall,
Above their sea of misty green.

This book will make a ravishing gift.

PLAYS AND ACTING

Two interesting books for stimulating the dramatic instinct are Augusta Stevenson's *Plays for the Home* (illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) and Stella G. S. Perry's *When Mother Lets Us Act* (illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company). The first presents little one-act plays based upon favourite tales from Grimm, Æsop, and the Arabian Nights which may be acted with very few accessories in the way of stage-settings or costumes. The second gives directions for pantomimes, charades, pageants, plays, and so forth, in a manner that is certain to entertain.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Children's Book of Christmas Stories, edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner (with frontispiece in colour. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company), is a valuable collection of tales from Dickens, Hans Andersen, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Susan Coolidge, Elizabeth Harrison, François Coppée, Katherine Pyle, Robert H. Schauflier, and others. The editors have designated on the contents page those suitable for younger or older readers. In *Story-Telling Poems*, Selected and Arranged for Story-Telling and Reading Aloud and for the Children's Own Reading (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), Frances Jenkins Olcott has compiled nar-

rative poetry that best lends itself to story-telling purposes. Miss Olcott's long identification with the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, where she was head of the children's department, has qualified her remarkably for such work as this. *The Man in the Crow's Nest: and Other Talks to Children*, by Frank T. Bayley (decorated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), contains simple little sermons on a wide variety of subjects—everything from baseball to the Bible.

FOUR REALLY DISTINCTIVE STORIES

Zona Gale's *When I Was a Little Girl* (illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company) is not strictly a story, but since it quite defies classification and must be labelled "distinctive," so that no one will dare to miss it, it may as well go here. There is something about it that makes one think instantly of Mrs. Meynell's "Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age." This book might be called a letter from a woman to her own childhood, for the woman who writes here is the "shadowing mother" of a little girlhood dream. "There used to be a little girl who does not come here any more," says Miss Gale in her preface. "She is not dead, for when certain things happen she stirs slightly where she is, perhaps deep within the air. When the sun falls in a particular way, when graham griddle cakes are baking, when the sky laughs sudden blue after a storm, or the town clock points in its clearest you-will-be-late way at nine in the morning, when the moonlight is on the midnight and nothing moves—then, somewhere beyond sealed doors, the little girl says something, and it is plain that she is here all the time." Miss Gale is characteristically extravagant with her capital letters, but she is worth reading.

Is not *The Voyage of the Hoppergrass* a captivating title? It is the invention of Edmund Lester Pearson—the man who wrote a charming story last year called "The Believing Years"—for a new tale that is probably more nearly in the *Treasure Island* class than anything written since then. That is to say while it is not exactly the same kind of

story, it is in the same field and is done with almost an equal measure of art. It is a real story for boys; and even Chesterton, who has said that Stevenson is the only man who has accomplished that feat, would agree. Thomas Fogarty has supplied just the right kind of line drawings (New York: The Macmillan Company).

Annie Fellows Johnston has not written any children's books since the fascinating *Little Colonel's* "conclusion" made all the children in the country mourn. But her new story, *Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman* (illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. New York: The Century Company), is one of the best she has ever done. Two cunning little tots who rebel at the idea of a step-mother seize the opportunity to indulge their love for travelling by running off on a Pullman coach. It is their very first experience in a diner or a berth, and they have a heavenly time; but the climax of excitement comes with the advent of a red-coated, holly-trimmed girl who corrects their opinions of step-mothers and—well, never mind, but it is something too good to be true. Delightfully written, this will make an ideal Christmas gift.

Deering at Princeton: A Story of College Life, by Latta Griswold (illustrated by E. C. Caswell), is more nearly on the *Stover at Yale* scale than any of the season's books for boys. Last year Deering finished prep. school and this year he goes up to Princeton to fight his fight with the eating clubs, excel in athletics, and fall in love. Mr. Griswold's plan is quite similar to Mr. Johnson's; but while he hasn't gone in so extensively for the social issue (his book really won't compare in this way) he has done a number of things so well that his work is outstanding.

FAIRY TALES

Mr. L. Frank Baum, having announced the conclusion of his fairy tales in the wonderful country of Oz, was immediately besieged by letters from young people all over the country. This was

a terrible calamity for them because they had grown to love the Princess Dorothy so much; but it was a real predicament for Mr. Baum because he had already told his readers that the Ozma of Oz had issued an edict making that country invisible in the future and cutting off all its communication with the outside world. How could he relate any further adventures that were happening there, when he couldn't get in to find out about them? Then one day a resourceful little girl wrote him suggesting that he establish a wireless telegraph connection with Dorothy—and presto! that very thing has been done in *The Patchwork Girl of Oz* (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company). Many of the old characters appear in the new story—even the fascinating Scare Crow Man!—and there are a lot of new ones. It is all very exciting and as inventive as though it were not the seventh volume in a series. Any writer who begins a book with the following sentence proves uncontestedly her right to the creation of fairy tales: "Deep in the wood the white oak stood tall and motionless." Such is Bertha Currier Porter's *Wonder-Oak* (illustrated. New York: Eaton and Mains). And then it goes on: "Its rough trunk was covered with glittering ice that sparkled faintly in the starlight. . . . Nothing moved in the wood. The stars twinkled brightly, high up in the dark sky. But far in the heart of the oak—how different! For the great white oak was hollow, and in this hollow was the castle of the Fairy King and Queen!" Give *Wonder-Oak* to any child who loves fairy tales and he will be happy. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright has written a little animal fantasy with the alluring title *The Dream Fox Story Book* (illustrated by Oliver Herford. New York: The Macmillan Company). It tells of little Billy Button who is sent to bed shamefully early by his unfeeling parents and suddenly diverted at midnight by the appearance of a talkative fox. The good old-fashioned fairy-tale atmosphere is here, and Mrs. Wright

has written with her usual charm of detail.

Pinocchio under the Sea, translated from the Italian by Carolyn Della-Chiesa and edited by John W. Davis (illustrated and decorated in colour and black-and-white by Florence Rutledge Abel Wilde. New York: The Macmillan Company), shows the famous Italian marionette on a voyage beneath the great ocean. It is a capital little book—a classic.

NOVELTIES

In *Little Wars* (illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company) Mr. H. G. Wells has invented "a game for boys from twelve years of age to one hundred and fifty, and for that more intelligent sort of girls who like boys' games and books. Mr. Wells is so quotable—so intensely clever in the invention of these floor games of his—that one's temptation is to say "Oh, don't try to read *about* this book; go and buy it and realise that you have something of genius in your possession." "*Little Wars* is the game of kings—for players in an inferior social position," says Mr. Wells; and he gives full instructions for a toy war game that leave one gasping with its possibilities. If ever the bromide about "Why didn't we have such books when I was young?" is justified, here is the proper place for it. Think of what we might have done in our nurseries if only Mr. Wells had written these things earlier! Let us hope the coming generation will profit by them. Since *Great War*, in the author's opinion, is not only the most expensive game in the world, but "a game out of all proportion," he believes that his *Little Warfare* will not only demonstrate that fact, but prove a glorious substitute. Of course this book will be unintelligible to the average child; but parents ought not to be allowed to go without it. *The Railroad Book: Bob and Betty's Summer on the Railroad*, by E. Boyd Smith (with full pages in colour and numerous black-and-white sketches by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is very interesting and very unusual. For

one who loves to travel it is just like taking a real trip to see Bob and Betty sitting in the diner or clamouring into their berths. This will make a fascinating gift for Christmas stocking purposes—though it is much too big to be put into one. In *Yourselves and Your House Wonderful*, by H. A. Guerber (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Philadelphia: The Uplift Publishing Company) such important matters as hygiene and sex are dealt with in a series of charming stories. Of all the books we have ever examined in this field this one seems to be the most likely to accomplish its purpose—that of implanting in children a sense of the value of their bodies. The stories have been written imaginatively—almost like fairy tales—and are sure to make a big impression. They may be classified as having a permanent value and as supplying parents and teachers with the best possible material. *The Jingle-Jungle Book*, by Oliver Herford (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), will be enjoyed by the boy or girl who has reached the age of appreciating limericks. The author's name is a synonym for cleverness in this direction, and these are especially good ones. *Behind the Garden Wall*, by Robert Wallace (illustrated. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company), is a collection of verses about garden flowers and insects very interestingly conceived.

FOR YOUNGER READERS

The Irish Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins (illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is perfectly inimitable, as are all of Miss Perkins's books. The illustrations are fully as charming as those for the Dutch and Japanese Twins, but there's even more humour in these new ones, as befits the nationality. *The Well-Bred Dolls*, by Caroline S. Allen (illustrated in colour by F. Liley Young. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), is a most entertaining little story—or rather group of stories—about dolls with well-defined personalities. There's one known as The Doll Who

Liked Sunday, and others as The Domestic Doll, The Energetic Doll, The Ill-Tempered Doll, and so on—even to one with a predilection for poetry. Josephine Scribner Gates's *Little Girl Blue Plays "I Spy"* (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) is a tiny little book with a doll heroine who is as cunning and mischievous as possible. It will make a delightful gift for some girl. *The Little Master*, by Laura E. Richards (illustrated. Boston: Dana Estes and Company), is a Scotch story laid in an ancient castle, linked up with the legends and ballads of the country, and forming an excellent complement to a child's course in Scottish history. *The Capers of Benjy and Barbie*, by Agnes McClelland Daulton (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), tells of a little village boy and girl who go to New York and have the merriest possible time. It is written very simply for quite young children. *The Outdoor Chums*, by Alice Turner Curtis (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), is for children from seven to eleven and contains an adventure in almost every chapter. The setting is the Maine woods and most of the excitement centres about some Indians, a canoe, and a peril at sea. There is nothing too hair-raising to be salubrious for a young child. Two precious little books, both in pictures and text, are C. E. Kilbourne's *Baby Elephant and the Zoo Man* and *Baby Lion and the Bump-Head Animal* (illustrated in colour by Hattie Longstreet. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company). They are full of the jungle's fascination, but are written "in words of one syllable" for the benefit of the child who wants to decipher them for himself; and they are so small that they can be carried around in one's pocket.

ANIMAL STORIES

Outstanding among the season's books about animals is Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals at Home* (illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). Just a glance at it re-

vives the thrill of several years ago, when Mr. Seton was writing enchanting biographies of grizzly bears and other tales with memorable titles like *The Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag*. In his preface the author says that in all his thirty years of trailing through the Rocky Mountain regions he has found no place more rewarding than Yellowstone Park. Owing to its protective laws the wild things there, unlike any place else at present in the northwest, "have resumed their traditional Garden-of-Eden attitude toward man," making the place a paradise for the naturalist. His new book offers the most intimate and unforgettable sketches of coyotes, prairie-dogs, fox, martens, beavers, otters, deer, buffalo, antelope, the "well-meaning skunk," badgers, squirrels, rabbits, bears, the "misunderstood" Canada lynx, and "the shyest thing in the woods"—the mountain lion. Mrs. Seton has had a big share in the work, having accompanied her husband on nearly all the expeditions and contributed many of the illustrations. There is an amazing assortment of photographs, a valuable appendix, and woodcraft information "by the peck." This ought to be one of the most delightful books a young person could imagine as a Christmas gift. Another attractive volume in this field is Lucious Crocker Pardee's *Folk of the Woods*, with lavish full-page illustrations in colour by Charles Livingston Bull (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). It consists of stories about woodfolk told by a wise old forest tree; and they are all reliable "because no tree was ever known to tell anything but the strictest truth." We do not remember that anything of just this kind has been published before; but certainly it has the feel of the forest in it, and its illustrations are more than satisfying. *The Cheer Chirpers*, by Joshua F. Crowell (illustrated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press), is unique and has all the charm of a drowsy summer afternoon or a whisper-filled spring twilight. Its people are the smallest of the wood creatures—crickets, grasshoppers, bees, birds, ants,

flies, beavers, and so forth. There is one cunning chapter called "Wee and Bee," which tells about two diminutive beavers and their mother; and though it is written as prose nearly every line of it rhymes—as do many portions of the book. The crickets are probably the most fascinating, but Mr. Crowell has such an extraordinary gift of visualisation that any small animal he writes about is a joy.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS

A splendid new series designed to tell children "what they might have been" if their forebears had stayed in Europe instead of migrating to this country is the one called *The Little Schoolmate Series*, edited by Florence Converse and published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. Katherine Lee Bates has written *In Sunny Spain* for it, putting her exhaustive knowledge of things Spanish at the disposal of the fortunate children who will see these volumes. Mme. Julia D. Dragoumis takes up the case of the Greek child in *Under Greek Skies*, writing with that skill and finish which made her Greek articles in the *Atlantic* notable. Miss Converse prefaces each volume with a simple account of the part played in the United States history by these races. The series ought to prove very suggestive and stimulate deep interest in the history and the poetry of these foreigners. *Wonderful Escapes by Americans*, edited by William Stone Booth (illustrated in colour and black-and-white. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), has an alluring title which the contents fully justify, being composed of well-edited narratives of various thrilling episodes in American history. We have been rich in history, though to many young readers we suffer severely in comparison with the wealth of older and foreign nations. This volume should do a great deal to correct that impression. An excellent *Boys' Life of General Sheridan* is that by Warren Lee Goss (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company). Mr. Goss, who has also written of Grant

for boys and girls, seems to be an able historian and has here given a resumé of all the campaigns with which Sheridan was identified, as well as a detailed account of his life from early boyhood.

GIRLS' STORIES OF ALL SORTS

Happy Acres, by Edna Turpin (illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company), is sure to captivate girls of ten or eleven years. It continues the story of last year's heroine in *Honey Sweet* and opens on a note of thrilling suspense with Anne's Virginia cousins discussing the prospect of a visit from her. The fact that Anne has lived in Washington, "where the President stays," and gone to a school in Paris, "where the people talk French every day," fills her country cousins with awe and some misgiving—to say nothing of Anne's own dismay; but the good times that result are profitable to all of them and make most pleasant reading. The book is unusually well bound and illustrated, so that it ought to be one of the holiday favourites. For a slightly older audience Mary F. Leonard's *Christmas Tree House* (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company) ought to be equally successful. Its author knows how to create an unforgettable atmosphere, her title being the name of a wonderful old Southern mansion where her young people have such extraordinarily interesting times. If the reviewer were quite young she would read this book entirely through—perhaps she had better confess to having done it anyhow. Well illustrated and bound. *Annie Laurie and Azalea*, by Elia W. Peattie (illustrated. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), has a decided plot interest, built around an unlucky man's theft of the heroine's fortune and a pursuit of him that leads the characters through the mountains. The villain turns out to be not so villainous, after all, and the Rev. Dr. Summers proves to be a minister of decided charm. *Nancy Lee's Spring Term*, by that interesting writer who insists upon the pen-name of "Margaret Warde" (illustrated. Philadelphia: The

Penn Publishing Company), is a boarding-school story with subtleties of characterisation uncommon in juveniles. Miss "Warde" is the author of the extravagantly popular "Betty Wales" books, and this new volume is the second one in a new series about a girl nicknamed "Miss I-Forgot." May the series increase as rapidly as the former one did, for its girl characters are charming! *Country Cousins*, by Ellen Douglas Deland (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), shows the wholesome effect of the country upon a snobbish girl just out of a New York boarding-school. One of the big scenes is an accident in the mill, and there are other dramatic happenings. *A Senior Co-Ed*, by Alice Louise Lee (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), is the fourth volume of a series which takes a girl through Huntingdon College. There is lots of excitement in the senior year—for one thing a fire! In *The Girl from Arizona*, by Nina Rhoades (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), Marjorie Graham is taken from an Arizona ranch to a New York apartment hotel and boarding-school, where she rebels against various artificialities and teaches her new friends some lessons in simplicity. *The Ranch Girls at Boarding-School*, by Margaret Vandercook (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), is the third volume in the series and discloses the four Wyoming girls in a New York school. The interest centres, of course, in contrasting the Eastern and Western points of view. Another story with a back-to-nature motive is Ella Matthews Bangs's *At the House on the Ground* (illustrated. Boston: The Pilgrim Press). It tells of two poor city girls who have an old-fashioned summer with a country uncle and of how they transform him into a "possible" person. The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia have several other girls' stories on their list. For readers from nine to sixteen are the following: *Jane Stuart*, *Twin*, by Grace M. Remick; *Faith Palmer at Fordyce*

Hall, by Lazelle Thayer Woolley; and *Letty's Treasure*, by Helen Sherman Griffith. *Polly Prentiss Goes-a-Visiting*, by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, and *The Little Runaways and Mother*, by Alice Turner Curtis, are designed for girls from eight to twelve; and *Marjorie on Beacon Hill*, by Alice Turner Curtis, *A Little Maid of Province Town*, by the same author, and *A Regular Tomboy*, by Mary E. Mumford, will be suitable for readers from seven to eleven. They are all enjoyable though not in any way distinctive, and all are illustrated.

BOY'S ADVENTURE OUT-OF-DOORS

The boy who is looking for a good Indian story may be safely referred to *The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin*, by James Willard Schultz (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company). As is well known, Mr. Schultz has spent a good many years among the Indians, having even married an Indian woman; he therefore knows the redman thoroughly and has the gift of making him convincing on paper. *Camping on the Great Lakes*, by Raymond S. Spears (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), is as alluring as its title promises. A boy who's been mollycoddled all his life by his parents and bullied by his schoolmates is finally allowed to spend a summer of exploration, following the old trails of Indians and French adventurers in the Great Lakes region. It solves his problem and makes a man of him—and incidentally teaches his parents a big lesson. Another book brimming over with Indian adventure is Edwin L. Sabin's *On the Plains with Custer* (illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company). The hero is a boy bugler under Custer in the Indian campaigns of 1866 and 1876, and of course is in the thick of all the fighting. Suitable for boys from twelve years upward. *The Luck of Laramie Ranch*, by John Harbottle (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has Indians in it, too, but is concerned chiefly with the life of a great cattle ranch on which two boys work with fervour to support their family

and educate themselves. It is replete with the plainsman's knowledge of cattle and horses, and full of stirring action. *The Man with the Iron Hand*, by John Carl Parish (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), is different from the regulation juvenile adventure story in that it gives the history of the invasion of the Mississippi Valley from the point of view of the Indian. It is the first of a series projected by Dr. B. F. Shambaugh, superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, the object of which is to reproduce the history of the period with absolute accuracy; and it makes an ideal combination of information and entertainment. *The Young Trappers*, by Hugh Pendexter (illustrated. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company), is sub-titled *The Quest of the Giant Moose*, is the fourth volume in the well-established Camp and Trail Series, and is superlatively rich in the kind of adventure to be found in Maine's great forests and lumber camps. *Camping on Western Trails*, by Elmer Russell Gregor (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), has as creditable an assortment of mountain lions, steer, bears, wolves, wild horses, buffalo, cowboys, and prospectors as any book of the season. There are thrills on every page, and a lot of Rocky Mountain knowledge.

VARIOUS OTHER BOOKS FOR BOYS

Clarence B. Kelland's *Mark Tidd* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) offers a novelty in heroes: a fat boy! This is shockingly unorthodox, but, like many other variations from the standardised, it proves worth while. Mark is great fun, but he's brave and resourceful besides; and the three country boys who share his escapades are tremendously lifelike. The book makes one think of the inimitable *Diary of a Real Boy*, for it is told by one of the boy characters who has a big propensity for slang and humour. Walter Camp's name gives weight to any football story. His new one, *Danny Fists* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is contagiously exciting and takes up charm-

ing Danny Phipps's career at Manor Hall, where he is preparing for Yale. This is a most acceptable gift for a boy of fourteen or thereabouts. *The Land of Mystery*, by Cleveland Moffett (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), is an innovation in adventure stories, being laid in the region of Cairo and based upon an actual trip made by Mr. Moffett and his wife. Though the plot is imaginative, it is built around the very probable disappearance of an American missionary and his wife who have served many years in Turkey. Their son Harold searches for them through a maze of dangers and hairbreadth escapes. Designed for a slightly older audience than the college story group. *Messmates: Midshipman "Pewee" Clinton's First Cruise*, by William O. Stevens (illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company), has a hero who became popular last year at naval school and who now becomes involved in a series of laughable and exciting experiences on his first European cruise. It is a rattling good yarn. Two other books that will appeal to the boy interested in naval and army doings are Lieutenant Commander Yates Stirling, Jr.'s *A United States Midshipman in the South Seas* and Captain C. E. Kilbourne's *An Army Boy in the Philippines*. Both are brought out by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, illustrated, designed for boys from thirteen to seventeen. *The Airship Boys as Detectives*, by H. L. Sayler (illustrated. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company), is a dashing tale of secret service in cloudland. Such thrills were certainly never the happy lot of any real boy, but it is all very engrossing. There are two new books for the boy agriculturist: *Joe the Book Farmer*, by Garrard Harris (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers); and *The Young Farmer*, by George B. Hill (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company). The first tells very entertainingly and informingly of a

youth's success with corn raising—a success due to his steadfast efforts to get an agricultural education despite the discouragements of his conservative father; the second shows a sturdy boy's success with an abandoned farm, in the intervals of which he finds time for some sport with baseball and ice-boating. *The Rambler Club's Motor Car* and *The Rambler Club's Ball Nine*, by W. Crispin Sheppard (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), are very ably described by their titles, since the series is so well known, and are designed for boys from ten to thirteen. In *Bert Wilson, Wireless Operator* and *Bert Wilson, Marathon Winner* (both illustrated. New York: Sully and Kleinteich), J. W. Duffield leads the same hero through various perils at sea and as a victor in the Olympic games.

BOY SCOUTS AND CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Boy Scouts on Swift River, by Thornton W. Burgess (illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company), describes a canoe trip during which three boys apply the woodcraft knowledge taught them by Mr. Thornton in a previous volume of the series. Thoroughly reliable and essentially readable, this is one of the best things in its field. *The Camp Fire Girls at Sunrise Hill* and *The Camp Fire Girls amid the Snows*, by Margaret Vandercook (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), are less attractively published, but make delightful and inexpensive books for girls interested in the glorious outdoor life lived at Sunrise Camp. It is remarkable that they should be sold for only thirty-five cents apiece. *The Boy Patrol around the Council Fire* and *The Boy Patrol on Guard*, by Edward S. Ellis (illustrated. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company), are two very good things for boy scouts, being written by a man who believes intensely in the efficiency of the outdoors for growing boys.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending October 1st:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. One Way Out. Carleton.
3. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams.
4. Essentials of Biology. Hunter.
5. The South Pole. Amundsen.
6. Motion Picture Handbook. Richardson.
7. Shorthand. Pitman.

For the week ending October 8th:

1. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
2. The Plays of John Galsworthy.
3. Woman's Share in Primitive Culture. Mason.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck.
5. The Masked War. Burns.
6. John Barleycorn. London.
7. Congressional Government. Wilson.
8. Romance of the French Chateaux. Champney.

For the week ending October 15th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.

3. Western Europe. Robinson.
4. South America. Bryce.
5. Making the Farm Pay. Bowsfield.
6. Food Adulteration. Wiley.
7. Human Mechanism. Hough.
8. Germany and the Germans. Collier.

For the week ending October 22d:

1. Jewels of the Madonna. Ferrari.
2. Critical Period of American History. Fiske.
3. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
4. Attainment of Efficiency. Latson.
5. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
6. Essentials of Biology. Hunter.

For the week ending October 29th:

1. Cæsar and Cleopatra. Shaw.
2. Congressional Government. Wilson.
3. Religion of a Plain Man. Benson.
4. South America. Bryce.
5. John Barleycorn. London.
6. The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
7. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The House of Happiness. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Browning's Complete Poetical Works. Camberwell Edition. (Crowell.) \$9.00.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Joan Thursday. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Ellen Key. Hamilton. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The House in Good Taste. Wolfe. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Old Age—Its Prevention and Cure. Bennett. (Physical Culture Publishing Co.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
3. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
4. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Beyond the Old Frontier. Grinnell. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Mother West Wind's Neighbors. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Honorable Mr. Tawnish. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Taste of Apples. Lee. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. Luckv Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Minimum Wage and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. 'Fraid Cat. Bridgman. (Jacobs.) 50 cents.
3. Every Child Series. (Doubleday, Page.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Training for Efficiency. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
2. New Alinement of Life. Trine. (Dodge.) \$1.25.
3. What Can Literature Do for Me? Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Camp-Fire Girls at Hillside. Sanderson. (Reilly and Britton.) 75 cents.
2. The Scout-Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Mother Goose. Cory. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
3. The Anarchist Ideal. Wenley. (Badger.) \$1.25.
4. Europe Since 1815. Hazen. (Holt.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. Nancy Lee's Spring Term. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Boy Sailors of 1812. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Master's Degree. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Out of the North. Sutherland. (Fitzgerald.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Irvine. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. Moving Pictures. Talbot. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Voices of To-morrow. Björkman. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Story Garden. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Do Something! Be Something! Kaufman. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Webster's New International Dictionary. (Merriam.) \$12.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Adventures of Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. The Adventures of Johnny Chuck. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Preface to Politics. Lippman. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. American Ideals of Character and Life. Mabie. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Nancy Lee's Spring Term. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
2. Boys and Girls. Foley. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. The New American Drama. Burton. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) \$1.20.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alfred Noyes's Complete Poems (2 vols.). (Stokes.) \$3.00.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Works of Francis Thompson (3 vols.). (Scribner.) \$5.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Fitzgerald.)
4. A New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) \$5.00.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Children of the Wild. Roberts. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. Putnam Hall Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Head Coach. Paine. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 75 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Fruits of the Tree. Bryan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
3. The Sermon. Burrell. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Quest of the Fish Dog's Skin. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. The Goop Directory. Burgess. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.

3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Half-Miler. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

2. The Handy Boy. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.60.

3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

6. After All. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.

2. India. Loti. (Duffield.) \$2.50.

3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

4. Fair Conspirator. Williams. (Scribner.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.

5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

6. His Great Adventure. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. African Camp Fires. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. The Quest of the Best. Hyde. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Camp Brave Pine. Comstock. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eves. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox, 1913. (Estes.) \$1.25.
2. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) \$1.00.
3. This Year's Book for Boys. Strang. (Doran.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Memoirs of an American Prima Donna. Kellogg. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. Poems (2 vols.). Noyes. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Psychology. James. (Holt.) \$1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Pony Rider Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Out of the Dark. Keller. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Strike Three. Heyliger. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Cryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. San Francisco One Hundred Years Ago. Garnett. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. The Fall of Ug. Steele. (Howell.) \$1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
2. European Cities at Work. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.75.

3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) \$1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The City of Purple Dreams. Craig. (Browne and Howell.) \$1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. Stop Thief. Jenks. (Fly.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt and Peck.) 50 cents.
2. The Life of Washington. Wilson. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Sharpshooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
3. The House with the Silver Door. Tappan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tippiy Flippiitts. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 60 cents.
2. Old Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Grim.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	295
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.....	275
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	252
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.....	104
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.....	80
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.....	77

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THIS is the fourteenth January issue in which we have been compiling what some one rather flip-
Books of pantly calls our "All
1913 America Team" of
 "best selling" books.

These annual stories of the lists have unquestionably shown some inconsistencies, there have been individual reports that may have been inspired, that we strongly suspect have been inspired, but the general summing up, especially since the adoption of the point system some twelve years ago, proves beyond question that these reports, when taken in bulk, are thoroughly reliable. Now that so many years have passed it is not indiscreet to tell of the instance that led to the adoption of the point system. Once upon a time Mr. Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden* and Mr. Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes* were running a close race for leading honours as the "best seller" of the hour. It was the BOOKMAN's custom then to rank the book mentioned most times in the book sellers' lists first, without taking into consideration whether a mention was at the top of a list or at the bottom. It happened that when making up the "six best" for a certain month *Alice of Old Vincennes* and *Eben Holden* were found to have exactly the same number of mentions. So the fairest course seemed to be to bracket the two for first and

second positions. But this method satisfied no one. Within a few hours after the appearance of the magazine we received, almost simultaneously, telegrams from the publishers of both books asking by what strange system of reasoning we had reached the conclusion that the novel brought out by the other firm should be conceded equality. We have always been grateful for that second telegram. We forget which one it was, but we take this occasion to extend belated thanks both in the direction of Boston and of Indianapolis.

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Before taking up the story of the books of 1913 and their progress in the lists we wish to offer an explanation that may incidentally lead to a little better "team work" on the part of the forty or fifty booksellers throughout the country who supply these lists. From publishing houses we are continually receiving protests that are certainly not without a measure of justification. For example, a few weeks ago there came from the Century Company of New York, an exceedingly courteous communication pointing out that Miss Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* had, in a certain list, been classed as a juvenile, whereas it is really not a juvenile at all. We are quite ready to concede that *Daddy-Long-Legs* should have appeared under the head of fiction, but what could we

possibly do in the matter? It will be quite obvious that we had no right whatever to make a change in these lists. Even if we had such a right how would it be possible to make the readjustment? Were we to take *Daddy-Long-Legs* from the juveniles and incorporate it in the fiction list, what would be our justification for dropping any one of the six works of fiction sent in by the bookseller. We are quite ready to concede that author and publisher have the right to feel just a trifle exasperated when they see their book wrongly classed. But if we arbitrarily remedied the mistake in a way that dropped some other book entirely from the list, another author and publisher would be justified in feeling a far greater grievance. We do not feel that we have the right to question the honesty of these lists as they come in. We are conscious of occasional inaccuracies, and yet, in the main, we believe implicitly in the good faith of our correspondents. In return we ask of them in the future a greater care and a heartier coöperation.

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According to the list in our issue for December, 1912, the leading book was Harold Bell Wright's *Their Yesterdays*, followed very closely by George Barr McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand*, and Rex Beach's *The Net*. Mr. Wright's book was again the leader for the first month of 1913. The other books in the January list were, in order, Mr. Beach's *The Net*, Mary Waller's *A Cry in the Wilderness*, Frances Little's *The Lady and Sada San*, Mr. McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand*, and Mary Johnston's *Cease Firing*. The six books of that month were unusually close in the race in the matter of total points, only sixty-four points separating *Their Yesterdays* and *Cease Firing*. With the February list three of the books of the preceding month dropped back from their positions among the leaders. Mr. Wright's book was again in first place, but it was being hard pressed by a newcomer, Ralph Connor's *Corporal Cameron*. Two other new-

comers were Miss Rives's *The Valiants of Virginia*, and Henry Van Dyke's *The Unknown Quantity*. *The Lady and Sada San*, and *Cease Firing* were still in the running, Frances Little's book being in third place, and Miss Johnston's tied for fifth place. As was the case with the January issue all the books were closely grouped.

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It was a different story with the list for March. The three leaders, *The Valiants of Virginia*, *Corporal Cameron* and *Their Yesterdays*, were far out in front with totals of 232 points, 204 points, and 200 points respectively. These were the only real contenders, but to fill out the list the other three places were held by *The Lady and Sada San*, *Cease Firing*, and *A Cry in the Wilderness*. With April, however, came radical changes. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior* held first place, followed by *The Valiants of Virginia*. In third position was Maria Thompson Daviess's *Andrew the Glad*, while Elizabeth Robins's widely discussed *My Little Sister* was fourth. As had been the case in the February number there was a tie for the last two places, the contending books this time being Helen R. Martin's *The Parasite* and Ralph Connor's *Corporal Cameron*. With May more changes. *The Happy Warrior*, the April leader, had dropped out entirely, and *The Valiants of Virginia* had slipped back to last place. With a point total of 349, so far the highest of the year, John Fox's *The Heart of the Hills* was in first position. Two other new books, Jeffery Farnol's *The Amateur Gentleman* and Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House*, were second and third with 250 and 248 points respectively. Again it was a case of the real race being between the three leaders. The combined point total of the books in fourth, fifth and sixth places was considerably less than the point total of *The Heart of the Hills*, and very little more than the point total of *The Amateur Gentleman*, or the point total of *The Judgment House*.

The three leaders of the May list were again the leaders in the June number, but in inverted order. First came *The Judgment House*, with 379 points, then *The Amateur Gentleman*, with 313 points, and then *The Heart of the Hills*, with 310 points. Three new books struggled along rather hopelessly in fourth, fifth and sixth places, W. J. Locke's *Stella Maris*, Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Mating of Lydia*, and Gouverneur Morris's *The Penalty*. There was a more equal division in the matter of points in the July issue. *The Judgment House* was again the leader, and *The Amateur Gentleman* was again second. But *The Heart of the Hills* had to be content with fourth place, giving way to Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison's *V. V.'s Eyes*. *Stella Maris* was fifth, and Ellen Glasgow's *Virginia* sixth. *V. V.'s Eyes* had taken third place rather impressively in July, and in August it went to the front with a surprising total of 435 points. At that it was not so far ahead of a newcomer, Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*. These books were making all the running with the rest nowhere. But just to indicate their vitality we record that *The Judgment House* was third, *The Heart of the Hills* fourth and *The Amateur Gentleman* fifth. Inconspicuously, in sixth place, was Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's *Mr. Pratt's Patients*.

Four hundred and thirty-nine was the highest point total attained during 1913. It was achieved in the September list by *V. V.'s Eyes*, which had led the preceding month with 435 points. Again in September Mr. Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup* was second, and again the race was entirely between the two leaders. Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Southerner* was third, *The Judgment House* fourth, *The Heart of the Hills* fifth, and Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna* sixth. With the October list the race tightened up. By a meagre three points *V. V.'s Eyes* held the lead over a newcomer, Gene Stratton-Porter's *Laddie*, which in turn was 16 points in

advance of *The Inside of the Cup*. A "best seller" whose name is usually found in the autumn lists reappeared in the person of Mr. Rex Beach, whose novel, *The Iron Trail*, held fourth place, while our old friend from the Isle of Man contributed to the list with *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*. Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House* was sixth, this being the sixth consecutive month in which that book had appeared on the list.

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The autumn books were now fairly in their swing. November saw Mrs. Stratton-Porter's *Laddie* leading *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* by a margin of three points. The figures were respectively 331 and 328. *The Inside of the Cup* was but seventeen points behind Mr. Hall Caine's book. *The Iron Trail* was fourth with 221 points, and *V. V.'s Eyes*, in view of its leadership in August, September and October, a rather poor fifth with 136 points. Sixth place in the November list went to Robert Hichens's *The Way of Ambition*. With characteristic vitality (vitality in the matter of popularity) Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup* "came back" with the list for December. Second in August and September, and third in October and November, it now took the lead for the first time by a margin of 20 points. In the place position was *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* with 275 points, followed by *Laddie* with 252 points. Again *The Iron Trail* was fourth, and again *V. V.'s Eyes* was fifth. In sixth place was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *T. Tembarom*.

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JANUARY

1. Their Yesterdays	174
2. The Net	164
3. A Cry in the Wilderness.....	160
4. The Lady and Sada San.....	157
5. The Hollow of Her Hand.....	118
6. Cease Firing	110

FEBRUARY

1. Their Yesterdays	195
2. Corporal Cameron	179
3. The Lady and Sada San.....	134

4. The Valiants of Virginia.....	119
5. { Cease Firing	116
5. { The Unknown Quantity.....	116

MARCH

1. The Valiants of Virginia.....	232
2. Corporal Cameron	204
3. Their Yesterdays	200
4. The Lady and Sada San.....	111
5. Cease Firing	94
6. A Cry in the Wilderness.....	84

APRIL

1. The Happy Warrior.....	195
2. The Valiants of Virginia.....	192
3. Andrew the Glad.....	130
4. My Little Sister.....	98
5. { The Parasite	83
5. { Corporal Cameron	83

MAY

1. The Heart of the Hills.....	349
2. The Amateur Gentleman.....	250
3. The Judgment House.....	248
4. My Little Sister.....	125
5. Andrew the Glad.....	106
6. The Valiants of Virginia.....	102

JUNE

1. The Judgment House.....	379
2. The Amateur Gentleman	313
3. The Heart of the Hills.....	310
4. Stella Maris	168
5. The Mating of Lydia.....	62
6. The Penalty	54

JULY

1. The Judgment House.....	275
2. The Amateur Gentleman.....	210
3. V. V.'s Eyes.....	182
4. The Heart of the Hills.....	175
5. Stella Maris	115
6. Virginia	70

AUGUST

1. V. V.'s Eyes	433
2. The Inside of the Cup.....	351
3. The Judgment House	150
4. The Heart of the Hills.....	149
5. The Amateur Gentleman	148
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients.....	54

SEPTEMBER

1. V. V.'s Eyes.....	439
2. The Inside of the Cup.....	350
3. The Southerner	141
4. The Judgment House	119
5. The Heart of the Hills.....	81
6. Pollyanna	69

OCTOBER

1. V. V.'s Eyes	293
2. Laddie	290
3. The Inside of the Cup.....	274
4. The Iron Trail	121
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me....	119
6. The Judgment House	68

NOVEMBER

1. Laddie	331
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me....	328
3. The Inside of the Cup.....	311
4. The Iron Trail	221
5. V. V.'s Eyes.....	136
6. The Way of Ambition.....	80

DECEMBER

1. The Inside of the Cup.....	295
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me....	275
3. Laddie	252
4. The Iron Trail.....	104
5. V. V.'s Eyes.....	80
6. T. Tembarom	77

From the above lists the following compilation may be made:

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

V. V.'s Eyes, The Judgment House.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Heart of the Hills, The Inside of the Cup.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Valiants of Virginia, The Amateur Gentleman.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

Their Yesterdays, The Lady and Sada San, Cease Firing, Corporal Cameron, Laddie, The Iron Trail, The Woman Thou Gavest Me.

TWICE MENTIONED

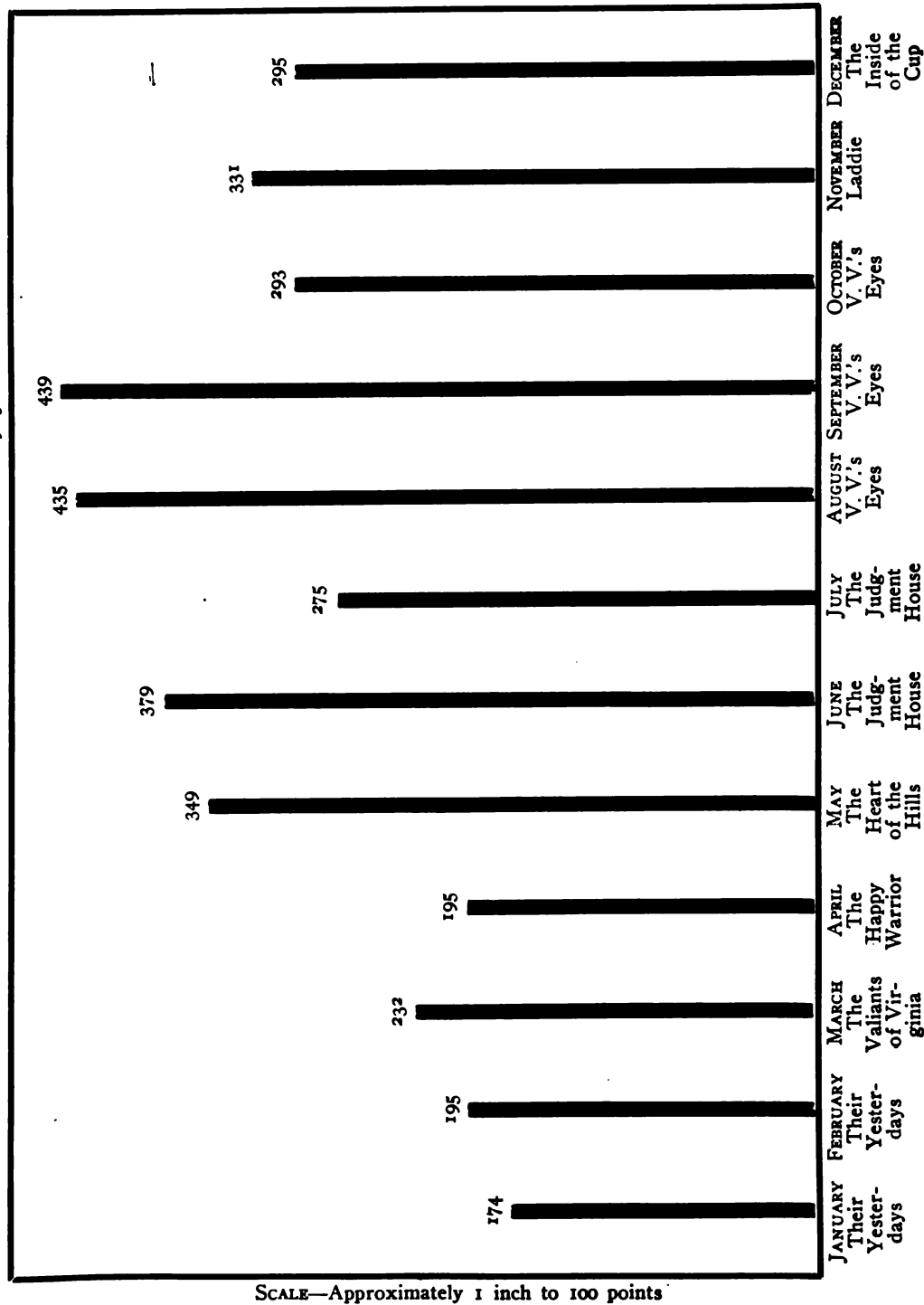
A Cry in the Wilderness, Andrew the Glad, My Little Sister, Stella Maris.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Net, The Hollow of Her Hand, The Unknown Quantity, The Parasite, Mr. Pratt's Patients, The Mating of Lydia, The Penalty, Virginia, The Southerner, Pollyanna, The Happy Warrior, The Way of Ambition, T. Tembarom.

In the lists for 1913 thirty books were represented as against twenty-seven for 1912, twenty-seven for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for

CHART OF MONTHLY LEADERS IN 1913



1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. There was no book that was published anonymously, and no book was the result of collaboration. Rex Beach had two books on the lists, *The Net* and *The Iron Trail*, and counting him twice the representation was eighteen men and twelve women. Twenty-two of the books were written by American authors, for we claim both Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Elizabeth Robins. The six "best sellers" of the year, judged by the point system, were Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*, Henry Sydnor Harrison's *V. V.'s Eyes*, John Fox's *The Heart of the Hills*, Jeffery Farnol's *The Amateur Gentleman*, Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House*, and Gene Stratton-Porter's *Laddie*.

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With the names of the six "best sellers" of 1913 before us, it is a perfectly natural question to ask, Why this particular six rather than some other six? Have they any feature in common, any distinguishing mark that seems to differentiate them and justify, or at least explain their selection as the kind of fiction most in demand, the index to the popular taste of the hour. And, perfectly natural though it is, the question is likely to prove quite futile, until we realise that the six "best selling" books of the year or the month are not necessarily any indication whatever of popular taste. They may be, and then again, they may not, for the purchase of a copy of a book or of a million copies does not prove that the book purchased is necessarily read, or being read, necessarily liked. All that a "best seller" really does prove is that for the publisher and the book-seller it has been a more than usually profitable piece of merchandise. And that the chances are that in a good many cases the annual list of "best sellers" is likely to be misleading as to the taste of the reading public may be very briefly made clear.

The first thing that we notice about the six volumes immediately before us is that they are without exception the work of authors who already have at least one big success to their credit. Any one would know quite well whom we meant if, instead of mentioning the writers by name, we merely referred to them as "the author of *Richard Carvel*, of *Queed*, of *The Right of Way*, of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, of *The Broad Highway*, or of *Freckles*. In other words, it is a safe, conservative sort of list, the sort of books that you would feel you were running no very grave danger in recommending even without having read them. And that is precisely what is happening all the time, to a far greater extent than we are likely to realise. For instance, you are hurrying to catch a train, and you want something to read on your journey. You appeal to the book-seller, and he, knowing nothing of your tastes, does the easy, obvious thing; he shifts his responsibility to the shoulders of the general public. The general public has put the stamp of its approval upon certain author's past performances; well, if the book-seller can persuade you to buy on the strength of that approval, you can't blame him if you don't like the book. And in turn, you do exactly the same thing, when you hastily select a *bon voyage* packet of reading matter for Aunt Lavinia or little Mrs. Smith. The volumes that you pick out on the strength of their credentials may not be half so attractive or entertaining as others by utterly unknown writers; but you have no time for personal investigation; at all events they are books which the recipient ought to like, whether she does or not, and the choice gives you an air of intelligence. And since yours is quite a typical case, it is fair to assume that a goodly number of sales represent, not a book that some one definitely wanted, but merely a blind guess as to what some one else might or might not want.

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Now, if we could be sure that the six volumes that make up the current

year's "best seller" list really was a measure of the average standard of taste in fiction, it would be distinctly encouraging, for it would show a growing tendency to take good fiction with the seriousness that it deserves. But the fact that there were a number of other volumes quite as worthy of popularity, but coming from more obscure writers, which attracted little attention, while a fair amount of purely ephemeral reading matter hovered, time and again, upon the "best seller" border line, might go to support the theory sometimes advanced that these lists are deceptive. And when we come to examine the six books in question one by one, we realise rather keenly that in a few instances at least the authors have fallen distinctly short of their earlier achievements. An exception may be made in the case of *The Inside of the Cup*, by Winston Churchill. There has always been a certain academic ponderousness about Mr. Churchill which has been a rather valuable asset. There are still a considerable number of staid and conservative persons, with an old-fashioned prejudice against fiction as a sad waste of time; but if daughters must read novels, why, Mr. Churchill is perhaps as safe as any of the modern school. The daughters would rather read Mr. Chambers or Mr. Oppenheim, and they very likely do; but meanwhile the prejudice of their elders has helped to swell the sales of Mr. Churchill's books. *The Inside of the Cup*, however, is a rather special case. At irregular intervals, some writer, through genius or inspiration or superlative cleverness, happens to express in the form of fiction certain problems which for the time being lie very close to the consciences of the people. *Robert Elsmere* was a case in point. To-day we read Mrs. Humphry Ward's greatest popular success with something akin to wonder. Was it possible that this book could ever have aroused such widespread dissension and fierce polemics? The issues are cleverly put, but the fire behind them is burnt out; what a whole nation quelled over then, is to-day accepted

commonplace. And so, in a measure, the same is true of Mr. Churchill's latest volume. He has treated very seriously what a large number of earnest, thinking people are inclined to treat very seriously; and hence, this volume, which twenty-five years hence will probably in its turn represent dead embers, does for the passing hour really and truly represent a certain phase of genuine popular demand.

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We cannot feel nearly so confident in the case of *V. V.'s Eyes*. It is not merely that there is something rather inadequate and futile in the plot, a sense that the one or two really worth while personages in the story are squandering their energies upon trying to save a number of other persons, who are not in the least worth while, from the well-merited consequences of their own follies; but in manner as well as in matter, the book rather frankly bored us. In point of style, it impresses us as having all the worst mannerisms of the mid-Victorian period, without the redeeming qualities. In a word, *V. V.'s Eyes* was dull, dreadfully dull. Of Mr. Gilbert Parker, it need only be said that he once wrote a big novel, *The Right of Way*, and that the quality of his work as a whole is in inverse proportion to his propinquity to smart life and London drawing-rooms. A professional cynic, some years ago, rather cleverly characterised Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber as "the office-boy's idea of a gentleman;" we are tempted to paraphrase the definition, and describe the fashionable women in Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House* as a shop-girl's idea of a lady.

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Mr. John Fox, Jr., deserves the credit of being an unusually even author; it is a quality which he shares with another writer of widely different calibre, the late Marion Crawford. It is a comfortable thing to be able to assume safely that if you have read one volume by a certain writer, you will like his other works as a matter of course. Mr. Fox undoubtedly has his public, although it

is hard to understand why it should be quite so wide a public as the holding of fourth place on the current list would indicate. Perhaps his is a case in which our above propounded theory in a measure applies. As for *The Amateur Gentleman*, here is obviously a case of blind, sheep-like trailing in pursuit of a goal which it is of no special importance to attain. The whole modern revival of Borrowism, the more or less gypsy-like wanderings of more or less impossible and eccentric persons, has been a movement rather interesting to watch, from the detached, critical standpoint, and rather hard to follow, because of its somewhat sporadic outbursts. To our own way of thinking, the most useful purpose it has served is that of having given us one gem of the first water, *The Beloved Vagabond*,—and we are almost tempted to correct ourselves and say two gems, in order to include Mr. Hutchinson's recent *Happy Warrior*, which in our opinion is easily worth everything that Mr. Farnol has yet written. As for *Laddie*, there is a case where it is fairly easy to understand its popularity. Gene Stratton-Porter is not especially profound or erudite, excepting in regard to the lore of butterflies; but she is blythe, and kindly and wholesome, and her books all leave you with a sense of having enjoyed a pleasant hour or two of sojourn in the heart of some rolling, balsamic woodland, where the branches overhead are not too dense to keep the glad sunshine from filtering down in fine networks of pure gold. There is a tonic value to her books that is often missing from more serious and pretentious writings.

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Having discussed the six books of 1913 that have been most in demand according to the lists, a word should be said about what we may call the most "notorious" book of the year. That probably is Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman's *Hagar Revelly*, which earned the vigorous disapproval of Mr. Anthony Comstock. We gave *Hagar Revelly*

rather a careful reading the other day with the result that we feel sorry for Mr. Comstock's action, for we think that in writing that book Mr. Goodman was sincere, or thought he was sincere, which amounts to much the same thing. The trouble with all these "notorious" books is that they find their way into the hands of so many half-baked persons who labour under the delusion that the ideas advanced in them are quite new, whereas analysis will show that philosophy and incidents are merely mediocre imitations of what has gone before. Mr. Goodman's novel is no exception. It is a kind of *Sister Carrie* with trimmings. There is much of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer that is more or less digested. But, above all, it is rehashings of Guy de Maupassant. For example, early in the book, there is the confession of the mother to one daughter overheard by the other daughter in an adjoining room. Substitute two sons for the daughters, and the situation is exactly the one that Maupassant treated with infinitely greater skill in *Pierre et Jean*. There is the episode of Hagar and Herrick in the woods overlooking the Hudson River. Maupassant again, this time in imitation of a little story which, if we are not mistaken, is called "Le Père." There is the situation of Mrs. Revelly consumed by jealousy because she feels that her lover is growing away from her, attracted by the youth of her daughter Hagar. That is Maupassant's *Fort Comme la Mort*. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about frankness in fiction, and often the best men, the men of cleanest minds, are impressed by it. As a book that has stood in the pillory Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman's *Hagar Revelly* deserves a word or two of defence. In intention at least it is far removed from *Three Weeks*, and the novels of Hubert Wales. In execution, though drab in colour and utterly lacking inspiration, it is not entirely trash. But as for being the masterpiece that a number of persons of misplaced enthusiasm have acclaimed it, that is frankly and flatly absurd.



Photograph by Brown and Dawson, Stamford, Conn.

SECOND CABIN LIBRARY OF S.S. "IMPERATOR"

It was only two or three years ago that we printed a paper on the libraries of the Transatlantic liners. But those two or three years have brought striking changes. For example, the above picture shows one of the two libraries of the *Imperator*. In addition to standard works, these libraries include one thousand volumes of recent fiction.

"Whenever I cross the Atlantic, and the weather is too rough for me to be on deck, I amuse myself by going down to the library of the liner I happen to be on, seeking the American history books, and correcting in pencil in the margins the misstatements of which they are full, as I am convinced the currency of these myths does more harm to the friendship between Great Britain and the United States than all the 'lion's tail twistings' that sometimes precede a Presidential election" (From a review of *Lord North, Second Earl of Guilford*, by Sir William Bull, M.P., in the *London Academy* for November 1, 1913). Without any thought of disparaging Sir William's marginal corrections, we may add that we have seen English history books which have seen fit to ignore entirely such battles as those of Princeton,

Trenton, Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans.

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Also in all amiability do we record the case of the Englishman mentioned by Ethelbert Nevin in Mr. Vance Thompson's *The Life of Ethelbert Nevin*. Mr. Nevin, writing from Morley's Hotel in London: "Some English people are so charming and some so idiotic. This morning, for instance, I remarked upon the beautiful sunshine after last night's rain, and, between sips of coffee, said: 'I presume it's because Gladstone threatens to resign.' Well, didn't the chap answer seriously: 'Oh, I really don't think that is the cause, you know; it must be something in the atmosphere.' After that I gave up."

...

The latest acquisition in the long line of succession to Mr. Chimmie Fadden, of New York, is Mr Blister Jones, of

anywhere in particular where race-horses may be pulled, doped, or disguised. Mr. John Taintor Foote presents his hero in a number of entertaining tales, and succeeds, probably without the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, in drawing a thoroughly sinister picture of horse-racing in America. For example, take Blister. The boy is as sound at heart as was Edward W. Townsend's little Bowery derelict. Instinctively



JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

loyal and brave, he performs any number of kindly, generous deeds, and in the end all but gives his life to save that of a rather foolish girl. But he has been nine years on the race track, and the poison of it is in his blood. Holding a horse back until the odds are "right," painting out the white spot on Friendless in order to run him as Alcyfras,—these are all in the day's work, and according to Blister's lights the greater the deception the greater the glory. It is

not that he is without the moral sense; simply that the world in which he lives has standards of its own. Blister Jones deserves a place in the illustrious society of the late O. Henry's Jefferson Peters and Ferguson Pogue. He shares with them free-born citizenship in the United States of Graft. His ethics are their ethics, and he tells of his exploits in a slang that is quite as picturesque.

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"Why," we once asked in these columns, "should a casual remark about the weather to a great F. H. Smith man some forty or fifty and Thackeray years ago be magnified in later life into a literary reminiscence of prime importance?" That question is somehow recalled by a literary note that is being sent out by the publishers of F. Hopkinson Smith's *In Thackeray's London*. Here is the note: "The first and only time I saw him (Thackeray) was in Baltimore, when I was seventeen years old. He and Mr. John P. Kennedy, a friend of my father, strolled one Saturday afternoon into the Mercantile Library, where we boys were reading. 'Look!' came from a tangle of legs and arms bunched up in an adjoining easy chair: 'That's the Mr. Thackeray who is lecturing here.' My glance followed a directing finger, and rested on a tall, rather ungraceful figure, topped by a massive head framed about by a fringe of whitish hair, short, fuzzy whiskers, crumple collar and black stock. Out of a pink face peered two sharp inquiring eyes, these framed again by the dark rims of a pair of heavy spectacles, which, from my point of sight, became two distinct dots in the round of the same pink face. The portrait of Horace Greeley widely published during his Presidential campaign—the one all throat-whiskers and spectacles—has always recalled to my mind this flash glimpse of the great author whom I afterward learned to revere."

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After all, the anecdote, though trivial, is a pretty good one in its way. The

mention of the name of John P. Kennedy, the historian, recalls a Thackeray-an anecdote that is not any too well known. The novelist was carrying in his mind the first threads of *The Virginians*, a story in which Washington was to play a conspicuous part. To Kennedy Thackeray turned for information about the personality of Washington. Kennedy began an academic discourse to which Thackeray listened with growing impatience. Finally the Englishman interrupted testily: "No, no! That's not what I want to know. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman who spilled snuff down the front of his coat?"

We know not why it is, but human nature always has found, and probably always will find, huge amusement in the eccentricities of phrase and spelling that mark the average letter in a language which is not the writer's own. For example, Mr. Charles Bastide, in his recently



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. THE OLD WATER TOWER, CHICAGO AVENUE AND LAKE SHORE DRIVE. HOBART CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S "THE AMERICAN PEERESS IN PEARSON STREET"



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. MADISON AND STATE STREETS AT NOON. THIS IS WHAT MODERNISED J. M. PATTERSON'S HEROINE, GEORGIANA, IN "REBELLION"



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. THE MONADNOCK BUILDING, THE SCENE OF HENRY B. FULLER'S "THE CLIFF DWELLERS"

published book on the *Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century*, devotes a chapter to specimens of English written by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. From this chapter we quote a letter, under date of April 15, 1646, written by Queen Henrietta of France to her son Prince Charles.

DEARE CHARLES,—Having reseauved a lettre from the King I have dispatch this berear, Dudley Wiatt to you, with the copie of the lettre, by which you may see the King's command to you and to me. I make no doubt that you will obey it, and suddeynely; for certainly your coming hither is the securitie of the King your father. Therfor make all the hast you can to shoue yourself a dutifull sonne, and a carefull one, to doe all that is in your power to serve him: otherwise you may ruine the King and yourself.

Now that the King is gone from Oxford, whether to the Scotch or to Irland, the Par-

liament will, with alle ther power, force you to come to them. Ther is no time to be lost, therfor loose none, but come speedeley. I have writt more at large to Milord Culpepper, to show it to your Counsell. Ile say no more to you, hoping to see you shortly. I would have send you Harry Jermin but he is goinge to the Court with some commands from the King to the Queen-Regents.

Ile adde no more to this but that I am your most affectionat mother,

HENRIETTE MARIE R.

For me dearest Sonne.

• • •

There is nothing really ridiculous or discreditable in this letter. But we are far less charitably inclined toward the English of a circular which comes to us from one of the greatest tobacco firms in the island of Cuba. When we read that circular we feel just a little bit of exasperation in thinking of the lives, the time, and the money that were expended by this country for the cause of "Cuba Libre." Appreciation should sometimes take the form of good manners and the following communication we hold to be downright bad manners:

THE BEST IN THE WORLD is produced on the Island of Cuba, and the best again of this Island, furnishes only a small portion of its soils, situated west of the said Island, which is called and well known as the VUELTA ABAJO.

The first tobacco fields cultivated in the *Vuelta Abajo*, after the discovery of the Island of Cuba by Colon, are those of San Juan y Martinez, the tobacco of which commenced already then to acquire the universal just fame, in which no other was capable to rival. There is much good tobacco produced in the said *Vuelta Abajo*, but not better than the aforesaid excellent one of San Juan and Martinez. There are also large quantities cultivated and raised throughout the world, but nowhere is to be found as good tobacco as the good one of the Island of Cuba.

It is well therefore to understand, that Nature has intended and given to every

country a so called SPECIAL PRIVILEGE to which all other should be tributaries. In this sense, the Island of Cuba is the MOTHER OF THE UNIVERSE and each and every one, from the most elevated monarchs to the humble shepherds, are paying due tribute to its excellent and not to be equalled tobacco.

In every country, which is distinguished by our wise Nature, by some special gift, we are sure to find a something better, even amongst, that which is good in itself. We find for instance, among the precious stones, some which are superior to others. The Rhine Wine so famous for its purity and flavour, differs greatly in quality and yet all is cultivated on the borders of the river bearing its name. Against the Law of Nature, it would be absurd to attempt? Why not to find this same law in regard to the tobacco, this very same something better which is always to be found amongst everything good? There exists in Vuelta Abajo a tract of land called

cated in the heart of ancient and celebrated fields of San Juan and Martinez, on the borders of the river of this name, being washed by its floods. This pit, on account of its particular topographical location, in olden times, was formed it is supposed by the constant deposits of sands and other vegetable matters of various kinds, carried away by the floods of this river, strengthening still more this belief, the kind of earth of which it is composed, being so very fine, that the plough is almost unnecessary for tilling the ground.

Owing to this circumstance, the tobacco which it produces, distinguishes itself for its remarkable fineness and particular flavour from amongst the best of the Vuelta Abajo. No doubt that the genuine HOYOS DE VEGA produce the best tobacco, but that the distinguishes itself amongst all others of the Vuelta Abajo, is a fact, which admits of no commentaries, as all those attest, who know it. Here then is this something better, invariable to be found



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. MICHIGAN AVENUE, THE CITY'S PROMENADE AND PLAY PLACE, INCLUDING CONGRESS HOTEL AND THE AUDITORIUM, ROBERT HERRICK'S PET ABOMINATION. EVERY CHICAGO HEROINE HAS HER "FIRST GLIMPSES OF PEACOCK ALLEY"



KNEBWORTH HOUSE (BULWER'S HOME), FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY F. W. HULME, PUBLISHED IN 1847

amongst everything good namely THE TOBACCO RAISED in the

THE FACTS WILL JUSTIFY THE ASSERTIONS

This referred tobacco field belongs at present to the manufacturer of the celebrated brand LA ESCEPCION. The tobacco raised thereon will be sold separately. The elaboration shall be of the choicest as well as the most perfect the art permits. The price is exceedingly low, considering the unequalled article offered, and that it procures the satisfaction of being able to say: I SMOKE THE BEST TOBACCO THAT IS TO BE HAD IN THE WORLD. As there is but one

on the Island of Cuba, none but the owner of it could guarantee the genuineness of these productions. It would be advisable therefore, in order to avoid deception, to go what is called for the Water to the fountain. The

is situated fifty leagues from the capital, crossing part of its lands highmay of the latter, as far as the cape of San Antonio.

• • •

Unquestionably the literary book of the moment is *The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton*, by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton. As the biog-

rapher points out in his preface, it is forty years now since Bulwer-Lytton

**Bulwer
Lytton's
Story**

died. He left his papers to his son, with instructions that by him and no one else his *Life* was to be written. These instructions the present biographer's father felt it a sacred duty to carry out as soon as his public work allowed. On his return from his official career in India, in 1880, he set to work on the papers which had been left to him, and began to write his father's biography. In 1883 he published, in two volumes, the first instalment of this work; but before it was completed he was appointed British Ambassador to Paris, where he died in 1891, leaving his task still unfinished. "Believing that both my father and grandfather would have wished the work to be completed," so the preface reads, "and interpreting the passage in my grandfather's Will as an instruction to myself no less than to my father, I have endeavoured to put together a narrative of the first Lord Lytton's life, in such a shape as will enable the world to form a true estimate, not only of his public career as an author

and statesman, but also of his character as a man."

• • •

In discussing the book we shall say as little as possible about the painful domestic tragedy which cast its shadow over the novelist's life. Too much stress

has already been laid on that story of endless recriminations, of continual scenes, of intense hatreds. The tale was one which neither Bulwer-Lytton nor his son could bring themselves to tell. The experiences of both in connection with it had been too painful to admit of



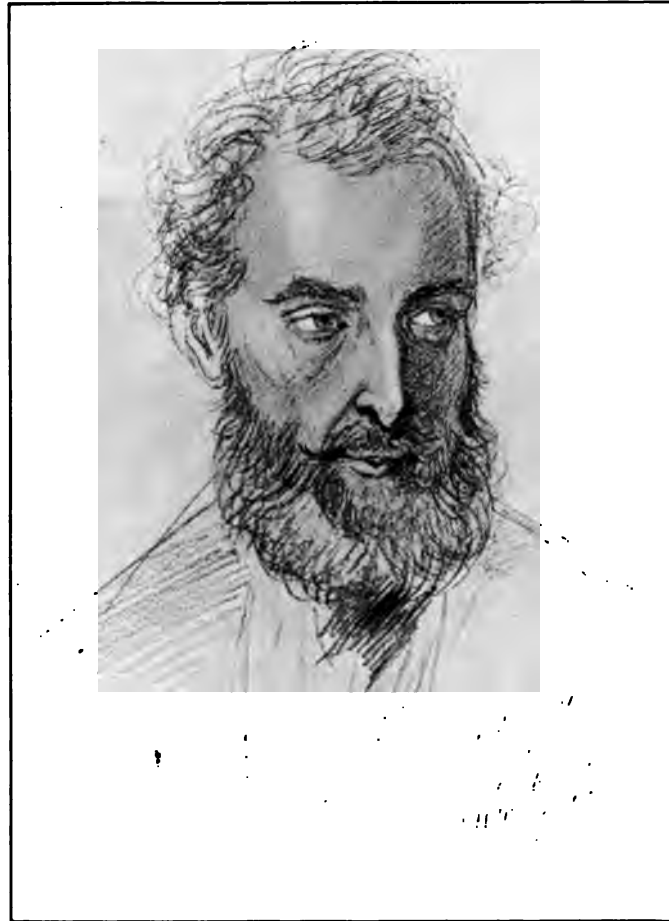
LADY LYTTON (NÉE ROSINA WHEELER). HER MARRIAGE WITH BULWER TURNED OUT ONE OF THE MOST MELANCHOLY OF ALL LITERARY MARRIAGES. IN LATER LIFE SHE WROTE TO WILKIE COLLINS THAT IN THE VILLAINOUS COUNT FOSCO, OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," HE HAD DRAWN AN EXACT PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND

a calm and dispassionate statement of the facts by either of them. The sprightly autobiography of the novelist stopped just at the point where the tragedy began. Otherwise it could hardly have been sprightly. With the omission of certain early chapters of no particular importance and some of the

Lytton's life, as told by himself, makes entertaining reading, and throws a vivid light on the England of his time.

• • •

Of prime interest is the picture which the autobiography presents of the life of an undergraduate at Cambridge in the third decade of the last century. The



LORD LYTTON IN 1869

personal adventures in the later chapters, which have been embodied in more or less the same form in some of the novels, the present biographer has used that autobiography as the first part of his work. Happily so, for the story of the first twenty-two years of Bulwer-

college selected for Edward Bulwer was Trinity, at which his two brothers had preceded him. But he was not happy there. He found among his college mates no congenial companion. So at the end of the first term he left Trinity for Trinity Hall, and quickly felt the benefit

of the change. His brother Henry was his chief companion. Henry led a gay life, his passion then was in horses and landau-driving, and he had the handsomest stud, perhaps, Cambridge ever saw. The Union Debating Society soon became a field for Edward Bulwer's activities. The leading men in the Union were the most accomplished and energetic undergraduates of the University. Among them were Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Alexander Cockburn, later to become Attorney-General; Charles Villiers, subsequently renowned in Corn-Law polemics; Charles Buller, and Benjamin Hall Kennedy. "But the greatest display of eloquence I ever witnessed at the Club was made by a man some years our senior, and who twice came up during my residence to grace our debates—the now renowned Macaulay."

• • •

Bulwer came to know Macaulay fairly well, and records his own wonder at the historian's full and opulent converse, varied knowledge, and prodigious memory. A short time before leaving Cambridge Bulwer competed successfully for the gold medal accorded to the English prize poem. That early victory gave him more pleasure than any literary success in later life. But he felt that its reception was ominous of the reception of all his work by the periodical press. The verses were selected for a lampoon in one of the earlier numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*—a lampoon not confined to the verses but extending to the author. "That magazine, under the auspices of Dr. Maginn and Mr. Thackeray, long continued to assail me, not in any form that can fairly be called criticism, but with a kind of ribald impertinence offered, so far as I can remember, to no other writer of my time." About this time Bulwer was sketching the outline of *Falkland*, and writing the opening chapter of *Pelham*.

• • •

Other sprightly pages of the *Autobiography* are those in which Bulwer recorded his infatuation for Lady Caroline Lamb. Lady Caroline was the "Caro"

of Byron, of whom the poet, after their estrangement, wrote the terrible lines:

Remember thee, remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee
And haunt thee like a feverish dream.

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.

Thy husband, too, shall think of thee,
By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!

In 1824, when Bulwer, a youth of twenty-one, made the visit to Brocket that was destined to have a marked effect on his future life, Lady Caroline was between thirty and forty, but thanks to her slight figure and a childlike mode of wearing her pale golden hair in close curls, looked much younger. Also she had, to a surpassing degree, the attribute of charm, and found little difficulty in making a victim of the impressionable boy. It was a case of a mild interest on the part of a clever coquette for a promising youth. The two corresponded in the stilted, sentimental manner of the age. All went well until another of the lady's admirers, a certain Mr. Russell, appeared on the scene. Bulwer saw, or fancied he saw, a preference on the part of Lady Caroline for the older man. He suffered, he raved, he shed copious tears, but he soon recovered. It was all so much emotional experience to be incorporated in future novels.

• • •

The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton, will be discussed at greater length in a review to appear in an early number of this magazine. We cannot leave the subject, however, without an allusion to the spirited passage at arms between Bulwer and Alfred Tennyson. At the end of 1845 Bulwer wrote a long poem called *The New Timon*, which appeared anonymously in four parts. The poem was a romantic narrative of life in London—a novel in verse; but it also contained, wholly unconnected with the main story, a number of satirical sketches of contemporary men in politics and literature, which attracted far more attention than the poem itself. Tennyson was

referred to as "school-miss Alfred," and attacked in the following lines:

No tawdry grace shall womanise my pen!
Even in love-song man should write for men!
Not mine, not mine (O Muse forbid!) the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock bird's modish
tune,
The jungling medley of purloin'd conceits,
Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering
Keats,
Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral
chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!

• • •

But "school-miss Alfred," who seemed to have no difficulty in guessing that Bulwer was the author of this attack, came back at his assailant with a totally unexpected vigour. He wrote "The New Timon and the Poets," a piece of great satirical merit, which has, at Tennyson's particular desire, never been reprinted among his works. It began:

We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke,—
The Old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New;
Regard him—a familiar face;
I *thought* we knew him! What, it's you,—
The padded man that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!
O Lion, you that made a noise,
And shook a mane on *papillotes*!

• • •

And men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hours may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes,
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

• • •

And which ended, if memory serves us, with the following lines:

A Timon thou, nay, nay for shame,
It seems too arrogant a jest
That fierce old man—to take his name
You bandbox, off, and let him rest!

For the first time the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to an Oriental, to the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore. The son of Debendranath Tagore, the grandson of Dwarknath Tagore, of Calcutta, a friend of Queen Victoria, this writer who has won such sudden celebrity, is an Oriental in the full meaning of the word, wearing, even when travelling through western lands, the clothes of his own country and directing a school in Bengal on the magnificent estate that he inherited from his father. Tagore was born at Calcutta in 1861. A musician and a poet, his first important work was an opera composed at the age of eighteen. This was followed by plays, novels, poems, and finally by the book *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*), which was enthusiastically welcomed in England. The discoverer of Tagore is said to have been the painter, William Rothenstein. Some years ago Tagore first visited Europe. Last summer he was a delegate to the Congress of Religions held in Paris.

• • •

In the preface which he wrote for *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*) Mr. W. B. Yeats tells of having read translations of poems of Tagore. He questioned a Bengali physician, who, not at all surprised at the profound impression that the poet had made on Mr. Yeats, went on to say: "Every day I read Rabindranath. One of his verses makes me forget all the annoyances in the world." And Mr. Yeats went on:

If an Englishman living in London at the time of Richard II had been shown translations of Petrarch or of Dante he could have found no book to satisfy his curiosity about the author, and he would have questioned some Florentine banker or some Lombard merchant, as I question you. This poetry makes me feel that a renaissance is spreading in your country, and I can know of it only by hearsay.

To which the Bengali physician returned this explanation:

We have other poets, but none of them is his equal, and the present period we call the epoch of Rabindranath. No poet in Europe seems to me as famous as Tagore is among us. He is as great in music as he is in verse and they sing his songs from one end of India to the other. He was already celebrated at nineteen, and they still play, at Calcutta, the pieces that he wrote soon after that. I admire much the perfection of his life. At a very early age he turned to nature and spent his days in his garden immersed in thought. From twenty-five to thirty, a time in which he probably underwent some great grief, he wrote the most beautiful love poems of our language. No words can express what those poems meant to me when I was seventeen. After that, his art became more profound, he turned to religion and philosophy, all human aspirations found their way into his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, who has sung of life, and it is for that above all that we have given him our affection. Some time ago he was to read the service in one of our temples, the largest in Calcutta, and not only was the temple packed, but it was impossible to move in the neighbouring streets.

Rabindranath Tagore has himself translated his poems into English prose. Three volumes of them, *The Gardener*, *The Crescent Moon* and *Sadhana*, have recently been issued in this country from the press of the Macmillan Company.

• • •

We take off our hat to the New York *Evening Post* for recognising the real value of that story of That Kipling Irwin S. Cobb's visit to Rudyard Kipling at Burwash, which appeared in the issue of Thursday, December 11th. The same form of salutation is also due to Mr. Kipling for supplying such entertaining comment, to Mr. Cobb for bringing it across the Atlantic, and to the *Post* interviewer for presenting it in such an effective form. Mr. Cobb was depicted as ingeniously leading the talk to the subject of Terence Mul-

vanev, and finally asking: "Where is Mulvaney?"

There was no hint of flippancy in Kipling's reply. When he said, "Mulvaney is dead—I think," he looked away from his guest, over the yews and the sanded walks of his garden and into the glowing sunset, and there was a little silence after he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "to the best of my knowledge—the best of my memory, I might say, Mulvaney is dead. The last mental picture I had of him was on the edge of a cut in



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

India, where he was directing a gang of coolies building a railroad extension. There is no doubt that he was a bit seedy and down-at-heel. So I am sure that if he has not already passed away, he soon will, and Dinah Shadd will bury him.

"No, he cannot come back," he went on, after a few seconds' pause. "It won't do, you know. A character is born in your thought, and grows and is developed, and takes on virtues and vices, and becomes old, and then—well, just fades away, I take it.

"And that is the way with Mulvaney. I couldn't revive him—I could only galvanise him. He would be a stuffed figure with straw for bowels, and glass balls for eyes, and the people could see the strings I pulled him with. No, he is gone."

The talk turned to war and Mr. Cobb, probably with the memory of the deaths of Jakin and Lew, and the splendid redeeming charge in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" in mind, suggested that Kipling must have seen war in India.

"No," said Kipling, "I have seen very, very little fighting in India. I wrote mostly of what I had been told. But I did see war in South Africa. I said to myself before I went out, 'I'll see the dash and get the rattling inspiration of it. I'll see charges, and thin red lines, and hear hoarse commands and stand silent and thrilled in that dread hush before the battle!'

"But what a disillusion! The hush before the battle was like the quietness of surgeons and nurses before they go into the operating room. Nobody galloped up on a lathered horse, and fell unconscious after

handing the general the long-awaited dispatch. The general himself bestrode no charger; but sat in a comfortable camp-chair beside a neatly spread tea table. You heard a few tick-ticks and somebody handed him a slip—the substitute for the dispatch—and he read it and drank his tea and said, 'Um-m-m, good. Workin' out just as I thought. Wire Binks to bring up that battery,' etc., etc.

"And all this method and precision and application of modern efficiency ideas makes the carnage that follows all the more ghastly. You don't know in advance just what is going to happen, you don't know how it happened, you just look at the dreadful dead men and the shrieking, wounded men, and they seem to you like innocent bystanders who have got in the way of some great civil engineering scheme and been torn and blown up."

JOSEPH CONRAD'S WOMEN

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

"THEY—the women—are out of it—should be out of it." So speaks one of Joseph Conrad's characters of the world of Joseph Conrad's best writings. They are out of it indeed, in this world of the sea, and those who live thereon in ships; this world of bleak or poisonous coasts, of secret harbours, mysterious rivers, savage jungle and savage men. The women are there, of course; but they are always the passive factor, never the active or positive force. It is not *their* development, *their* psychology, which matters in Joseph Conrad's books. They are there just as one more, possibly often the most potent, force of nature, acting on and influencing the development of the male protagonist—never because of themselves or of what may happen to them. Hence Conrad's women are never complex. They do not change or develop in any sense of the word. They are presented to us complete, in one tone, like the line of

the horizon, or the colour of a flower. They stand out in one definite note of colour, either dull drab or flaming scarlet, as a fixed feature of the landscape. What they do, or what they are . . . it is usually what they *are* . . . does not matter of itself. It counts only in its effect on the men into whose lives they come.

For even in this world of primitive men and primitive passions, man cannot know his own possibilities until the feminine equation has come into his life to stir it to action . . . but to an action impelled not by the will, only by the senses. And so these women of Mr. Conrad's world seem incapable of development. Swayed only by primal impulses, they are always true to type, to themselves. It is as if the varying possibilities of development in the feminine microcosm did not interest this writer. He needs some one woman for one mood, one phase of each story, just as he needs

a certain background. In fact, the background is more important, for in some of Mr. Conrad's stories the natural setting is chief protagonist, as if it, of itself, impressed him most strongly, and the humans therein became of interest only as they felt the influence of the setting. And his women are just a part of the natural setting, never more. They each and every one belong so intimately to the background against which they are placed that we cannot imagine any of them elsewhere, as we can the men. The men come and go, finding the women of each place, each in her place, just as the line of sea forest and sky is complete and allied to each place, part of the memory of it in after-time.

Because of this quality we do not see Mr. Conrad's women grow and develop any more than we see the jungle grow and develop. Herein lies the great difference between his work and that of many other modern writers. And herein lies perhaps his preference for . . . and his greater measure of success in . . . depicting the savage or half-savage woman, or the woman whom natural surroundings have forced, or allowed to be merely the primitive expression of a natural law. In a few instances only does Mr. Conrad draw for us portraits of women of an Occidental civilisation, women of the city, the salon. Even when dealing with women of a so-called civilised environment, he has done his best work in depicting those of a social class that approaches the savage in lack of artificial conventionality.

The others, the well-to-do woman of position, so beloved as heroine by many writers, do not seem to interest Mr. Conrad at all. Whether or not he has summed up his opinion of them in what he writes of Mrs. Alvan Hervey in the story *The Return*, is his own secret. He describes her as belonging to a class of people

who feared emotion, enthusiasm, or failure, more than fire, war or mortal disease; who tolerated only the commonest formulas of

commonest thoughts, and recognised only profitable facts . . . in whose lives joys and sorrows are cautiously toned down to pleasures and annoyances. . . . They disdainfully ignore the hidden stream of life.

And when this woman, the only one of Mr. Conrad's women characters who feels the Fear of Living, seems for one rash moment to have stepped from her commonplace, well-ordered existence into the stream of passion, what gives the greatest shock to her husband is the fact that now he is forced to think of her merely as "a woman."

He had thought of her in every relation except the one fundamental one . . . as well-bred girl, as wife, as mistress of her household, as lady . . . but never simply as a woman.

Can it be that in this sentence we have Mr. Conrad's own acknowledgment of the manner in which he likes best to think of women? Certain it is that he depicts them best just simply as woman—not in any of the artificial relations that obscure the primitive womanhood amid the drawing-rooms of the Western world.

Again, in *Under Western Eyes*, he lets the one woman in the story who is real and alive—the revolutionist, Sophia Antonova—say:

The silliest woman can always be made use of. And why? Because we have passion, unappeasable passion . . . you men can love here and hate there, and desire something or other . . . and you make a great to-do about it and call it passion. Yes! While it lasts! But we women are in love with love, and with hate, with those very things I tell you . . . and with desire itself. That's why we can't be bribed off as easily as you men. In life, you see, there's not much chance for us. You have to either rot or burn. And there's not one of us, painted or unpainted, that would not rather burn than rot.

It is the woman who is simply the expression of this unappeasable passion, of the love of love or hate, or desire itself, that Mr. Conrad draws best.

And he finds her mostly beneath tropical skies, amid the glowing poisonous growths of tropical forests. Nina, of *Almayer's Folly*, is the most memorable of these women. Standing between the races, what she has seen of white men has not impressed her with their vaunted superiority. Having experienced, during the impressionable growing years, the scorn with which the half-caste girl is treated in the Islands, her white father's ambitious plans for her, his tales of the place he will make for her in the world of white men fall on deaf ears. Little by little the girl is drawn under the spell of intrigue whispered in her ears by her native mother, . . . one of those women who, disappointed in love, is in love with hate, . . . and when the handsome Malay sea-rover, Dain Maroola, comes into her life, Nina recognises him as her destined mate and lays her hand in his. It is odd how entirely comprehensible and sympathetic Mr. Conrad has made this situation. We ought, it would seem, to feel pity or even disgust for the woman who, with white blood in her veins, deliberately casts in her lot with a "savage" and follows him as his wife into the darkness and obscurity of a petty Rajah's compound. To Almayer his daughter's choice brings grief that amounts to horror, the soul of the man dies within him. But the reader feels that Nina has chosen the better part. She had seen enough of the lot of half-caste wives of white husbands, and she chooses to go, not where her Malay blood will make her despised, but where her white blood will give her a superiority that will spell power even after her beauty fades. She does not reason on this—Mr. Conrad's women do not reason—she acts on instinct and impulse. But one feels that underneath the love which binds her heart and soul, is an intuition telling her where she can find her best self.

And indeed, the white men who have come into Nina Almayer's life were of a kind to make her choice quite comprehensible from the most human and simple point of view. Even an all-white

woman might have been pardoned for turning from such specimens to an attractive lover like Dain Maroola, Malay though he be. Mr. Conrad seems to be taking a sly fling here at the supposed "superiority" of the white races in the Tropics. Wonderful in its piercing to the heart of woman, alike in all climes and all shades of skin, is the little scene between Nina and her Malay mother as the girl prepares to flee with her lover.

Joanna, the half-caste wife of Peter Willem, the *Outcast of the Islands*, shows us the lot from which Nina fled. She is less to her husband, in spite of his sentimental babbling of the "sacredness of the marriage relation," than any other article of furniture in his house. And when disaster overtakes Willem, and tears the veil of his fatuous self-satisfaction from him, leaving him naked before the indecencies of crude actuality, then it is that he falls, body and soul, under the spell of a wholly savage woman. Aïssa, the Malay, living alone with her blind deposed father, might be a half sister to Nina Almayer. She is what Nina would be were it not for the admixture of white blood which bids Nina choose, where the other woman only feels. The story of the meeting of Willem and Aïssa, their love from its beginning to its culmination and its tragic ending, ranks among the very finest of Mr. Conrad's work from the point of view of sheer writing. It is described with a power as brutal and primitive as the primitive passion itself, the pages glow with an almost intolerable flame. Joanna, the half-caste wife, dragging herself through life in a torn and soiled wrapper, furnishes the dull foil to Aïssa's brightness. The meeting of the two women at the last is an unforgettable picture.

In *Falk* we have another of Mr. Conrad's most characteristic pictures of woman as a sex type only. Hermann's niece—we do not even learn her name—expresses primitive womanhood and potential motherhood in the magnificent lines of her figure, the silent acquiescence of her bowed head under its weight of

tawny hair. "She inspired you somehow with a hopeful view of the prospects of mankind."

We never know or discover the soul of this woman, she is but the symbol of the female element in nature, as it were. And even among the many silent women who go through the pages of Mr. Conrad's books, this girl is the most silent. For that is one quality of all Mr. Conrad's women, they are so inarticulate, in stupidity, dulness, grief, sorrow, or even in flaming passion. Where they are most alive, as he has described them, they are most silent. One woman alone, Nathalie Haldin in *Under Western Eyes*, is loquacious. And she is the most shadowy and unreal of any of Mr. Conrad's women. She is nothing but a voice to express opinions which seem indefinite and confused because the woman who utters them never comes near to us in human interest.

Twice only has Mr. Conrad chosen a woman's name as title for his stories. Amy Foster is not really the chief figure of the tale that bears her name. She is a typical Conrad woman—the word typical is the most abused in our language, but sometimes one cannot avoid it—in her inarticulate dulness, enlivened only by the one flash of feeling which led her out onto strange seas of emotion, finally swamping her puny soul. *Freya of the Seven Isles* is more alive, a woman proud of her beauty and her power over men's hearts. But Freya is "so sensible" and her happiness, her very life even, is sacrificed to the reputation for "sense" she had consciously built up in her father's mind.

Like passing pictures thrown on a mirror are the fleeting glimpses of other women whom we catch sight of in Mr. Conrad's work. There is a delicious old Malay Queen in *Lord Jim*; motherly

Mrs. Beard, seen for a moment in *Youth* as she mends the clothes of the crew of the *Judea*; Mrs. Hermann, the feminine embodiment of all the civic virtues, making a home for her good husband and her little flock on the high seas; the two knitting women in the office of the Company in *Heart of Darkness*—emblem of the Fates for the men who entered there—these and many another, seen but for a moment, still linger long in the memory when one has closed the book.

In *Heart of Darkness*, a plunging into the innermost soul of that world where the man caught in its toils says that "they, the women, are not in it, should not be in it"—there is a striking picture of a woman glimpsed as the steamer passes bearing the dying Kurtz from the forest where he had lived so long in the very Heart of Darkness.

She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent. There was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly on the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her pensively, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

Like a shade from another world the picture of this savage woman flashes into Marlow's mind as he sits in the shaded drawing-room in the sleepy Continental city, bringing Kurtz's last message to the "girl at home." The sheltered woman of Occidental civilisation, and the woman who was the soul of the savage jungle, meet in the bond of primitive womanhood, which is the one phase of woman's life that seems to hold and interest Mr. Conrad, the one phase that calls out his best work.

THE POET CAVALIERS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN darkness mantles meads and glades,
And shrill the north wind snarls,
I love to read of those gay blades
Who trod the court of Charles;

The men—how clear their names are writ!—
Of gallant aims and airs,
Of nimble fence and nimble wit,
And jests and jibes at cares;

Those who made mock in merry song
At fate's "abhorred shears,"
And wore their swords and love-locks long,
The poet-cavaliers.

Suckling and Lovelace capping rhymes,
They hold my fancy thrall,
Strolling in jaunty ease betimes
The gardens of Whitehall;

Tom Carew with his pliant grace,
And likewise pliant pen,
Who set so brisk and blithe a pace
For all the "Tribe of Ben!"

They sleep in the unfathomed dark
Beyond all hopes and fears,
And yet their living forms I mark
Despite the lengthening years.

So twine I one more laurel wreath,
"The Muse's coronals,"
For those that laughed and quaffed beneath
The shadow of Saint Paul's!

• • •

Another "Best Seller of Yesterday"—"The Duchess," to be discussed in the February issue. Are we so soon forgotten? Inquiry at the Public Library of New York City reveals that that vast repository contains not one of the thirty novels of "The Duchess," and that in all the branch libraries there are only two copies each of her two chief books—and these in remote districts where patrons are supposed not to have reached the general level of culture. Yet these books, "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis," everybody was reading twenty-five years ago. It is unusual to find a man or woman of two generations back whose youth was not enlivened by these two sprightly love-stories of English society. But her books in very cheap paper-back reprints still sell by thousands; and for this reason those of the youngest generation who place her at all associate her name with Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay as a "shop-girl's delight," an injustice to a writer of charming and humorous love-stories in an accurate social setting.



BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER AND SCENE OF "SNOWBOUND"

A NEW PILGRIM IN WHITTIERLAND*

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

MORE than any of our poets, the Bard of Amesbury sought his themes in the folk-life, in the rivers, dales and hills of his own countryside—a romantic domain bounded by Salisbury's shore, by Haverhill, by the Merrimac and the heights whose "cloud-curtained cradle" gave it birth. Bold crests, Indian-named, far-viewing, rear their heads more proudly for his praise; the Lakes of Kenoza, of Attitash and "mountain-girdled Assquam" actually exist for us; the legend-haunted houses of Whittier ballads are real—we may visit them, and beneath their slant eaves search for and, mayhap, find portraits of the very characters who people his rhymed narratives. Constantly he muses upon the associations and happenings of his boyhood, and upon the homestead on the Massachusetts high-road which links Haverhill to Amesbury. As it looked more than a century ago, so

*Extracts from Whittier's poems are here-with reprinted by courtesy of the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

it still appears to thoughtless hundreds who pass it daily. The gate swings inward to the stranger's hand. At the end of the path is the doorway which frames "the old, rude-furnished room" from whose unfading memories "Snowbound" was fashioned—where

The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

Here, beneath the "sagging beams" young John Whittier, his sisters and his brother made a fireside crescent and listened with all their youthful ears to winter tales spun by the father, by the mother "running the new-knit stocking-heel," by that uncle who though

innocent of books

was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
and by the

dear aunt,

The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate.



THE FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE OF WHITTIER'S BIRTH. FROM A PAINTING

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze"—
—"Snowbound."

Here, "shut in from all the world
without," they "sat the clean-winged
earth about," while

Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

From the fireplace, still set with its
Turk's head andirons and kettle and
rane, still brushed clean with a turkey
wing, one looks into the "best room,"
where Whittier's infant wails first
reected a world which was to place him
high on its poets' roll.

A trellised doorway views the well-
urb and its long sweep, clothed by the
ow in "slant splendour." On this
oor-stone "grey and rude" sat the Bare-
ot Boy with his

Pewter spoon and bowl of wood.

In the ravine at the edge of the old-

time New England farm is the brook
which "laughed for his delight" in "boy-
hood's time of June,"—whose

liquid lip . . . had grown
To have an almost human tone.

On the farm beyond, "right over the
hill," leading off from the Haverhill
road, lived the Playmate, whose fath-
er's kine Whittier fed as a boy. And
just a little farther on

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
where "the urchin in that smoked and
dingy room" said brief lessons to the

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school,
who often sat with them when snow-
bound, and who became the "old friend,
kind friend" for whom Whittier never
lost his affection.

Two years before his death, the poet



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PICTURE OF WHITTIER'S AMESBURY HOME, TAKEN WITH HIS SISTER ELIZABETH AND HIMSELF STANDING BY THE PORCH; THE VIEW SHOWS THE HOUSE BEFORE IT WAS ALTERED THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF AN ENGLISH FRIEND

indited a lyric to Haverhill upon its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

He named himself,

The singer of a farewell rhyme
Upon whose outmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,

and in benediction prayed: "God bless the good old town!"

Thus of Haverhill, in the township of which he was born. But of Amesbury, where he lived after he came to man's estate, he has no songs to sing. True to the old verse anent the dishonouring of prophets, one hears more in his home town of the tax dispute between the city fathers and their most distinguished son than of his epics of New England life and his immortal odes to Nature. Dreaming through the streets in his tall hat and plaid shoulder-shawl, he was sometimes negligent of neighbourly salutation. Of this one hears too, and of this further eccentricity: when the Amesbury Library Association voted to rescind its annual fee of one dollar,

Whittier withdrew his membership, maintaining that readers of books who regarded them so lightly that they did not count it a privilege to pay for their use, were unworthy to possess library advantages. The stranger who enters the beautiful Free Library building of Amesbury is justified in expecting to be shown numerous well-guarded volumes autographed in the familiar flourish of J. G. Whittier. There is not one. Nor did he leave the smallest bequest to the fund which he would certainly have enriched had not his fellow-members in the Association run counter to his views as to free books. Which in this day of prodigal opportunity for those bookishly inclined seems exceeding quaint.

If the Amesbury Whittier Monument Fund still lags after twenty-one years, and the space set apart for it remains bare, there are, nevertheless, many sites and scenes in and about the town which are monuments to Whittier's memory.

One goes first to see the house where the poet lived so long with Elizabeth,

the "youngest and dearest" sister of the broken crescent, she who used upon "the motley braided mat" to sit before the homestead fire. He never ceased to mourn her passing.

... When the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Before the old home runs the trolley
to the Lake, where

... in the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
In the warm summer weather
Two maidens sat together.*

At the juncture of the electric line and
a leafy by-road stands the little white
temple, demure as one of its bonneted
Quakers, where the Whittiers went on
First Day, unless they climbed to the
Rocky Hill Meeting-house outside the
town.

*The Maids of Attitash.

"What part or lot have you," asked
a guest, impatient for the "green repose"
without,

"In these dull rites . . .

. . . in this close and rude-benched hall?"

And with these surpassing verses Whit-
tier answered him:

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us
Her many tongues are garrulous.

• • • • •
And so, I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control."

Beyond the heart of the thrifty mill-
town and the bridge of the "swift Po-
wow," where falls the little river "into



THE MEETING-HOUSE, AMESBURY

"... I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room. . . ."
—"The Meeting."

the broader stream" of the Merrimac, is the old clapboarded house where, when it was quite new some two hundred and sixty years ago, Goodman Macey dwelt with his bride until they were driven from it, exiled.

At the door of their home sat Macey
One sultry afternoon
With his young wife singing at his side.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"

My life is hunted . . .

And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."
O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be."

A heavy tramp of horses' feet came sound-
ing up the lane.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—

A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
In harbouring banished Quakers."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

But the old Quaker was taken, and the goodman and his bride barely made their escape from the fury of the priest and his aids. Fleeing in their birch canoes they passed "Plum Island's hills," the "grey rocks of Cape Ann" and "Gloucester's harbour-bar"; and thus came at last to "Nantucket's naked isle."

Inspired by a painting by Edwin A. Abbey, Whittier wrote a second poem, "Banished from Massachusetts," which relates again how,



"GOD'S BEST GIFT IS THE WAYSIDE WELL!"
—"The Captain's Well."



"CURZON'S BOWERY MILL."
—"June on the Merrimac."

Over the threshold of his pleasant home
... passed the exiled Friend.

* * * * *

"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has
come

To trust the Lord for shelter." One long
gaze

The good wife turned on each familiar thing

* * * * *

And calmly answered, "Yes, He will pro-
vide."

Within sight of the Macey house is the well, dug by Captain Valentine Bagley to fulfil a vow made in the Arabian desert. Says Whittier in his annotations, "This story, familiar from my childhood, has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration, at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added, but I have endeavoured to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded."

From pain and peril, by land and main
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

And like one from the dead the threshold
crossed

Of his wondering home, that had mourned
him lost.

After the Captain's death the well fell into disuse. But now it has been boarded over and is cherished with a certain pride by Amesbury folk. The descendants of Captain Bagley relate an incident not incorporated by the author of the poem.

As he roamed with his shipwrecked companion in the blazing desert, the Captain met a woman who bore two flagons of precious water. Parched, gasping, they offered her gold, all they had, for the brackish contents of one flask. But she, knowing too well the value of her burden, resisted and would have passed on. Then by force they wrested from her the water she would not in mercy sell, and left her hurtling imprecations upon them as they, refreshed and heartened, took up their



"THE CHAIN BRIDGE OVER THE MERRIMAC,
DEER ISLAND AND THE HAWKSWOOD OAKS."

—"June on the Merrimac."

trackless wanderings which brought them
at last to the

. . . ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at her masthead flying,

and so back to Amesbury.

Above the Macey house and the Well
is the green acre in which are the simple
head-stones of the Whittier graves, en-
closed by a hedge close-clipped and high.
The poet's stone is somewhat larger
than the others; this is its only distinc-
tion.

The Merrimac, which companioned
Thoreau, was the inspiration of four
Whittier poems, and through many an-
other it threads its peaceful trail.

Of "Our River" he sings:

Thou O mountain-born!—no more we ask
the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water.

"The Bridal of Penacook" apostro-
phises its "mountain-born brightness" as
it "glances down to the sea."

And again in "The Merrimac":

Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.

Inland along the river shore a road
goes under the hill where, in the days
of witchcraft, stood the cottage of
Goody Martin, against whose

" . . . harm
O'er many a neighbouring door"
hung

"The horseshoe's curvéd charm."

The same road leads "over the wooded
northern ridge" to the fisher village
where

Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

It was here that a Gascony exile
wooed a village girl and made her The
Countess.



HERE THE THREE FRIENDS PITCHED THEIR TENT ON THE BEACH

For her his rank aside he laid;
 . . . and made
 Her simple ways his own.

If we

Go where, along the tangled steep
 That slopes against the west,
 The hamlet's buried idlers sleep,
 we will find her mound beneath the
 "wild vines o'er it laced," though her

Gascon lord and lover sleeps across the
 sea in scutcheoned tomb.

"June on the Merrimac" celebrates
 the famed Hawkswood estate on the
 river-bank by the suspension bridge—
 the first erected in the United States;
 and Deer Island, home of Harriet Pres-
 cott Spofford. To both her and her
 husband, "R.S.S."

Beyond "Deer Island's rocks and fir-



THE BOAR'S HEAD, HAMPTON BEACH

trees" is the port of Newbury, whose "spire and weathercock peered o'er the pines" to glimpse The Exiles in their flight. It was in Newbury town that sprang the fable of the Double Snake. And away from its shores Parson Avery sailed,

Dropping down the river harbour
In the shallop *Watch and Wait*.

A little north of Newburyport is the beach where "three friends pitched their white tent."

Behind them marshes seamed and crossed
With narrow creeks and flower-embossed
Stretched to the dark oak wood.

Pushing on to the Hampshire line, we
reach Boar's Head, on Hampton Beach.
And here

. . . rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds
with cool spray wet.

MANNERS IN MODERN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

Tom Jones and *Vanity Fair*, in their characters and backgrounds, reflected the life of a nation and a complete period. *Fathers and Children* mirrored all the generations that have passed and are to pass. *Madame Bovary* appeals to every honest woman. But these and novels like these are works of a past generation. The novels of manners to-day are, broadly speaking, novels of groups rather than of nations or of races, and now and then they are novels dealing exclusively almost with individuals of these groups, separated thus even more from co-ordination with the larger social order as it visibly exists. As novels should, they reflect the period, and become easily, therefore, novels of specialisation rather than universality.

The reason for this trend of fiction does not lie far; the whole world of men and women is gathered about the melting pot, watching the social organism boil, and, knowingly or not, waiting their turns, by race or cult or individual, to be cast into their baptism by fire. The accepted backgrounds of all human life have shifted, and are huddled crazily together, presenting no longer any coherent picture to the eye or to the brain; and the novelist, watching its patchwork of colour and form, and drawing nearer to

this melting pot, not nearly so much of races as of ideas, and watching its confused ring of onlookers, stirs the mess tentatively with a mental tenacle—and brings up a Theron Ware perhaps, an Undine Spragg, a Hurstwood, a Comrade Yetta, all of them logical products of these illogical times, yet, so diverse have forms of human life become, and so diffused men's ways of thinking, these types and others seem to stand alone, special instead of universal instances. The task that lies before the novelist of manners of to-day is a tremendous one, and the American writer faces a greater problem than his brother of England or France or Germany.

For America has no London—as London spells England; or Paris, as Paris reads France. Little Dorrit's London was none the less Becky's London, and Tom Jones's London. One writes London in the first chapter, and achieves his atmosphere and the customs and manners of his people from whatever part of London he draws them. But the American novelists writes "New York," and one thinks of a dozen different aspects of the city without any sense of a national or even civic solidity of customs and manners behind it. And if he writes "Chicago" or "New Orleans" or

"Washington" or "San Francisco," he has set down another variable quantity and quality of manners, in no way national or even characteristic of his countrymen as a whole. Little Dorrit and Becky and Tom Jones have a common background, an atmosphere sanctified by the incense of time and unified by a certain standardisation of ideals and morals.

In the sense, however, that *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair* are novels of manners, a condensation of a period and a people, their like will probably not be seen again. The modern telescope sweeps too far and the microscope probes too deep. We are beginning to see, even this far in advance of the amalgamation of nations, that no creed lives upon itself alone and that people are far less products of an outworn national ideal, whatever that phrase may not mean, than they are of ideas in the air—at least, that if this is not true it should be made true as speedily as possible! This for the telescopic view of life that destroys a standardised background of manners and customs. And the microscopic research that has revolutionised science has permeated the modern novel to a degree. Like the modern doctor's thesis that, instead of discoursing upon "Light" or "The Atom," takes instead a square inch—no more—of scientific surface, and then burrows down and under in devious, gloomy paths, for light, the modern novel is built upon the same structural plan, and takes, instead of all life, a spot of life, a character, a condition, a point of view, and probes to the bone of it. The old, complacent, quite complete novel of manners that is all-embracing has gone; the field of modern life is too huge, too interlacing; it would take mastery of the Fourth Dimension to reduce its Three Dimension space to simplicity.

Two recent novels of manners illustrate excellently this difficulty of finding a common background of customs and manners for—to take a small part of America, New York: *Comrade Yetta* and *The Custom of the Country*. Undine Spragg and Yetta both exist, and they exist side by side, within a few city

blocks of each other. Yet the custom of their common country could not be for either of them a more unbelievably different thing; and the modern writer of fiction must achieve, by some subtle art known only to the masters of it, the weaving of life itself as a background, before he can unify in one novel the conditions that produce the Yettas and the Undines of life. Lacking this ultimate art the diverse products of a modern city must be chosen to work out their fates against their own particular, limited, but valuable and definite backgrounds.

The customs and manner of America are becoming less crude, however, and that does not mean that America's manners in the boarding-school sense of the word are becoming better. But the background is less blatant. Years ago Howells and his shoal of imitators attempted to write down American life as it was. They succeeded in pinning nasal twangs to paper and made native vernacular phonetically visible to the eye. But the result was, a net residue of crude, over-emphasised, provincial personalities—What remains of *The Lady of the Aroostook* but her candidly simple, "I want to know!" Perhaps this is always true of most of what is written about a new, unsettled, unanalysed condition or people. Until Howells revolted against it, most of American fiction was soaked through and through with a dilute solution of English manners, morals, political views, and chaperons. One of the oddest instances of this may be found in that honest attempt at realistic American fiction, *The Breadwinners*, whose author makes Alicia, coming back to her native Ohio town, go ashore on the rocks of an imported custom of another country, when she demands, with a girlish yearning that never was, her mamma as her chaperon. Howells punctured this and many other fictions of fiction as they were up to then written of America by Americans. And his early insistences upon realities are no cruder than those of later schools as they have "discovered" new times and

new customs and new peoples. Witness the flounderings of those writers to-day who are gallantly breasting the oncoming sea of feminism that is quite likely to pound pitilessly the hearts and heads of the too-adventurous. In *The Business of Life*, Robert Chambers bravely essays to assay the "working girl," and the result is a funnily serious study of a girl who, Mr. Chambers imagines, wishes to work, and who undoubtedly does wish to preserve intact her social standing among people whose opinion of work is idiotically unintelligent. Owen Johnson, too, is adventuring daringly when he decides to put that newly evolutionised product of modern life, the human salamander, into fiction, and the result, not to pre-judge a serialised novel, is quite apt to lack proportion and perspective to the rest of life. Again, manners and customs over-emphasised, in the endeavour to set down a part of life that has not yet evolved its code and its background.

In the English and the Continental sense, Mrs. Wharton, almost more than any other American novelist, has manners, and it is worth while repeating that this term is not used in the boarding-school sense, particularly since the term, in view of the people she knows best and writes most smoothly about, may prove doubly misleading. Her chosen group has developed traditions of its own, which have been built up through at least three generations, and in the main these traditions have been preserved, like hothouse fruit, from damaging and damning contact with the world outside, until the people born into them do not ever realise that three generations

back their group, as a group, was not. Seven or eight years ago, when *The House of Mirth* appeared, it portrayed, with absolute thoroughness, America's upper bourgeoisie. And that was all. There it stood, uncriticised, unsocialised, uncoloured by anything but its own aura. This year we have another Wharton novel approaching more nearly the type of *The House of Mirth* than anything Mrs. Wharton has written since *The House of Mirth* appeared. The second generation of the wealthy bourgeoisie here as well as the third and the fourth. Here, too, is all the background of manner and custom that exists so serenely nowhere else in America. And yet, even into Mrs. Wharton's work is creeping slowly a part of the tremendous socialising spirit of to-day, the realisation that group backgrounds, unlighted by a sense of their relativity to other groups and to life, do not amount to much more than painted scenery. Over in England, Wells, with all his tremendous burden of national background and customs, manages, often with a desperate wrenching of impedimenta, but always with a great resolve that commands admiration, to inject into his massive English settings a humanised world atmosphere as well. Wells writes not of Englishmen and England, but of Englishmen and the world. And Galsworthy, his soul permeated by this new social sense, writes down, in his English men and women, all humanity, with all the tragedy and plaintive joys of human life, with the desires and hampered fruition of the desires of all living things as his background. Not the world alone, but life is the stage.

CONTRAST IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN this time of the tottering of definitions, it is desirable that the dramatic critic, in the interest of future playwrights, should seek some certain element of narrative that may be accepted as essential to success upon the stage. In the December number of the *BOOKMAN*, it was pointed out that several of the younger realistic writers of Great Britain have successfully evaded the famous assertion of the late Ferdinand Brunetière that the essential element of drama is a struggle between human wills, and it was found necessary to agree with Mr. William Archer in his contention that the Brunetière formula can no longer be accepted as a definition of the drama.

The extent of this attack upon a theory which for twenty years has been regarded as an axiom must not be overestimated. Not even the author of *The Great Adventure*—from which any positive assertion of the human will has been carefully excluded—would deny that the narrative pattern praised in unexceptionable terms by Brunetière is the one pattern which is most likely to interest an audience assembled in a theatre, or that at least nine-tenths of all the acknowledged masterpieces of the drama, both in the past and in the present, will be found upon examination to incorporate some conflict between human wills. Exceptions—according to the Latin proverb—*test a rule*; but they do not necessarily prove that, as a rule, it has lost its validity. In shifting our critical position, we are merely admitting that the element of conflict is not *essential* to the drama; it is far from our intention to suggest that, in the vast majority of cases, this element is not desirable.

But even to admit that an element which was formally considered as essential can now be regarded only as advan-

tageous is to feel ourselves somewhat in the position of mariners whose ship has sunk beneath them. This position is pertinently indicated by the familiar phrase "at sea." It is always disconcerting to renounce a seeming certainty; and the normal mind seeks ever to erect some other image to replace an idol that is overthrown. There is a world of meaning in the traditional announcement, "The king is dead; long live the king!" When definitions die, we must immediately seek new definitions to succeed them.

This necessity was felt by Mr. Archer when he dealt his gentle death-blow to the theory that conflict is essential to the drama. He proceeded at once to present a new pretender to the vacant throne. The following sentences, which are quoted from page 36 of Mr. Archer's *Play-Making*, define his new position:—"What, then, is the essence of drama, if conflict be not it? What is the common quality of themes, scenes, and incidents, which we recognise as specifically dramatic? Perhaps we shall scarcely come nearer to a helpful definition than if we say that the essence of drama is *crisis*. A play is a more or less rapidly-developing crisis in destiny or circumstance, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the ultimate event. The drama may be called the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual developments."

This theory of Mr. Archer's affords us at least a floating spar to cling to, in the midst of the sea of uncertainty into which we have disturbingly been dropped. It is undeniable that the drama tends to treat life more crisply and succinctly than the novel, both because of the physical limitations of the theatre and because of the psychological demands of the actors and the audience.

One way of attaining this crispness and succinctness is to catch life at a crisis and to exhibit the culminating points—or, as Mr. Archer says in a later passage, “the interesting culminations”—of the destinies of the characters concerned. But is this the only way? No one would venture to deny that Mr. Archer’s formula applies to at least nine-tenths of all the acknowledged masterpieces of the drama; but so did the formula of Brunetière. It is obviously advantageous for the drama to catch life at a crisis; but is it absolutely necessary? If we can find as many exceptions to Mr. Archer’s rule as Mr. Archer found to Brunetière’s, we shall be compelled to decide that the element of crisis is no more *essential* to the drama than the element of conflict.

Let us now ask Mr. Archer if he can find any crisis in Lady Gregory’s one-act comedy entitled *The Workhouse Ward*? This dialogue between two beggars lying in adjacent beds attains that crispness and succinctness which is advocated by the critic, without exhibiting a crisis in either of their lives. The whole point of the play is that we leave the beggars precisely in the same position in which we found them. Yet this comedy is undeniably dramatic. It has been acted successfully in Ireland and England and America, and has proved itself, in all three countries, one of the most popular pieces in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre Players. Would Mr. Archer maintain that *The Great Adventure* exhibits “a more or less rapidly-developing crisis in destiny or circumstance,” or that any of the eight scenes of this comedy, except the very first, can be regarded as “a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the ultimate event?” Is there any crisis in *The Madras House* or in *The Pigeon*? Or, to go back to Shakespeare, would Mr. Archer attempt to define as “a crisis within a crisis” such a passage as Act V, Scene 1 of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Lorenzo and Jessica discourse most eloquent music underneath the moon? Is there any crisis in the scenes between

Orlando and Rosalind in the Forest of Arden?

To defend the element of crisis as essential in such instances as these would necessitate the same sort of verbal jugglery that would be required to establish the element of conflict. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Archer has not led us any nearer to a certainty than we were before. The friendly spar is floated from our desperate grasp and we find ourselves once more floundering in the sea.

Is there, after all, such a thing as an *essential* element of drama? Is there a single narrative element without which a dramatic scene cannot succeed? I think that there is; but I am willing to revoke this decision so soon as any writer shall show me an exception to the rule. It seems to me at present that the one indispensable element to success upon the stage is the element of *contrast*, and that a play becomes more and more dramatic in proportion to the multiplicity of contrasts that it contains within itself.

The sole reason why *The Workhouse Ward* produces a dramatic effect is that the two beggars are emphatically different from each other. The moonlight scene in *The Merchant of Venice* is interesting on the stage because of the contrast between the contributions of the two lovers to their lyrical duet. Both *The Pigeon* and *The Madras House* derive their value from the fact that they exhibit a series of contrasts between characters. *The Great Adventure* is dramatic because the drifting hero is wonderfully contrasted with the practical and sensible heroine and every scene of the play reveals some minor contrast between antithetic minds. What is the dramatic element in the soliloquies of Hamlet? Do they not derive their theatrical effectiveness from the fact that they present a constant contrast between very different human qualities which, in this case, happen to have been incorporated in a single person? Such a play as *Every Man in His Humour* stands outside the formula of Brunetière, because it exhibits no struggle of contend-

ing wills; it also stands outside the formula of Mr. Archer, because it exhibits neither a crisis nor a series of crises; but it is a great comedy, because it exhibits an unintermitted series of contrasts between mutually foiling personalities.

It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Archer on this point. I am willing to retreat from my present position if he will remind me of a single great scene which is admittedly dramatic and which shows no indication of this element of contrast. Meanwhile, pending his reply, I offer a perch on this new spar to any of my shipwrecked fellow-mariners.

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

The most amusing comedy of the present season offers us an illustration of the principle of contrast. *General John Regan* is the first play that has been written by Canon Hannay, of St. Patrick's, Dublin,—a genial Irish gentleman who had previously published several novels signed with the utterly English and very solemn pen-name of "George A. Birmingham." *General John Regan* is merely an amplified anecdote. It exhibits no conflict of contending wills; neither does it disclose a crisis in the life of any of the characters; but it is dramatically interesting because it sets forth a series of delightful contrasts between a dozen very different people.

A rich American tourist who is motoring through Ireland is halted in the sleepy little town of Ballymoy. In order to give the inhabitants something to think about, he casually remarks that he has come to look up the early records of the life of General John Regan, the Liberator of Bolivia,—the most renowned of all the native sons of Ballymoy. Nobody has ever heard of this mythical hero; but the dispensary doctor, a lively-minded man named Lucius O'Grady, plays up to the suggestion that has been offered by the stranger. Dr. O'Grady selects a ruined cottage as the birthplace of the famous general, points out the town jail as the residence of his boyhood, and confers upon the tongue-tied maid-servant of the village

inn the honourable designation of Only Surviving Relative. He persuades the adventurous American to start a subscription to erect a statue to the Great Liberator in the market-square of Ballymoy, and compels all the leading citizens to contribute to the fund.

The entire second act is taken up with Dr. O'Grady's preparations for the civic event which is to mark the unveiling of the monument. This act exhibits no contention of wills, but merely a general contagion of enthusiasm which overwhelms the wills of all the characters. It would merely be a jugglery of words to insist that this act exhibits a crisis in the history of Ballymoy; and even Mr. Archer must admit that it does not show a crisis in the individual career of any of the characters. The most amusing scene of all is a lengthy dialogue between five representative citizens of Ballymoy who are gathered round a table in the village inn to discuss the details of the civic project. What is the source of interest in this scene? What is that specific quality by virtue of which it must be termed dramatic? Apparently—since all other explanations fail—it must be the delightful contrast between the five very different characters that take part in the conversation.

It is decided in the second act to purchase, at a reduced price, a second-hand mortuary monument that has been rejected in Dublin by the relatives of the deceased; and in the last act this monument is unveiled by the taciturn maid-servant, dressed fantastically as a fairy. Dr. O'Grady has had the audacity to invite the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to preside at the ceremony. This dignitary has sent down his aide-de-camp to protest against the hoax; but Dr. O'Grady coerces this very British and utterly helpless underling into making an address, which is regarded by the populace as an official acceptance of the monument.

This composition is very rich in characterisation and unusually humorous in dialogue. Canon Hannay thoroughly knows his Ireland, and he writes with

that imaginative glibness which is always evident in Irish humour. His play successfully defies those definitions of the drama which till very recently were held as axioms, and it seems to prove that the sole essential to success in comedy is a sufficiently interesting contrast between characters.

"THE STRANGE WOMAN"

Another emphatic illustration of the principle of contrast is afforded by Mr. William Hurlbut's comedy entitled *The Strange Woman*. This play exhibits an antithesis between a cultivated woman of the world and the narrow-minded citizens of the little town of Delphi, Iowa.

The hero is a young architect who was born in Delphi, but has made his mark in Paris. He has met a very beautiful and talented young widow and has arranged to link his life with hers. Naturally enough, he wishes her to meet his mother and imports her to America for the purpose of this meeting. In actual life, a man with as much experience of the world as the author has endeavoured to ascribe to his hero would have brought his mother to New York to meet the heroine half-way; but, in order that Mr. Hurlbut may have a play to write, the hero takes the heroine all the way to Delphi and tries to domesticate her in the society of that middle-western town.

The inhabitants of Delphi look upon the heroine as a strange woman, and seek a logical reason for their instinctive distrust of her beauty and her charm by making up their minds that everything is not right about her. The women wag their tongues in gossip; and the Don Juan of the village—who happens to be the uncle of the architect—endeavours to improve the opportunity by making love to her. All of this is true enough; but the playwright pushes his contrast too far when he allows the gossips to discover that the heroine is planning a personal alliance with the hero that shall not be registered as a legal marriage.

The great weakness of the play is that we are shown no adequate reason for the heroine's objection to a legal

marriage. We are told, indeed, that her first marriage was unhappy. This fact might reasonably deter her from entering into a marital relation with the hero; but, since the alliance she has planned is, in all intents and purposes, a marital relation, it is difficult to appreciate the heroine's unwillingness to acknowledge its existence. But if this heroine had behaved as sensibly as such a woman would have done in actual life, she would have robbed the author of the basis of his play. For, in the last act, the heroine is so deeply impressed with the conventional ideas of the mother of her lover that she renounces her own theories and agrees to a legal marriage with the hero.

It will be noted that the main plot of this play is arbitrary and untrue to life; but a great deal of genuine amusement is afforded by emphatic contrasts between the characters. Much of the dialogue is genuinely humorous; and the piece seems more sincere than the previous plays of Mr. Hurlbut.

"GRUMPY"

Grumpy was written by two actors, Mr. Horace Hodges and Mr. T. Wigney Percyval; and it is an actor's play. That is to say, it is contrived in terms of the theatre rather than in terms of life. It is the sort of play that was written by Victorien Sardou in the years of his apprenticeship to Eugène Scribe. As in *Les Pattes de Mouches* (which is known to us in English as *The Scrap of Paper*) the clue to the plot is a certain concrete object which is passed about from hand to hand until it is finally hunted down by the hero. In this instance, the elusive object is a camelia which may be identified by the fact that a woman's hair is wound about the stem, and this object serves as a clue to betray a criminal who has committed a daring diamond robbery. The hero of the play is an octogenarian lawyer, long since retired from professional practice, who undertakes the task of catching the criminal because the robbery has jeopardised the happiness of his nephew and

his granddaughter. "Grumpy"—as he is called—has a very crusty exterior and a very kindly heart. This type is traditional in the theatre; but the part is transformed into a real and living character by the great acting of Mr. Cyril Maude. Though *Grumpy* is merely "a well-made play," it is exceedingly well made, and it affords a not unwelcome relief from that insistence upon the more revolting phases of actuality which has been the dominant note of the majority of recent plays.

Before producing *Grumpy*, Mr. Maude essayed less successfully to interest the public of New York by reviving *The Second in Command* and *Beauty and the Barge*. Captain Marshall's comedy seemed more insistently sentimental than it used to seem a dozen years ago; but the play is still a good one of its type, and Mr. Maude gave a very ingratiating performance of the amiable "duffer" of a hero. *Beauty and the Barge* is a dramatic arrangement, by Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, of the material of several of Mr. Jacobs's stories. It sets forth a rather incoherent string of incidents, and is by no means a self-sustaining play; but the part of Captain James Barley of the *Heart in Hand* affords Mr. Maude an opportunity for an admirable performance. This aged and amiable philanthropist, whose life has been nothing but an endless inland voyage, is a living figure, and remains in the memory as a notable instance of successful collaboration between a writer and an actor.

"THE MAN INSIDE"

Mr. Roland Burnham Molineux reveals a curious view of crime in his drama entitled *The Man Inside*. He contends that the attitude of society toward the criminal should be reformatory instead of punitive. This contention is based upon a theory that crime results not from character but from circumstances. Mr. Molineux believes that society should surround the criminal with circumstances calculated to call his better nature into being. He favours the

establishment of a Court of Rehabilitation which shall set free any incarcerated criminal so soon as he shall become convinced of the error of his former ways.

This is a very interesting view; but it is expounded by Mr. Molineux in a play that is excessively sentimental and notably untrue to life. His second act is laid in a district attorney's office; and, in this act, the chief preoccupation of the officers of the law seems to be a continual endeavour to find excuses for leaving several criminals alone upon the stage so that they may conspire in comfort and steal anything they wish. In the last act, each of the criminals in succession sees a great light and resolves to sin no more; and this epidemic of rehabilitation seems inconsistent with actual experience.

The first act is set in a Chinese opium-den; and the play owes the measure of success it has achieved to Mr. David Belasco's realistic rendering of this unaccustomed *milieu*. The lighting of this act is alluringly mysterious, and the noises off-stage are admirably managed. Once again Mr. Belasco has lent his genius as a stage-director to the presentation of a drama that, in itself, is not worth while.

"OURSELVES"

The importance of *Ourselves* lies in the fact that it was written by a woman. In this interesting play, Miss Rachel Crothers argues in favour of a single standard of morality for men and women, and the standard that she advocates is the one that has been heretofore imposed—for physiological reasons that are too obvious to require explanation—upon the female sex. Unfortunately, this matter is not merely a question of individual morality but also a question of sociological expediency; and it can scarcely be decided on purely moral grounds. This, at least, is the view that is commonly assumed by social philosophers who happen to be men; and Miss Crothers's play is all the more valuable because it expounds the purely feminine view that practical problems



"THE MAN INSIDE"—STAGE-SET OF ACT I

"The first act is set in a Chinese opium-den; and the play owes the measure of success it has achieved to Mr. David Belasco's realistic rendering of this unaccustomed *milieu*."

may be ignored in considering the social evil.

All that this author writes is inspired with an evident sincerity. She compels attention by her earnestness. Moreover, she possesses a rare talent for reality of characterisation; and her dialogue is the most simple and most natural that is current on the American stage to-day.

The story of *Ourselves* may be briefly summarised. A wealthy and philan-

thropic young woman rescues the heroine from a reform home for prostitutes and engages her as a domestic servant. In her new surroundings, the heroine is sufficiently awakened to the possibilities of a better life to break finally with the vile "cadet" to whom she has formerly been subservient. But she suffers from a sense of loneliness which she ascribes to an inhibition of the joy of life. In this state of mind, she falls easily a vic-



"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"—ACT I

"The sleepy little town of Ballymoy." A rich American tourist stirs this hamlet to activity by inventing a legendary native son,—the notable General John Regan.



"THE STRANGE WOMAN"—ACT I

"The inhabitants of Delphi look upon the heroine as a strange woman, and seek a logical reason for their instinctive distrust of her beauty and her charm by making up their minds that everything is not right about her."



"GRUMPY"—ACT III

"The hero of the play is an octogenarian lawyer, long since retired from professional practice, who undertakes the task of catching a criminal who has committed a daring diamond robbery."

tim to the seductions of the brother of her benefactor,—a young artist whose somewhat frigid wife has made the mistake of allowing him to go his own way without question or remonstrance. The discovery of this illicit relation creates a crisis in the family; and a fourth act is appended in which this distressing situation is discussed from the point of view of all the characters in turn.

"THE MISLEADING LADY"

The Misleading Lady, by Messrs. Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, shows a marked improvement over their previous play, entitled *The Ghost Breaker*. The present piece exhibits once again their cleverness in stringing together a striking series of theatrical effects; but it also shows a laudatory effort to reveal a glimpse of the realities of life.



"THE MISLEADING LADY"—ACT II

"Craigen proceeds to treat the heroine in the manner of a philosophic cave-man. When she shows herself rebellious to this treatment, he chains her to the wall in place of his liberated dog."

This final act—which might easily have descended to the level of mere preachment—is the best act of the four. It proves that Miss Crothers can maintain a central thesis without paralysing the free will of any of her characters. The position of each of her characters is represented fairly, without prejudice; and yet the entire discussion results in what appears to be a strong argument in favour of the author's point of view.

The heroine is a flirtatious young woman who makes a bet at a house-party that, within a certain number of hours, she can induce Jack Craigen to propose to her. Craigen is an engineer, lately returned from Panama. He is not accustomed to the elaborate insincerity that is practised in those vulgar circles that spell Society with a capital S. Having made his proposal at the expected moment, he is seriously annoyed to discover

that the heroine is already engaged to another man. But Craigen loves her really, and resolves to submit her to a course of education in sincerity. He bundles her into an automobile and abducts her to a lodge that he owns in a neighbouring wilderness of the Adirondacks.

Arrived at this deserted cabin, he pro-

accordingly. "Boney" is both a funny and a touching figure. Most of his antics are extravagantly ludicrous; but a momentary scene in which he solemnly creates Craigen a Marshal of France brings tears into the eyes.

The heroine is one of those women who love to be mastered. Before her fiancé appears, to set her free, she learns



"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE"—ACT II

The crew of the "Heart in Hand." "The part of Captain James Barley affords Mr. Cyril Maude an opportunity for an admirable performance of an aged and amiable philanderer whose life has been nothing but an endless inland voyage."

ceeds to treat her in the manner of a philosophic cave-man. When she shows herself rebellious to this treatment, he chains her to the wall in place of his liberated dog. The education of the heroine in the stark realities of life is incongruously interrupted by the intrusion of a lunatic, escaped from a neighbouring asylum, who believes himself to be Napoleon Bonaparte, and acts

to realise that she loves the philosophic cave-man and resolves to give her life into his keeping.

This is a merry and fantastic play; but the serious dialogues between the hero and the heroine remind the hearer often of reality. The piece is commendable not only as a theatric entertainment, but also as an earnest annotation of a common chapter of experience.

BALZAC THE BUSINESS MAN—A NEW LIGHT

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

The hitherto accepted idea of Honoré de Balzac as a man of business has been that he was a child, a visionary, a dreamer, a builder of gigantic schemes that utterly lacked balance. Anecdote has gone far to foster that idea. For example, it is told how Balzac had a house built after his own plans, forbidding the architects to make either changes or suggestions. When the structure was finished it was found that no provision had been made for any staircase between the floors. Stories of this nature, and the memory of his life-long struggles with his debts, has caused the idea of Balzac as a business man to be regarded as a jest. It was all very well for him, in the printed page, to win fortune for this or that creation of his Human Comedy. Posterity accepts readily enough the finance of "César Birotteau," but in actual life it was very different, and his only sound scheme of money winning was in his industrious exercise of his extraordinary literary gifts. That was the point of view of yesterday. But recent discoveries have revealed a somewhat different Balzac. These discoveries grew out of the launching of the new edition of the novelist's works which is being printed at the Government Printing Office in Paris. For this new edition the Institut de France placed its Balzac treasures at the disposal of the publisher on the condition that the work of revision and annotation should be done by two men especially fitted for the task. These men were Marcel Bouteron and Henri Longnon. The work of making the illustrations was intrusted to M. Charles Huard. To this labour M. Huard devoted two years, during which he was materially aided by Madame Huard, who is the author of the present article and incidentally, a daughter of the American actor, Francis Wilson. The two had access to Balzacian material which hitherto had been kept from the world, followed industriously Balzac's footsteps about France and beyond French borders, and made use of old prints and costumes illustrating the Paris of Balzac's day and the fashions in dress adopted by her men and women. As a result of these researches Madame Huard has been writing a series of papers about the author of the "Comédie Humaine;" none of them, however, we think, presenting him in a more strikingly new light than the present paper on "Balzac the Business Man."—Editor of the BOOK-MAN.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that Balzac was an excellent man of business. All his life long he dreamed of affairs and at the same instant he conceived an idea he sought the means of putting it into operation. His plan was no sooner evolved than he saw his enterprise quoted on the Bourse. No magnate of industry was ever more broad-minded nor better gifted with working power, energy and patience. Yet why did he never succeed? Some argue that like many inventors he lived fifty years too soon, while others explain his ill-fortune by that simple word "unlucky." How

many of his magnificent combinations, golden dreams and genial operations evaporated almost as soon as conceived. Nevertheless it is interesting to note the fecundity of his brain and his untiring efforts to build up the necessary fortune which would permit him to write in peace.

When twenty-five years of age, he went to Paris determined to make a name in the literary field. At first his condition was most precarious and, fearing lest he be obliged to accept degrading propositions, ashamed of being forced to depend upon his family for sup-

port, he resolved to try his hand at speculating, which seemed to be the only means of attaining his liberty. His ideas upon this subject much interested one of his father's neighbours, who, although himself a shrewd man of busi-



HOUSE AT TOURS IN WHICH BALZAC WAS BORN

ness, offered to launch Balzac and even went so far as supplying the necessary funds.

Balzac began by editing books. It was he who first had the idea of those

compact, double column volumes, each one containing the entire work of some classical author (an idea which has since then admirably succeeded). He published thus a complete Molière and a



PORTRAIT OF BALZAC IN THE MUSEUM AT TOURS

complete La Fontaine, but alas! he encountered the ill-humour of the booksellers, whose interests he balked by threatening to render extremely difficult the sale of their editions in numerous volumes. They boycotted him, with the result that in a year's time he barely disposed of twenty copies. Unable to find sufficient capital to advertise his undertaking, he was finally obliged to sell his entire edition for the net weight of the paper.

His backer having thus lost his securities, but still interested in seeing Balzac succeed, took him to visit one of his relatives who was making his fortune at printing. Balzac became enthusiastic, studied the matter very carefully, and thinking of Richardson who became wealthy by writing and then printing his own books, decided to adopt the trade. By force of persuasion he succeeded in obtaining his parents' consent as well as the money to begin this new enterprise. Realising his own comparative incapacities, he took as partner a very intelligent typesetter named Barbier, whose dexterity he had noticed in one of the printing shops he had visited. This young man, married and the father of a family, was gifted with the best of qualities, but unfortunately the only funds he brought into the association was his knowledge of typography.

The license procured, they set up shop Rue des Marais St. Germain—to-day Rue Visconti, and went to work. Needless to say, their beginning was very unremunerative. Seeing this, Balzac conceived the idea of proposing printed circulars to druggists and chemists to help them launch their patent medicines. He realised what a future lay in advertisement and he himself composed the first prospectus which came from his press. But he was ahead of his time. No one would listen to him.

II

Discouraged, he turned his energy in another direction, and on an occasion of uniting a type foundry to his printing

shop then presenting itself, he did not hesitate to buy. He hoped by so doing he would be able to float a loan or to find a third associate. Alas! the guarantees given to his first creditor caused all his negotiations to fall through.

His family was obliged to come to his rescue, but after several months these prudent "bourgeois," becoming frightened by the expense and doubting his success, refused to furnish their son with further money, just as he was about to attain his goal. He tried to sell, but received only the most ridiculous offers. To avoid bankruptcy he finally gave the printing shop and the foundry to one of his friends for the only price that had ever been offered. As Balzac had predicted, that friend made a fortune and the house, which is just the same as in those days, is still occupied by the Deberny Type Foundry.

Literally hounded by creditors, he withdrew from the printing business in 1827 and turned to his pen as a means of livelihood and of honourably acquitting his indebtedness. His courage was remarkable, for only a short time afterward he writes: "Sooner or later literature, politics, journalism or a *grande affaire* will make my fortune."

He was brimful of ideas and projects, but could get no one to hear him. One day when at Henri Monnier's, he expounded a theory by which both he and Monnier were to gain several millions. "Good," exclaimed the latter, "agreed, I am your partner. So just pay me down a dollar or two in advance."

In 1834 he wrote: "My brother-in-law has just discovered a process which resolves the problem of incline planes in railroad constructions and will save great expense in building and in traction. It is possible to sell this discovery to the English. My brother-in-law refuses to go to London, so it is I who shall make the trip and try his luck." Once again his efforts were fruitless.

During his visit to Genoa in 1838 he learned that there still remained in Sardinia whole mountains of scoriæ left by the Romans who had exploited the silver

mines. This news set him thinking and he reasoned that the Romans and the metallurgists of mediæval times, ignorant of the precise methods of extracting ore, must necessarily have left quantities of silver and lead in their débris. He spoke of the matter to a Genoan banker and asked him to procure a sample of the slag and to send it to him in Paris. Almost a year later he received the specimen, which on examination yielded fifteen per cent. of lead and ten per cent. of silver. Without a moment's hesitation Balzac took the first diligence for Marseilles, where he found that the only available boat for Sardinia was a coral fisher. Nevertheless, he embarked and almost famished, half devoured by vermin, obliged to sleep on deck amidst ropes and rigging, he finally reached the desired shores. Here he got a horse, and after three days, during which he remained eighteen hours at the time in the saddle, crossed virgin forests and encountered almost impenetrable labyrinths, he arrived at Cagliari only to find that the Genoan banker had already obtained the concession and thanks to his (Balzac's) idea, was on the road to fortune. This blow would have prostrated any less robust nature, but still valiant he turned his attention toward Argentura, an abandoned silver mine. He had some ore extracted and began negotiations with a view to buying. He returned to Paris in order to accumulate the necessary funds, but while he was so doing a Marseilles banking house got in ahead of him, bought and began to exploit the mine in question.

A little bit later on new projects surged in his brain, for we come across the following lines in his correspondence: "I think I shall leave France and will carry my bones to Brazil in a mad enterprise which I am going to undertake on account of its madness. I shall go there and seek the fortune which I lack." Fortunately for literature this plan was never put into execution, and not long afterward we find him concocting with Gavarni, the artist, a plan for rejuvenating the galleries of the Palais Royal,

a former fashionable centre, then abandoned by the public.

III

Careful perusal of his letters to Madame Hanska brings to light the fact that his business instincts were never wholly dormant, for although he wrote her almost daily, there is hardly a mis-sive in which he does not mention affairs. He advises the well-beloved in her territorial acquisitions and investments. "There ought to be no question about selling your wheat, for I see that our navy has asked Poland to furnish one hundred and fifty thousand kilogrammes every three months. You should make me your commission agent. I will then go to Odessa, get your grain and make it into pancakes for our sailors. I fear that for a land owner you are somewhat lacking in invention." His fiancée must have protested against his apparent extravagance, which made him the slave of his pen, for in reply to one of her letters we find the following:

"Learn then, soul of my soul, that I have not fatuous tastes, that for certain really great *esprits*, and I believe I am a great one, there are but two ways of living: either grandly like people who have a hundred thousand francs income, or very simply. What I abominate (and you will be of my mind) is the *milieu bourgeois*, their half measures, their semi-convictions, their conciliation of wealth and poverty, their 'both sides of the fence attitude.' With twelve thousand francs income one can live simply in Paris, dwell in a faubourg, have but two servants and keep up respectable appearances. But remember when I say twelve thousand income, I mean twelve thousand francs, provided one already has his house furnished and all such necessities. Now then furniture is expensive. It represents fifty thousand francs. My own is worth eighty thousand francs.

"Between twelve thousand francs income for a family of two (husband and wife) and sixty thousand income for the

same *ménage* all intermediary revenues are full of worry and suffering; they are the bourgeois fortunes who seek *plaisir de luxe* because they border on them and float between privation and pleasure. At sixty thousand francs income commences real Parisian life, without worry; that is to say, if well administrated.

"I am going to the roots of this question with you, since you have asked me to do so, and I want you to know about that life. Suppose you have eight hundred thousand francs fortune (seventy thousand ducats) and you want to come and live in France, this is what you must do if you wish to live well, happily, and without worry.

"You must take three hundred thousand francs and buy an estate, where you will spend seven months of the year, the which estate will bring you but ten thousand francs income, but where you will live for seven months at one thousand francs per month, you and your family. You will spend one hundred thousand francs to buy a house in Paris, where you will live five months every winter, and then you will invest the remaining four hundred thousand in French Government bonds, which will yield you fifteen thousand francs to cover your winter's expenses. That is wisdom and happiness at eight hundred thousand francs. Suppose you lessen your investments a trifle, say five thousand ducats. It's the same thing, the same mode of procedure only you must count five thousand ducats more for the arrangement of your life.

"Let us go into detail. A *ménage* in its five winter months in Paris (November to March) spends three thousand francs in cabs, the cuisine costs five thousand francs, clothing and pleasure cost two thousand five hundred francs, general expenses, such as servants, heating, lighting, etc., two thousand five hundred francs; so you see there still remain two thousand five hundred for extras and things that have been forgotten (I am supposing the *ménage* in its own house with all furnishings paid). Ancelot has bought a home, Rue Joubert, Chaussée

d'Antin, a delightful place, for one hundred thousand francs. It is better to spend a hundred thousand thus than to have ten thousand francs rent or pay two thousand five hundred a month in a furnished apartment. The rest of the year one lives as he pleases on his estate. All such properties, aside from their rental revenues, owe so much butter, so much grain, so many fowls, etc., to the proprietors who have their private gardens and parks; and life in the provinces is eighty per cent. cheaper than in Paris. This programme, however, does not comprise a private stable.

"Now another formula. One can perfectly well live in Paris all the year round (in his own house) with thirty thousand income. Gérard used to receive like a king every winter and he had but thirty thousand income, but he has a country house in Auteuil and his house in Paris, which represents the capital of three hundred thousand francs. To obtain thirty thousand francs income in French bonds one must invest eight hundred thousand. Lamartine runs a house on a rather large scale, and surely he hasn't more than fifty thousand income. But he lives six months in the country.

"By going farther away from Paris and looking out for bargains one can find delightful places and even hope to enlarge his capital if he is willing to spend three hundred thousand francs. Châteaux that have cost more than that to build are to be had in Berri, Sologne, in the Landes near Bordeaux, and in Périgord. But in Normandy and within a sixty league radius of Paris everything is extremely dear. One must make up his mind to spend a year or two looking for what he wants, waiting for a good bargain and having for adviser a man like Gavault, who really knows a good thing.

"Dear Madame de B. was always divinely dressed and yet she only spent eight hundred francs a year on her wardrobe; she kept her family going on nine thousand francs income. There is a science of existence in Paris, but I know it better than any one else. With

that knowledge a family having sixty thousand francs income lives better and more grandly than a family with one hundred thousand income which they don't possess.

"Don't believe that I am extravagant. I am the most economical man alive, only there are ways of calculating that fools call ostentation. For example, Rue Cassini I bought fifteen hundred francs' worth of carpets in 1833. They are still new and handsome, yet everyone criticised my extravagance. Those carpets cover seven rooms. If during the last seven years I had to pay a man five francs a month to polish my floors I should have spent six hundred francs and have nothing to show for them. My carpets are still good for ten years' service and would make a magnificent effect in a château.

"Well, then, I shall have had luxury where an economical *ménage* would have had poverty. People who criticise luxuries put paper on their walls that costs ten francs a roll. A roll is the equivalent of five ells of tapestry. My tapestries cost two francs fifty-five the ell. Now they leave their ten francs worth of paper to their landlord, whereas when I leave my apartment I carry my twelve francs fifty with me.

"Some say that I am ruining myself in house furnishings. Here, my mother's room is hung in Persian linen that was ten years on the walls Rue Cassini, is good for ten years more and cost two francs the ell. A book shelf and twelve drawers in vulgar mahogany, a piece of furniture fit only for an *épiciér*, is worth one hundred francs, while if I buy a delightful piece of antique cabinet making for ninety francs people throw up their hands and cry prodigal. An *épiciér* buys a mahogany bureau for two hundred and fifty francs. I buy one in ebony ornamented with superb bronze, better than a Boulle bureau, for the same price. If he wished to get rid of his bureau he would lose two hundred francs on it, whereas mine is worth five hundred francs. And so it goes. Hippolyte Souverain once said to

some one: 'Balzac knows how to calculate better than Rothschild.'

"But enough about Parisian life. You see that fortunes are what their masters make them and that one can say nothing without a basis. You should have sent me a figure to start from. If you had sold Paulowka for five hundred thousand francs in 1833 and invested the money in French bonds, to-day you would have twenty-five thousand francs income and three hundred and fifty thousand francs capital, besides your twenty-five thousand francs income, produced by the accumulation of interest. And if you had invested the latter as it came due, you would have had fifteen thousand francs more income, that is to say, forty thousand francs in all.

"If all this doesn't satisfy you I will come back upon the subject. I have eighty thousand francs' worth of furniture and 'Les Jardies' have cost me a hundred and twenty-five thousand. I owe two hundred thousand francs. If my stock was saleable I should be penniless but without debts. 'Les Jardies' was a great error. I wanted to live there and spend little. But life in the suburbs of Paris is twice as dear as in the capital. In Passy we pay seven sous for a chop, which in Paris is worth five. Paris starves its suburbs just as a big oak tree prevents anything from growing beneath it.

"To sum it all up, one hundred thousand francs to buy a house, one hundred thousand for the necessities of life, three hundred thousand for an estate and three hundred thousand invested make a charming existence worth eighty thousand ducats. If you have but forty thousand ducats you will fall into a simple, obliterated, calm and tranquil existence, lost in the provinces or in a faubourg of Paris."

Not exactly the kind of letter one imagines the author of *The Lily of the Valley* writing to his fiancée, but such as it stands it represents the height of Balzac's ambition; ambition that deep down in his heart he hoped the alliance

with Madame Hanska would permit him to realise.

IV

In 1845 we find him much occupied by real estate investments. He had realised that that quarter of Paris near the Parc Monceau was destined to become a fashionable centre and he made every effort to accumulate a sufficient sum to permit him to speculate on the ground. Emile de Girardin, M. D'Aligre, and King Louis Philippe, all the biggest speculators of the time, followed his advice and made millions. He also speculated on the Bourse, for toward the end of that same year we know that stock in the Northern Railway made a sudden drop which obliged Balzac to hurry the finish of *Cousin Pons* in order to obtain ready money.

During a visit to Madame Hanska in Poland in 1847, he was quick to see the resources of the country and predicted that sooner or later Russia would be the master of the European markets.

The following is an extract from a

letter written to his sister, Madame Laure Surville, while on this same visit: "Here are some details which I am sending to your husband and some questions I want him to answer. The two counts Mnischevski own an estate, one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, situated, fortunately for them, on the Russian frontier at about five leagues from France and the City of Brody. At Brody begins the Gallatian road which terminates at the commencement of the Krakovian railway and the railway from Krakovia to France will be finished the fifteenth of this month, because there was merely a breach of a few leagues to be covered between Hamam and Hanover, and the road will probably be inaugurated by the time this reaches you. Now at the present moment France, where a tremendous amount is being consumed for railway ties, is almost wholly lacking in oak. I happen to know that oak for building purposes or cabinet making has almost doubled in price.

"This explained, the above-mentioned gentlemen who own twenty thousand acres of oak can sell sixty thousand feet



"'LES JARDRES' WAS A GREAT ERROR. I WANTED TO LIVE THERE AND SPEND LITTLE. BUT LIFE IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS IS TWICE AS DEAR AS IN THE CAPITAL. WE PAY FOR A CHOP SEVEN SOUS IN PASSY, WHICH IN PARIS IS WORTH FIVE. PARIS STARVES ITS SUBURBS JUST AS A BIG OAK TREE PREVENTS ANYTHING FROM GROWING BENEATH IT"

of oak ten metres high which would have an average of ten inches diameter at the base and ten inches at the place where the beam is cut at the small end. It would be necessary to calculate the price that could be offered to the owner for each beam, after deducting first the transport from Brody to Krakovia; second the freight by rail from Krakovia to Paris, in which would be comprised the passage across the Rhine at Cologne and across at Elba of Magdebourg, for on these two rivers, the viaducts not yet being finished at Cologne and hardly under way at Magdebourg, transshipment is necessary; and the transshipment of sixty thousand beams is no small undertaking. But if, for example, they could be bought originally for, let us say, ten francs each, and the transport amounts to twenty francs each (I state that figure to explain my reasoning), that each beam came to thirty francs, the question is, what would be the value in Paris of sixty thousand pieces of oak thirty feet long which would furnish sixty thousand twenty-foot beams and sixty thousand ten-foot railroad ties. If we could only obtain twenty francs profit that would mean twelve hundred thousand francs. An affair of this kind cannot be negotiated without a banker, and it goes without saying that it can only be done a little at a time, say by tenths, taking two years to accomplish the entire enormous exploitation and giving the proper guarantees.

"Now I happen to know that in France an oak of the above mentioned dimensions is worth one hundred francs. Tell your husband that by going to the offices of the Northern Railway Company he will obtain all the necessary information about freight on the four lines, which are each a continuation of the other and go to Paris from Krakovia; also let him find out about the transits and the cut rates that all companies usually make for any such undertaking.

"You must give me a categorical answer about this affair which, if it yielded but five francs a beam and two francs a

tie, all expenses paid, would mean a fortune of four hundred and twenty thousand francs. It is worth while considering. There is absolutely no doubt about the existence of the sixty thousand feet of oak and still less about the possibility of my being able to buy it; but I doubt if they are to be had for less than eight francs each; that would be the lowest sale price. Now as I am only speaking of the trunk of the tree and not of its branches, there might be means of finding one hundred and twenty thousand ties in the big limbs, without mentioning the enormous quantity of fire wood. From Krakovia to Brody there are eighty leagues from France on a marvellous road where sleighs are used in winter. There are organised post houses all along the way as well as relays which are kept by very intelligent Jews who are excessively audacious in driving bargains and who offer all the advantages of competition. So answer me as soon as possible and have Surville make me an exact estimate of what the transport from Krakovia to Paris will cost; all the transit fees, duties, and if there are any, etc. I can find out here what it will cost from Krakovia to Brody and I will add that on. We'll settle all details about this affair by correspondence and in the spring we'll do it, if after ripe reflection, we find it worth while. You would not be astonished that it has not already been done if you realised the indifference of the land owners in this country, which is a kind of Polar Antilles, where the proprietors are creoles exploiting their estates with Moujiks. The two M. Mniszechi are loyalty itself; there cannot be the slightest doubt about their word or their contract, and as to the cutting down they have the intention of clearing away two thousand acres; so at least there will be no difficulty about those two thousand. We could have the trees marked in the remaining fourteen thousand. I hope that we will be able to carry the thing through, and the details I am giving you prove that I have you and my nieces constantly in mind.

"The question amounts merely to this: which means of transport is the least expensive, by water or by rail, for if pines are transhipped with enormous profit from Riga and Archangel to Havre, making fortunes for the intermediaries at Riga, Havre and Paris, what would it mean to transport oak, which is almost doubly valuable?"

"Now, then, here is a most important favour I am going to ask you to do for me; read the papers very carefully and write me a line the very instant that the Northern Railway Company asks for funds or indicates a payment. This, I repeat, is of the greatest importance to me."

Like many others, this plan fell through, but it did not in the least discourage Balzac, who, when he crossed Russia in 1849 on his way to marry Madame Hanska, noticed that the Polish land owners possessed immense marsh lands which they were trying to drain and render healthy by means of dikes composed of straw and dirt conglomerated. Balzac realised at once what an immense fortune could be made if the country could be thus transformed as well as the money there could be earned by the construction of proper dikes. He wrote off to his brother-in-law, Surville, who was a civil engineer, asking him the way to fabricate concrete with which to construct dikes, as well as innumerable questions about the sand, cement and lime necessary for its composition. In each successive letter he adds: "There is admirable business to be

done here. Russia contains the *matière première* of all productions. She is destined to furnish all Europe."

About this time Surville, seized with the gold fever that was then agitating France, wished to try his luck in California. Balzac wrote to his sister to try to dissuade him. "That a learned man like your husband should believe that there are still deposits like those in the Ural Mountains or in California and that he should go in search of them by founding his theory on his geological comparisons, well and good. To go in search of other Urals or another Sacramento, where one would be the first, that's what would be interesting, and I would go with him if I were ten years younger. I thought of doing it twenty-five years ago, and it was Madame Deberny who hindered me. If she were alive she could tell you how in 1829 I once said to her that there was surely lots of gold at the foot of unexplored mountains, still unknown on the maps."

After his marriage Balzac and his wife started for home, but he was already attacked by that illness which was to carry him off soon after his return to Paris. Owing to his condition that fatiguing journey became almost intolerable, but nevertheless all along the road he bought pictures and *bric-à-brac* with an eye to speculation. "At the Fesch sale," wrote he, "with twenty thousand francs one could have made forty thousand." And in his last letter to his mother he mentions his worry about the stock in the Northern Railway.



AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

IV—NORTH CAROLINA

BY THOMAS DIXON

AUTHOR OF "THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS," "THE TRAITOR" AND "THE SOUTHERNER"

NATURE made North Carolina the cradle of American democracy. All attempts to establish English settlements direct from the Old World on her soil failed—although the third of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonies numbered more than one hundred people. Shortly after they landed on Roanoke Island, Eleanor Dare, the daughter of the Governor, John White, gave birth to the first white child of the Western world. She was christened "Virginia" in honour of the new land Raleigh had named for the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. The county of Dare, on the coast of North Carolina, bears her name.

White returned to England promising speedy relief. The thunder of the guns of the Spanish Armada in the British Channel not only changed his plans, but remade the map of the world. It was three years before he again anchored at Roanoke Island, and every trace of his colony had disappeared. The only sign they left behind was the word "Croatan," carved high on the trunk of a lone pine.

There is no longer any doubt that these colonists intermarried with a friendly tribe of Croatan Indians and moved into the interior.

While I was a member of the North Carolina Legislature of 1885, these Croatan Indians petitioned for separate schools, claiming to be the descendants of early English settlers and Indians. Their pronunciation of our language was almost purely Elizabethan and forty-two of their family names are identical with those of White's lost colony.

Senator Revels, of Mississippi, classed as a mulatto during the Reconstruction period, was a Croatan Indian from

Robeson County. Henry Berry Low-erie, the most noted outlaw produced by the chaos which followed the Civil War in the South, was a Croatan. The fact that this mere boy openly and successfully defied the combined armed forces of both State and Nation for more than seven years is good evidence that the blood of the breed of Drake and Raleigh flowed in his veins.

No further attempt was made to land English colonists directly on our coast. Better harbours were later found at Jamestown and Charleston. Nature had built a huge fortress of sand far out into the Atlantic, protecting North Carolina from intrusive pioneers. No effort of the unaided imagination can picture the isolation and solemn grandeur of this white shining shore of my native State, stretching hundreds of miles along the Atlantic seaboard. Behind its shimmering mountains of shifting sand lie the beautiful waters of the Currituck, Albemarle, Roanoke and Palmico Sounds, swarming to-day with fish and game,—almost as primitive and elemental, save for the absence of the Indians, as when Raleigh's ships dropped their anchors there in 1587.

On this vast sand bar, near Kitty Hawk, the Wright brothers found the silent world for their first experiments in flying,—far beyond the ken of the newspaper man. The traveller who has never seen the surf of a storm break on this Hatteras reef has not seen the real ocean.

The most tremendous impression of my youth was the first sight of it. I crossed the sound and suddenly sprang to the summit of one of these sand dunes. A forty-mile gale was blowing and the

surf breaking five miles off shore. As far as my eye could reach, I saw huge white, thundering, foaming mountains rolling in on the beach from out the mists of eternity! I stood rooted in my tracks for more than an hour in breathless awe. No other sight or sound of nature has ever moved me so profoundly.

These hundreds of miles of combing breakers made my native State the birthplace of the ideals on which our Republic rests. Their grim, dangerous barriers happily protected North Carolina from direct settlement under Old World influences and made her soil our colonial frontier. Into this frontier wilderness, daring young spirits quickly moved from the aristocratic settlements of Charleston and Tidewater, Virginia, and began their work of creating a new nation.

The first settlements in Virginia and South Carolina were modelled strictly on the ancient ideals of class and privilege. They were distinctly aristocratic and they hated democracy as the devil hates holy water.

The men who shook the dust of those early settlements from their feet had breathed the new air of freedom and seen a new vision of life. But they dreamed dreams impossible of realisation in the atmosphere of Colonial Virginia. Old Berkeley, the greatest of the colonial governors who cursed our shores, was a tyrant beside whom George III was the veriest amateur.

Into North Carolina moved the liberty-loving young pioneers who refused to accept the worn-out formulas of Tory Society. They left behind them the Established Church and the Established State. They built after their own ideals. The Episcopal Church was the established Institution of Colonial Virginia, and they whipped Baptists with as cheerful unction as ever a Puritan burned a witch in Salem, Massachusetts.

No church with a history of State protection has ever flourished in North Carolina. The Episcopalians down there now are choice folks, but they number a mere handful. In my native county of Cleveland, but one Roman Catholic lived

during my boyhood. She was the wife of the leading merchant. A priest came to see her from some far-off world once in two years. He made an address on the Catholic religion in the Court House on one of these trips. A dozen curious boys and a few loafers made up his crowd, and he never tried it again.

North Carolinians are practically all Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The Presbyterians are still a small body compared to their Baptist and Methodist rivals. The fact that John Knox's Church was "Established" once in Scotland has always been against them in spite of the vast migrations of Scotch people into the State. My own ancestors were Scotch on three sides of the house, but all of them became Baptists under the influence of the democratic ideals of the colony and the State. A Baptist church is a little republic within itself, and every Baptist church is absolutely free and independent of every other church in the world. The Baptists outnumber any other denomination in North Carolina. They have always been a native growth.

As North Carolina was the frontier wilderness of the early seaboard colonies, it was not only natural, it was inevitable, that on her soil the first battles of freedom should be waged against Old World tyranny and Old World ideals. Long before the famous Tea Party in Boston Harbour, the people of this rebellious colony had defied the Crown of England to enforce the Stamp Act. The first real struggle of the American Revolution was the battle of Alamance, fought May 16, 1771, on the soil of North Carolina. The Alamance Regulators, who defied their Colonial Governor, led the way for the men at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Six of their brave leaders, captured in battle, were hung for treason years before Nathan Hale's immortal words fell from his lips. One of these martyrs, James Pugh, with the rope around his neck, made a speech for American freedom of such fiery eloquence, that his executioners sprang on him and knocked the

barrel from under his feet while he was still proclaiming the certain end of tyranny. A bronze tablet now commemorates his execution on the Guilford battle ground.

It is not to be wondered at, in view of such facts, that the Mecklenburgers issued a Declaration of Independence a year before the Philadelphia document saw the light. If historical sceptics yet doubt this fact, they can find ample confirmation of it by examining the Court records of Wayne County, as I did a few weeks ago. These records, in a perfectly clear and legible handwriting, are all dated from the year of our Independence 1775 (Mecklenburg)—not 1776 (Philadelphia).

North Carolina has always felt the Union to be of her heart's blood, because she first saw its vision and felt the throb of its life. For this reason she was the last of the old Southern States to cast her lot with the Confederacy. Her stand once taken, the fight was made with the dogged, desperate courage that has ever been characteristic of her people. Her boys were first to die at Bethel and led the last charge at Appomattox. She sent more men into Lee's army and left more dead on the field than any other Southern State. Long after every other Southern port had been closed, her daring blockade runners held open the silver thread of the Cape Fear River at Wilmington against the combined fleets of the Union until the very hour that Richmond fell.

When the darker days of Negro rule under Federal bayonets after the war threatened to extinguish white civilisation, again her people led the way in successful revolution. North Carolina was the first Southern State completely to destroy every trace of the Negroid regime, root and branch, and reestablish the white race in its present position of supremacy.

Here the Ku Klux Klan not only elected the first white Legislature under a Negro ballot, but they impeached and removed from office the first Governor of an American Commonwealth who ever

suffered that humiliation. The articles of impeachment against William W. Holden had no precedent in history, but they were characteristic of the people, whose passion for liberty had created the first impulses of our national life. The Governor was removed from office and deprived of his citizenship for daring to suspend the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, which guarantees to every freeman the right to trial in open court confronted by his accusers. In his struggle to crush the Ku Klux Klan, the Governor suspended the writ and began to arrest North Carolinians without warrant and hold them in prison without trial. The President of the United States, he argued, had dared to do this thing during the Civil War. And so he had—but no Governor of North Carolina had ever dared it, even in the darkest hours of the war. And no Governor of North Carolina will ever again dare it.

The most vivid picture that comes back to me to-day from my childhood was the passing of the Klan through the silent streets of my native village on a beautiful moonlit night in 1869. I can yet feel the chill of the pine floor on my little bare feet as I leaped from the trundle bed, rushed to the window and watched the long line of white-robed horsemen ride by in perfect cavalry form. Their "Night Hawk" blew his whistle at the corner, and the shining column wheeled suddenly and galloped away into the cold December night.

Shivering with terror I grasped my mother's hand and whispered:

"Do you think they'll hurt us, ma?"

With a low laugh she bent and kissed me:

"Of course not, silly—they're our people—they're guarding us from harm."

Years afterward I learned that her brother, Colonel Leroy McAfee, was their chief in Piedmont, Carolina. It was his hand that drew the bill of Impeachment which removed Governor Holden from office.

In climate and soil North Carolina is the Italy of the New World, with a touch

of Switzerland on her high mountain ranges in "The Land of the Sky" about Asheville. On my first trip to Italy I waked every morning with the dim, sweet consciousness that I was a boy at home again in the foothills of my native State—even the fleas in Italy seemed to bite exactly as they used to at home. Oranges and lemons grow in our extreme southeastern section, while Mount Mitchell lifts its rugged head so high among the stars that I have seen icicles six inches long formed at the mouth of a cave in which our party had slept on August 10th.

The old geographies used to dismiss North Carolina with the trite statement that her principal products were tar, pitch and turpentine. As a matter of fact, she raises more tobacco than Virginia and more cotton than South Carolina.

The one thing she has never grown has been big cities. She has always been and is to-day a purely rural State. The growth of great modern cities with their vices and wealth, their shame and pride has been something North Carolina has never known. This fact accounts for the large number of illiterates accorded to the State by the Census rolls. The problem of education has been made doubly difficult by the fact that so few people live in cities and so many are scattered over widely separated rural communities.

The novelist is yet to appear who will develop this rich field of genuine American life. I have barely touched its surface in a single village of the foothills. O. Henry had just begun his marvelous career when death called him. I have not yet recovered from the sense of personal grief his loss brought me. I had believed this gifted son of my native State would develop into our great novelist-historian.

The chief characteristics of North Carolina people are modesty, simplicity of taste, the scorn of humbug, honesty, the love of liberty and the ideal of solid character as the end of life. I know of no better example of these men to-day than our present Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Walter Hines Page is a profound scholar, a student, philosopher and thinker, and yet he has never taken the least pains to let the world know it. He is an orator of rare wit and eloquence, yet never posed as such. He is a shrewd and careful man of business, a diplomat by instinct, a patriot not a politician. He is the best equipped and most thoroughly representative man of American democracy we have sent to any foreign court in a quarter of a century, and every trait of his character he owes to his birthright as a North Carolinian.

In all my life I never heard a man of my native State boast of his ancestors—his ambition is to be one.

THE FORGES OF THE SUN

In the Grand Cañon of Colorado

BY THOMAS WALSH

As in the furnace depths of Geni-land
The molten sparks from off the anvils blow,
Adown the cañons now a brawny hand
Upon the bellows sets the days aglow;

Old Autumn with his sledges welds the gold
Of leaf and harvest, laughing loud and clear
At Vulcan and his magic shields of old,
And forging red the sunsets of the year.

THE REBIRTH OF ITALIAN ILLUSTRATION

BY GARDNER TEALL

To true lovers of old Italian books and to true connoisseurs of the book arts of the Renaissance, the decorative designs which accompanied the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, printed at Venice by Aldus in 1499, so cling to memory that, together with other exquisite book illustrations of the period immediately following, we have been saved the full realisation of the depths to which Italian illustration had fallen in the last half of the nineteenth century. It seems extraordinary that the enchanting *Dream of Poliphilus* should not have produced a longer line of descendants, so far as the traditions of art are concerned. But while the

Italians of the nineteenth century were struggling to make live again those arts which were the glory of Tuscany, of Venezia, of Umbria, and of Rome, a struggle attended with success, their apathy toward the art of book-illustration was as marked as their keen interest in the cinematograph. It makes no difference whether Giovanni or Gentile Bellini, Andrea Mantegna, Bartolommeo and Benedetto Montagna, Carpaccio or Giovanni Buonconsiglio, or, again, Vicenza, illustrated Francesco Colonna's book for Master Aldus the printer, or at least it makes little difference to us, in so far as the enduring effect of these il-



BOOK DECORATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY E. MANTELLI AND E. DE ALBERTIS.



HARVEST TIME. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE KAROLIS



HEADING BY THE "WOOD-ENGRAVERS OF SAN LEONARDO," A GROUP OF ARTISTS OF FLORENCE WHO DRAW THEIR INSPIRATION FROM GORDON CRAIG, WHO, IN TURN, DRAWS HIS FROM ITALIAN ATMOSPHERE

illustrations to the *Hypnertomachia* are concerned, for any one of these names simply reminds us again how the work of any one of them, in painting or in

scholars of the period in which these artists lived.

We have drawn so much inspiration from the Renaissance that we have not



THREE BOOK DECORATIONS DESIGNED AND DRAWN ON WOOD BY G. GUERRINI

drawing or in engraving upon the wood block, might stand for us as evidence of that constructively ardent love of classical antiquity which animated Italian

always realised how completely true art appears to have deserted Italy during a certain period. To be sure Michetti, Signorini, Marius Pictor, Dalbono Car-



TAIL PIECE BY THE "WOOD-ENGRAVERS OF SAN LEONARDO"



BOOK DECORATION FOR F. TOZZI'S "BARCHE CAPOVOLTE," DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY E. MANTELLI; "THE FOUNTAIN," A WOOD ENGRAVING BY B. M. DISERTORI, AND A BOOK PLATE DESIGNED BY F. BALBIS.

cano, Bistolfi, Fattori, Trentacoste, Pellizi, Fragiaco, Serra, Tito, Calandra and Ciardi (to name a few of the painters) coaxed it back again. But it almost seems as though the spirit which evoked the Renaissance (that very study of classical antiquity just alluded to, which Petrarch inspired, the flame which Mantegna fanned into the fire that lighted the torches of Albrecht Dürer and others of the north), demanded its own resumption, and held

modern æsthetic expression (so far as the graphic arts were concerned) as

hostage against its return to the throne, which all the "frivolous" of Venice, Rome's *baroque* distemper, and the style *rococo* (subtle poison of the *régime* of Louise Quinze, filling the veins of its time like malicious quicksilver), had banished it.

True, the eighteenth century Italians dug away in their ruins, but to them Cæsar had come to seem insufficient without a peruke and



ILLUSTRATIONS BY VITTORIO BELLINI



THREE PAGE DESIGNS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE KAROLIS

Helen of Troy incomplete without a masque and *parasole*. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Austrians,—all of them were giving less to Italy than they were taking away from her. The Venetian Senate was fussing over the tremendously important question of how wide should be the lace on the shroud of a dead Dogressa while an enemy was closing in on a territory left undefended by inaction!

All these things go to show that art does not live on itself alone, one masterpiece breeding another, one school of draughtsmen, of painters or of engravers being the sole inspiration of another. Life and truth are art's truest progenitors, and when any period sinks to the



BOOK DECORATION DESIGNED AND
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE
KAROLIS

level of insipid sentimentality, to cultivated artificiality, or when any period would make it a virtue to be flippant, careless or merely clever, then, when the wrath of the gods descends, art is left threadbare for a generation to come, and only the generosity of memory can cover the intervening period that separates the fading accomplishments of

the past and the awakening accomplishments of the present. And so it is that Italian illustration fallen to the very depths did not rise again until the strengthening of the new nation which was born of those days of 1871 that witnessed a United Italy, a new foster-parent to nourish and to cherish art's revival in art's old cradle.



GOLLARDINO
E IL SVO
PAPA'



SELF PORTRAIT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY KAROLIS AND OTHER WOOD ENGRAVINGS
BY THAT ARTIST



THE LANDING. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY KAROLIS

One always looks with particular interest for what may be peculiarly *native* in the art of any land, studying at the same time external influences to the measure of the formative or non-resistant qualities of such influences. Despite the strong hold the fashions of French art

had upon Italy during the eighteenth century, we must not forget to take into account that France was, after all, finally returning some of the things she had, at an earlier period, borrowed from the South. Italian book illustration in the nineteenth century, while, in itself



THE CENTRE ILLUSTRATION, "THE RETURN," IS FROM A WOOD ENGRAVING BY KAROLIS. THE OTHER TWO WOOD ENGRAVINGS ARE BY G. COSTETTI, ALSO A FLORENTINE

vampid enough, was fortunate in having the earlier traditions kept aglow by the "small arts" (if one may call them such, without encroaching on what was, after all, a true dignity possessed by them), by casual prints, and particularly by the engraved *cartes-de-visite* and well-designed *ex libris* labels of the period. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that, during a decade when Italian artist-draughtsmen were designing excellent book-plates, the work of the Italian illustrator of books and periodicals should have continued so mediocre. Even poster-art in Italy had taken an important position in graphic art before illustration was reawakened to its present æsthetic life, as it has been in the rebirth of the art among the younger pen draughtsmen of the Italy of the moment, from among whom have come the artists, reproductions of whose work illustrate this article.

Milan or Turin might have been expected to have given prime emphasis to this rebirth of distinguished work in illustration by reason of the prominence of these cities in the printing arts. However, it is Florence who has fanned the old traditions anew, until again they have kindled the enthusiasm that still pulses within the veins of Italy's artistic sons. Probably, the leading personality in the present Italian revival of the art of illustration is Adolf de Karolis, a young Florentine, whom Englishmen have been pleased to call "the Walter Crane of Italy." We have only to scan the work of De Karolis to feel that he seems almost to be a *quattrocentist* come among us again. Yet one whose exquisite sense of design has taken into account all the realities of the centuries intervening since Aldus pored over the proofs of the *Hypnerotomachia* or Sandro Botticelli—one wonders if it was Botticelli—worked on his illustrations for the *Divina Commedia* of 1481. Surely De Karolis's work is not imitative, but springs with all the originality from the fountain-head of inspiration that ever has refreshed Italian artists when they have not been banished by banal conditions from their own proper realm.

D'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* and *Figlia di Jorio* have been beautifully adorned with drawings by De Karolis, who is a master-craftsman as well as a master-illustrator, as he himself engraves on wood the designs he invents. This gives to them an added interest, value and beauty. That the influence of De Karolis has been strongly felt by other Italian artists of to-day is evidenced by the enthusiasm they hold for his work, and an enthusiasm that happily enough appears to inspire them without leading them to any servile imitation. Take, for instance, the designs by E. Mantenelli or by E. de Albertis. Both these new illustrators possess an originality markedly their own and both have an art personality well worth contact through expression. Again, the drawings by G. Guerini are quite as different in style from those of De Karolis, and yet one feels the work of the latter artist has meant much to the former, as also to two other Italian draughtsmen, B. M. Disertori and F. Falbis. On the other hand such artists as Vittorio Bellieni stand alone; they are their own inspiration. Bellieni has illustrated some of the most delightful Italian stories for children in a manner that delights the Italian child as much as Reginald Birch or Palmer Cox have delighted the American child by their distinctive work.

While it is not alone among the group of young wood-engravers that Italian illustration of high artistic merit is to-day confined, it can be said without hesitation that the rebirth of illustration in Italy owes more to them than to others, more even than to those English artists who have lived much in Florence and have, like Gordon Craig, drawn much from Italian atmosphere, anglicised it, and have returned it again to be remoulded as it were, as one may discover in the clever, but perhaps not enduring work of the little group which calls itself "the Wood-Engravers of San Leonardo," a Florentine brotherhood, as it were, or, more properly speaking, an art brotherhood in Florence dominated by Gordon Craig, an Englishman, whose great talent

is known to all. No, we must credit the native Italian artist-draughtsmen themselves with this renaissance of illustration which concerns us here, and we may expect great things from them tomorrow, judging from to-day's accomplishments and forgetting his mid-time of inaction.

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY-ONE

BY RICHARD DUFFY

II—A NEW YORK GROUP OF LITERARY BOHEMIANS

"To drain life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one."

2 THOSE who can recall without strain of memory that chartered colony of Bohemia, Maria's in West Twelfth Street, when the final nineties were dwindling into "the pathos of distance," must rub their eyes in wonderment if they ever stop to consider the altered aspect of the nebulous land where writers and illustrators are supposedly predistined to gather. Of course there were other places, surviving on the tradition of Pfaff's sufficiently shrined restaurant. Others again sprang into being as resorts for so-called "literary and artistic" people long after Maria herself had retired to Italy with the competence amassed quietly amid the uproar of diners, who were their own cabaret performers and of hatching playwrights and novelists who talked enthusiastically of novels and plays they have until this day merely dreamed.

The cant explanation for the limited existence of these institutions is that they are invaded by the Huns from office and shop who follow Bohemia as an avocation, and by the Goths, who are professional Bohemians with one poem or one story to their credit, that points them out to the Huns with somewhat of the distinction of a birthmark. This diagnosis is not wholly incorrect; yet the changes that has come over the generic character of writer and illustrator must also be taken into account. Either career, whether followed by man or woman, is followed systematically as a business. One immediate result is that after a

day's work these people confine their quest of entertainment to their kind and seek public applause only as it comes through the publishers' increased price for their work. Then, as there are so many women who write or illustrate, it is natural that much of their social life should be spent under the personal roof-tree. According to circumstances this is set over a small apartment, a spacious studio, an entire house, or one of the habitations modestly termed apartments, which are advertised as having almost as many baths as rooms. So it must not be imagined that Bohemia no longer exists even if the original wrapper and label are outmoded. The name has become so quaintly obsolete that when a well-known magazine figure, who is also envied as a hostess, was once described as "the Mrs. Astor of Bohemia," all that heard laughed, including the lady herself.

If you go back to the days when the transition was well under way, it will be hard to pick out a man more striking or more picturesque than the late Richard Hovey. He and Bliss Carman had become personages in Boston literary circles before the rest of the country knew them except through the verses they had published either jointly or separately. At first glance Hovey suggested in a startling manner the portraits of Alphonse Daudet. Yet the mental image fairly obvious to be drawn from descriptions of the French novelist makes him out rather of medium height and nervously tense



THIS DRAWING OF MARIA'S RESTAURANT, IN WEST TWELFTH STREET, WAS MADE BY THE LATE GRIBAYEDOFF WHEN THE PLACE WAS IN ITS HEYDEY AS A BOHEMIAN RENDEZVOUS. AMONG THE INTERESTING PEOPLE SHOWN ARE TO BE NOTED JULIUS CHAMBERS, PAUL DU CHAILLU, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, WILLIAM WALSH, MICKY FINN, GEORGE B. LUKS, TONY ANTHONY, JAMES L. FORD, JUDGE GOFF, ARCHIE GUNN AND HENRY TYRELL.

of manner. Hovey may have been only five feet ten, but he carried himself as if he were six or more; and with his added amplitude of frame moved along the street or in a room with the serenity and authority of a bishop in full ceremonial.

His voice was admirable, sonorous and colourful, and he used it excellently whether to read or recite. It was a novelty to editors, when they asked him to submit a poem, to have him ask: "Perhaps you'd like this?" Forthwith he would recite the poem he had to offer, not faltering in a line and bringing out the thought and feeling of it all magically, as we read the first poets gave their soul to rapt listeners. In case the poem happened to be unsuitable for the purpose, Hovey would smile unperturbed and proceed to recite his second

choice. If the poem were accepted on his recital he would go back to his apartment to write out a copy of it and send it to the editor. Here in his own home he appeared at best as a declaimer of his own verse.

There comes to mind an evening when he read a play in blank verse, based on some premise from mediæval Italian history. The room was crowded with men and women, seated or standing roundabout as they found place. Master of himself and imposing to his audience, he stood apart in the room of shaded lights. He did not read as an actor would read, sinking his own characteristics into those of the *dramatis personæ*, but delivered the whole as the utterance of the poet who had created them. After the second or third act there was a pause for refreshments and the babble of the

company rose in ecstatic praise of the drama or in chatter about other matters of more instant interest to them. Here and there Hovey moved, hearing compliments or unheeding extraneous talk, as he met his friends, with a weight and poise of manner as if he were only an onlooker and not *le maitre* on the occasion. By one of those surprising twists of Fate, that occur so habitually, it was not such a very long time before many of the same company returned to the



BLISS CARMAN IN THE DAYS OF "BARNEY M'GEE"

apartment to see the poet dead. He lay on a bier with a black pall draped like a mantle over him. His handsome face shone white in the light of candles. Before a canvas on an easel a young woman was painting his portrait. The song of the poet was stilled, yet there came back as he lay there the early impression of the serenity and authority of a bishop in full ceremonial.

One of the poems Hovey sold to an editor on recital, as it were, is the initial piece in *Last Songs from Vagabondia*.

It is called *At the Crossroads* and prefigured better than either he or Bliss Carman could have guessed, the term of a poetical partnership unique in American letters. The last stanza, it will be remembered, reads:

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live, or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

A famous and more cheerful song of Hovey's, and one whose story is here given in a letter from Bliss Carman is "Barney McGee," with a lilt to it that sings itself:

Barney McGee, Barney McGee,
You were always the one to befriend a man,
You were always the first to defend a man,
You had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck, and hard up for a V.

Under the date of November 25, 1913, Bliss Carman says:

MY DEAR DUFFY:

I remember very well the pleasure I had in watching Richard Hovey write "Barney McGee"; and how he enjoyed it himself as he would read over each stanza to me, as it was completed. We were spending a holiday in the Grand Pré country in Nova Scotia. I am not certain of the year, but I think it must have been '94, '95 or '96. Very likely the latter date, for the poem appears in *More Songs From Vagabondia*, which was printed in that year, and I have a vague remembrance that the poem was written when the book was already in type, to add to its list of poems, which I suppose did not seem to us up to the mark; or perhaps not wholly of the character we wanted our book to reflect. . . .

With best wishes,
BLISS CARMAN.

Bliss Carman's frank heart continues to greet the open sky, praise be for it, as the Irish say, and few men change less with the wearing of the years. He is always the most approachable of men, if you have the directness to approach, and yet despite his long length firmly footed on earth his head seems reaching to the stars. If Hovey may be said to have drunk deeply of Maeterlinckian mysticism, long before the Belgian was a familiar here; there is no less of mysticism in Bliss Carman, but it is rather of Emersonian distillation. From behind thick lensed spectacles his grey eyes weighed you from afar and it was from afar that his low even voice of hardly more than one tone addressed you. It harmonised with the simplicity of his verse, which is the simplicity of a bird's song or the music of running water. If Hovey was stared at in the streets of conventional New York, it is safe to say people put him down in their minds as some kind of a Frenchman. Carman, it may be ventured, they took for an Englishman, most probably a parson. This because Carman usually wore tweeds, with a jacket of Norfolk pattern, which is the costume of legend for the English tourist. The parson suspicion might be traced to the broad-rimmed low-crowned black felt hat he affected.

This costume, the rumour came from Boston in those days, had been noted with acute critical reservation at the Pop concerts in that city, although the appreciation of Carman as a rising star in the poetical firmament was unreserved. Carman was always a man of few spoken words. In offering verses to an editor he stated the case, that some writers take from fifteen minutes to an hour to state, with a sentence on this order. "I'm not sure whether these verses are magazinable. I'll leave them for you to read." For all his seeming aloofness from the waste and trivialities of things mundane, those that know Carman know that the man is gifted with geniality and a subtle humour. There comes back to mind his account of an evening spent with James Whitcomb Riley. It was their first

meeting, nor would it be easy to bring together two poets of such differing character. They talked for hours of all matters up and down the world. Carman was full of enthusiasm for the vitality and charm of Riley, who whenever he wished to emphasise a point in his talk would kick Carman's foot under the table and ask with a smile: "Are you following me?"

II

Another man who was writing some verse at this time and who was writing a good deal more prose in the form of illustrated articles for the magazines, but whose later work has placed him as a serious novelist, is Theodore Dreiser. But *Sister Carrie* was being thought out, and when once he really got down to writing it the fecundity of the man was amazing. Every few days he could make the breezy announcement that since he last came in view he had written as many as ten or twenty thousand words. When the book was ready for the printer, if memory is correct, he had written half again as much on the story as is published. Although some critics have likened the model of his novels to that of Zola, the master Dreiser recognised and venerated was Thomas Hardy; and while he was working on *Sister Carrie*, in fact before he set out, his outline of the story's backbone, showing his characters moving to an inevitable fate, suggested the Hardy method.

He always sat in a rocking chair, if he could find one, and he sat in it to rock, his long frame crouched at the shoulders, while he folded a handkerchief into the dimensions of a postage stamp with the slow patience of a Japanese drawing a maple leaf. If he was not talking he would be humming the refrain of *On the Banks of the Wabash* or of some other popular song. He had hundreds of them in his head, having been the editor of *Every Month*, a magazine published by a song firm, of which his late brother, Paul Dresser, the song-writer, was a member. The words of the Wabash song

were written by Theodore for Paul and were intended to be used in a play of Middle West life that Theodore began and abandoned. Paul always looked on the world with a smile, and if the world wouldn't smile, why Paul said something to make it smile. Theodore regarded the great problem with question from under shaggy, sombre brows, though he nearly always had something amusing to pass on from Paul. Once when Paul was touring in *The Green Goods Man*, he found himself in a one-night stand that consisted mostly of railway station and a hotel. On his way to the performance Paul asked the first man he met where the "Hall" was. The townsman's civic pride was cut to the quick. "Hall, hell!" he replied, pointing down the Main Street and almost reaching the end of it with the tip of his umbrella, "we ain't got no Hall, we gotta 'n Op'ry House." Dreiser's experiences in the song-publishing house provided him with material for a novel he had planned before *Sister Carrie*. It was designed to show the career of a writer of popular songs, in whom success operated as a virus. As he mapped it out, it promised to have both the qualities of success and novelty.

The books of Dreiser have been handsomely received by critics abroad and at home; and to be cited among those at home of exceptional individuality in his work and in himself is James Huneker. Most, while agreeing to this characterisation of Huneker, will wonder why a man of delightful companionableness should be introduced so stiffly. Even Huneker himself might look down from the top of the pedestal and ask: "Are you sure it's solid?" Whether assured or not, he would insist, that if he was expected to keep up anything like a conversation, he would have to step down and look you in the face from a chair. Nor would the chair be regretted when one had discovered that for copiousness, stimulation and general judiciousness of talk on all that is understood within the purview of the arts it would require no slight search to meet with the equal of Huneker. There

comes to mind an hour's talk with him when he spoke of his books, of his habit of reading a book each day, of his mezzotints, and of Chopin the while he played the piano with careless charm to bring out the points of what he had to say about the composer. After a brief luncheon he suggested a cigar and some chat *pour faire la digestion*. It was a little after two then, and there arrived the moment that seemed proper to take one's leave. To his surprise the writer awoke to the fact that instead of listening for an hour, as he had supposed, he had been listening for four hours, and yet he had often heard Huneker talk before. At this period Huneker was doing the third of his feats of journalistic prowess on the *Sun*. He had written music criticism, criticism of the theatre and was now engaged as art critic.

Incidentally he had written some short stories and was labouring on his most ambitious endeavour, the *Life of Liszt*. His admiration for Liszt dated back to the days when as a youth he had saved what money he could and had gone to Paris to study the pianoforte under the great Hungarian. That project could not be carried out, but he will tell you as an instance of youth's hero-worship how he ran half a block on one occasion to have a good look at The Master, who was riding away from a concert in a cab. And as an instance of the recognition of genius peculiar to the French, he will tell you of being seated on *l'imperiale* of an omnibus that was jogging along a quiet avenue. It came up with a stocky, white-bearded man approaching from the opposite direction. The conductor ran up the steps to the top of the bus and announced with dignity as he pointed to the white-bearded man: "M'ssieu' et mesdames, v'la M'sieu' Victor Hugo!"

In one of Huneker's reviews of an exhibition of paintings he spoke of a portrait of the late Charles Battell Loomis as showing the traces of sadness always to be found in the expression of a genuine humourist. The line sums up the man. No one could be gentler and more spiritually *triste* than Loomis, although in



THE MELANCHOLY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

contact with him while one always was conscious of kindness, he was far from suggesting any cause for tears in this life. If he had not possessed this essential refinement Loomis might have succeeded better as a slapstick comedian, but no matter how grotesque his conception might be, his treatment always, whether in his readings or in his appearances in print, conformed to that moderation which permits you to laugh without having the subconscious compunction that after all you are only watching a man grin through a horse-collar. Loomis was such a bred-in-the-bone New Englander that when he went to Ireland and his soul caught some glow of Celtic glamour, it was astonishing news. He was presented to Lady Gregory, to W. B. Yeats and to others of the circle identified here primarily as the founders of the new Irish theatre. He said once he should like to go back there often for his holiday, and it's not so hard to believe; for he was one of those men who as an Irish boy would have hid himself in a hedge at dusk by a field of daisies, waiting and hoping against the chance that the fairies would appear.

III

A New England humourist of another variety, one with the tang of the sea in his veins, is Joseph C. Lincoln, who at the time of which we are thinking was not writing stories at all, but verse. He is modest now and was modest then, calling himself simply "Joe" Lincoln until editors persuaded him to the dignity of his rightful name, Joseph C. It is questionable whether he had ever done more than think some day he might write a story until he put together the incidents and characters that later formed the basic matter of *Cap'n Eri*. Then writing stories was rather a side-line, and he gave part of the week to work on an accountancy publication of some sort. Yet once he caught the knack of turning out short stories, he produced them with methodic rapidity, each having as its chief value the sense and humour with which he portrayed those people of the Cape, which he had left to seek his fortune in the big world of Boston and later New



JAMES HUNEKER

York. Before many knew what he was about he had published his first novel; and he goes right on with the same precision and industry at making his readers smile as he did when he essayed the new venture of the short story. Meanwhile his first volume, *Cape Cod Ballads*, is to a degree overshadowed, although it is alive with the native essence of his fiction and incidentally should be a treasure trove for those that like recitations.



JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

When "Joe" Lincoln was writing his first book Wallace Irwin and Mrs. Irwin arrived in New York one day "quietly," as some newspapers say in reporting the wedding of persons that under no circumstances could be expected to be married on a sight-seeing coach or in a lion's cage. Still Wallace Irwin was known across the continent as the author of *Sonnets of a Hoodlum*, which reputation he allowed in no way to interfere with his determination to settle down to work here. He went about

town to see where his verses might be wanted and then he went home to write them. Possibly it is not the most inviting of tasks to sit at a desk in the morning with the mental semaphore signaling: "Now for something funny!" But from the first humourist down, no easier way has been found that counts and lasts. And also, from the first humourist down, it has been long a legend that there are times when he must contrive to make his readers laugh when a laugh is the last earthly sound he could wish to hear.

This is not to say, of course, that serious writing is less of a toil than humorous, as everybody knows. Fair sample of the moods common to all writers is to be seen in this extract of a letter from Brand Whitlock, the man who wanted most of all to be a novelist, and still may be judged to have the desire, but who has acquired his larger reputation in the politics of his State. He was engaged on his first novel, *The Thirteenth District*, and said:

Sometimes I think the whole thing is rot, and tear a lot of it up; and go to bed sick over it; then again I let myself believe it will all turn out pretty well. You know the feeling—sometimes there is consolation in thinking of it as the true artistic despair, and one can swell around grandly and morosely with that idea nursed to the breast—but that may be a form of mere self-delusion, self-pity appropriate to dubs. I wish there were some rule by which one could know.

Alfred Sutro has said somewhere that he made a like confidence once to Pinero, and the dean of British dramatists told him that, the thing you've done is never as bad as you think, when you think it bad, nor as good as you think, when you think it good. When Whitlock came East for a vacation trip one of his chief purposes was to meet William Dean Howells, whom he had pictured long as a kind of hero and yet hated himself for having done so, for fear he should be disappointed. But he found him as he said, at the time, "the greatest and kindest of men, so deliciously human; so lovable,



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

so tremendously interested and interesting." It was while the Whitlocks were visiting Howells that Mark Twain sent a postcard to explain his non-appearance at Sunday tea. This is what Mark Twain wrote:

DEAR HOWELLS: I am sorry not to have been able to get over to meet the Whitlocks, but the trolley cars were so crowded yesterday the motormen had to walk.

Among those who have taken to the writing of novels, few if any have even incurred the deliberate risk of the late David Graham Phillips. He was an editorial writer on the *New York World*,

had a good salary and a future assured in his profession. Yet when he had laid aside a sum sufficient to keep him going for a period, he threw up his job and began to write novels, not for the hammock readers but for those interested in the social and political issues of the day. With excellent judgment Phillips timed his appearance, for then was the hour striking in which a vast population suddenly revealed itself as having eye and ear for naught else beside such problems. Personally Phillips was of the friendly distant order, and a man wholly absorbed in the one aim of writing his kind of book. To avoid inter-

ruption he schemed for himself a plan of working hours that would seem extraordinary for any one except a newspaper man. He began to work at eleven or twelve at night and remained at his desk, where he wrote standing, for at least six hours and sometimes longer. Then he went to bed and was out of it again late in the afternoon to mingle in the world. At the beginning Phillips confined himself to such material for fiction as might be garnered from the political and financial fields. The present writer recalls a talk with him when Phillips was reading *L'Autre Danger*, by Maurice Donnay; and the old question came up that has been a poser for so many American novelists. Why would our public or publishers never permit a frank novel on the affairs of life between men and women, as they would on other kinds of mistakes, evils or misery? This happened not so many years ago and it is almost astonishing to notice the advance that has been made in the interval. Regrettably short as was the career of Phillips as a novelist, he himself had the opportunity to wrestle with this one of the constant and universal problems.

IV

Eschewing all problems save the one of contriving to tell a good story, looms on view Richard Harding Davis. Other men have been made famous by one short story, as Davis was made famous by *Gallagher*, but they have never recovered. Davis is like the patient of whom his physician said he had had "a splendid case of typhoid" and he would be the better for it during the rest of his life. Before this story enabled him to dig away from the reporter's ruck, it will be remembered, he had somewhat of the reputation of "a heavy swell" among his colleague newsgatherers. He tells a good story on himself that shows the tragic side of trying to keep up one's social duties and be a reporter at the same time.

Davis was on the New York *Evening Sun* then and came down to the office one day in a frock coat and top hat because he expected a short day and had a much desired invitation to afternoon

tea. Instead of going to the tea, as he had hoped, he was suddenly sent out on a murder case up to the end of God's speed in the Bronx. It can be imagined what the Bronx was in those days before the subway or elevated had citified abandoned farms and supermortgaged ancient estates. A fine region unquestionably for a murder mystery and for a reporter to show his detective instinct, but not if he was habited for afternoon tea. Davis hurried here and there through six inches of mud part of the time and the rest of it sat disconsolate and chill on a rail fence, waiting developments the while his colleagues wondered why any sane man should dress the part like that, and Davis was saying all sorts of pleasant things to himself about the idiot who started the afternoon tea idea.

When he was a reporter on the *Philadelphia Press*, at the very beginning of his newspaper career, the appearance of Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night* set the city room on fire. A few enthusiasts got together, and with Davis framed a letter of admiration, which they sent to R.L.S., from whom in due course there came the following reply; which is here reprinted from *Ainslee's*:

MY DEAR SIR:

Why thank you very much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work, and get some good out of it; and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter you may be sure will be preserved. If you are to escape, unhurt, out of your present business, you must be very careful and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing"—O, believe me, it is rewriting I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this, I hope to hear of you some day.

Please excuse this sermon from

Your obliged,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

On the subject of R. L. S. there comes to mind the story of a man who walked into a magazine editor's office one day, announced himself as having been in business in Hawaii and wished to know whether he might not contribute an article on the commercial situation of the islands. In the course of conversation the visitor was asked if he had come across Stevenson at any time, and the man answered that he had dined with him more than once, but one dinner he remembered because during it he had suffered the greatest scare of his life. There had been menace of trouble among the natives for some time, and on the very night of this dinner the outbreak declared itself. Stevenson's guests were about half through their repast when the noise of shots and of shouting sounded so near, that all talk and thought was stifled and each diner stared at his neighbour in wondering alarm.

Some one suggested that the rioters might attack the house and in their frenzy let loose their revenge in arson and murder. The same dread was in every heart and panic flared round the table. Almost immediately Stevenson began to speak in a tone reassuring and with a smile:

"My friends," he said, "as this may be the last dinner we shall ever eat, let us make it a good one. I'm going to give you the rarest wine of my modest cellar."

At this he got up and went himself to the cellar to fetch the wine. The twist of joint courage and bravado broke the tension and the guests began to chatter and laugh. Before they could concern themselves again with their fears the tumult of the uprising had taken itself off into another quarter.

Lloyd Osbourne, to say one more word indirectly about R. L. S., journeyed to New York after his step-father's demise to build up a name for himself, although he was not a stranger to publishers and editors because of his collaborative effort on some of the novels of Stevenson. One day the business manager of a magazine was demanding to know from the editors

why they did not have some celebrated names in their list of contributors. The editors proceeded to show their "star" writers and mentioned as one, Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of Stevenson.

"What do I care about his stepson," said the business manager. "I want to see a story by Stevenson himself on your list."

All the beaten editors could do was to state regretfully that they doubted whether that could be arranged, because Stevenson had died about two years before.

Thus defile before the eye of recollection a few of the writers who have come into their own in the past decade or more. Not in any one group of specialists are they found revealing their best wares to admiring compeers, but each working with his own tools and aiming to get his best product before the public. They would almost seem to have had in mind the craftsman's creed as expressed by Kipling in some verses he sent to decline a dinner prepared for him by the Kipling Club at Yale in 1896.

MULVANEY REGRETS

Attind ye lasses av swate Parnasses,
An' woipe me burnin' tears away;
For I'm declinin' a chanst av dinin'
Wid the boys at Yale on the fourteenth
May.

The leadin' fayture will be liter-ature
(Av a moral nature, as is just an' right),
For their light an' leadin' are engaged in
readin'
Me immortal worruks from dawn till
night.

They've made a club there an' staked out
grub there,
Wid plates an' dishes in a joyous row;
An' they'd think ut splindid if I attinded.
An' so would I—but I cannot go.

The honest fact is that daily practice
Av rowlin' inkpots the same as me,
Conshumes me hours, in the muses' bowers,
An' laves me divil a day to spree.

Whin you grow oulder and skin your
shoulder
At the world's great wheel in your chosen
line,
Ye'll find your chances as time advances
For takin' a lark are as slim as mine.

But I'm digressin'—accept my blessin'
An' remimber what ould King Solomon
said:
That youth is ructious an' whiskey's fluctionous,
An' there's nothin' certain' but the mornin'
head.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

IV. THE BOY AND THE BOOK

THERE is no minimum age for the book-lover or for the book-owner. One may, and should, begin to love books before he knows how to read. To such children reading comes naturally, like speaking. They need no formal instruction in it—or rather, their training began, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said it should, “a hundred years before they were born.” And if, as the writer of this series of articles has been impressing upon his readers, a book owned should be a book loved, so that one's library is a group of intimates, not a throng of strangers, the boy and the girl should begin early to lay the foundations of such a collection, and to lay it in the right way.

The book intended for children's reading alone is a thing of recent date, and its inclusion in the public library is still more recent. A thing of yesterday is the special attention, given to children and their reading, that we now find in every up-to-date library—there was, therefore, until very recently, no such opportunity to survey the field and to pick favourites for purchase, as is now offered to children. Even now there is too little of what I have called the “laboratory” use of the children's collection in a large library, the reason being that the users of that collection are not the purchasers of their own books. Children's books are commonly gifts from their elders; and in too many cases their elders are willing to take on trust, especially just before

Christmas, anything that is offered them as a “juvenile.” The results have been unsatisfactory. One of them is that we have too many “books for children.” In many cases the child easily reads and enjoys the same books as his elders. Intelligent children do not like being “talked down to,” or “written down to.” It is possible, however, to make the opposite mistake of giving children books to read that they find dull or unintelligible, just because the treatment is unsuited for the child's particular stage of mental development. It is possible to arouse in this way a distaste for what is good that may have long-continued or far-reaching influences for evil.

In my eleventh year I assisted at the establishment of a library in a New England town. So far as I can remember, the idea that it might contain books for children never occurred to any one—least of all to myself or to my companions. We were actively interested in the library, but we drew from it only adult books—our “juveniles” we borrowed from one another. Hence we were reading at the same time Max Muller's *Chips from a German Workshop* and Oliver Optic's *Sailor Boy*; Merivale's *Rome* and Alger's *Ragged Dick*, Tyndall's *Lectures on Heat* and Mayne Reid's *Afloat in the Forest*. It was hit or miss; some of us formed good tastes and some bad ones. I date some of my lifelong friends from that epoch, but I made mistakes whose injurious re-

sults have also been lasting. I tackled George Meredith too early and have only just succeeded in overcoming my dislike. I did the same with Carlyle, and I can scarcely read him to this day. I am sure that if there had been some recognised relations in those days between libraries and children all of us might have fared better. It might, of course, have been worse. Well-intentioned efforts to ram "good books" down our throats might have resulted in a more serious mental indigestion than that which overtook us when we tried to swallow Meredith and Carlyle out of our own curiosity. Only, the result might have been a distaste for books altogether, such as similar efforts are producing all around us, making lifelong non-readers, or at best readers of drivel, out of persons whose mental calibre entitles them to the best that the world of literature affords.

There were, indeed, some feeble attempts at just this kind of thing, but we were strong enough to brush them aside. They were made chiefly in the Sunday-school, an institution which in that day accomplished some good and some evil. I do not intend to discuss it here; but whatever it did, it certainly raised no one's literary taste. The very name of "Sunday-school book" was synonymous in our minds with the vapid, unnatural, goody-goody type of volume issued by the ton by the S. P. C. K. in London and written to-order, I verily believe, by Grub Street hacks at the rate of six a week for so much a dozen. These were the only children's libraries of that day. We were too young to be driven to drink by them but not too young to be caught on the rebound by some literature that was below the library standard and below the standard of common morality. All that saved us was that other collection, with its history, its travel and its standard fiction. If you put a rotten apple and a sound one side by side, most normal boys will take the sound one, though if they have no alternative they may nibble into some pretty badly decayed fruit. Most Sunday-school li-

braries are better now: some have gone out of business and some have adopted a *via media* that is better still; they are confining themselves to aids to religious instruction, leaving general literature to be taken care of by the children's department of the local public library. In those days, as I have said, such public libraries as we had included no children's departments, and the first one was not founded for at least ten years after this, when an enterprising New York woman broached the subject in a council of educators. They thought it "tremendous," but it was too vast for them, and as for the libraries, they were still somnolent, although many of the public or semi-public institutions were by that time including children's books in their collections. Every one, adult and child, had to march up to a cage with a "call-slip" and feed with it the animals confined behind the bars, waiting thereafter for time to bring what they wanted, or something "just as good." The open-shelf was then unheard of in libraries of any size. But the new library day was dawning. The good New York lady opened her children's library, which lived a precarious life and died. The atmosphere was yet too cold for that little plant, but the sun was up, and things began to get balmy. Shelves were thrown open here, there and everywhere, and when the resulting rush came the children were on top. In their enthusiasm they crowded out their elders altogether, and librarians, in self-defence, had to assign them separate quarters. Everything seemed to work together to push on the modern library movement, and in a trice we had library-schools, branches, travelling libraries, State commissions with their inspection and field-work, fine buildings, increased municipal appropriations, co-operation with the schools, and, last but not least, children's rooms and children's librarians. What has been done for the children by our libraries for the past few years may appear from a few figures gathered by the present writer for a report to the meeting of the American Library Association last summer. These

statistics show that in fifty-one of the largest public libraries in this country, containing altogether nearly nine million books and having a combined circulation of thirty millions, there are now 1,147,000 volumes intended especially for children, 280,000 having been added during the past year alone. Children draw over eleven million volumes annually for home use. These libraries have 231 rooms devoted entirely to children and 180 for their partial use, with a combined seating capacity of 16,000. Children in these libraries are holders of about half a million library cards. There are forty-two supervisors of children's work, with numerous clerical assistants and staffs of nearly 500 persons, many of whom have made the subjects of library work with children and children's reading a matter of special study. Of our schools for the training of librarians almost all give special courses in these subjects and there is one, connected with the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, that devotes itself entirely to training qualified children's librarians.

There has been criticism of this rapid and remarkable development—some of it justified; but on the whole we may look upon it as not the least of the steps by which, in our reorganisation of the public library, that institution has made good its claim to be an active factor in the scheme of popular education. And especially is it to the credit of the children's librarians that they alone, or almost alone, have taken up seriously the problem of children's reading. They have studied it, and they have gone a long distance toward solving it. In some cases they have been prejudiced—a man is tempted to say that their prejudices have been feministic; but, at any rate, these prejudices have been on the side of sanity and morality. And they have upheld the worthy tradition of the library's absolute neutrality, in ignoring commercial and personal considerations altogether. They have calmly thrown out whole series of boys' and girls' books advertised as possessing all the virtues and eagerly loved and desired by a generation

of children; simply because these do not come up to the standard that they have set up for the library to follow. To the protests of indignant authors, the wiles of publishers and the tearful demands of readers they have turned a front of adamant. The public has smiled, scoffed and scolded, but it is ending by meekly accepting the standards of these library czars—or rather czarinas. In many cases the opponents of their policies have included their own superiors—the chief librarians of their own institutions, whom they have been obliged to convert or coax into compliance. One of the results is often that the standard of a library's children's-room is far higher than that of its adult department. Its range is correspondingly narrower, but this counts but little with childish readers.

It is to the credit of the children's librarians, also, that a definite scheme of co-operation between the public library and the public school has been adopted in almost all towns where both these institutions exist. With a watchful teacher at one elbow and a watchful librarian at the other, there is little danger either that the child shall not have a sufficiently long list of books from which to select or that this list shall contain anything unworthy.

Children are especially qualified to make selection in the way that we have been recommending. Fitness for re-reading has been our test, and children are specially fond of re-reading, and of repetition of anything that they like. Who has not heard a delighted boy or girl listening for the three hundredth time to a favourite tale, correcting the details from time to time, and insisting that the right prepositions and adverbs shall all be inserted in their proper places? When the child learns to read, this fondness for repetition continues, and the well-loved volume of verses or tales is thumbed until it falls to pieces—long, indeed, after the reader knows every word of it by heart. Happy are those of us who retain this fondness for old friends; many of us are laughed out of it, or abandon it from a feeling that

it is childish. Its prevalence among children makes it easy for them, or for their elders, to pick out books for their collection of room-mates.

I have spoken above of the work done by children's librarians toward the systematisation of children's reading, and have hinted that its results have not met with ready acceptance on all sides, especially in so far as the ruthless exclusion of old favourites is concerned. In particular, there has been wide difference of opinion regarding the expediency of recognising, in books for young people, the evil that there is in the world. Some would have the writer ignore it altogether; some would mention it only to condemn it explicitly; others would give prominence to punishment or retribution, while others still would not object to any true presentation that does not make the evil attractive or seek to excuse it. The first of these four classes, for instance, would not put into any boy's hand a story in which one of the characters pilfers from his employer's cash-drawer. The second would admit such a book, provided the theft were clearly condemned in the telling. The third would insist that the story include the arrest and imprisonment of the thief, while the fourth would not object to the incident at all, so long as the book did not incline the reader to pilfer or to give the impression that the act was a trivial slip. There can be no doubt that the modern tendency is toward this last point of view, and it should be remembered that it is not necessarily a looser one, or even a more liberal one, than the others. One may condemn an act and even show how it brings retribution, and yet make it so attractive that the reader will think it worth doing. On the other hand one may show wrong triumphant in such a way that its very success may excite all the reader's feelings against it. This is skilfully done in a recent book for adults, Frederick Trevor Hill's *Thirteenth Juror*, where the evils of our system of legal procedure are set forth in a story that ends with the complete triumph of an iniquitous cause through the aid of

that system. The reader's sympathies are much more powerfully enlisted than if the story had ended with righteousness triumphant.

As for the policy of complete ignorance, one is tempted to say that possibly it might succeed if it could be tried, but it cannot. Certainly it has never yet had a trial. To attempt to keep the knowledge of evil from our children by excluding it from their books is even more futile than the traditional head-hiding act of the ostrich. Most of the readers detect at once the fact that such books are untrue to life, and their falsity nullifies whatever influence they might otherwise have. Even in cases where parents have so cloistered their children that they cannot make the comparison that reveals this falsity, the inevitable revelation will come sooner or later, and it is the very worst thing that can happen. I have known young people to be ruined by it rapidly and thoroughly.

The trouble with the sensible way of dealing with this matter is that to create an atmosphere that shall reveal wrongdoing in its moral hideousness, without telling falsehoods or suppressing facts, requires more skill than the ordinary writer of children's books possesses. To write for children a book with all possible good points and none of the possible bad ones is a more difficult task even than writing the ideal novel. No one has yet succeeded in doing the latter, and probably the ideal book for children is still farther from realisation.

Lacking ability to create an atmosphere, most writers for the young have striven to impart as much information as they can. Now children are eager for facts; their curiosity is insatiable. Once excite it, and you may fill an octavo volume with what they want, with the certainty that it will all be absorbed. But neither child nor adult wants an exciting narrative interrupted with disquisitions on zoölogy, history or topography. The reader knows and resents the writer's motive, and the "improving" matter is duly skipped. I do not say that it is impossible to convey information in nar-

rative form; but I do say that most of the attempts to do so made by writers of children's books are failures.

Another moot question of children's reading concerns the inclusion of brutal, horrible or disgusting details in stories. These are especially frequent in the old folk-tales, and many good persons have been active in expurgating and deodorising these, thereby, in the belief of others, simply spoiling them. There can be no doubt that the imaginations of some sensitive children are injuriously affected by these details. It is equally certain that they have no such effect on others. The end of the Red Riding-Hood story in its classical version, in which the wolf devours the heroine, may keep a child of the former type awake in sleepless terror night after night, whereas to another little one the incident might appear simply as a diverting episode. It is not by fiction or folk-lore alone, however, that children are so affected. I once, as a boy, spent an unpleasant week in the house of friends near the scene of the Wyoming massacre, in Pennsylvania, simply because my elders, in describing the event to me, had failed to assure me that its immediate repetition was in the highest degree unlikely. Sensitive children must be treated, not by sheltering them from the grotesque and horrible, but by giving them the power to control their reactions. The old folk-stories are most useful in arousing racial memories and giving a sense of racial continuity. The chief criticism that may be made on our manner of using them is that we do not emphasise the racial element. Our children, most of them of predominant Teutonic blood, do not have this fact brought before them in their reading, largely because our literary heritage is so overwhelmingly classic. The young student of history sympathises with the Roman, rather than with his own valiant ancestor who defended his home against the Roman legions in the German forests. The boy who studies mythology knows all about Apollo and Minos and Iphigenia when his ideas of Woden and Freya are still hazy. We have to thank

the Wagner music-dramas for most of our popular knowledge of the gods whom our own fathers worshipped. Possibly the interest in the Nibelungen trilogy, which is wider than the circle of music-lovers, may be accounted for by the stirring of racial memories. Neither the writers nor the selectors of children's books have taken this fact sufficiently into account.

Another element that needs to be more carefully considered in children's books than in those intended for adult reading is the illustration. The "picture-book" excites the wonder and love of the little one long before its text means anything to him. The pictures not only introduce him to literature but also to the appreciation of art. The chief trouble with the comic supplements of the newspapers, so generally condemned by those who have anything to do with the training of children, and so generally read by children in spite of it all, is their atrocious drawing and colouring. It is some consolation to know that the coming generation, which gazes weekly at these horrors, has access to Boutet de Monvel at the library and also at home, if the aid and advice of the children's librarian is to count for anything.

The illustrations in story-books are especially important in the case of child readers. Illustrators are notoriously apt to use their own imaginations instead of bothering to read the book in connection with which their work is to appear. They calmly represent girls of sixteen as old women of sixty and stage outdoor scenes in my lady's boudoir. In the last frontispiece at which I had the pleasure of glancing, the young woman shown by the artist on a mountain top in a thin white dress had been more appropriately garbed in tweeds by the author. This sort of thing does not worry the adult reader much. He would probably prefer the omission of this kind of picture, but he is tolerant of the publisher's eagerness to provide visual food for a certain type of mind, to supplement the intellectual pabulum offered by the novelist. But the child is not so wise in the world's

ways. He has just emerged from an age where the picture is the whole thing; and even at his own age it is still more important than the text. In many cases, a boy or a girl looks at all the illustrations in a book before reading a word of it, getting in this way a preliminary idea of plot, characters and setting. This preliminary idea colours and controls the impressions received through the subsequent reading far more than most adults realise. If the illustrator depicts a heroine as sitting on the limb of a tree when the author says she is out in a boat, the adult reader simply laughs at the artist's error, but a child would be more likely to ascribe the error to the narrator. With him the picture is nearer reality than the verbal description.

The half-tone reproduction of the photograph, which has sins of its own to answer for, is at any rate to be commended for obliterating this objectionable personal equation of the illustrator in books of travel and description. In fiction it necessarily persists, and in juvenile fiction it must be reckoned with seriously.

In what precedes it has been assumed that the child meets with books for the first time at home or in the children's room of the public library; in other words, that his first conception of the book is as a friend. In too many cases it comes upon him instead as an enemy. Possibly this is too weak a word; he finds it a calamity, a catastrophe, under which he is crushed to earth and from whose overwhelming weight he vainly tries to escape during the rest of his natural life. Does this language seem too strong to depict the effect that some school-books have upon some children who meet books for the first time in connection with a school task? Then we have forgotten our own school days; or if we remember them, we have failed to take into account the fact that we made acquaintance with the friendly book before we came into contact with the inimical one. It is hard to realise the conception of a book formed by one whose only association with books is that of burdensome and distasteful toil.

Not that the school is necessarily blameworthy. Outworn methods may be responsible in part for the pupil's distaste, but one cannot acquire an education without toil of some kind, in some degree. The unfortunate fact is that this toil should be associated with books, especially in cases where there has been no previous contact with them. The only remedy that I can see is to ensure this previous contact, and to maintain its associations, in the library and at home, through the school period and beyond. The young reader will then learn to discriminate, and all that we shall have to ask the teacher is that he shall not shatter our idols by subjecting them to analysis. The fact that a boy looks with distaste upon his algebra or geometry should not and may not interfere with his love for the really friendly author; but how shall we ever persuade him to recognise the nobility of Milton or the humanity of Shakespeare, or the grandeur of Homer, if his first acquaintance with those authors consists merely of a sort of analysis that interests no one but the professional scholar?

All children are individualists; they rebel against group-treatment, even while it is necessary, in the family, the school, the library. Education is largely a struggle to bring them under the yoke of the group, and the attainment of adult age is a recognition of that bondage. "Children," says H. G. Wells, in a recent book, "pass out of a stage—open, beautiful, exquisitely simple—into silences and discretions beneath an imposed and artificial life. And they are lost. Out of the finished, careful, watchful, restrained and limited man or woman, no child emerges again." This is indeed true. But the tone of wistful regret that runs through it is hard to understand. Beautiful as childhood is, we should not mourn its development into something else; and the merging of that fascinating, individualistic frankness into a thing of relationships—restraining and limiting though they be, is but the passing of the child into the man or the woman. The growth of character is largely the growth

of control. Whatever is good and noble in us has a chance to sprout and burgeon because we have learned to restrain and limit our primitive impulses. When the bonds of that control slacken and our "silences and discretions" cease to be, our friends recognise that something abnormal has come to pass; presently they take us and place upon us the restraint that we no longer know how to place upon ourselves. "The child," says Mr. Wells, "carries off the growing jewel of its consciousness to hide from all mankind." It is well to see that this jewel is of the true water, and not merely paste. The consciousness that the child carries from boyhood to manhood or from girlhood to womanhood should be the broad consciousness of humanity, which is common to all ages. The really human book will arouse and maintain this consciousness as no other influence will. And the open-hearted child who has taken into that heart of his the human feeling of true and noble books, will retain it in the "finished, careful, watchful" adult age,

so that its very limits and restraints may be but elements of the control that makes for character.

It has been said that the most important thing about a man is his philosophy. Now philosophies are developed, not taught. Neither the man who believes that "nothing is new, nothing is true, and nothing matters," nor the one who is sure that all creation is moving toward "one far-off divine event" acquired his faith in school. Each is the resultant of a thousand mental and spiritual contacts, at home and abroad, in church, club, business and pleasure. It is in our power to see that a large proportion of these contacts in the case of our growing children are with the minds of the good and great, through books. It is worth our while to do so, and worth the while of the community and the race; for by a man's philosophy he lives, and the mental associations of our children of to-day will largely determine the attitudes, aims and achievements of the men and women of to-morrow.

THE DEARTH OF IDEAS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

WITH seven or eight carefully selected volumes of current fiction before him on his desk, a critic should experience no difficulty in finding some common point of approach, some stimulating idea suggested by the books themselves, either in the form of a quality or a defect, that merits a couple of pages of discussion. When no such inspiration comes, it is fair to conclude that there is something wrong, either with the critic or with the books. And the chances are very largely in favour of the latter alternative, because the more weary the critical mind may have become through a surfeit of uninspired reading, the more quickly and gratefully it will respond to the stimulus of anything really new and original.

In point of fact, original ideas in fiction have been at a premium for some time past. There is, in the first place, so far as can be seen from the disadvantageous nearness of contemporary criticism, no definite trend, no younger school either formed or in process of formation. In England things are rather better: there they have quite a group of younger writers who, while not strictly constituting a school, have a considerable number of kindred aims and principles that make their collective influence felt. Here, we find no such unanimity; it is the era of individualism, and what is worse, an uninspired individualism. Independence of the right sort is a healthy and encouraging tendency; and if a large number of

our younger writers found themselves bubbling over with new ideas and methods, forced by sheer exuberance and superabundant vitality into all sorts of eccentricities of self-expression, it would promise well for the future. But the net impression left by the great mass of current volumes is that the authors are guessing, and not guessing any too shrewdly, what the reading public wants,—a process that is almost always fatal to good work. For the really big writer is not the one who gives the public what it wants, but the one who is strong enough to make the public want what he gives it.

The chief trouble with this process of guessing is that, paradoxical as it may seem, it inevitably leads to a rather monotonous sameness, an infinitude of twice-told tales. If you sit down to guess what the public would like, and happen to be inspired with a really new thought, then your case belongs outside of the category of which we are speaking. Otherwise, your guessing narrows down to a more or less conscious imitation of past performances, well-tested popular successes. In other words, you either imitate yourself or you imitate some one else,—and however sincere an imitation may be as a form of flattery, it is not sincere as a form of art. And furthermore, imitation is the last thing which the public wants,—and the best proof of this lies in the success of what is technically known as “the new twist.” The new twist is nothing more than a threadbare plot to which is added some sudden, unforeseen change or inversion at the end; it secures its effect, not by keeping the reader guessing, but by persuading him up to the last moment that he knows precisely how the story is to end,—and then, presto! it leaves him gasping with amazement. In a majority of cases it is faulty art; because the most elemental principle of story construction is that everything in the story shall lead harmonically and progressively up to the one focal point; and if your final twist radically alters the ending,—if comedy is suddenly turned into tragedy,—the light

and shade of your whole picture have been wrongly proportioned. And yet, this trick usually works well, because even one paragraph of novelty is so much better than no novelty at all.

One of the commonest manifestations of the dearth of ideas is found in what we may call the journalistic tendency in fiction, the tendency to work up the latest topic of current interest into the form of fiction. The San Francisco fire, the suffragette movement, the white slave traffic are cases in point. Now, there is no question but what they are suitable topics for fiction; the real trouble is that most of them come too late; they trail along among the camp followers, instead of being in the vanguard of the movement. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* owed its phenomenal popularity to the fact that it was in a way prophetic: it helped to mould and crystallise public opinion. The same novel, if written a generation later, would have been an anachronism. Suffragette novels are multiplying rapidly, and any publisher will tell you that half a dozen manuscripts on the same theme are rejected to every one that finds its way into print. But, unless an author has something really new to say on the subject, the day of the suffragette novel is almost over,—or else it has not yet come. When a movement of any kind has reached the point where it occupies column after column in the daily press, it is too late for prophetic fiction, and too early for historic fiction.

The novels of the current month now lying on the desk do not happen to include a suffrage story. But most of the themes are equally hackneyed. There is, for instance, a white slave novel, that reads like a curiously garbled version of one of the most spectacular murder trials of recent years; there is one Enoch Arden type of plot, in which the missing husband not only lacks the magnanimity of his prototype, but wins distinction as a rare specimen of coward, villain and blackmailer; there is a “back-to-nature” novel, picturing the great advantages of a life close to the soil, as contrasted with the close-packed, toiling humanity of

city slums,—and incidentally exploiting a certain popular theory of woman's dormant preference for the neolithic man, the cave man with a club, who wins her through her admiration of his sheer animal strength. And then again, there is the equally familiar and overworked type of story, the gypsy trail type, complicated with a reminiscence of *The Forest Lovers* and *The Beloved Vagabond*. And still another volume that reads like a twice-told tale depicts the restless young wife of a staid, middle-aged husband, repressed and exasperated by the conventional narrowness and disapproval of her husband's family, and impotently longing for freedom and the right to find self-expression.

"THE STORY OF MARY DUNNE"

The Story of Mary Dunne, by M. E. Francis, may be most quickly and readily defined as the story we might have had in Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister*, if the little sister in question had ever come back to tell it. Mary Dunne is a simple young Irish girl, of the well-to-do peasant class, and if the honest, steady lad who loves her only had a little money of his own, there would have been no opposition on the part of her people, and the poor boy would not have needed to go off to America to seek his fortune for her sake. Mary hates to think of him, so far away and working so hard, while she sits at home doing nothing to help him; and so, unluckily, she conceives the idea of going out to service in England,—for she has heard of the good wages they pay there, and the neat little sum that a willing and industrious young girl could save up in a year or two,—for her lad cannot be expected back sooner than that. So, through friends, she hears of a good place and a kind mistress, and sets forth on her journey, chaperoned by a simple-hearted old priest, who thinks he has done her the best possible service when he leaves her in the care of a strange woman, a sympathetic, motherly sort of person who promises to see the girl safely to her destination. Weeks later, the house phy-

sician in one of the big city hospitals becomes interested in the pitiful story of a young girl who had deliberately flung herself under the wheels of an automobile, and whom his care and skill are slowly bringing back to life. He succeeds in tracing out her past history, and through him the old priest is sent for and Mary Dunne, with the joy of living all crushed out of her, goes back to her native village. At this point fate chooses to move rapidly. The poor lad who loves her comes back from America, thinking himself a rich lad, and little prepared for the tragic news that the old priest reluctantly breaks to him. He is a little slow in grasping the whole horror of the tale, but when he does, something seems to go wrong inside his brain and, instead of seeking out Mary and comforting her, his one thought is to avenge her. Fate again intervenes and aids him to discover the man directly responsible for Mary's fate, the man behind the woman who decoyed her. The next morning, the daily papers give a prominent place to the murderous assault of a crazy young Irishman upon an utter stranger, who had died almost instantly from a broken neck. The story of Mary Dunne, the full, unsparing story which she had not previously told even to her mother, "because I would have been ashamed, sir," is the story that she tells on the witness stand, tells to judge and jury steadily, unflinchingly, hiding the agonies that it costs her, because the telling of it will save the life of her lover. The book is unquestionably a sincere and earnest piece of work, and in spite of its frankness is consistently dignified, and at times poignantly tragic. And yet, the book leaves an unpleasant taste behind it; and one questions the correctness of the psychology of the lover's attitude when, after learning her story and her utter blamelessness, he refuses to see her again, shrinking from her as from something unclean, and is finally won back to her only after she makes the colossal sacrifice of stripping her very soul bare to save him. "I could no more marry her than if she were

dead," he had told the priest; and the phrase lingers in memory, like an ugly blot.

"WANDERFOOT"

Wanderfoot, by Cynthia Stockley, also opens in Ireland, and has a strain of Celtic instincts and impulses running through it. Garrett Westenra is a young physician who has won a world-wide fame in New York by his wonderful achievements in surgery; but when we first meet him, he is returning from Ireland, where his mother has been laid away in her grave. Man of science though he is, Westenra has something of the mystic in his nature; "a mystical, subtle knowledge was his that somewhere in the universe a woman was waiting for him—a woman with the pale oriental face and the grey gown." It happens that on the steamer he meets with this woman of his dreams in the person of Val Valdarna, a strange, magnetic, haunting personality, whom you cannot help liking at first sight, notwithstanding that she lunches off a brandy-and-soda and a sardine, that her fingers are stained with nicotine, and that to the skilled eye there is no mistaking her habitual use of narcotics. Her history the reader pieces together bit by bit; she has been a plaything of fate all her life; there is a strain of oriental blood in her ancestry; her career has been one long vagabondage, for her mother was a public dancer, and her stepfather a roving journalist, her husband "a professional black sheep, who darkened life for her and blotted out the stars." But throughout all her wanderings and vicissitudes she had played a straight game and kept her soul clean,—but this, of course, Westenra cannot know. He simply judges her from appearance, with his keen, professional eyes, and finds that she represents all that is most repellent to him,—until he looks into her oriental face and realises that she is the woman of his dreams. Now, this one idea of a man finding the ideal of years embodied in the living body of a woman whom he believes unworthy, and whom he is irre-

sistibly compelled to marry, though he asks pardon of his mother's spirit for doing so, is almost new, or at least this particularly intense variant of an old situation is new. But the manner of its working out is sorely disappointing; it is not worthy of the strength and skill of the author of such virile and compelling books as *Poppy* and *The Spur*. The story rambles wearily, from Ireland to the Atlantic, from the Atlantic to New York, from New York to the island of Jersey, from Jersey to the coast of Normandy. Westenra marries Val, starts a sanitarium, and expects this strange, wayward gypsy nature to settle down as head nurse, housekeeper, wife and mother all in one; and of course Val makes a rather sad mess of the whole attempt. Then, after the fashion of Enoch Arden, Val's first husband comes back from the dead; instead of having died like a hero in the Boer war, he played the part of deserter, and has since then been skulking through life under a succession of assumed names. Rather than tell Westenra the truth, Val lets him believe that she is tired of him, takes their little son and his adopted daughter, Haidee, and goes off to live apart from him in Jersey, comforting herself that her exile will not last long, because Valdarna has cancer of the liver. At this point the author becomes so interested in gardening and chicken raising that she quite forgets she is writing tragedy and ambles along for a number of chapters as blithely as though her heroine had not a care in the world. At last, however, Westenra discovers that the first husband is alive, so he puts Val out of his life; and, since she has no resources of her own and the pitiful wreck of her first husband is penniless, she and Haidee and the little son might have starved, if fate had not intervened in melodramatic fashion. She has a necklace of odd little green beads minutely painted with Chinese designs, an heirloom from some old Russian family. It turns out, just when her fortunes are darkest, that, if the green paint is carefully scraped away what remains is a string of almost price-

less pearls, for which a French Jew gladly gives her seventy-five thousand pounds. From this point on, through further wanderings, Haidee's slow attainment of womanhood and numerous love affairs, there is no need of continuing this analysis, which has already reached the point of weariness. We know that the last page will find the long-suffering Val at last clasped in the arms of the repentant Westenra,—for that is the accepted formula for this distinctly cheap type of story. And this is a great pity, for Cynthia Stockley is very far from being a cheap writer.

"MADCAP"

Madcap, by George Gibbs, brightly written and praiseworthily brief, is really, when you come to analyse it, a patchwork of a number of overworked ideas, the more conspicuous among them being the *Gypsy Trail*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and the *Forest Lovers*. Hermia Challoner, the madcap of the title, is a New York heiress, with an untamed nature and an unbridled thirst for adventure. She becomes interested in an eccentric artist, Markham, whose uncouth manners have earned him the nickname of "Gorilla," and who tries to avoid her, only to have destiny fling her, time and again, at his feet. Once he takes refuge on an isolated island, when, presto! her flying-machine misbehaves, and she drops from the clouds, almost in his lap. Again, he is beginning to fear that perhaps his woman-proof heart is not quite so steeled against her as he thought, so he crosses the Atlantic and tramps the roads of France, and there, at a turn in the road, he sees Hermia, sitting dazedly in an automobile that has broken down in the very middle of a railway crossing, with an express train bearing down upon her at forty miles an hour. When Hermia is rescued, and the remains of her machine consigned to the scrap-heap, this unconventional couple decide to defy fate and tramp the highways of France together, trusting to luck, as the sparrows do, for food and lodging, and picking up what stray coins they may, he as

a lightning portrait painter at two francs a head, and she as a *femme-orchestre* with five different musical instruments strapped upon her back, all of which she plays simultaneously and with equal lack of skill. It is hard to take the author seriously, although he apparently intends to write an idyll of the trail, after the manner of Ouida's *Pascarel* and Mr. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond*. But he fails through sheer heavy-handedness; the whole thing is too extravagant, too grotesque, too utterly preposterous. And when the idyll is over, the melodramatic interference of Olga Czerny, an adventuress who has all the time loved the Gorilla and creates a scandal in order to put Hermia out of her path by ruining her socially, suggests nothing so much as Archibald Clavering Gunter at his worst.

"THE VALLEY OF THE MOON"

The quickest way to define Jack London's new volume, *The Valley of the Moon*, is that it is just the sort of book we should have expected from him if he had been commissioned to write a replica of Frank Norris's *Blix*. Incidentally, it is an object-lesson in Mr. London's chief faults, and serves to explain why we must continue to rate the little that we have of Norris, the unfulfilled promise of his brilliant youth, higher than the best of Mr. London's mature powers. Not that the substance of the present volume forms in any sense a close parallel to *Blix*—on the contrary, they are miles apart, in mood, in environment, in philosophy of living. But they have just one thing in common: they are both of them intimate studies of a young man and a young girl, who love in clean, honest natural fashion, and who plan and save, and make up their minds to share comparative poverty together, and trust to love to tide them over the rough places. *Blix* and Condry Rivers were taken from the same walks of life as Frank Norris himself; Jack London takes his young couple straight out of the working class; Billy Roberts is a teamster and ex-prizefighter, and Saxon Brown is an expert

ironer in a public laundry. They meet at a picnic given by the Bricklayers' Union, they continue the acquaintance at the Orindore Club, and after a whirlwind courtship of a few weeks, they are married and settled in four cosy rooms furnished on the instalment plan. It is all very vivid, very true, and done with a sympathetic touch; but of course, Jack London would not have been true to himself if he had not insisted, almost to the point of weariness, on the physical attraction of this big, burly teamster, on Saxon's pride in his strength, her glorying in the knowledge that he has been a prize-fighter, that he has the power of making other men fear him. It is the pride of the primordial woman for her mate, the cave-man with the club; it is the animal side of human nature that Mr. London always delights in exalting, in all the relations of life. The present story is carried far beyond the days of courtship which end in marriage; and in the later portion of his story, he develops at great length the almost inevitable downward drift among the struggling lower classes in the big cities, the havoc wrought by competition, cuts in wages, strikes and riots, the desperation of a wife who sees her husband slowly being ruined by alcohol, anarchistic arguments and the inability to get employment, and finally serving a term in jail for assault. Saxon decides that when Billy comes out again, there is just one thing to be done: they will leave the city behind them, they will put their few small possessions in two bundles, strap the bundles to their backs, and set forth in pursuit of the open country, fertile soil, good, green acres,—government land, if possible, but at all events land, to be acquired in one way or another, to be loved and fostered and made to yield them happiness and wealth. Of course, in order to carry his point, Mr. London is naturally forced to permit this adventurous young couple to have most amazing luck. Everyone they meet, as they travel south through the rich valleys of California, is phenomenally kind and helpful; everything to which they turn their hand, becomes gold

at their touch. It is all a fairy dream, a new Eldorado; and one closes the book wondering how many adventurous couples, dazzled by the brightness of the picture, are destined to try their fortunes and meet with disillusion.

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

It is pleasant, after a surfeit of realism, to run across such a blithe, irresponsible piece of farce-comedy as *General John Regan*, the latest contribution from the diverting writer who chooses to sign himself G. A. Birmingham. A more sleepy, dead-alive place than Ballymoy, in the county of Connacht, was never before imagined, either inside the pages of a book or out of them; and it is not surprising that an American with abundant money, a lively imagination and a keen sense of humour, should conceive of the excellent idea of trying to wake up this same sleepy town. He arrives in an automobile, with a great tooting of horns, proceeds to hire a room and order a meal at the one public inn of which Ballymoy boasts, and which has not had another guest within the memory of man; he meets the few leading citizens, and he makes the apparently harmless request to be taken to see the statue of their most famous citizen, General John Regan. When the crestfallen inhabitants of Ballymoy admit that there is as yet no such monument, the American expresses his amazement at such lack of public appreciation for "the great general, the public statesman, the deliverer of Bolivia." Now, as the reader promptly suspects, no one in Ballymoy has ever before heard of General John Regan,—but of course under such circumstances no true Irishman would admit of such ignorance; and from this moment onward, until the rising wave of patriotism makes the monument an accomplished fact, and the proud hour of the unveiling arrives, the reader is kept in a delightful state of uncertainty as to whether or not he has really guessed the underlying secret,—a secret which no reviewer would be so misguided as to betray. It is all a refreshing piece of indulgent irony, and

it possesses one of the very few new ideas of the current season.

"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"

Dolf Wyllarde usually has had something to say in her novels, but the present one is scarcely up to her average level. There is nothing new in the situation of a restless young woman, avid of admiration, excitement and pleasure, who finds herself married to a man twice her age, and obliged to leave him in Africa and return to England with her little son, because the climate of Africa threatens to prove fatal to her, while the husband must remain with his regiment. Neither is there anything new in the attitude of a proud and conservative family who disapprove of the young daughter-in-law, and who cannot understand her or make allowance for the restlessness, the loneliness, the lack of any real occupation, all of which, taken together, goad her into committing all sorts of indiscretions, and threatening to commit others even worse. Luckily, her husband comes home for a year, and his presence steadies her; but he is ordered off again to India, and she forbidden to follow him, recklessly threatens to find some one at home to replace him. But by this time, she has begun to take a keen interest in her boy; and year by year, as the boy matures, she comes to see more clearly that any unwise steps on her part will in the end reflect upon him, and that her rôle in life is destined to become more and more a passive one, that she must step aside, sacrifice her own interests, in order to serve him. There is nothing new in all this, and it is not set forth with any special skill or lucidness. In fact, several readers, privately discussing the volume, differed radically about its real central motive. All of which seems to indicate that it is distinctly be-

low the level of Dolf Wyllarde's usual fearless and outspoken manner.

"HERE ARE LADIES"

It is a welcome relief to run across a new author of real talent, in the midst of a whole group of disappointing volumes; and a case in point is James Stephens, author of *Here Are Ladies*. It is hardly fair to call this stimulating little volume a collection of short stories, for they are less than that, and at the same time a good deal more. They are exceedingly brief, and for the most part condensed to the point of mere episodes; yet they sum up the tragedies of whole lifetimes. "Three Heavy Husbands" is the title that opens the volume. Upon first inspection, it looks like a story of average length, divided into three short chapters. Closer acquaintance reveals that it is the account of three matrimonial tragedies, instead of one, all quite unrelated to one another, excepting through the subtly implied deductions of the author. And what a surprising amount Mr. Stephens can crowd into a paragraph, a phrase, a punctuation mark,—sometimes into a discreet omission! Here, for instance, is a whole chapter of psychology of love condensed into six lines . . . "a trembling man pleading, 'Aid me, or I perish,' and it is woman's instinct not to let a man perish. 'If I help you, I hurt myself,' she sighed; and 'Hurt yourself, then,' sighed the man, 'would you have me perish?'" But although they have the cynical hardness of cold, hard gems, these little sketches are singularly elusive when one tries to give them at second hand. Read them for yourselves; the chances are about even that you may not like them; but if they do chance to appeal to you, you will be quite recklessly and extravagantly enthusiastic.

TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S "GOLDONI"*

A FAMOUS humourist once dedicated a book to "John Smith," adding that if it were true that the man to whom a book was dedicated always bought a copy, then boundless affluence was about to burst upon the author. The duty of a dedicatee to purchase at least one copy of the volume inscribed to him may be admitted; in fact this seems to be the very least that he ought to do in return for the compliment paid him. But if this is the plain duty of the dedicatee, is he denied the privilege of reviewing the book in which he may find his own name put after the title-page and just before the table of contents? This question is not easy to answer, although it is obvious that there would be disadvantages if every dedicatee felt himself bound not only to buy the book but also to criticise it. Plainly enough the man to whom a book is inscribed is likely to be lacking in the strict disinterestedness which is a main qualification of the critic. Yet if he eschews anonymity and comes out into the open and vouches for his opinion with his signature and if, also, he warns the unsuspecting readers that for once he is double-faced or at least that he is playing a double part, perhaps the dedicatee may be permitted on occasion to appear also as reviewer.

Therefore, the unsuspecting readers of this criticism are duly warned that the writer thereof cannot be other than predisposed to praise Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *Goldoni*; yet as he has diligently read not only the dedicatory page, but all the other pages also, he finds in these other pages abundant justification for his anticipatory satisfaction in the book. Mr.

*Goldoni. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrations from the paintings of Pietro and Alessandro Longhi. New York: Duffield and Company.

Chatfield-Taylor is best known by his picturesque study of Molière's career; and in this new volume he has given us a picturesque study of Goldoni,—who is often styled the Italian Molière, just as Sheridan has been called the British Beaumarchais and Washington Irving the American Goldsmith. Goldoni is the Italian Molière, but he is also less than Molière in the ultimate importance of his work and—in a sense—more than Molière in the intimacy and significance of the scores of unpretending comedies in which he sympathetically reproduced Venetian life and character and manners as they were mirrored in his shrewd and tolerant eyes. He has not been overpraised in the sonnet of Browning, written on the occasion of the erection of his statue in his native city not far from the Rialto:

There throng the people: how they come and
go,
Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright
garb, see,
On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
And over Bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
Be honoured! Thou that did'st love Venice
so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love
thee!

The chief authority for the facts of Goldoni's career is Goldoni himself, in the autobiography written in French, when he was nearly fourscore years of age. But this record of an octogenarian living in a foreign land and writing in a foreign tongue abounds in minor misstatements; it is *Wahrheit*; but it is also *Dichtung*; and it needs to be corrected by an examination of the records. Italian scholars, especially of late, have delighted to investigate all the obscure problems in the life of their earliest and still their foremost comic dramatist; and by these manifold investigations the

American biographer has profited. This complete and detailed account of Goldoni, of all his adventures in life and in love, of all his activities in the theatre, is the fruit of several years of assiduous and conscientious labour on the part of the author,—a labour of love, beyond all question, but none the less an arduous task when the writer holds himself rigidly to the high standard of scholarly integrity that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has imposed on himself.

Yet the American biographer wears his erudition lightly; he does not force his readers to share his fatigue and he does not insist on their fingering the chips of his workshop. His book is easy reading, because its author has not only assimilated his materials, but also digested them. Goldoni, while he was in the flesh was intensely alive; and he lives again in these pages, with his geniality, his industry, his ingenuity and his abiding charm. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's biography is intended to be read, and not merely to be referred to on occasion,—which seems to be the sole ambition of not a few German biographers who are so insistent upon being scientific that they forget to be artistic also. Alphonse Daudet once described a certain stolid tome, stuffed with facts, as intended "for external use only." No one could ever hint at any such stolidity in this American biography of the Venetian playwright. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has a keen eye for character and for the social picturesque, and his earlier adventures in novel-writing have taught him how to tell a story so as to hold the interest of his readers.

The book is not only based on devoted research, it is also carefully planned; and its author seems to have solved the difficulty of classifying Goldoni's scores of plays,—a difficulty which long puzzled the Italian critics. He gives separate chapters to each of the groups into which he has divided the comic dramas, paying special attention to those in which Goldoni has most completely expressed himself, the pieces in Venetian dialect in which the life of the Venetian popu-

lace is depicted with insight and sympathy. Goldoni, so Mr. Howells declared in the delightful essay he once prefixed to an expurgated edition of the autobiography, "painted the Venice of his time so gracefully, so vividly, so truly, with so much more of the local human nature than of the mere manners of the age, that his plays mirror in wonderful degree the Venice of our own day."

But while Mr. Chatfield-Taylor bestows his highest praise upon Goldoni's Venetian comedies, he is in no wise lacking in appreciation for the rest of the lively pieces in Tuscan—of which *La Locandiera* and *Il Ventaglio* have recently been acted here in the United States. And he gives a keen yet kindly estimate of the comic dramas written in French after Goldoni had expatriated himself in Paris; the best of these French pieces is *Le Bourru Bienfaisant*, which still holds the stage in Italy. As Goldoni was the reformer of the Italian stage and as he strove valiantly to banish from it the mask-characters, Brighella and Pantalone and the rest, which had degenerated into degrading vulgarity, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor had necessarily to devote one chapter to the origins and the methods of the Improvised Comedy often called the Comedy-of-Masks, which served Molière as a pattern for his earlier and brisker comedies; and this chapter is perhaps the best in the book, supplying a better account of a most interesting and most significant dramatic development than can be found anywhere else in English.

The book is illustrated by a dozen reproductions of episodes of Venetian life and character by the Longhis, who were almost as felicitous with the pencil as Goldoni was with the pen in catching the colour and the movement of the city in the sea. And in an elaborate appendix Mr. Chatfield-Taylor provides a bibliography of Goldoni, more thorough than any which has yet appeared in Italy, and also a complete chronological list of Goldoni's plays, with notes on their sources and on their translations and

adaptations. The importance of these appendices may be gauged by the fact that they occupy more than seventy pages; they were prepared by Professor van Steenderen, of Lake Forest College.

Brander Matthews.

II

G. K. CHESTERTON'S "MAGIC"*

Mr. Chesterton has written a play. We all seem to come to that sooner or later, the novelists and poets and philosophers as well as the dramatists: an interesting phase of contemporary literary history, forecasting as it does the possibility of another great outburst of English drama like the Elizabethan. Otherwise Mr. Chesterton's play, considered as a play merely, is not of special importance. It is not a bad play. It is quite good enough to hold and reward the attention of an audience by purely dramatic means; and if it is performed here without too much preliminary butchering, it will undoubtedly do so, as it has already done in London. It has points of admirable theatricism like the final prodigy that paralyses natural explanation, when the doctor's red lamp burns blue. That is good theatre because it employs the peculiar possibilities of the stage to produce an effect which could not by the means of any other art be made so effective. And it has flaws like the fading away of the opening scene and the unconvincing exorcisms at the catastrophe, which are bad theatre because they are more effective to read imaginatively than to represent. Such partial and irregular success is just what we should expect of a first-rate philosophical intelligence brought to bear for the first time upon the technique of an art. But it is of much greater importance what one of the strongest and sanest thinkers alive contrives to say, by whatever technical means he chances to elect. And this time

*Magic. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Chesterton has said something very important indeed.

People will have a dreadful time getting at the meaning of this play, because it is too perfectly and emphatically clear. It is like looking for a name printed in large letters across the entire surface of a map. They will go looking for something abstruse and complex and paradoxical. They will infer that because Mr. Chesterton does tricks for amusement, therefore he cannot truly know or sincerely discuss anything of moment; thus adopting toward him the attitude of the other *dramatis personæ* toward the Conjuror. They will take his characters for realistic studies, and his episodes as fanciful and symbolic: whereas he means his characters for symbols, and his episodes for plain matters of fact. The Duke is not an actual duke: he is the British Aristocracy; and as such, he does literally and actually what the British Aristocracy is doing. Mr. Cyril Smith is not a real clergyman: as the Church of England, he represents the exact strength and weakness of that Church at present. The obnoxious Morris is not an American. Until the reviewer perceived this fact, he was conscious of a patriotic impulse to punch the wisest head in England for telling insulting lies about America. But, of course, Morris is meant for a gargoyle: a grotesquely symbolic mouth through which trickles the spilt of current unbelief; and the naming of America for this creature's local habitation matters no more than his creator's cockney version of the American language. Similarly, Mr. Chesterton is not trying to represent a modern conjuror, but an incarnation of the Manus, the Wise Man,—the Prophet, if you will—of all time. He means that the things which that Conjuror does are literally so done; and so they are. He means to say that the supernatural is a fact, and that devils are as actual as pigs. This, however, which his audience disbelieve, they will not understand him to mean, though he speak with the tongues of men and angels: whosoever shall disagree with

them, the same is a jester. They will not answer, "You don't know," but only, "You don't say."

Once grasp this idea, and the whole story (whether you agree with it or not) becomes as clear as light. If you take Patricia and the Conjuror literally, their loves are wildly romantic and mystical: young ladies do not so behave with charlatans. But if you take them for Humanity and the Prophet, then their relation becomes a plain and accurate history of Human Nature and the Supernatural. First we accept the wonder childishly upon faith; then, finding it at odds with common fact, we renounce it as false; and at last, learning the harmonisation of those discords, we love it wiselier for being more greatly true than we had known. We used to believe the Mosaic story of creation much as we believe the Darwinian story of evolution: a somewhat innocent belief. Presently we dug up a few bones which had been buried more than seven days apart, and flung Moses overboard after Jonah. But recently we have dug up a great many more bones, and a few skulls; from which and from other modern developments we learn that Moses mapped out the facts of evolution more scientifically than Darwin, and that as truly as man's body rose out of the dust, his soul has fallen out of Eden. We denied the whole tradition of the flood, because the world is round and because the Jews and the Greeks and the Babylonians and other people all say that it happened; but now that the Archæologists and the Geologists also say that it happened, we have changed our minds. And our experience with these two biblical traditions holds in general for the whole body of tradition and myth and mystery of every kind and every time. Ilium has been, after all; Crete and Mycenæ produce their fabled relics; our synthetic chemist deals in alchemy, and our sciences adopt the mediæval marvels as fast as they can fit them with new names. Ghosts are spirits and apparitions are phenomena and miracles are demonstrations; and we will be very serious about

magic if only we may call it psychic research. We guess how true they are; then we guess how false they are; and then, little by little, we know how they are true. Of a certain class of such phenomena Mr. Chesterton adopts the mediæval explanation that they are done by devils; and a very reasonable hypothesis it is. It fits the known facts now as well as ever, and much better than some recent theories. No sane person can read the scientific record of psychic phenomena without feeling their tawdriness and inconsequence to be rather impish than spiritual. And, of course, the exposure of charlatans (as Mr. Chesterton points out) disproves nothing else. Counterfeits do not disprove coinage, but the reverse; for you cannot counterfeit nonentity.

The only reason for considering Mr. Chesterton's view so absurd that he could not mean it seriously is that it is archaic; and the ancients we assume to have been savages or fools. Doubtless we can do some things they could not: when we can also do everything they could and did, it will be time to patronise. That is the only real harm in our new game of scientific classification and nomenclature, that it leads us to despise our betters as children mock a foreigner because he speaks a different language. Otherwise it is an innocent pastime enough, and even instructive. But the giving fine new names to things and stowing them away orderly in mental pigeon-holes produces an illusion of increased knowledge, like the quaint feeling that a bill is almost paid when it is folded and docketed and placed alphabetically upon file. Adam felt that way for a short time after naming the Serpent. Now, Mr. Chesterton may be right or wrong about magic. His theory of the supernatural may or may not be as correct as his history of it. But to take for granted that he is jesting or insane is not only dogmatism but exploded dogmatism. We are ignorant of the present trend of that very science which we invoke. We do not keep abreast of the progress of research in

the subject. We are too far behind the times to believe in devils. Some of us are even so fantastically superstitious as to believe in an impersonal God.

Brian Hooker.

III

ESTELLE W. STEAD'S "W. T. STEAD: PERSONAL AND SPIRITUAL REMINISCENCES"*

An interesting and illuminating glimpse into the character of W. T. Stead is given in a letter which he wrote when a twelve-year-old boy at school. Speaking of a revival which was in progress, he says:

There has been a great work going on in the school. . . . On the 18th of September the blessed work began. I obtained peace, so did six other boys. That night young G— became serious; he has always been anything but serious. I talked seriously with him all that night, and he said that he wished he could come to Jesus. Next day I walked and talked with him a long while; at last he found peace in the afternoon. I was very pleased, and thought that God had made me the instrument of saving him, but afterward I heard him say that he had found peace through the instrumentality of A— and that teacher I told you of. I felt this rather keenly, and still more when every boy in the school who had found peace could say he had led some to Jesus, while I who tried very much and prayerfully to turn some from their evil ways; how I walked long with them and talked to them, and apparently they took no notice at all, when another boy said just two or three words to them they would burst out crying and in a few minutes they would find peace. I know this caused great agony of spirit, that I could bring none to the Saviour.

This was the boy and this was the man. Always tremendously interested in the things of the spirit and an eager advocate of revivals, of movements, of causes, he was always tremendously concerned in having his finger in the pie. No wonder that Cecil Rhodes removed

*W. T. Stead: *Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences*. By Estelle W. Stead. New York: George H. Doran Company.

his name from the list of executors of his will, saying that Stead was too masterful to work with the other executors.

In reading his life one is impressed with the number of causes which Stead vehemently espoused. And in view of the commonly accepted idea that champions of new ideas are visionary and impractical souls, one is struck with the fact that throughout his career Stead's material prosperity went steadily upward as he leaped from one agitation to another, from one new movement to the next. When, at the age of twenty-three, the youngest editor in England, he took charge of the *Northern Echo*, he made the paper ring with his denunciations of the Turk on account of Bulgarian massacres; and he was as hotly pro-Russian as he was hotly anti-Turk at a time when Englishmen regarded Russia as their natural enemy. Did it hurt him? It made a marked man of him, so that in a few years he was offered the important post of assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And when, a while afterward, as editor of that journal, he conducted a campaign against white-slavers so vehemently that he was arrested, tried and sent to jail on a legal technicality, did that experience hurt him? He wrote editorials in his cell until he could return to his desk, and was more widely known and more widely read even than before. This is not to imply, however, that Stead's actions were prompted by ideas of self-advertising as a road to success. He rushed tempestuously into things because he was the kind of man who cannot be kept out; he succeeded because he had the ability that cannot be kept down.

That half of this biography is devoted to what the author terms spiritual reminiscences is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that a good share of Stead's life was given over to spiritual experiences. The unseen world affected him and fascinated him always. His belief in spiritualism, however, was of gradual growth. As a young man he had premonitions of coming events. For example, while editor of the *Northern*

Echo he once had a presentment that he would not continue long in that position, and he was therefore unwilling to renew his contract. Sure enough, like a bolt out of the clear sky came a totally unlooked for offer from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Again, while assistant editor of that periodical he had a premonition that he would soon become editor-in-chief. He was laughed at, but within a few months John Morley, the editor, was unexpectedly elected to Parliament and Stead stepped into his place.

He was a man of thirty when he became interested in clairvoyance, and at one of the first séances he attended he was told that he would become "the St. Paul of Spiritualism." As he grew older he became an ardent spiritualist. Automatic writing, at which he became very proficient; séances; the investigation of ghost stories; photographing spirits; dealings with seers, crystal-gazers, mediums and hypnotists took up a great deal of his time. He never approached these things in the attitude of one who is willing to accept and believe passively; on the contrary, he was positive and aggressive in his determination to prove that his beliefs were indubitably founded on facts.

One of the most curious results of Stead's spiritualistic activities was "Julia's Bureau." Julia Ames was a young American woman with whom he had only a casual acquaintance in the course of her life. She died at the age of thirty. Yet when Stead took up automatic writing, the spirit of Julia seemed most anxious and best able to guide his hand. He wrote volumes at the dictation of Julia, and she became his spirit guide, counsellor and friend. In time, he established a sort of spirit clearing house, where those in quest of departed loved ones might try to have communication with them, and where spirits might have unusual facilities for getting in touch with those left behind. The bureau was conducted with a great deal of formality, with quantities of printed forms and a staff of high-salaried mediums. This was Julia's Bureau. It

was an expensive affair, costing the first year ten thousand dollars.

Stead writes that Julia had for some time urged the establishment of the Bureau, but he had hesitated, on account of the expense. At this juncture William Randolph Hearst offered him two thousand five hundred dollars a year for his services as London correspondent.

"Well," said Stead to the spirit of Julia, "let's make it doubles or quits? If it's doubles, we'll start the Bureau."

Accordingly he cabled to Hearst that he would take the position for five thousand dollars a year; his offer was accepted; and the Bureau got under way.

What all the spirit-writing, spirit-rapping, spirit-hunting that occupied so much of his time meant to Stead is revealed in a little speech, beautiful in its sincerity and pathos, which he made after the death of his eldest son.

Eighteen months ago my eldest son passed into the other world. I heard his first cry as a new-born infant. I caught his last sigh as he passed into the unseen. I had always said I would never make my final pronouncement on the truth of Spiritualism until some one near and dear in my own family passed into the great beyond. Then I should know whether Spiritualism stood the test of a great bereavement, bringing life and immortality to light. And I am here to tell you that the reality of my son's continued existence, and of his tender care for me, have annulled the bitterness of death. . . . He is here to-night beside me. I am as sure of that as I am of the fact that I am speaking to you.

As a chronicle of Stead's activities, a history of the things he did, this biography is noticeably deficient. It tells little of his family life, and little of his work in the world. After reading it, one knows very little about the position that Stead occupied in the world of journalism; and has only a vague idea of his influence as an editor and author; and one could not mention by title the books he wrote, much less give the order of their importance. *If Christ Came to Chicago*, by which he is perhaps best

known in this country, is dismissed in a brief paragraph. Also the biography lacks order and proportion. Chapters are devoted to incidents, while years are passed over in a sentence.

But as a picture of the kind of man he was, this life of Stead is excellent. It achieves the result by the simple expedient of using Stead's own words to tell his own story and draw his own picture—from letters, memoranda, editorials and books. Says Stead:

I know I shall be a great boss, bigger than anybody thinks. I know I always jump to conclusions; I never ponder; when I do I go wrong.

Again:

I went to St. Petersburg, and was received by the Emperor Alexander III at an interview which has contributed not a little to allay the fear of an armed conflict.

And again:

The Pope, if up to date, ought to publish the *Review of Reviews*, which is an attempt to render accessible to all the best thoughts to be found in the periodical literature of the world. Before founding the *Review* I went to Rome to see what chance there was of the Pope undertaking the task. Finding there was none, I did it myself.

After the Jameson Raid he regretted that Cecil Rhodes, who was his warm admirer and friend, was not sent to jail, and told him so quite frankly. And late in life he obtained an interview with the Sultan of Turkey with the express object of delivering to that potentate a lecture on his duties and responsibilities. And he delivered it, to the bewilderment of the Sultan. Speaking of this odd interview Stead says:

After all, truth is truth, and if you are dead certain that you are right, and see dangers to which your fellow-man is blind, it is surely your duty, under penalty of being responsible for your silence, to warn him of his peril.

A tempestuous, determined, stubborn man, who took very seriously his self-appointed task of setting the world, including the Czar, the Pope and the Sul-

tan, to rights. He went down to death with the *Titanic*. But a few weeks later, according to the author of his biography:

Three weeks after his passing he came to the Upper Room in the Inner Sanctuary of Julia's Bureau. In that room, where he had himself so often spoken of the life to come and conversed with those who had already passed onward, he—the beloved Chief—came and spoke to those who prayed and waited, knowing he would come. Clearly he showed his face that all might see, and as it faded into darkness—his voice rang through the room and spoke, saying: "All I told you is true. . . ."

Thus this remarkable biography comes to a stop, but not to an end.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

"THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN."*

One opens with lively expectations the memoirs of a lady who has been perpetuated by Gainsborough, Romney, Angelica Kauffmann, and Le Brun; whom Dr. Johnson called beautiful, gay, and fascinating; who composed charades and sonnets, produced some plays and acted in her private theatre; who breakfasted, dined, and supped with all the crowned heads of Europe during the years of her ostracism from England; and who in spite of the cold shoulders of that monument of propriety, Queen Charlotte, resolutely edged her way back into English society after she had notoriously stooped to folly, by the simple expedient of feeding the brutes and refusing to exhibit the slightest traces of the customary melancholy.

But, alas! the beautiful Elizabeth, while exhibiting no more melancholy indeed in her ingenuous narrative, discloses little of that vivacity which all her generation discerned throughout her long life; and which caused Lady Blessington to write—after visiting her in the mag-

*The Beautiful Lady Craven. In Two Volumes. The Original Memoirs. Edited and with a Biographical and Historical Introduction. By A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville. London and New York: John Lane Company.

nificent villa at Naples to which she retired when she had triumphantly forced the recognition of London society—that she was still, at the age of seventy-six, remarkable for her vivacity and realised the idea of a galvanised mummy. In spite of the fact that she knew everybody in one of the most brilliant periods of history, the Introduction to her memoirs is much more diverting. Besides being of interest, this introduction, which takes up over half of the first volume, is very necessary to one's enjoyment of the reminiscences. Except for the fact that the lady protests too much and relies constantly on the exact truth and that heaven which protects the innocent, one would never guess that there had been the slightest irregularity in her behaviour. Wherein, although only an amateur, she set an example which the autobiographies of several modern actresses have followed—perhaps, also, in succeeding years, to awaken more interest because of a candid introduction.

To hear Lady Craven talk you would imagine that she had been squeezed from the nest, whereas she had made several venturesome flights and aroused the laughter of London at her husband before he summoned decision enough to turn her away. She travelled on the Continent, not unaccompanied, for some years; and after being the *chère amie* of the Margrave of Anspach for some time (during which period she installed herself in the household of the Margravine, periodically on their return from their excursions!), the death of Lord Craven removed all obstacles to their legal marriage some months after the Margravine had considerably taken herself off. She fascinated the poor gentleman into giving up his birthright and exiling himself in England for the rest of his life. The festivities of Brandenburg House soon became the talk of London, but they did not immediately bribe the world to forget. The Court and her own son and daughter refused to admit her. But so far from taking Goldsmith's celebrated advice in such cases, the Margravine—having now a husband to finance her—

increased her hospitalities and hired a press-agent. Both wise and proud, she entertained all who vouchsafed to come and bided her time to revise her visiting list. Her position in society gradually improved in spite of the ponderous and marble shoulder of Queen Charlotte, for people were not able to hold out against the blandishments of her costly villa. Here, too, she set up a playhouse and acted the chief parts herself, cutting down (also distinctly in a modern professional manner) the parts of the other women even when noted actresses were called in to play them. After the death of the Margrave, who left her a fat fortune, she astounded the whole country with the magnificence of his funeral cortege, "played the elegant widow to the most censorious taste," and took her last revenge on London society by abandoning it.

The malicious Horace Walpole treated her with unusual leniency. "I thought her at Paris," he wrote after her first retirement in disgrace from London, "and was surprised to hear of her at Florence. "She has, I fear, been *infinamente* indiscreet, but what is that to you and me? She is very pretty, has good parts, and is good-natured to the greatest degree; has not a grain of malice or mischief (almost always the associates in women of tender hearts) and never has been an enemy but to herself." With all of which statements, except the last, Lady Craven in her memoirs blandly agrees. She says her temperament was one of the most difficult to manage, being extremely meek yet very lively. But she owns that it was her look of modesty and timidity contrasting with her natural vivacity "which fascinated every one in so powerful a degree." She attributes the clearness of her ideas to never having been tossed about by her nurse in infancy. Her complacency in her own charms is exasperatingly bovine, and she somehow contrives to be heavy even when she remarks that her first husband's mistress had only a set of teeth to recommend her. "My success," she says, "is attributed to the brilliancy of my

talents, my figure, and so forth, but it is really due to negative causes—I never utter a falsehood, I never detract, I talk as little as I can, and let others alone to do as they please.” Possibly she was right, for it is a recipe which would make any beautiful woman successful.

Her observations upon her travels are commonplace and scrappy. Germans are civil if you pass through their countries, she says; but if you reside there they imagine you have a scheme. Her income was only fifteen hundred pounds a year, but it made her appear a rich person in Germany. She often endeavoured in vain to account for the absurdities and contradictions of the German people. They have an excellent ear for music but no taste; and they appear to be always above or below human nature. Her remarks on the people she met are as uninteresting as the subjects will allow them to be, although any pages wherein move that brilliant procession of personages cannot be otherwise than golden. She thought Dr. Johnson in spite of the gigantic and extraordinary quality of his thoughts and language would have been the most agreeable person in the world if he had had a female companion at home by his fireside; but in spite of his fondness of heart, she censured the blame and contempt which he threw on all contemporary writers; and she thinks no character could stand up against the recording of every idle word and little failing and defect. Horne Tooke she considered one of the most extraordinary intellects she ever met.

Finally, as is customary with the social delinquent of commonplace mind, she moralises much. The English system of education breeds the most determined selfishness—in the public schools neither patriotism nor morality were ever taught. The English temper was rather sour. During her absence on the Continent, luxury in London had much increased. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats were everywhere; the abundance of wheel-carriages was a convincing proof of indolence; she knew two ladies of quality who employed a ser-

vant with soft hands to raise them gently out of bed in the morning; the rising and dinner hours were growing later not only in society but among shop-keepers; domestic servants were discouraged from marrying; and the London poor had grown insolent and would not condescend to eat brown bread.

Graham Berry.

V

MRS. TWEEDIE'S "AMERICA AS I SAW IT"*

English travellers have a charming way of putting their impressions into print, just casually, with no regard to any literary ability and training,—or lack of it,—on their part. Our own travellers do that too, of course. But one fault we have not, as a nation. We do not expect the general public to buy the books. This may be due to a low standard of taste in our general public,—or to a certain sense of humour, but we do not expect a book to take the public highway of selling success unless it is written with some idea of construction, style or the like technical qualifications.

The above volume is deliciously naïve in that respect. Of all the *Rambling Notes* of travel that have ever come to the present reviewer's ken, this one surely bears off the palm. After reading through several hundred of its five hundred pages one begins to feel a real affection for the jerky manner of its telling. It is so like some people's way of talking, some women's particularly! And then, do we not always find ourselves growing affectionate toward people who makes us laugh? whether *at* or *with* them, does not matter. It is the first and strongest impression one has of the book, this amazing manner of jumping about from one subject to another, this mingling in one paragraph comments, epigrammatic in length at least, on such widely different topics as Mr. Carnegie; flirtation; American cooking; New York sweat-shops; the *May-*

*America as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

flower descendants; the difficulty of getting your boots cleaned; methods of heating houses; mothers-in-law; and so on. The first chapter, entitled "Noisy New York," bears off the palm in this respect. And in the midst of its whirl, poor old Strindberg is dragged in by the hair of his head so that Mrs. Tweedie can tell us (being dead he can't defend himself) that he was "religious and yet despairing." This sounds very like the New England tombstone epitaph which declared the deceased to have been "Pious Though Bilious."

Then we hear about how they do things in London; then some more about how we do things ourselves—then some more about having, or not having, one's shoes cleaned,—then we are told that American Hustle is a myth, that we are really the slowest people on earth. But to comfort us we are told somewhere else in the book that we are wearing ourselves out because we are too strenuous. We hear that we have insane luxury and no comfort in our homes. Also that our cooking is good but too rich. This is really consoling, because when French or German travellers come here they tell us our cooking is wretched but that the simplest homes are comfortable beyond the reach of the wealthy in their countries. But then British cooking is notoriously bad.

This review appears to be somewhat incoherent, but the style of the book is catching. To be a little more serious, some things that Mrs. Tweedie says are quite true. The sex promiscuity of American sleeping-cars may be tolerated, but cannot be defended on any reasonable grounds. Also, any American who has spent several years in Europe will sympathise with her reiterated moan on the subject of having one's boots cleaned. Still, Mrs. Tweedie must remember that one's boots don't get as dirty here as they do in England, for it doesn't rain so often. Also some remarks of hers about the sex segregation in our social doings hit the mark very cleverly. We may not realise ourselves how far we are going along that mistaken road.

But what will irritate many a reader is the naïvely British way in which she adopts us as a naughty if interesting younger sister nation to England. We are not all English descendants by a good deal. We may speak English, but Mrs. Tweedie herself says that "English and American are only approximately the same language." And a goodly portion of us are proud of our descent from other nations.

It is quite impossible to give a coherent review of so incoherent a book. The good and the bad are as inextricably mixed as in boarding-house hash. Therefore, let each reader find it out for himself.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

VI

EDWARD J. DENT'S "MOZART'S OPERAS"*

The publication of a critical study of Mozart's operas in the year of the centenary of Verdi's and Wagner's birth is highly appropriate and significant. The cry "Back to Mozart" has for some time been gathering volume, until even the general public have come to know that Wagner and Verdi, giants as they are in the field of opera, and with all the advantages of the rapidly developing art of musico-dramatic expression, have not eclipsed that wonderful eighteenth century genius, who Midas-like turned into pure gold everything he touched. Mozart died a mere youth of thirty-five. At that age, neither Wagner nor Verdi had written any of the operas upon which their fame must ultimately rest. Mozart, on the other hand, beginning with *Idomenio* (composed when he was only twenty-five and yet in some respects his greatest dramatic work and incontestably the finest opera that had up to that time been written) and following it with *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan Tutte* and *The Magic Flute*, had contributed to the operatic repertory jewels of the

*Mozart's Operas. A critical study by Edward J. Dent. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

purest water, whose brilliance not even the music dramas of Wagner, written in the full maturity of years, have dimmed. And Mozart also wrote symphonies and chamber music of equal importance in the realm of absolute music, while Verdi and Wagner, his only operatic rivals, are in that branch of music practically out of the running.

It is worth while recalling all this to mind occasionally; for there are many music lovers who look upon Mozart as almost wholly a tradition and his music as naïve and out of date. To such, the appearance of a thick volume devoted to a detailed and critical analysis of Mozart's operas in the light of modern research and present-day musical standards may seem surprising. But it is to be hoped that they will read it; for they will find it a painstaking and illuminating study of Mozart's greater operas, which cannot fail to impress them with his essential modernity.

Mr. Dent has succeeded in presenting the case of Mozart most persuasively. The comments on his musical growth and development, as exemplified in the operas, are keen and convincing. The occasional examples from contemporary musical works, which influenced or might have influenced Mozart, go far to sustain the author's claim that "most of those features of Mozart's music which we are apt to consider so typically Mozartian, are not Mozartian in the least, but are simply the common stock-in-trade of all the music-makers of the day."

The book bears evidences of the author's thorough and fruitful research in the field of eighteenth century music, and on the whole he has drawn a careful and well-proportioned picture of Mozart's relations to contemporary opera and to his century. The musical examples are the more valuable because taken from works which are not generally accessible. One feels throughout that the work was a labour of love, like Grove's *Beethoven's Symphonies*, which seems to have served more or less as a model. Like Grove, Mr. Dent brings the facts of the composer's life into relation with

his works, so as to show as far as possible the influences affecting their creation. While it would be flattery to say that he has succeeded as well as Grove, whose book has become a classic, there are the same evidences of enthusiasm and thoroughness and the same success in making his commentary thoroughly readable.

There is rather an extended but interesting discussion of the claim of Carl Giesecke to the authorship of the libretto of *The Magic Flute*, generally attributed to Schikaneder. One might question the author's sense of proportion in the prominence he has given to this and other matters; but it is undeniable that he has made a very valuable and timely addition to Mozartiana. One closes the book with a renewed feeling of how much there is still to learn from Mozart's immortal operas. The author rightfully insists throughout on the remarkable modernity of the recitatives, and for this alone he deserves much thanks. The entire secret of musico-dramatic expression may be gleaned from the study of Mozart's recitatives.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VII

H. G. WELLS'S "THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS"*

It has been said (applying a respectable canon of literary criticism) that Mr. Wells cancels his own claim to immortality by his very cleverness. He is so keenly alive to the present, so preternaturally "modern," that he misses the universal appeal. No matter how stimulating, how significant his books may be for us in 1913, they are bound to be out of the fashion by 1917.

Thus runs the argument, based, one is to suppose, on careful examination of the qualities that have in the past made for the permanence of literary reputations. One defect of the theory is that as a generalisation it won't work. Is the quality of contemporaneity fatal to last-

*The Passionate Friends. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ing fame? It remains to be proved that Mr. Wells is more modern than was Meredith for his day, or Shakespeare or Homer for theirs. The unsupported dogma looks like a suspiciously feeble last resort. No one denies his interest for us here and now. To convict a man of his virtues—is this the way to deny him the glory he has earned?

Yet it is not a mere mean jealousy that would scan with suspicion a fame too easily bestowed. There are many such nowadays. It is right that the tough-minded should preserve an air of scepticism toward the towering reputations that we reviewers are industriously creating every day. It must be an extraordinarily dull novel of which in these days some enthusiast does not publicly predicate immortality.

It is the consciousness of this fact that imposes a certain restraint in dealing with Mr. Wells's latest book. For the present reviewer must in honesty record first that he has long been Mr. Wells's admirer, and that he thinks that in *The Passionate Friends* Mr. Wells has given us his finest, most notable work. If the high estimate placed upon this novel is to escape the reviewer's own reproach, he must attempt, however inconclusively, to state some definite reasons for the belief.

It has been said that no one denies Mr. Wells's interest for our own day. He is supremely the "modern" novelist. No one else has shown such intense preoccupation with those questions in which every one of us, if he have a spark of intelligence, must feel a vital concern. We are aghast at the portentous changes that are taking place in our commercial fabric. We see the old comfortable social order breaking up before our eyes, and wonder what monster of socialism or anarchism is to take its place. The new disquieting note of feminism is heard, the first symptom of a revolt that may involve half the race. Science goes on its conquering way, compelling philosophy to remake itself because its old antagonist has achieved the impossible; and with science goes increasing discontent and

misery. There is a new morality in the air, unformulated yet, but none the less threatening to the ancient standards. These tremendous problems are the stuff of Mr. Wells's thought. In the series of novels beginning with *Tono Bungay* he has touched each of them in turn with his incisive intelligence. And if any one imagines that these are topics of merely momentary importance, he is in need of enlightenment from some supra-earthly source. History is making, it is true, with unprecedented rapidity; yet probably these big questions of 1913 will still be big questions a dozen or a hundred years hence.

Furthermore, Mr. Wells is not merely abreast of the times; he has repeatedly shown himself uncannily able to keep in advance of the crest of the wave. His prescience is extraordinary. Here is a trifle by way of illustration. In *The Passionate Friends* he speaks in his fictitious capacity of the remarkable school of Bengali poets and novelists, proposes a series of translations of their works into English. Now this book may have been written six months or a year ago. Who then outside of the narrowest literary circles had heard of this Eastern literary group? Who would have dared prophesy that they would ever become known to the man in the street? Yet pat on the publication of *The Passionate Friends* comes the announcement that the Nobel prize has been bestowed on the Bengali Tagore, and every one is talking about him. It is as though Mr. Wells had actually foretold the event.

But all this wonderful material of the present is, after all, the property of no one man. It is what he has done with this stuff of life, the ends to which he has fashioned the matter, that constitute his achievement. The importance of the ideas Mr. Wells has to offer us may be disputed, but hardly his superb gift of narration. If *The Passionate Friends* had no light to throw on the turbulent social whirlpool, if the characters could be imagined as detached from the common life of the day, it would remain a

memorable story. Never has Mr. Wells made his craftsmanship count for more; never has he seemed less conscious of his art. He can even use triumphantly a device that in hands less sure would court failure as a hackneyed trick. How many novels have had for their basic scheme a retrospective recital of events by one of the chief actors in them? Mr. Wells not only uses the ancient device without disaster; he gives it an actual distinction, as of originality. *The Passionate Friends* is the life story of Stephen Stratton, written in middle age to leave for his young son. It is the story of a man who loved two women, who with honesty of purpose on the whole, steered close to total shipwreck, who yet by virtue of some big, unreasoning faith, managed to save some fragments of his life. Though there is the possibility, almost the necessity, of melodrama in the plot, in some way the characters manage always to dominate the situation. The Lady Mary Christian, Stephen's great love, is the finest, most complex, most baffling character Mr. Wells has created. She is the consummate flower of womanhood, and yet she is a rebel; and yet she weakens in her rebellion at the critical moment and smashes two lives to bits. Stephen, with all his weaknesses and heroisms, is her victim, but his love is comprehensible because she has both brains and charm. When she voices her inmost beliefs one hears, not the observations of a man on the Woman Question, but the authentic note of the modern woman who, striking out in blind protest against she knows not what, has given a new meaning to the word feminism. And even in this outburst she remains herself, an actual individual, while her end, shut in a dreadful coil of impossible circumstance, has the accent of grave, reserved tragedy. If it misses the inevitability of the highest tragedy, the failure is no more than relative.

Strangely enough, the "note" of the book is one of hopefulness. Mr. Wells is an incorrigible optimist; the fact is one of the signal triumphs of the human spirit. No one has a clearer sight than

he of the stupidity, the abysmal idiocy of the constitution of society; no one feels more intensely the maladjustments, the discontent, the misery of so many of us. But he starkly refuses to believe other than that something better is to come of all this. His first and last thought is always for finding a better way of doing the thing we have hitherto done badly. We scold the critic who is, as we say, merely destructive; we must then in decent consistency, recognise the critic of life who is inveterately constructive. Out of these fumbling attempts to do fine things that seem always to end in such utter failure he seeks to pluck some lesson that will serve to make the next attempt a little less a failure. He offers no solutions of insoluble problems, but he tries in all honesty to point a way wherein a partial solution may after innumerable attempts be found.

After all, perhaps the secret of Mr. Wells's success with a hackneyed literary form is that he has recorded a genuine confession. Make no mistake, this is real autobiography; not in the mere literal sense, but in the sense that it comes straight at first hand from the man's own experience and thought. The strongest impression that remains of *The Passionate Friends* is of the author's intellectual honesty. He may or may not be on the whole a true prophet; as to that there is room for difference of opinion. But however much he may offend your sober commonsense, outrage your taste, do violence to your moral standards, he will not pretend. He is of those men, and they are rare, who seek the truth with passion. He utters his own soul, and says: Here it is, this mixture of nobility and meanness, of high altruism and anxious egotistical vulgarity; at least, the authentic soul of a man. In this, as in much else, Mr. Wells has placed himself in the line of the Great Succession. If this passionate quest of the truth, joined to the wisdom of a man who has lived and the skill of one who has mastered a great craft, be not genius, then it is something so very

like to genius that failure to see the difference may be more pardonable than refusal to see the resemblance.

Ward Clark.

VIII

LUCY FURMAN'S "MOTHERING ON PERILOUS"*

It is a really truly story, and it is written with no particular care for construction or style or anything else except the wish to do justice to an unusual situation and unusual people. And it couldn't be more appealing, even if skilled art had taken the place of its artlessness. This is what the story tells: A young woman, bereft by death of all that made life worth living, seeks to bury herself in a mountain settlement school, back in the railroadless wilds of Kentucky's hill country. She is not a teacher, has in fact, like so many women of the well-to-do, learned nothing that seems of any use to any one. But she loves children, particularly small boys, however rough and hopeless they may seem, and she knows something about gardening. As it turns out, she knows something too of that higher gardening which means a training of the young soul to grow straight and clean, and an understanding of the need for "mothering" and affection that hides itself under the budding sex pride of the aggressive young male being, while said male being is in the shortest and raggedest of short trousers. Now as a matter of fact, Miss Loring had to teach the Kentucky mountain boys to wear short trousers, which they considered babyish. But they were all the short-trouser age nevertheless, and a more straightforward, uncompromising, unconventional set of boys never taxed the inexperience of a young "surrogate mother" before. They fight, they swear, they have the most primitive ideas of property, and very outspoken ideas as to the annoying uselessness of too much bathing, but most of these traits seem to spring from a sort of exaggeration of the old Anglo-

Saxon racial qualities. The people of these mountains are of the pure Anglo-Saxon strain, held pure by reason of their isolation from the rest of the world.

Strong, splendid-looking, self-reliant men and women of action, they yet respect the "larning" that had been lost to them for years and eagerly seek it for their children. Their family names read like pages of English history, and the given names of the children show the strain of poetry and love for almost forgotten lore to which the lonely mountaineers hold fast. The men live with the pistol belt buckled around their waists, for family feuds rage hotly and no man's life is safe except by eternal vigilance. The women can take their part in the work of war or peace, and do their own particular work besides, rearing large families of healthy children. The directness of their speech harks back at moments to the earlier Saxon roots of our language, they have little of Romanic floweriness in what they say. Their customs are a primitive natural museum for things forgotten elsewhere. They still celebrate "Real Christmas," "Old Christmas" they call it, on the 6th of January, accepting the new date of the 25th of December only under compulsion or in politeness to rare strangers, . . . in this case the "brought-on women" of the settlement school. And they celebrate their Christmas in the good old British style by drinking, shooting, rioting and noise generally.

The account of the belated funeral services over the body of a young wife, with her bereaved husband and his new wife as chief mourners, is delicious. In those mountains it is often months before the circuit-riding preacher can reach each little group of houses. So while deaths and births go on when nature wills, the formal celebration of them is postponed until the preacher may be expected. And it was hardly to be expected that a man left with several small children on his hands could wait a year and a half that he might celebrate his wife's funeral still a widower!

Tragedy, sharp and acute, comes into

*Mothering on Perilous. By Lucy Furman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the wild lives of the mountain people frequently, tragedy born of nature's rigour or their own hot blood. The story of Blant Marrs grips with poignant pain to the very heart. And all this time the boys in the book have hardly been mentioned! But to mention them would lead even the wariest reviewer into hyperbole, that is, if said reviewer loves boys. The reader must make their acquaintance for him or herself, and they will be found very much worth while.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

KATHARINE TYNAN'S "ROSE OF THE GARDEN"*

Some lives there are so full of eventful happenings, so replete with tragedy, that the imaginings of fiction pale beside the reality. Such was the life of Lady Sarah Lennox, the heroine whose career has given Mrs. Tynan the theme for her latest book. It is as full of incident and coincidence as any work of the imagination could be, and the colour of actuality that animates it leaves the picture all the brighter in our mind when we have finished the story. Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, overshadowed by romance even before her birth, is as fascinating a heroine of romance as one could wish. At sixteen she might have been Queen of England had she chosen to encourage the passion of the enamoured young king. When, too late, she resolved to hear him alarmed statesmen had already negotiated for the hand of a princess, and the young monarch had to yield. It was Sarah's love for her cousin, Lord William Gordon, which thus early exerted its baneful influence on her life. That alone prevented her from grasping the crown held so near her reach, and later his reappearance into her life tore asunder what had been a fairly happy marriage and set the beautiful woman adrift on a sea of passion from which she emerged as a

repentant Magdalen, facing a life of atonement before she was twenty-five. When we blame the poet's license in the use of chance to keep lovers apart and ruin lives, we should remember this woman's life. It was chance alone that kept Lady Sarah from learning, before she married Sir Charles Bunbury, that William Gordon was free to come to her. She knew it too late, and struggled with herself for several years. When finally she yielded to the passion that was stronger than all else, it was to bring black tragedy into her life. She had yielded too late. The knowledge of broken vows and lost honour, of the wrong done to a simple-hearted good man, who gave her the best love of which he was capable, came between her heart and the happiness it could have felt, came between her lips and the kisses of the man who had been the one love of her life. Of her own accord she left him, after three months of life together, and turned homeward to face bravely a scornful world, and years of lonely repentance. Partly as a connected narrative, partly by means of authentic letters, the quaint wording of which rings true as a picture of the time, the writer has told us the story of an extraordinary woman, who suffered an extraordinary fate. The storm and stress of the youthful beauty's early life, as wooed and courted maid and matron; the dreary decade of atonement, when all her gifts of mind and body were immured in a hermit-like retirement, with only the care of her beloved child to hold her to earth; then the calm belated happiness which came to her when she no longer looked or hoped for it, these indeed make up more of eventfulness than falls to the lot of most women. Lady Sarah is very human, very real; as attractive in her stubbornness, her unreasoning fits of pride and anger, as she is in her sunniest, brightest and wittiest moods. Mrs. Tynan came to her task with a liking for it which may have idealised the subject a bit, but which has not robbed it of any of its humanity.

John Carey Merritt.

*Rose of the Garden. By Katharine Tynan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

X

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE'S "THE PRICE OF PLACE"*

Some children have to live down the eulogies of foolishly fond parents, and some books have to live down the advertising given them by their publishers. But a child or a book worth while can make its way despite these discouragements. Mr. Blythe's book is likely to do so. It is a strong, manly, straightforward effort to paint some important phases of our American life, to paint them as they are, coloured only—as a true painting must be—by the reflection of the vision of how they might be. His hero, James Marsh, is a fair average type of the men who go into the business of politics in our country. Just because Marsh is not notable for anything except an ability to make a good speech, but is in other ways merely an average clever, average instructed, average acute individual, his career is all the more typical of the rank and file of those who make and execute our laws.

He goes to Congress, elected by the help of the Boss of his district. He has secret ambitions for independence, secret beliefs that while he may need help for the first start, his ability will carry him on of itself. But he listens carefully to the Boss's instructions about "playing the game." And he passes on, striving honestly to make his mark of himself, but in reality the tool of one or the other party leader, passes on from an unknown to a marked and Sunday-Supplemented member of Congress, from subservience to a county Boss, to the leadership of his home district when more powerful bosses desired the smaller boss's overthrow. The inside working of party organisation, ruled even yet in some measure by the old style politician, is shown us by a man who knows his subject thoroughly,—and knows it intelligently, which is more important. He shows us that old-style politician (now

*The Price of Place. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company.

happily passing) in his outspoken understanding that politics were a necessary means to gain power and that power is useful in helping along personal plans. Mr. Blythe's book will be a revelation to those good people who believe that graft in politics consists of petty thieving or actual money bribing, and who cling pathetically to the slogan "Good men in office." He gives glimpses of the powers that sway the political field by subtler, finer methods, powers that can cripple and stultify a "good" man's usefulness not by dethroning him, but by realising his ambition. And he shows us these powers behind the throne in the shape of well-groomed, agreeable, witty men of the world, delightful as individuals, harmful only when massed to represent private interests in the public business. If one is interested in the "game," it is difficult not to wax enthusiastic over some of the philosophy put into the mouths of the older hands at it, in Mr. Blythe's book.

When Marsh makes his first big speech in the House, on some point of the Constitution, Senator Paxton from his home county, a delightful old Brer Fox who knows the game from every viewpoint, praises him for his wisdom.

If in doubt, speak on the Constitution. . . . You'll never get into trouble back home or anywhere else if you make the Constitution your specialty. . . . There is no local politics in the Constitution, no State politics, no factional dispute. It is there, grand, gloomy and peculiar, and you can go as far as you like with it, and get a lot of applause from people who don't know whether you are talking sense or rubbish. . . . I'm older than you are and I've seen a great many men get along under the protecting egis of the Constitution who wouldn't have arrived anywhere if they hadn't been smart enough to pick out that harmless institution as a specialty.

There is much more one would like to quote, if space permitted. But the following, on politics as newspaper copy, is too good to be suppressed:

The reporters took Marsh's side, as is the

way with virtuous political correspondents, they being always against boss rule, for opposition creates copy, while support of the organisation consists mostly in keeping things out of the papers or putting things in that are not necessarily in line with the facts.

Marsh's wife went to Washington with him, and Marsh's wife was ambitious too. She has as little intimate knowledge of her husband's business or professional affairs as the average American wife has, and her ambition was another millstone around his neck to drag him down in soul while furthering his upward career. The story is so big with throbbing actuality that it does not need the innocent little love affair of Marsh's pretty daughter. In fact the love interest seems forced artificially into the picture. Which raises an interesting suggestion, Will a book which may be called the Great American Novel be one in which the love of a man for a maid is not the chief theme?

J. Marchand.

XI

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER'S "THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS"*

The colour that life takes on when we look at it with eyes which, though young, are already saddened by the doubt that all its joys may soon be over for us, has tempted many a gifted word-painter. Death seems so immeasurably far off to the young mind, and the effect upon it of a realisation that the grim shadow is slowly, but surely drawing down over all the rosy glow which is youth's by right brings out the hidden traits, good or bad, as nothing else can do. The theme has attracted more than one artist. In the *House of Happiness* Kate Langley Bosher shows us a country sanitarium for consumptives as background for the meeting of two young hearts resting under the shadow of doubt as to how much of life may still be theirs. Of

*The House of Happiness. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper and Brothers.

course, the resemblance to the theme of *Ships That Pass in the Night* will come to every reader. But the thing is done well enough here for the picture to stand on its own feet. The American setting, the American types, remove it sufficiently from Mrs. Harraden's book, as the latter's English figures removed her work from Sudermann's play cycle *Morituri*, the biggest handling the theme has had. But the knell has not yet sounded definitely for Taska Laird and Rives Colburn, and hope colours the greyness in which they learn to know each other.

Mrs. Bosher has drawn so attractive a natural setting around the Sanitarium and has found so many notes of laughter in the portrayal of the patients—they are none of them hopeless enough to sadden us,—that somehow we do not feel the full significance of the situation. This may be an artistic fault, but it makes the book all the cheerier to read. In fact, most of the people in the Sanitarium in Bedford seem to be there because of boredom or vanity. But for Rives Colburn, the young business man who was just "arriving" in his own chosen world of action, it was a tragedy indeed to give up and be forced to think of himself alone. The introspection showed him many things he had not known about himself and life, however, and freed him from the woman who represented the shallower world that had been his ambition before. When he follows Taska, the real woman who is flesh, blood and soul, not merely a tailor's puppet, into the heart of the Virginia mountains, days of happiness dawn for them. The little French doctor is a most engaging figure, and the peppery MacKenzie a type which many a character actor would enjoy portraying on the stage. It is not the incidents in this book that count, it is the people. We look back on it as on a pleasantly spent summer where great changes have come for our inner life, but few outer incidents have marked the passing of days. But the many events that do happen to the active small boy, known to us as "Cricket," keep things moving for the

others as well. Cricket's philosophy of life is delicious, his definition of the "maybe-er" expresses something we all have felt, although we may not have formulated it clearly to ourselves.

A maybe-er is a real female person generally. That is, all I know are females, though a lot of ladies ain't and some men are. . . . There's Mis' Lemmon. She's always thinking something is going to happen. If it rains maybe the crops will rot, and if it's dry maybe there'll be a drought, and every time a calf or a pig or a lamb or a baby gets born she thinks maybe it will die before it grows up. And she's afraid to put her money in the bank because maybe it will get stolen, and if you've got a pain in the back of your neck she always says maybe it's that appendix thing. . . . If she can squint hard luck out of a happening she'll squint before it starts to come, and she's disappointed if it don't come."

Haven't we all met just such people? Mrs. Boshier has enriched our language with a word long needed in the "maybe-er."

T. Bradlee Storer.

XII

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS'S "THE TINDER BOX"*

When a good cook has found a recipe by which the desired results are unfailingly attained, she is wise enough not to stray too far from its formula. Miss Daviess shows this wisdom in that her latest books, at least, are constructed after an unfailing formula for the brewing of the love story. There may be some variation in detail and setting, but the make-up is fundamentally the same. We know from the beginning how it is all going to turn out, but it is so pleasant to read along and find everything working out so neatly according to recipe, that our foreknowledge in this case is only an added charm. The new-

*The Tinder Box. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company.

est dish Miss Daviess offers her many readers is enclosed in a setting of old Kentucky, as attractive as certain kinds of old English pottery. The beautiful Harpeth Valley forms a widespread background for the adventures of Evelina Shellby, when after several years of art study in Paris she returns to her ancestral home to inoculate sleepy Glendale with the virus of modern thought. Evelina has some very advanced ideas, for Glendale at any rate, and she also has several suitors, being young, pretty and talented. She arouses the various types of Southern women,—they are appealingly human and very real as Miss Daviess has portrayed them—and she introduces a firebrand into the heart of the peaceful community in the person of Jane Mathers, the New England millionaire New Woman. Glendale gets modernity, the Suffrage fight, and a railroad all at once, and the story of how it does it is most delightfully told by Miss Daviess. It is not so much in the unfolding of a plot that this writer scores her best success. It is in her portrayal of new or accustomed types, and in her dialogue, so delightfully commonplace and deliciously human. The following description of Evelina's Cousin James and his household is too good to resist quoting it; from Evelina's own words:

Cousin James is a healthy reversion to the primitive type of Father Abraham, and he has so much aristocratic moss on him that he reminds me of that old grey crag that hangs over Silver Creek. Artistically he is perfectly beautiful in an Old-Testament fashion. He lives in an ancient rambling house across the road from my home, and he is making a souvenir collection of derelict women. Everybody that dies in Glendale leaves him a derelict, and, including his mother, he now has either seven or nine female charges, depending on the sex of Sallie Carruther's twin babies, which I can't exactly remember, but will wager is feminine.

The Woman Movement, as it hits Glendale, develops some new wrinkles.

But on the whole the Glendalians rather grow to like it. And they seem, after some hesitation, to have grasped the deep and simple truth that Miss Daviess voices in a closing sentence, words that linger long and pleasantly in the memory after the charming little book is closed; or, as will doubtless be its fate, after it has been passed on to some

one else whom we hope will enjoy it as we have done.

Its last words are:

And truly, if the world is in the dusk of the dawn of a new day, what can men and women do but cling tight and feel their way . . . together?

Grace Merchant.

SOME LIGHT FICTION*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"AND this is the story I told you through the several nights: of the man who came up through the dark and the fighting (often in such a ruck of fighting that he couldn't hear voices); how he was punished by men, broken by self, and healed by a woman; indeed, but for her, he might have chosen the long way of the brute to put on his powers and attain the certain royalty of the human adult in this year of our Lord. She paid the price; she was the man-maker; she saw the World-Man shining ahead."

Such is part of the preface that Mr. Will Levington Comfort gives to his story *Down Among Men*, and it affords a fair enough sample of the matter and especially the manner of a book which, had it been more definitely one thing, might have made a bigger mark. Mr. Comfort can write with a certain picturesque force that has its value. It is, to be sure, the style of the newspaper reporter scribbling at white heat, but it is effective in spots, and his story, if told

more simply and shorn of hysterical and often meaningless torrents of protest against things as they are, would be pretty certain to interest readers who want a story first and last and all the time. Apparently he has seen some stirring pictures at close range. He makes his hero, a certain John Morning, do wonders as a poor devil of a newspaper reporter sent out to Asia to report the Chinese troubles of 1900. He has no money, no standing among newspaper correspondents, no education to speak of, nothing but a dogged determination to die on the field or bring in the biggest story of the campaign. He meets with stupendous obstacles, endures incredible hardships and yet triumphs. His great story, which he writes aboard ship on his way back from China, is accepted as a wonder by the American press. For a time he is successful. Then his old enemy, drink, gets the best of him and he goes to pieces, to be saved in the end by the love of a young woman who sees in him wonderful qualities that no one else does. Through all his troubles Morning preserves his sympathy with the submerged millions and the book overflows with outbursts of friendship for the under-dog, outbursts supposed to be lyrical and to be fraught with tremendous meaning. Philosophy is mixed in with a free hand. For instance:

. . . There is a certain excellence in the honour of standing alone. Alone, a man or

**Down Among Men*. By Will Levington Comfort. Doran Company.

The Streak. By David Potter. Lippincott.

A Mesalliance. By Katharine Tynan. Duffield and Company.

After All. By Mary Cholmondeley. Appleton and Company.

The Eternal Masculine. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Scribner.

What Happened in the Night. By James Hopper. Holt.

Deuces Wild. By Howard McGrath. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

woman is either ahead or behind the crowd. In the latter case he is imbecile or defective, and God is with him. . . . God is in the forward solitudes, too. What a splendour to stand in the full light. The crowd keeps the light from itself. Maiming, suffering, cruelty is in the crowd—light is divided there, and warmth is the low heat of men, not the grand vitality of the Sun.

And again:

. . . It seemed to him that a man's life is husk after husk of illusion. He had torn them away one after another, thinking each time he had come to the grain. . . . And what was the sum of his finding so far? That God is eternal; that man loves God best by serving men; that greatness is in the working, not in the result; that a man who has found his work has come into the soul's sunlight, and that service for man is its rain. These were not husks.

For readers who want such nuggets on every page *Down Among Men* will be a treat.

A drop of Filipino blood in the veins of Richard Nelson, whose father was an American and whose mother was part Filipino, was the streak that wrecked the fortunes of a promising young couple in David Potter's *The Streak*. Anne Churchill, whom Nelson married, has all the prejudices of her Southern ancestors, and when she discovers that her husband is part Filipino her love dies. To be sure, Nelson had already taken pains to kill it. He had left his young wife in Manila to the society of fascinating army officers while he ran after an old love who met him more than half-way. Mrs. Nelson finds a champion and a consoler in the splendid Colonel Crittenden, and after Nelson is brought home dead, having been killed in an accident, the reader is left to infer that all will be well. The colonel is depicted, however, as so fascinating a person that one feels that Mrs. Nelson, having been deceived once, ought to look well into his antecedents before making another leap. His streak may not be coloured blood, but it might well be something just as bad. If Mr. Potter is

to be taken at his word, society in Manila is not all that it might be. When not engaged in political conspiracy or commercial rascality, running after another man's wife seems to be the popular pastime. Nevertheless it is to its pictures of Manila's social life that the book owes most of its interest.

A Mesalliance is an unpretentious little story by Katharine Tynan of a man who marries beneath him socially because he finds that the woman is well worth it. She is a Nature's noblewoman and Ralph Bretherton, an old bachelor, probably does well to ignore the world's opinion. Incidentally Mr. Bretherton is confused by a young girl, his ward, who is declared by his friends to be dying of love for him. His friends say that he ought to marry her, and he is weak enough to yield. For many pages there is danger of a catastrophe. But the stars in the shape of a younger man come to his rescue, and he marries a woman of his own age who loves him, weak as he is.

Whether a weak man is worse than a vicious one is the question likely to confront the reader of *After All*, in which Mary Cholmondeley, who wrote *Red Pottage* some years ago, tells the story of a girl who has a lot of experience with men of both kinds. Annette is an attractive English girl who, having come to grief in the Paris maelstrom and been deserted, decides to throw herself into the Seine. A good-natured idiot, Dick by name, divines her purpose when he finds her gazing down at the water under the Pont Neuf and invites her to spend a week with him at Fontainebleau. She consents, and he buys her a wedding ring for the looks of the thing. The next day he is stricken with paralysis. Annette nurses him for a while, but runs away before his English relatives arrive. She finds shelter in England with some aunts, and of course they happen to live in the same village with the family of the young fellow who took her to Fontainebleau and died soon after she left him. Among those English relatives is Roger, who, though half-betrothed to his cousin Janey, falls in love with Annette. All

the men in the book do, for that matter. But Roger is a prig and can't marry a girl about whom there are queer tales, for, of course, more or less of the Fontainebleau escapade comes to light. He hesitates through half the volume, and is only convinced when Annette offers the sacrifice of her good name in order to give him the fortune that dying Dick left him. Annette knew that Dick had made a will, because her name as a witness was on it, and she knew where the will was to be found. Why any one should want to marry Roger is a mystery, for he is as weak as water. But apparently half the women in *After All* want to, and if good women did not love weak men what would become of the race?

Two volumes of short stories preserve in book form the best of recent work by Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and by James Hopper. Mrs. Andrews, who calls her collection *The Eternal Masculine*, is at her best with "Amici," the tale of a broken-down inventor whose college mates of long ago help his faithful wife to fill him with new hope. There are also sporting sketches, such as

"The Scarlet Ibis" and "The Campaign Trout," that will strike a responsive chord in fishermen.

Mr. Hopper shows fancy and humour in many sketches that have already proved popular in magazines. His "What Happened in the Night," the story that gives a title to the book, is a clever tale of two dolls left all night on the benches of a Luxembourg Garden guignol show. "The Fishing of Suzanne," in which a little girl of four plays at fishing from her balcony and brings up a marvellous catch in the shape of love letters for her aunt, is delightfully told.

No batch of half a dozen books of fiction would be complete without a crime and mystery story of some kind, and so *Deuces Wild*, by Howard McGrath, gives us a lovely girl, stolen pearls as priceless as the girl, true love, a hero who gets into no end of trouble and a villain who, it is to be hoped, gets into jail. All this in the space of 140 pages. So that things happen on every page, as should be the case in all good mystery stories.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

HERE are two letters which come to us as a result of the publication, in the November issue, of Mrs. Helen R. Martin's paper on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" in the "American Backgrounds for Fiction" Series. In printing them we take occasion to outline the position of the BOOKMAN. Whether the writer of a paper is right or wrong in his or her estimate of a State or a section is not within our province to decide. Frankly, that is none of our business. We asked Mr. Harben, Mrs. Martin, Miss Daviess, and Mr. Dixon (to confine the discussion to papers that have already appeared) to contribute to this series because we felt that in the mind of the reading public their books were closely associated with North Carolina, Tennessee, the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch"

region of Pennsylvania, and Georgia. We did not ask them what they were going to say, or how they were going to say it; whether they were going to praise or to criticise. For example, in an early issue, Mr. Irving Bacheller is to write of the North Country of New York State. It is enough for us to know Mr. Bacheller as the author of *Eben Holden* and *Dri and I*. To indicate, even slightly, that he emphasise this phase, or ignore that phase of life in a section that he has made so thoroughly his own, would be nothing more nor less than an impertinence on our part.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

The Pennsylvania Germans, or the Pennsylvania Dutch (if one prefers the "mis-

nomer"), should be able to derive no little satisfaction from an article by Helen R. Martin in the November BOOKMAN—an article wherein the writer, although repeating many of her former accusations, and even giving vent to some additional ones, nevertheless in effect pleads guilty to practically all the charges the friends of these people have ever brought against her. It has always been contended by these apologists that, although many of the conditions Mrs. Martin portrays are true, and although much of her criticism and ridicule is justified, still, she has represented these people by their most brutal and repulsive elements and has either had only a superficial knowledge of or has maliciously disregarded the lives of the better and nobler types.

That she has selected for her stories the worst rather than the best side of their life she, on page 245, now frankly and bluntly acknowledges. There is even more than this; at the close of her article she seems to have a vague idea that there is material for novels based on the best side of this life, as instanced in the example she mentions, where a Mennonite woman resigns her school rather than give up the garb of her church.

Mrs. Martin can see no reason why one like herself, who has viewed this life from the outside and has "no drop of Pennsylvania Dutch blood in her," cannot see more clearly and truly than those who are of that descent. As for myself, there is probably no drop of blood in me that is *not* of that lineage. I was born and reared among them, and lived among them more than twenty years—that is, among the Mennonites—and it is difficult for me to see how any one who has had no such experience can fully understand them. To the inner life of these people as I have known it Mrs. Martin is utterly blind, and no writers of the present day, so far as I have read, even those who have tried to be fair, have succeeded in interpreting it. If any have done so, they must have been denied access to the pages of the magazines.

As to Mrs. Martin, I make the charge that although she has professed to portray the life of the Mennonites, she, so far as her earlier works indicate, has probably never

spent twenty-four hours in a representative Mennonite home and never attended any of their services. She has written quite extensively about the New Mennonites, or Reformed Mennonites, but these comprise only about two thousand of the sixty thousand Mennonites in the United States. Why judge the whole denomination by a small division, which is decidedly more extreme than the main body?

But why, Mrs. Martin wonders, do those of us who have gone away from these people, and have rejected their religion and customs, idealise them and speak in their defense? I can answer from experience. Mrs. Martin is to the Pennsylvania Germans what Robert G. Ingersoll was to the Christian religion. Like him she has written only of the faults and the weaknesses. Thousands have been grateful to her at one time or another for denouncing the absurdities and the hardships, just as millions have been grateful to Ingersoll for helping to break the shackles and horrors of the old-fashioned dogmas. But when the shackles are broken and we are free, when antagonism has spent its force, and venom has left our hearts, we then see that in our vehemence we have gone too far to the other extreme, and we gradually swing back to the more moderate and fairer attitude. Wherever we are then in the world, we want to stand on our own foundation—not as destroyers, but as individuals and as citizens. It is then our temperament reasserts itself, the old love of sincerity, of plainness, of quiet, of truth, of home, of spirituality. As examples of such living it is not surprising, then, if we recall the lives of our own people, who with all their faults have possessed these virtues in a degree for which we often look in the world in vain.

To Mrs. Martin, with her epicurean philosophy, these virtues seem to make no appeal; they are tame and unheroic and uninteresting. To those, however, who esteem the disciplines rather than the indulgences of life; to those who see more in life than the pleasures and the entertainments of the transient years, the Mennonites will appear in a totally different light.

One could well hope that the Mennonites and the other stern sects would greatly relax in their austerity, that instead of keeping

apart from the world they would mingle with it and exert their influence. But how cruelly unfair it is to accuse a people of sordidness when the truth is they practically crucify their present lives in obedience to their religious convictions. They think almost unceasingly of death and the world to come, of a world of peace and rest beyond the grave. About all they ask in this world is to own the farms on which they live. Is this sordidness or avarice?

If with the intimate knowledge of their inner lives were combined the ability to depict it lovingly and correctly and strongly, there is abundant material for novels fully as romantic, as pathetic, and as heroic, as has been found by many great writers in the Catholic orders in convents and monasteries.

But it should be borne in mind the Mennonites and similar sects comprise only a small fraction of the total Pennsylvania German population in the United States. For the latter there is slight need of apology. They are characterised mainly by their love of the simple life, of independence, of home and children. They make up in a large degree the very backbone of the nation. The Mennonites are much sterner and more clanish, but they are sincere and pure-minded. The trouble with them is not that they are sordid or degraded, but rather, on the other hand, that they carry the virtue of conscientiousness too far, permitting it to become an obsession, and hence to burden and cramp and darken their lives.

Mrs. Martin has helped to render one service. Twenty years ago the Pennsylvania Germans, cowed by the prejudice of a century against them, often blushed to acknowledge their ancestry. To-day, stirred to in-

dignation by the slanders of Mrs. Martin and her following, they have studied their history, their characteristics and their achievements, and hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the United States are proud and happy to be known as descendants of these people.

Respectfully,

C. H. ESHLEMAN.

NEWBERRY LIBRARY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

EDITOR "THE BOOKMAN":

Yesterday, in reading your November number, Mrs. Martin's "American Backgrounds for Fiction," II, I find in the first paragraph a statement about the "Pennsylvania Germans having emigrated during the Thirty Years' War from Germany." Of course, this is incorrect, as Penn did not come till thirty-four years after the close of that war, and the influx of the Germans in any numbers did not begin till the second decade of the eighteenth century. I also find the word "Deutch," meaning, I suppose DeutSch. And thirdly, I find that the region "behind Lebanon" is put down in "Bucks County," which, even if a misprint for "Berks," is still some distance from Lebanon, which is in Lebanon Country.

If this is a specimen of Mrs. Martin's general accuracy it is no wonder she is hated in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and in other of the regions she writes about, for although she has a certain pleasantry of style, no one can build up a permanent reputation on ridicule and misrepresentation. I am sorry THE BOOKMAN has been caught with her inaccuracies.

Yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS H. SHEARER.

SENTENCED

BY MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

THE soft, slow ripples of a field of grain
 These eyes of mine will never see again;
 The sugary sap of maples in the spring
 I shall not taste; no little growing thing
 Will owe life to my care and thought; for me
 Draws near the silence of Eternity.

No woman, when the lamps are lit, will run
Glad to my doorway with her little one,
To meet and kiss me; and no more my child
Will clutch these weary fingers, blood-defiled,
Or pull my beard, ah no! To-morrow night
Will bring no shining faces framed in light.

And my dog, Bob—they say he misses me,
I hope they feed him! Close akin were we.
Under the dog's law I was only strong,
But by the man's law, mad I was, and wrong.
God should have given me a stronger soul
Such bulk of body-madness to control!

Yes, I blame God, I, who so soon must face
The whirlwind of His anger in disgrace!
For, if His wrath be on me, He must know
I was but angry too. He made me so.
Yet I repent, O God, forgive—forgive—
This blasphemy would die if I might live.

I dare not blame Thee, God, I am too near
The ultimate precipice of human fear.
I will go humbly, I, who long to stay;
I will put love and hope of life away,
And, for my strong arms' sin pay heavy price
In the long-feared and shuddering sacrifice.

I dare not front Thee, God; yet not the whole
Of my rash deed was of my own mad soul:
Strange impulses from a far-reaching past
Hurried my blood, poured to my head the vast
Swift-pulsing current of a wilder man,
And I fell—back to where my life began.

For this I die! Five centuries ago,
Old stories say, I had escaped this woe;
I had been made a knight; rough minstrelsy
Had glorified my deed of enmity.
Strange justice in this death that I await
Because I live five hundred years too late!

Nay, more; perhaps I live an age too soon.
In later times men will not wait till noon
To teach the rising day the ways of peace.
They will begin at dawn. Nor will love cease
With those who merit loving. Men will shed
Dry tears for us, the brutal, beaten dead!

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART I—THE EARLY YEARS

BEFORE the birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, no direct heir had been born to a reigning British Sovereign for nearly eighty years. The Prince Regent, afterward George IV, was born in 1762, two years after his father's accession, and the death in childbirth of the Prince Regent's daughter, Princess Charlotte, when she was only twenty, was still vividly remembered.

Queen Victoria was now but little older than Princess Charlotte, and the birth of her first child was regarded with a certain anxiety by the nation. It might prove to be the only child, and in that event much would hang on the preservation of its life. Those members of the "Old Royal Family" who were next in succession were not popular, and the little Princess Royal may truly be described as having been the child of many prayers.

It was natural that Queen Victoria should have recourse to Prince Albert's confidential adviser, Baron Stockmar, the more so that he was a skilled physician. Stockmar therefore came to London early in November. Those were not the days of trained nurses, but rather of the types immortalised by Dickens, and it is interesting to find the shrewd old German, characteristically in advance of his time, urging the Prince to be most careful in the choice of a nurse, "for a man's education begins the first day of his life, and a lucky choice I regard as the greatest and finest gift we can bestow on the expected stranger."

Strangely enough, no biography has ever appeared and very little is known about the woman who, as the mother of Kaiser William II of Germany, one of the most remarkable and interesting men of to-day—the most remarkable, many would claim—possesses certainly some claim to distinction. The present Kaiser has always been called "much more the son of his mother than of his father." The BOOKMAN is fortunate in being able to offer to its readers the biography of the Empress Frederick—eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, a central figure at Berlin for fifty years, the enemy of Bismarck and the mother of the War Lord of Germany.

On November 13th the Court arrived at Buckingham Palace, where on the 21st the Princess was born. "For a moment only," the Queen says, "was the Prince disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son."

The character of the monarchy in England has changed so much, both absolutely and also relatively to the people, that it is difficult for us to realise the measure of prejudice and even contempt which still subsisted before Queen Victoria had had time to win the full confidence of her subjects. It is not therefore really surprising that the little Princess Royal should have been greeted on her first appearance with a shower of caricatures, some of them not remarkable for their refinement.

Still, a good deal of the rough humour lavished on the Princess was kindly in its intention, though sometimes there was a sting in the tail. For instance, Melbourne, the Prime Minister, was shown as nurse, proudly presenting the Princess Royal to John Bull: "I hope the caudle is to your liking, Mr. Bull. It must be quite a treat, for you have not had any for a long time." John Bull replies: "Well, to tell you the truth, Mother Melbourne, I think the caudle the best of it, for I had hoped for a boy."

Melbourne's fatherly devotion to the Queen was indeed a piece of luck for the caricaturists of the day. A cartoon entitled "Old Servants in New Characters" shows him dressed as a nurse with the infant Princess in his care; she is sit-

ting in a tiny carriage, with Lord John Russell as outrider.

It was arranged that the christening should take place in London on February 10th, the anniversary of the Queen's marriage, the infant receiving the names of Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise. Even the christening of the Princess Royal inspired a long satirical poem. One verse ran:

This is the Bishop, so bold and intrepid,
A-making the water so nice and so tepid,
To christen the Baby, who's stated, no doubt,
Her objection to taking it "cold without."

The sponsors were Prince Albert's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (represented in his absence by the Duke of Wellington), the King of the Belgians, the Queen Dowager (Adelaide), the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Sussex. Lord Melbourne remarked of the Princess to the Queen next day: "How she looked about her, quite conscious that the stir was all about herself! This is the time the character is formed!" The Prime Minister would have agreed with Stockmar's view that a man's education (and presumably also a woman's) begins with the first day of life.

Prince Albert sent a vivid account of the ceremony to the venerable Dowager Duchess of Gotha:

"The christening went off very well. Your little great-grandchild behaved with great propriety, and like a Christian. She was awake, but did not cry at all, and seemed to crow with immense satisfaction at the lights and brilliant uniforms, for she is very intelligent and observing. The ceremony took place at half-past six P.M., and after it there was a dinner, and then we had some instrumental music. The health of the little one was drunk with great enthusiasm. The little girl bears the Saxon Arms in the middle of the English, which looks very pretty."

The Princess Royal, like her brothers and sisters, led an ideal childhood. All through her later life she often referred to the unclouded happiness of these early

years, and it comes out equally clearly in the published correspondence of her sister, Princess Alice. In this matter both Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were in advance of their time, and the Prince, especially, perceived, what was not then at all generally believed, that children could be made happy without being spoiled.

Perhaps the most sensible decision of the parents was that the Royal children should come in contact as little as possible with the actual life of the Court. Not that the tone of the Court was bad; on the contrary, it was singularly high, but the Queen and Prince Albert knew the subtle danger of even innocent petting and flattery on young and impressionable minds.

So it was that the Royal children had very little to do with the Queen's ladies-in-waiting—indeed they were only seen by them for a few moments after dinner at dessert, or when driving out with their parents. The Queen and the Prince entrusted the care of their sons and daughters exclusively to persons who possessed their whole confidence, and with whom they could be in constant direct communication. Both were kept regularly informed of the minutest details of what was being done for their children, and as the princesses grew older they had an English, a French, and a German governess, who were, in their turn, responsible to a lady superintendent.

It has been the custom of late to speak as if the children of Queen Victoria had been over-educated and over-stimulated. This was at least partly true of their infancy, but if they had been really over-educated, they would not have turned out as well as they did later, nor would they have all delighted in looking back with fond reminiscence to their earliest years.

The Princess Royal was soon recognised by all those about her as intellectually the flower of the happy little flock. She was clever, self-willed, and high-spirited; learning everything that was put before her with marvellous intelli-

gence and rapidity. Her dearest friend and companion was her sister the sweet-natured, pensive Princess Alice, who was next in age, after the Prince of Wales, to herself. The two lived for some years a life which was exactly alike. They shared the same lessons, the same amusements, the same interests; both had a strong love of art and of drawing; both were, if anything, over-sensitively alive to the claims of duty and of patriotism.

Naturally the most detailed and accurate impression of the Princess Royal's childhood is to be derived from the correspondence of Sarah Lady Lyttelton, who was appointed Governess to the Royal children in April, 1842.

This lady, who was then approaching her fifty-fifth birthday, was the daughter of the second Earl Spencer, and sister of that Lord Althorp who was a member of Lord Grey's Reform Ministry, and who played a notable part in politics rather by his strength of character than by any commanding ability. Lady Sarah married the third Lord Lyttelton in 1813. It is interesting to recall that her son, afterward the fourth Lord Lyttelton, married Mrs. Gladstone's sister, Miss Glynne. Sarah Lady Lyttelton was widowed in 1837 after a singularly happy married life, and soon afterward Queen Victoria appointed her a lady-in-waiting.

When, some four years later, she was given the responsible post of Governess to the Royal children, she was already very well known to the Queen and the Prince Consort, as well as to their closest advisers. Lord Melbourne, for instance, heartily approved the appointment, declaring that no other person so well qualified could have been selected.

The picture of the Princess Royal which her guardian draws in these letters is one of an extraordinarily winning though precocious child, and if it seems to modern judgment that the precocity was rather too much stimulated, it must be remembered that we are back in the 'forties, when a scientific study of the psychology of infants was not dreamed of. Moreover, it is abundantly evident

that the little Princess had such a way with her, "so innocent arch, so cunning simple," that it must have required no ordinary resolution to avoid spoiling her, while even the most scientific modern expert would probably have found it very hard to draw the line between overstimulation and proper encouragement of her remarkable intelligence.

Lady Lyttelton had her first glimpse of the Princess Royal in July, 1841. She describes her as a fine, fat, firm, fair, Royal-looking baby, "too absurdly like the Queen." Her look was grave, calm, and penetrating, and she surveyed the whole company most composedly. She was shown at her carriage window to the populace; and Lady Lyttelton, noting the universal grin in all faces, declares that the baby will soon have seen every set of teeth in the kingdom!

Some months later she records that "the dear Babekin is really going to be quite beautiful. Such large, smiling, soft blue eyes, and quite a handsome nose, and the prettiest mouth." The child early acquired the appropriate pet name of "Pussy," while she herself, finding Lady Lyttelton's name too large a mouthful, simplified it to "Laddle."

It may be here recorded that an absurd rumour had been circulated that the Princess Royal had been born blind, and it was this and other foolish gossip which first induced the Queen, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, to issue an official Court Circular, which has been continued ever since.

The Queen had the baby constantly with her, and thought incessantly about her, with the result that the child was perhaps rather over-watched and over-doctored. She was fed on asses's milk, arrowroot and chicken broth, which were measured out so carefully that Lady Lyttelton fancied she left off hungry. Lady Lyttelton, indeed, had some experience of this dieting craze, for her brother, Lord Althorp, at one time, when he had a terror of getting fat, used to weigh out his own breakfast every morning, and when he had consumed the tiny allowance used to hasten out of the

room lest he should be led into temptation!

The little Princess was over-sensitive and affectionate, and rather irritable in temper, and with a prophetic eye Lady Lyttelton says that "it looks like a pretty mind, only very unfit for roughing it through a hard life, which hers may be."

After the birth of the Prince of Wales, Lady Lyttelton gives us a passing, but sufficiently terrible, glimpse of the anxieties which Royal parents must all suffer, more or less. She mentions that threatening letters aimed directly at the children were received, and though they were probably written by mad people, nevertheless no protection in the way of locks, guard-rooms, and intricate passages was omitted for the defence of the Royal nurseries; while the master key was never out of Prince Albert's own keeping.

The Princess Royal spent her second birthday at Walmer Castle, and she is described as being "most funny all day," joining in the cheers and asking to be lifted up to look at "the people," to whom she bowed very actively whether they could see her or not.

Perhaps one reason why she became, and remained, so fond of France was that from infancy she was placed in the charge of a French lady, Madame Charlier. She was very advanced through all her childhood, especially in music and painting, yet she remained quite natural and simple in all her ways.

She was only three years old when Prince Albert wrote to Stockmar: "The children in whose welfare you take so kindly an interest are making most favourable progress. The eldest, 'Pussy,' is now quite a little personage. She speaks English and French with great fluency and choice of phrase." But to her parents she generally talked German.

"Our *Pussette*," the Queen writes a few weeks afterward, "learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with 'Le tableau se déroule à mes pieds.' To show how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bonmot*. When she was riding on her

pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charlier, and said: 'Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!' Is not this extraordinary for a child of three years?"

It is evident that the oral teaching of languages had very sensibly preceded that of books, for when the Princess is four years and three months old we hear that she is getting on very well with her lessons, "but much is still to be done before she can read."

In spite of her accomplishments, she was a very natural human child, and could be naughty on occasion. Lady Lyttelton records about this time that the Princess, after an hour's naughtiness, said she wished to speak to her; but instead of the expected penitence, she delivered herself as follows: "I am very sorry, Laddle, but I mean to be just as naughty next time"—a threat which was followed by a long imprisonment.

Perhaps the Princess Royal's happiest days were spent at Osborne, where she began going at the age of five. There the Royal children had a cottage, built on the Swiss model, to themselves. It comprised a dining-room, a kitchen, a storeroom, and a museum; and in it the princesses were encouraged to learn how to do household work, and to direct the management of a small establishment. When in their Swiss cottage, each princess was allowed to choose her own occupation and to enjoy a certain liberty; their parents used to be invited there as guests at meals which the Princess Royal and Princess Alice had themselves prepared.

Years later, when they had both married, there were certain tunes which neither the Princess Royal nor Princess Alice could hear without tears rising to their eyes, so powerfully did the recollection of the happy birthdays and holidays they spent at Osborne remain with them. Not long before her death Princess Alice wrote to her mother: "What a joyous childhood we had, and how greatly it was enhanced by dear sweet Papa, and by all your kindness to us!"

Many happy days were also spent by

the Princesses at Balmoral. In the Highlands the restraints of Court life were entirely thrown off, and the Queen encouraged her daughters to come into close contact with the poorer classes of their neighbours, indeed everything in reason was done to arouse their sympathies for the needy and the suffering.

The Princess Royal showed even in her early childhood an astonishing power of vivid expression. For example, when she was about five and a half, she found mentioned in a history book the name of an ancient poet called Wace. Lady Lyttelton thereupon observed that she had never heard of that poet till then, but the Princess insisted: "Oh, yes, I dare-say you did, only you have forgotten it. *Réfléchissez!* Go back to your *youn-g-ness* and you will soon remember."

That the child had a natural and instinctive religious feeling is shown by another incident. She had narrowly escaped serious injury from treading on a large nail, and Lady Lyttelton explained to her that it had pleased God to save her from great pain. Instantly the child said: "Shall we kneel down?"

In October, 1847, the Princess Royal had an accident which might have been very serious.

The children were riding with their ponies when the Princess was quietly thrown after a few yards of cantering. She was not hurt, but the Prince of Wales's pony ran away with him. Fortunately he was strapped into the saddle, and, after one loud cry for help, he showed no signs of fear, but cleverly kept as tight hold of the reins as he could pull. The Princess Royal was not at all frightened herself until she saw her brother's danger, and then she screamed out: "Oh, can't they stop him? Dear Bertie!" and burst into tears. Fortunately all ended well, and the children went on riding as fearlessly as ever.

In October, 1848, the Royal children, crossing in the yacht *Fairy* from Osborne on their way to Windsor, witnessed a terrible accident—the sinking of a boatload of people in a sudden squall.

It made a deep impression on all the children, and the Princess Royal kept thinking of it all that night.

It is about this time that Lady Lyttelton observes: "The Princess Royal might pass, if not seen but only overheard, for a young lady of seventeen in whichever of her three languages she chose to entertain the company."

Nearly a year afterward, Lady Lyttelton notes that "dear Princess" had been now perfectly good ever since they came to Osborne, and she says that she continues to reflect and observe and reason like a very superior person, and is as affectionate as ever.

Again, in April, 1849, she notes every moment more and more "the blessed improvement of the Princess Royal." "She is becoming capable of self-control and principle and patience, and her wonderful powers of head and heart continue. She may turn out a most distinguished character." And a few months later she notes that "the Princess Royal is so enormously improved in manner, in temper, and conduct — altogether as really to give a bright promise of all good. Her talent and brilliancy have naturally lost no ground: she may turn out something remarkable." All the children showed real kindness to the poor, visiting them and beginning to understand what poverty is.

The Princess accompanied her parents and the Prince of Wales on a visit to Ireland in August, 1849, and afterward went to Cherbourg, that being her first visit to France. It was during that stay at Cherbourg that the curé of a neighbouring village gave the young English Princess a charming sketch done by one of his parishioners, a then unknown artist named Jean François Millet.

The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales made their first official appearance in London, on October 30, 1849, when they represented their mother, who was suffering from chicken-pox, at the opening of the new Coal Exchange. The scene has been often described, notably by Miss Alcott, the author of *Little Women*,

who was, however, naturally more interested in the Prince than in his sister.

Much to their delight, the children went down from Westminster to the City in the State barge rowed by twenty-six watermen, and all London turned out to greet them. They were very wisely not allowed to attend the big public luncheon, but were given their lunch in a private room. Lady Lyttelton mentions that the gentleman who made the arrangements was so overcome by his loyal feelings at the sight of the children that he melted into tears and had to retire!

In the summer before the Princess's tenth birthday, Lady Lyttelton records: "Princess Royal standing by me to-day, as I was trying a few chords on the pianoforte, was pleased and pensive like her old self. 'I like chords, one can read them. They make one sometimes gay, sometimes sad. It used to be too much for me to like formerly.'"

The year 1851 was memorable in the Princess Royal's life, for it was then that she first met her future husband.

It has been said that Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who was twenty at the time, became attracted to his future wife during this first visit of his to the English Court, when he accompanied his parents and his only sister to see the Great Exhibition. But that is surely absurd, for the Princess, charming and clever as she was, was then only a child.

Still, the English Court was probably never seen to greater advantage than during that year of miracles, and it is clear that the young Prussian Prince saw for the first time a Royal family leading a happy, natural life, full of affection and kindness. Queen Victoria's children were healthy, well-mannered, and devoted to their parents, and the leader and head of the little band was the Princess Royal, full of eager interest in everything she was allowed to see and know, blessed with high spirits and a keen sense of humour even then already well developed. She was adored by her father, and encouraged in every way to

"produce herself," to use an expressive French phrase.

Prince Frederick William could not but note the contrast between the young people whose friendship he was making at Windsor, and the shy, etiquette-ridden Royal children of the minor German Courts. Nor could he help contrasting this delightful domestic scene with what he knew at home. At Berlin he was in constant contact with a Royal family profoundly disunited and unhappy. Only three years before his first visit to England he had stood at the palace window and seen the first shot fired in the Revolution of 1848.

Although the Prince had a tenderly-loved sister, he had spent a lonely, austere youth, for his parents, though outwardly on good terms, were in no sense united as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were united—indeed, it was an open secret that the Prince of Prussia had only had one love in his life—Elise Radziwill.

Prince Frederick William's sister was only a very little older than the Princess Royal. The two princesses formed on this visit a friendship destined never to be broken, and henceforth the Royal children called the Prince and Princess of Prussia "Uncle Prussia" and "Aunt Prussia."

The Great Exhibition itself undoubtedly helped to strengthen Prince Frederick William's attraction to England. The palace of glass in Hyde Park absorbed the minds and thoughts of the whole Royal family, if only because all those who were old enough to understand anything of public affairs were aware that the success or failure of the enterprise would seriously affect the position of Prince Albert in England.

The feeling among the Royal family is shown by a passage in a letter of Queen Victoria to Lady Lyttelton. Writing on May 1st, the opening day of the Exhibition, Her Majesty said:

"The proudest and happiest day of—as you truly call it—my happy life. To see this great conception of my beloved husband's mind—to see this great

thought and work, crowned with triumphant success in spite of difficulties and opposition of every imaginable kind, and of every effort to which jealousy and calumny could resort to cause its failure, has been an immense happiness to us both."

Prince Frederick William, thoughtful beyond his years, and already under the spell of Prince Albert's kindly and affectionate interest, began to regard England as the model State, and took most significant pains to make himself better acquainted with her national life and polity. Even on this comparatively short visit he found time to make an excursion to the industrial North.

On his return to Bonn University his admiration for England by no means waned, and his English tutor, Mr. Perry, gives us an interesting glimpse of the thoroughness with which he set to work to increase his knowledge:

"At the request of the Prince, I visited him three times a week, and had the honour of superintending his studies in English history and literature, in both of which he took special interest. His love for England and his great veneration of the Queen were most remarkable, and our intercourse became very agreeable and confidential. He manifested the keenest interest for all that I was able to tell him of England's political and social life, and when our more serious studies were over, we amused ourselves by writing imaginary letters to Ministers and leading members of English society."

It was in truth with England that Prince Frederick William fell in love on this memorable visit, not with the little Princess Royal, though he was undoubtedly attracted, as all the people round her were, by her winning charm and quick intelligence.

The idea of a marriage between the two had, however, occurred to other people, as is shown by the fact that in the following year the Princess of Prussia desired to visit England with a view to suggesting it. But the Prince's uncle, King Frederick William IV, influenced

by his pro-Russian consort, did not look on the proposal with favour, and it remained in abeyance, partly on account of the Princess Royal's youth, partly owing to the outbreak of the Crimean War.

The Crimean War made an immense impression on the Princess Royal. For months the Queen, the Prince, and the elder Royal children thought and talked of nothing else. The children contributed drawings to be sold for the benefit of the war funds, and we know that the Princess's emotions were deeply stirred by the thought of the sufferings of the wounded and by the work of Florence Nightingale, which was followed with intense interest in the Royal circle. The Princess in fact was able at a most impressionable age to realise something of the horrors of war, and this was destined, as we shall see, to bear rich fruit.

The war also led directly to the Princess's first real sight of France. In August, 1855, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales accompanied their parents on a State visit to the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

Of this visit a story was told at the time which greatly delighted all the Royal families of the Continent. Much as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were respected for their solid virtues, their artistic taste in matters of dress was considered to be not always infallible. It was feared at the French Court that the Princess Royal would be dressed, not exactly unbecomingly, but in a style which would by no means harmonise with Parisian taste and Parisian surroundings. The question was how to beguile her parents into dressing the child in a suitable manner.

In this difficulty some one suggested a really brilliant stratagem. The height and other measurements of the Princess Royal were obtained, and a doll of exactly corresponding size was procured, provided with a large and exquisitely finished wardrobe, and despatched to Buckingham Palace as an Imperial gift to the Princess. The expected then happened. Queen Victoria transferred most of the doll's wardrobe to her daughter, with

the result that the Princess appeared at her best and every one was pleased.

The children stayed at the delightful country palace of Saint Cloud, whence they drove in every day to see the sights of Paris. They were not, of course, present at evening entertainments, but an exception was made on the occasion of the great ball held in the Galeries des Glaces at Versailles, when they supped with the Emperor and Empress. They both became sincerely attached to the Emperor, who was himself very fond of children. Indeed, his young guests enjoyed themselves so much that, according to an oft-quoted story, the Prince of Wales asked that his sister and himself might stay on after their parents had gone home, "for there are six more of us at home and they don't want *us!*"

As to their conduct, Prince Albert wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "I am bound to praise the children greatly. They behaved extremely well, and pleased everybody. The task was no easy one for them, but they discharged it without embarrassment and with natural simplicity."

This visit laid the foundation of that strong affection and admiration for France and the French which thenceforward characterised the Princess Royal. It was on this visit, too, that she conceived her enthusiastic adoration of the Empress Eugénie. Her character was now beginning to be formed, and it is the key to the tragedy of her life, for a cruel fate so ordered her future that, while she was made to pay the full penalty for her failings, her many lovable and generous qualities seemed often to find none but the most grudging recognition.

During the whole of her life, the Princess Royal had a peculiarity which only belongs to the generous-hearted and

impulsive. She was apt to be violently attracted, sometimes for very little reason, to those she met, and then she would be proportionately cast down if these new friends and acquaintances did not turn out on fuller knowledge all that she had expected them to be. Those who knew her well are agreed in saying that she was not a good judge of character. She was apt to see in human beings what she expected to see, not what was there. She not only liked some people at first sight, but she had an equally instinctive dislike of others, and this was an even greater misfortune, for sometimes the prejudices she thus formed were hard to eradicate. In this she was quite unlike Queen Victoria, who, having once formed a wrong impression, was capable of altering it entirely if she was given good reason to change her mind.

As she grew up to womanhood, the Princess Royal was very wisely allowed to make the acquaintance of some of the brilliant men and women of the day who were admitted to her parents' friendship. One of these was the second Lord Granville, the "Pussy" Granville who was afterwards Foreign Minister in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets, and we may conclude this chapter with a quotation which shows how he could count on the young Princess's appreciation of a funny story.

Lord Granville, who went to St. Petersburg as the head of the special British Mission at the coronation of the Tsar Alexander, wrote a long letter to Queen Victoria, in which he requested the Queen to convey his respectful remembrances to the Princess Royal; and he went on to advise the Princes, when residing abroad, not to engage a Russian maid: "Lady Wodehouse found hers eating the contents of a pot on her dressing-table, which happened to be castor-oil pomatum for the hair!"

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending November 5th:

1. Western Europe. Robinson and Beard.
2. Human Mechanism. Hough.
3. The Plays of Oscar Wilde.
4. Principles of Educational Practice. Klap-
per.
5. Cæsar and Cleopatra. Shaw.
6. The Promised Land. Antin.
7. Woman and Socialism. Bebel.

For the week ending November 12th:

1. Principles of Educational Practice. Klap-
per.
2. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
3. The South Pole. Amundsen.
4. Letters and Speeches. Gaynor.
5. Panama and the Canal. Hall.
6. The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck.
7. Henrik Ibsen. Rose.

For the week ending November 19th:

1. Crowds. Lee.
2. Foods and Their Adulteration. Wiley.
3. Play-making. Archer.
4. John Barleycorn. London.
5. University and Historical Addresses.
Bryce.
6. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
7. Woman's Share in Primitive Culture.
Mason.

For the week ending November 26th:

1. The Plays of August Strindberg.
2. Human Mechanism. Hough.
3. Chapters from Modern Psychology.
Angell.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Logic. Jevon.
6. Romance of the American Theatre.
Crawford.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Mac-
millan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine.
(Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Poison Belt. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.20.
4. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Ap-
pleton.) \$1.40.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson.
(Holt.) \$1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scrib-
ner.) \$1.35.
2. The Passionate Friends. Wells. (Harper.)
\$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine.
(Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson.
(Holt.) \$1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Lit-
tle, Brown.) \$1.40.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.)
\$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd,
Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Double-
day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography.
(Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd,
Mead.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.)
\$1.40.
3. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.)
\$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Mac-
millan.) \$1.50.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton.
(Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The House of Happiness. Boshier.
(Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse
and Hopkins.) \$1.25.
2. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Ap-
pleton.) \$3.50.

3. The Life of the Fly. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Punky Dunk Series. Herr and Beam. (Volland.) \$1.00.
2. Mother Goose. Cory. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. The House in Good Taste. De Wolfe. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. Through England with Tennyson. Huckel. (Crowell.) \$2.00.
4. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Strange Story Book. Lang. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.60.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. Norton and Howe. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
3. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) \$10.00.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. Mother West Wind Stories. Burgess. \$3.00.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
5. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Honourable Mr. Tawnish. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.50.
3. The Story of Harvard. Pier. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.
4. The Works of Francis Thompson. (3 vols.) (Scribner.) \$5.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
2. Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt. Hawkins. (Little, Brown.) \$1.20.
3. Kidnapped. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. On the Seaboard. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Minions of the Moon. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
4. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
2. Kidnapped. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) \$3.50.

3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. In Search of a Husband. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Merrilie Dawes. Spearman. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Poison Belt. Doyle. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. India. Loti. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
4. The Life of the Fly. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Book of Christmas Stories. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin. Schully. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Back-Country Folks. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Pub. Co.) \$1.00.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Theory of Social Evolution. Adams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Joe, the Book Farmer. Harris. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Story Garden. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. On the Plains with Custer. Sabin. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Income Tax Law Corporation Trust Co. (Speer.) 25 cents.
3. Personality. Jevons. (Putnam.) \$1.00.
4. Gentlemen Rovers. Powell. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Adventure of Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. The Adventure of Johnny Chuck. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.

3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Wondrous Wife. Marriott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.40.
2. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
2. Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Your Child To-day and To-morrow. Gruenberg. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Wallet of Time. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Wav Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Out of the Dark. Keller. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Unrest of Women. Martin. (Appleton.) \$1.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The House of Happiness. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Self-Measurement. Hyde. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

3. The Century of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The House of Happiness. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Southerner. Devon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote. Sams. (Neale.) \$1.35.
2. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Messmates. Stevens. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Children of the Wild. Roberts. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. O Pioneers! Cather. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
2. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Official Library. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. After All. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. Richard Furlong. Thurston. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.
2. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. America as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
3. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) \$3.50.
4. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Mary Frances Sewing Book. Fryer. (Winston.) \$1.50.
2. The Children's Book of Christmas Stories. Dickinson and Skinner. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Young Homesteaders. Lincoln. (Wilde.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Deering of Princeton. Griswold. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox, 1913. (Estes.) 90 cents.
2. Peter Pan, A B C. White. (Doran.) \$1.00.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. Norton and Hough. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Poems. (2 vols.) Noyes. (Stokes.) \$3.00.
4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
2. The Story of the Early Sea People. Dopp. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
3. Irish Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Egotistical I. Tompkins. (Dutton.) \$1.00.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The Plays of Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. Mothering on Perilous. Furman. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Boys and Girls. Foley. (Dutton.) \$1.35.
4. Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. T Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Critic in the Occident. Fitch. (Elder.) \$2.00.
2. The Fall of Ug. Steele. (Howell.) \$1.00.
3. San Francisco One Hundred Years Ago. Garnett. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
4. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
3. A Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) \$1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Fires and Fire-Fighters. Kenlon. (Doran.) \$2.50.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Apache Gold. Altsheeler. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. The Texan Triumph. Altsheeler. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Wonderful Escapes by Americans. Booth. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.

6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Romantic America. Schauffler. (Century Co.) \$5.00.
4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. This Year's Book for Boys. Strang. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Briggs.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Mussion.) \$1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
5. Hagar. Johnston. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. New England and New France. Douglas. (Briggs.) \$3.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (McClelland and Goodchild.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Briggs.) \$2.50.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Desired Woman. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Bros.) \$3.00 and \$6.00 per set.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. In Search of a Husband. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt and Peck.) 50 cents.
3. Auction High Lights. Irwin. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
2. The Young Sharp Shooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
2. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
2. Old Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

POINTS

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50..... 256
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40..... 235
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 169
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35..... 140
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35..... 81
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35..... 80

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE Authors League of America has in preparation an edition de luxe of certain celebrated short stories by members of the League. The edition of this book will probably be limited to three hundred copies, to be sold at twenty-five dollars a copy, the net profits from the venture to be made the basis of a fund for the furtherance of the ideas for which the League stands.* The plans for the volume at the present writing call for a selection of from twelve to fifteen stories. Then there will be autographed portraits of the authors of the stories and considerable original matter in the form of introductions in which the writers will tell of the inception of these tales, of the pleasures and trials of writing them, and of such adventures as they experienced after they had been written. Alphonse Daudet did much the same thing elaborately and wonderfully well in his "History of My Books," in which he told the stories of his experiences in the writing of *Tartarin of Tarascon*, *Little What's His Name*, *Letters from My Mill*, *Kings in Exile*, *Numa Roumestan*, *Fromont and Risler* and *Jack*.

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The Authors League of America has a distinguished and promising precedent for its venture in the *Liber Scriptorum*

*Any one wishing to know of these ideas can address the Secretary of the Authors League, 30 Broad Street, New York City.

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 6

that was issued in 1893 by the Authors Club of New York. Almost two years earlier Mr. Rossiter Johnson had laid before the Council of the Authors Club the project of the *Liber Scriptorum*, to be made up of contributions from each member of the Club and signed by them in each copy; the edition to be limited to two hundred and fifty-one copies and sold at a subscription price of one hundred dollars. The object was, primarily, to form the nucleus of a building fund. The plan was adopted, and Rossiter Johnson, John D. Champlin, and George Cary Eggleston were appointed to be the editors of the publication. The profits of the *Liber Scriptorum* amounted to over ten thousand five hundred dollars, which provided for the furnishing of the Authors Club's rooms, the foundation of a library, and left a balance of five thousand dollars, that was invested in bonds and held as a nucleus of a building fund.

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While there are a number of conspicuous absentees, the membership list of the Authors League of America may be said to contain fully seventy-five per cent. of the best writing talent in the United States. In view of that the problem of making up the book in preparation is one entirely of selection and not of finding material. As a balm for wounded susceptibilities, the announcement has been made that this first volume will eventually be followed by others, in

which will appear the stories of writers who are being neglected in the initial venture. At the risk of darkening glances and unkind thoughts we are going to say a few words on the subject of the most conspicuous short stories by members of the League that have appeared in recent years. By conspicuous we do not necessarily mean best, and it is obvious that many a writer of high talent will have to be overlooked simply because he or she has never been associated with one particular tale that stood out prominently above all the rest. To illustrate by a reference to the past—for the past cannot possibly hurt any one's feelings. Suppose Mr. Thackeray were alive to-day and a member of the League. He would concededly be the master of them all, yet it would be exceedingly difficult to give him representation in making up the list. Whereas on the other hand it would be impossible to ignore Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" despite the fact that, artistically, it is one of the most over-estimated and drearily written of all famous short tales.

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In going over in alphabetical order the membership list of the Authors League of America, the first name that attracts attention is that of Mr. George Ade. As representing Mr. Ade, we should select not one of the "Fables in Slang," but one of the best of his "Doc Horn" stories. The name of Gertrude Atherton presents a problem. Mrs. Atherton could not very well be overlooked, yet just what short story should be the one selected? Most readers of Josephine Daskam Bacon would, we think, hit upon "Ardelia in Arcady" as the logical choice in that case. Rex Beach presents approximately the same problem as does Mrs. Atherton, while on the other hand one has only to mention the name of Ellis Parker Butler to hear an imaginary chorus of "Pigs Is Pigs." A name or two farther on is that of Mr. Walter Camp, but Mr. Camp's only conspicuous contributions to fiction have been his selections of "All America"

football teams. Which, though true, is flippant and entirely beside the subject. Coming to Robert W. Chambers, we can offer a real opinion. Though it was written many years ago, Mr. Chambers's "The King in Yellow" remains one of the most gruesome, entrancing, and haunting of modern short tales, and in whatever new form it may appear we wish it more and more readers. To the name of the League's President, Winston Churchill, there is just one answer. It is "Mr. Keegan's Elopement." James B. Connolly should be considered for representation, and so should Mary Stewart Cutting, and Maria Thompson Daviess. We are sorry that after Miss Daviess's name that of Richard Harding Davis does not appear, for somehow, we feel that any list of the American short stories of the past twenty years that does not contain "The Exiles," "The Other Woman," "The Bar Sinister" or "Gallegher" is more or less incomplete.

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There is a Deland in the membership list, but it is not Margaret Deland. So mentioning casually Harris Dickson, Thomas Dixon and Edna Ferber, we come to a consideration of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Here again is a case of unanimity for representation and division for selection. As we have to cast some sort of a ballot we write on it "An Humble Romance" and drop it into the box. Hamlin Garland should not be overlooked and certainly Ellen Glasgow belongs, though we should have difficulty in saying in just what form. Still in the G's is the name of Robert Grant. Mr. Grant is an industrious and competent literary workman, but if he has written any short story that can really be called conspicuous we confess that we have forgotten it. While not fiction, "The City That Was," that vivid description of old San Francisco before the earthquake came, unquestionably entitles Will Irwin to consideration, while no one who has read "The Future President" will be likely to question Mr. Owen Johnson's right to figure in the first book of the venture. Basil King

should be considered, so should Joseph C. Lincoln, and Jack London, of course, from many different angles. If we are willing to consider "The Call of the Wild" a short story, the problem of Mr. London ceases to be a problem. Harold MacGrath must not be entirely overlooked, and when we come to George Barr McCutcheon, it is the simplest matter in the world simply because "The Day of the Dog" is so far and away the best bit of writing that Mr. McCutcheon has ever done. Cleveland Moffett once wrote a short story entitled "The Mysterious Card," which became so conspicuous that popular clamour forced him to write a sequel. "The Mysterious Card" was a very good story, but of the sequel the less said the better.

• • •

The name of Meredith Nicholson inevitably catches the eye, but again is the problem of finding the one individual short story. When we come to Alice Hegan Rice it is the matter of Jack London over again. Are we to consider "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" short stories? Kate Douglas Riggs is a problem. In her case it is not a question of finding one dominant short story, but in trying to decide between a number of them. With brief mentions of Mary Roberts Rinehart; Morgan Robertson and Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the League, we pass on to the S's and, among the Smiths, look in vain for that of the creator of our old friend, Colonel Carter of Cartersville. A little farther down the column appear Burton E. Stevenson, Julian Street and Ruth McEnery Stuart. Julian Street supplied just the individual kind of story wanted in "The Need of Change." Many discriminating readers will tell you how infinitely better the late George du Maurier's little read *Peter Ibbetson* was than his widely exploited *Trilby*. But the preference is not entirely due to discrimination. Had it been *Peter Ibbetson* that had won all the glory these same readers would very likely have been extolling *Trilby* to the comparative disparagement of the earlier

book. Much the same thing is going on with Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Cherry," many persons professing to find in the comparatively neglected tale of colonial New Jersey an atmosphere far surpassing that of the more opulent romance of Bath. In our opinion it would not greatly matter which one of the two was selected. But a volume of this kind that contained neither of them would be quite inconceivable. If for no other reason Rowland Thomas's "Fagin" should be considered because it was a prize story that really deserved the prize it won. The name of Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy next attracts attention. It attracts more attention when we are confronted with the astonishing information that she is the author of *The Valiants of Virginia*. Then follow the names of Louis Joseph Vance, Jean Webster, Carolyn Wells and Jesse Lynch Williams. In the case of Mr. Williams there could be no hesitation. "The Stolen Story" has been one of the conspicuous short stories of the last twenty years, and that settles the matter. Personally, however, we consider "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain and The Great Secretary of State Interview" quite as ingenious as "The Stolen Story." Concluding, we call attention to the fact that the list of the League membership contains also the names of Harry Leon Wilson, Eugene Wood and Brand Whitlock.

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We have suggested that Will Irwin, despite the fact that he has written considerable fiction, should be considered as the author of the descriptive sketch "The City That Was." Which is a way of expressing our opinion that in selecting the material for the book like that that is being planned it is advisable to make use of considerable latitude and on occasion to go outside of fiction. For example, we should like to see the book include one of the early Dooley sketches of Finley Peter Dunne, preferably that one in which Mr. Dooley gave his opinions about the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. What Dooley liked about Kipling.

ling, it will be remembered, was that in his verse one could follow the really important news of the day, the pennant chances of the Chicago Cubs, and how Fitzsimmons was training for the fight. According to Dooley, if some one was unfortunate enough to tumble through a man-hole in the Archey Road there was Rudyard on the spot with his ready pen.

'Tis written of Cadi Cashum
In the Book of the Great Gazelle
That a manhole cover in anger
Is ten degrees worse than hell.

Which is nearly Kipling, though allusion to it seems to be carrying us a little away from the subject under discussion.

• • •

It has been said that a feature of this projected book of the Authors League of America is a certain amount of new material in which the writers of the tales selected will tell the story of the inception, writing and adventures of these tales and shall talk of three or four of them now, and more in a later issue. We are at liberty to outline in *THE BOOKMAN* some of these introductions. We take it for granted that our readers are familiar with the plots of most of the selected tales, and are beginning, haphazard, with George Barr McCutcheon's story of the writing of "The Day of the Dog." That little book all came out of a dream. All his life Mr. McCutcheon has been dreaming plots and situations. Most of these dreams are forgotten. Some of them are jotted down in a waking moment or remembered in the morning. Usually these so preserved are found, in the bright light of day, too grotesque for any purpose; the idea that at the moment seemed one of the great new ideas of the world is nothing more than a tangle of gorgeous absurdities. But there are exceptions. For example, there were four or five episodes in Mr. McCutcheon's *The Rose in the Ring*, which grew out of the author's dreams. Mr. McCutcheon thinks that it was perhaps because he was going back so far, reliving in memory those boyhood days when the circus was a source of

never-ending wonder and delight. It was much the same with "The Day of the Dog." In the dream he saw it all from the beginning of the tale to that critical moment when the hero, Crosby, and the heroine, Mrs. Delancy, were perched up aloft just out of reach of the leaps of the enraged bull dog. The situation was apparently hopeless, no possible relief was in sight, and then the author woke up. The next morning he told the story at the breakfast table to his brother John. "Write that story," was the advice of the historian of "Bird Centre."

• • •

So George McCutcheon wrote "The Day of the Dog," leaving hero and heroine just where he had parted from them in the dream, and sent the tale to *McClure's Magazine*. Soon came a letter from Mr. McClure. He liked the story, would publish it, but was there not some possible solution? If it were printed in that first form he feared that the author would be accused of trying to do another "The Lady or the Tiger," and that curious readers would rise and curse story, author and magazine. For the time that seemed to settle the matter, for there was no apparent loophole. Of course, a casual passerby could have been dragged in to shoot the bull dog, but that would have been too obvious, too puerile. The story was almost put aside and completely forgotten when some memory, long dormant, flashed out the words "*When a bull dog once takes hold he never lets go.*" The solution was found. All that Crosby had to do was to sacrifice his waistcoat, lower it to the jaws of the watching dog, and swing the dog into a box stall, there to be kicked to death by a frightened stallion. Incidentally, by leaving the hero's pocket book in the waistcoat there was added automatically an embarrassed condition which provided any number of complications in the carrying on of the narrative.

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"The Day of the Dog" began in a dream. "Cherry" grew out of a "Que-

ries and Answers" department. According to Mr. Tarkington, many years ago, in a periodical of vast circulation, there was a letter department devoted to matters of amatory etiquette. Everybody read the letters and the editor's replies; and both were consolatory to people in affliction, to which order Mr. Tarkington then belonged, through an inability—protracted for several years—to interest editors or their readers, even sufficiently to get them to tell him what was the matter with him. One of the letters published in the periodical of vast circulations gave him the foundation on which to construct another fantastical little edifice for rejection. His recollection of that letter gives it about as follows:

DEAR R—— A——:—

I am a young man of good habits, diligent and studious, and a member of the Y. M. C. A. My evenings are employed in the perusal of standard works recommended for their moral tone, though sometimes I call upon a young lady. Now, can you tell me why it is that young ladies seem to prefer the flippant conversation of idle and probably dissipated nobodies, who have nothing to recommend them and talk mere froth and slang, to sober and serious topics discussed by a thinking young man of good habits? What is the matter with the girls of this era? Can nothing be done to turn their minds the right way?

Respectfully,

• • •

The date was June; and that gave a perfect picture of the return of a jovial undergraduate for vacation, and the relief of the beleaguered "young lady." The previous siege was clear, for never did correspondent more naively sketch a truly horrible portrait of himself and the manner of his devotion. At that time, what people called "the historical novel" was incredibly prevalent. It was mechanically imitative of an old model: journeys, fights,—two up and two down—beautiful heroine, often in "boy's clothes"; entertainment for the "tired

business man." It was written in the first person, with modesty of the "so-my-lord-was-pleased-to-say" kind. By the time you finished the book the hero had repeated to you in this affectation a series of magnificent tributes to his own beauty, dignity, strength, agility, modesty, "swordsmanship" and wit—the testimonial to the last appearing peculiarly undeserved. And if you assumed, for your amusement, that the story was actual autobiography, the hero at once emerged either as a blatant liar or as an hallucinated, credulous ass of whom people had been making game—Sancho Panza in the hands of The Duchess. So, in preparing a new manuscript for rejection, Mr. Tarkington played that his prig of the letter was such an ass, writing a book altogether unlike he believed himself to be writing—and the burletta of "Cherry" came into existence, though not then in print, because it got the expected rejection, and for a couple of years, the author is not yet sure whether deservedly or not, remained in a quiet, dusty place.

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Then there was Mr. Owen Johnson's story "The Future President." That tale was written in disbelief and trepidation. As a boy in Lawrenceville, Mr. Johnson had published in the school paper some eight or ten stories of school life, one or two of which, despite their naturally juvenile standpoint, had attracted some attention. It was almost ten years later before the author allowed himself to be persuaded that there could be a possible field in the reminiscent depiction of the curious psychology of the schoolboy. Curiously enough, of all the themes he had used at school, he found only one story which could be recast, and that one turned out the least interesting of them all in the end. "The Future President" and "The Great Pancake Record" were the first stories of the new series. Mr. Johnson's first editors must have been as much in doubt as he was himself, for of the four that he submitted three were returned, among them "The Future President,"—a re-

sult that was far from encouraging. Although "The Great Pancake Record," "The Humming Bird," and "The Great Big Man" were probably more popularly received, "The Future President" has always been peculiarly its author's favourite. It is perhaps the only story he has yet written where he has consciously drawn upon himself. Many a time, when the June sun came invitingly through open windows did he forget the droning sounds of Latin declensions and go the dreamy ways of Snorky Green. And how many times when poignantly enthralled by heroic dramas of the imaginative world has he been rudely recalled to the Gerund and Gerundive by the insulting accusation of the old Roman: "Dreaming of eclairs and jiggers—O Johnson?"

...

As a companion volume to the book issued a year ago, Mr. A. St. John Adcock now brings out *The Trail of Gissing* *The Book Lovers' London*, which, like *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London*, is exceedingly well illustrated in black-and-



THE SPANIARDS, HAMPSTEAD. FREQUENTED BY MRS. BARDELL OF "PICKWICK PAPERS" AND HER FRIENDS



STEPNEY GREEN. BESANT'S "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN"

white by the author's brother, Frederick Adcock. The new book has a novelty in that while it follows to a certain extent the old beaten path of the Pickwicks, the Pecksniffs, and the Pendenises, it veers off occasionally to the trail of other men and women. Characters from the pages of Besant and Buchanan, Collins and Disraeli, and above all, George Gissing. Gissing's London is a London which does not come under the observation of the casual American visitor. His imaginary characters peopled gaunt and gloomy Workmen's Dwellings, eyesores of modern London, or tumbled down houses in the remote districts, such as the one in Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth, where Thyrza and Lydia (*Thyrza*) lived in a top front room. Mr. Adcock records: "Nancy Lord, of Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee* lived in Grove Lane, Camberwell, and from Camberwell Green Nancy and her brother, Miss Morgan and Samuel Barnby took a Westminster train on their way to Charing Cross to see the illuminations in the London streets on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee."

Beyond Camberwell lies Brixton, and west of it is Kennington. Osmond Waymark, in Gissing's *The Unclassed*, was teacher in a school at Brixton, and had lodgings in Walcot Square, Kennington; and Kennington—Kennington Road, particularly—and Battersea Park, which is still farther west, supplied the background for many of Gissing's scenes in *The Unclassed*, *The Town Traveller*, *Thyrza*, and the story of "Our Mr. Jupp" in *Human Odds and Ends*.

...

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of London, the publishers of the works of Charles Dickens in his lifetime, have brought out *First Editions of the Writings of Charles Dickens and Their Value*, with bibliography by John C. Eckel. Mr. Eckel, by the way, is an American. In the preparation of the work he has had the assistance of the great Dickens scholars, he has given prices freely from English and American sales and has made a



THE HOME OF LUKE ACKROYD. GISSING'S "THYRZA"



HIGH STREET, LAMBETH. GISSING'S "THYRZA"

number of discoveries, including the real first issue of "The Battle of Life." Of this only three copies are known at the present time. Of the first number of *Edwin Drood* fifty thousand copies were sold, "a good approach to his earliest triumphs." Forty-eight thousand copies were sold of the first number of *Nicholas Nickleby*, which was issued in April, 1838; thirty thousand copies were sold of the first number of *Bleak House*. The sale of *David Copperfield* was at first only twenty-five thousand copies, and Mr. Eckel says that the meagreness of the profits brought before the author the necessity of a periodical, and this subsequently formulated itself into his well-known *Household Words*.

...

In the Chronicle of the December number we recorded that at the *Punch* dinner of November Lady Ritchie spoke of being troubled by a coolness of attitude on the part of one of Dickens's children and said: "Let fathers treat each other like hell, but why should their children quarrel?" That incident nat-

urally comes to mind as we take up Lady Ritchie's recently published *From the Porch*, and turn to the chapter "Charles Dickens as I Remember Him." "It is curious to remember," records Lady Ritchie, "considering how rarely we met and what a long way off we lived from one another, the important part the Dickens household seemed to play in our early life. The little girls were just about our own ages: K. E. and my sister were the same age; Mary Dickens, whom my father also liked to play with, paired off with me. The Dickens books were no less a part of our home than our father's own books. Mr. Pickwick, Little Nell, Nicholas Nickleby and the glorious company to which they all belonged lived with us no less than did Becky and Dobbin and Major Pendenis and the beloved inhabitants of Fair-oaks."

• • •

The first occasion of Anne Thackeray meeting Mr. Dickens was at the house of Charles Leslie, a painter for whom her father had a great sympathy and affection, and of whom there is a charming *Life* by Tom Taylor. On December 31, 1841, Leslie wrote to Washing-



WALNUT TREE WALK, LAMBETH. GISSING'S
"THYRZA"



CLERKENWELL CLOSE. GISSING'S "THE NETHER
WORLD"

ton Irving in America: "Mr. Dickens tells me you urged him to become acquainted with me, for which I now send you, by him, my thanks and every good wish of this wishing season." And it was accordingly at the Leslies' home, some ten years later, that Anne Thackeray and her sister first realised Mr. Dickens himself, though only as a sort of brilliance in the room, mysteriously dominant and formless. "I remember," records Lady Ritchie, "how everybody lighted up when he entered." Then there was the year when Thackeray was in America and his children were living with their grandparents in Paris on one side of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, while the Dickens party was across the road in a little, low, old house with many windows looking out upon the flowing thoroughfare. Lady Ritchie remembers that Dickens was a great man in France in those days and took a boyish delight in the recognition accorded him. If he went into a shop to buy anything, and gave his card the result usually was: "Ah, c'est l'écrivain célèbre:



S. WEIR MITCHELL. FEBRUARY 15, 1829-JANUARY 5, 1914



LADY RITCHIE AT THE PORCH

Monsieur porte un nom très distingué: je suis honoré de voir M. Dickén; je lis un des livres de Monsieur tous les jours."

• • •

Again Lady Ritchie remembers Mr. Dickens, one day long after those early times, when they were all in London again, and K. E. was dangerously ill of fever in an old house in Sloane Street. Thackeray's daughters went there to ask for news of her. It was an old house, panelled, and with a big well staircase, on the landing of which they met Mr. Dickens coming away from the sick room. He was standing by a window, and he stopped the girls as they were going up. K. E. said since that in those

miserable days his very coming seemed to bring healing and peace to her as she lay, and to quiet the raging fever. He knew how critical it was, but he spoke quietly and with good courage—that curious life-giving power of his struck Anne Thackeray then no less than ever before. "When she is better," he said, "we must carry her off to her old home in the country to recover." And then he asked Thackeray's daughters with great kindness to come and stay with them at Gad's Hill, where he was living at the time.

• • •

Then there is the chapter "A Discourse on Modern Sibyls," in which



MR. AND MRS. E. TEMPLE THURSTON AT "GELLIBRANDS," THEIR ENGLISH HOME

Lady Ritchie rambles pleasantly among the women novelists that have meant the most to her. Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant were her torch bearers in youth as afterward. The Brontës were magicians, flashing romance into the little Kensington Street in which the Thackerays dwelt. Then followed George Eliot. When Anne Thackeray first made the acquaintance of these women through their books she was about twelve years old and forbidden by her governess to read novels. An exception was made in the case of Miss Yonge. A few years later Miss Braddon came to weave the spells which Thackeray and Dickens both so warmly praised. Thackeray liked *Lady Audley's Secret*; while Dickens's preference was *The Doctor's Wife*. All this was about 1850. Many other Sibyls were yet to be, but in those early days they did not concern Anne Thackeray. Rhoda Broughton was in her school room, Emily Lawless was in her nursery, Mrs. Humphry Ward in her cradle. Mary Cholmondeley and Margaret Woods were not even born.

Lady Ritchie records that once she had a talk with George Eliot. "It was in winter time with the snow lying on the ground. She sat by the fire in a beautiful black satin gown, with a green-shaded lamp on the table beside her, where I saw German books lying and pamphlets and ivory paper-cutters. She was very quiet and noble, with two steady little eyes and a sweet voice. As I looked I felt her to be a friend, not exactly a personal friend but a good and benevolent impulse. I remember she said 'it was better in life to build one's cottage in a valley so as to face the worst and not to fall away; and the worst,' she continued, 'was this very often, that people were living with a hidden power of work and of help in them which they could not apply, which they scarcely estimated. We ought to respect our influence,' she said. 'We know by our own experience how very much others affect our lives, and we must remember that we in turn must have the same effect upon others.'"

George Borrow's peculiar attitude of hostility toward the English writing men of his time is illustrated by that resolute Borrowian, Clement K. Shorter, in *George Borrow and His Circle*, which is coming early this month from the press of the Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston. Throughout his life Borrow's position toward his contemporaries in literature was ever contemptuous. He wrote of "the contemptible trade of author," counting it less creditable than that of a jockey. In a chapter of *The Romany Rye* he introduced a character who used Wordsworth's poetry as a soporific. He makes no mention of Carlyle or Ruskin or Matthew Arnold, and they in their turn, it may be added, make no mention of him or of his works. Browning and Tennyson were alike unrevealed to him. To Thackeray he administered the snub direct. "Have you read my Snob Papers in *Punch*?" Thackeray was indiscreet enough to ask. "In *Punch*?" Borrow replied. "It is a periodical I never look at." He was quite as brusque on other occasions. Miss



W. B. MAXWELL

Agnes Strickland asked him if she might send him her *Queens of England*. "For God's sake don't, Madam; I should not know where to put them or what to do with them." Then there is the story of the woman who, desirous of pleasing him, said, "Oh, Mr. Borrow, I have read your books with so much pleasure!" On which he exclaimed, "Pray, what books do you mean, Madam? Do you mean my account books?"

• • •

It is not necessary to harp back to Thackeray's liking for *Lady Audley's Secret* and Dickens's preference for *The Doctor's Wife* to recall the name of "Miss M. E. Braddon." A son of hers is rather conspicuously before the public just now in the person of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, whose latest novel, *The Devil's Garden*, has been rather seriously considered by English critics. In a recent article Mr. Maxwell is quoted as saying that he took to authorship after failing in all "serious" purpose in life. As a boy he had dreams of art and studied for some years in a London art school; then the country attracted him and he went in for fox hunting and other outdoor amusements. He rounded off his apprenticeship with foreign travel; and all the time while seemingly doing nothing in particular but living a life of ease and pleasure, he was imbibing impressions, collecting data, colour, romance—in a word, finishing his literary education in the university of the world. Like Arnold Bennett and many other contemporary English writing men, Mr. Maxwell began his literary career as a disciple of Guy de Maupassant.

• • •

The Russian censor has now turned the shadow of his disapproval on an American book. The book of German poems written by the late Udo Brachvogel, and published only recently, some months after the author's death, by Lemcke and Buechner, has been forbidden in Russia.

Censored

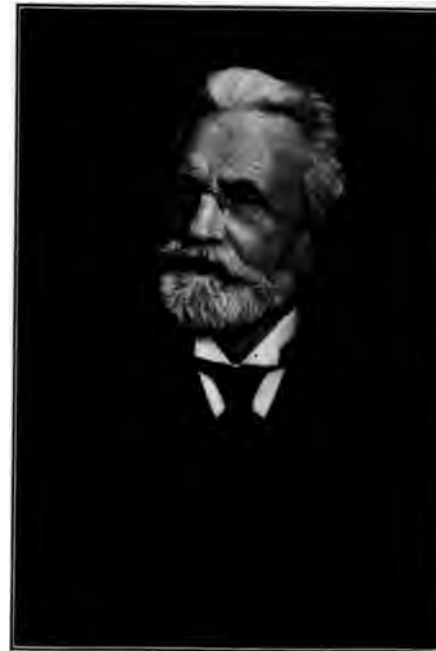
Two short poems entitled "Mukden" and "Moscow" are the reason. Although he wrote in his native tongue all his life, Mr. Brachvogel had made the United States his home for more than forty years. Never losing the spirit of sentiment in allegiance to his native land, he was proud to be an American citizen and was earnest in the endeavour to promote mutual understanding between Germany and America. Mr. Brachvogel was one of the foremost German journalists in this country. Besides his correspondence with many papers of importance on the other side of the ocean, he was connected, during his life in the States, with the *New York Staats-Zeitung*, the *New Yorker Journal*, was owner and editor-in-chief of the *Belletrische Journal*, published for many years in New York, and was also, for several years, one of the editors of the *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis. During the years of his activity on that paper, Carl Schurz was the editor-in-chief; and Joseph Pulitzer, later owner of the *New York World*, was a reporter on the staff. Mr. Brachvogel's life in the Middle West was bound up with much of the best development of that part of our country.

• • •

In *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven*, a little volume of poems, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay pays a tribute to the memory of O. Henry. In a poem entitled "The Knight in Disguise" Lindsay speaks of O. Henry as a reincarnation of Sir Philip Sidney—

And be it said, mid these his pranks so odd
 With something nigh to chivalry he trod
 And off the drear and riven would defend
 The little shopgirls' knight unto the end.
 Yea he had passed, ere we could understand
 The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand.
 Yea ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn
 With valiant cut, and thrust, and he was gone.

Almost a year ago, announcement was made by the Reilly and Britton Company, of Chicago, of a novel competition for a prize of ten thousand dollars. This prize recently was awarded, by a committee of judges comprising Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Mr. S. S. McClure and Mr. G. N. Madison, to Miss Leona Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey, for her manuscript, *Diane of the Green Van*. The contestants numbered about five hundred. The offer brought three thousand nine hundred and five inquiries for particulars. Of these, two thousand six hundred and twenty-nine were from women and one thousand two hundred and seventy-six from men. Although more than twice as many women as men made enquiries, about an equal number of manuscripts were actually submitted by men and by women. By far the greatest number of enquiries came from the State of New York—followed, in the order named, by enquiries from Illi-



UDO BRACHVOGEL

nois, California and Indiana. Singularly enough, from all New England—once rated the literary centre of the country—there were only a few over two hundred letters, while from New York City alone there were four hundred and eighty-two.

• • •

Although Miss Dalrymple is only twenty-eight years of age, she has been writing for a long time. The first money she earned in this way was a prize



CLARE HOWARD, WHOSE "ENGLISH TRAVELLERS OF THE RENAISSANCE" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

of five dollars from a high school magazine while she was a freshman; but this was only for an imaginary characterisation of Dickens's Scrooge. Her first real novel was a pirate story, produced at the age of eleven. It never was put into print, and to her regret she has lost it. Then, again, she won a prize offered by a newspaper; a number of plays of hers have been published; various magazines

have used her short stories, and three books by her have appeared. So she is by no means a novice, but, as she says, the results of her hard work are just beginning to show. Besides *Diane of the Green Van*, which will be brought out in the spring, Miss Dalrymple entered in the contest *A Peck o' Maut*, which was ranked high by the judges and which will later be published under the usual royalty arrangement.

• • •

The almost simultaneous appearance of the new complete edition of the works of Rudyard Kipling, Kipling and the first complete edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley Riley has brought to light the most interesting information that Kipling and Riley have for years enjoyed an acquaintance that has been the incentive to poems dedicated by each to the other. In 1890, Mr. George C. Hitt, then editor of *The Indianapolis Journal*, visited Mr. Kipling in England, and carried with him as a gift from Mr. Riley a copy of the latter's well-known collection of poems called *Rhymes of Childhood*. As an acknowledgment of the token from the Hoosier poet, Mr. Kipling sent Mr. Riley a poem dedicated to him, which is published for the first time in the *Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. The poem follows:

TO J. W. R.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
'Tis easy to guess the rest,—
Because in the hearts of the children
There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes
Of good or evil hap,
Once they were kings together
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know the secret—
Yellow and black and white—
When they meet as kings together
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with—
Grubby and grimed and unshod—
Very happy together,
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And you cannot see my face.

And that is well—for crying
Should neither be written nor seen,
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
I know you will know what I mean.
Nov. 20, '90. RUDYARD KIPLING.

• • •

The student and admirer of Riley, upon reading these affectionate lines will at once recognise the similarity they bear to the melody of Riley in his famous poem "Longfellow's Love for the Children." In that poem, Mr. Riley strove to reflect the true Longfellow melody, and so Mr. Kipling has adopted the metre of the most famous of all Riley's poems of tribute, in writing his dedicatory verses to the Hoosier poet. In response to Mr. Kipling's tribute, Mr. Riley composed his poem, "To Rudyard Kipling," while on a lecture tour in Colorado. The poem was written February 16, 1891, and is printed for the first time in the complete works of Riley. It follows:

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

To do some worthy deed of charity
In secret and then have it found out by
Sheer accident, held gentle Eli—
That—that was the best thing beneath the
sky:
Confirmed in part, yet somewhat differing—
(Grant that his gracious wraith will pardon me
If impious!)—I think a better thing
Is: being found out when one strives to be.

So, Poet and Romancer—old as young,
And wise as artless—masterful as mild,—
If there be sweet in any song I've sung,
'Twas savoured for thy palate, O my
child!
For thee the lisping of the children all—
For thee the youthful voices of old years—
For thee all chords untamed or musical—
For thee the laughter, and for thee the
tears.

And thus, borne to me o'er the seas between
Thy land and mine, thy song of certain
wing



MISS LEONA DALRYMPLE. THE WINNER OF THE
TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE CONTEST WITH
"DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"

Circles above me in the "pure serene"
Of our high heaven's vast o'er-welcom-
ing;
While, packeted with joy and thankfulness,
And fair hopes many as the stars that
shine,
And bearing all love's loyal messages,
Mine own goes homing back to thee and
thine.

The light that failed

Chapter II.

How goods were bought cheap and sold dear and why people
by Mr. Barrow

I have a thousand men, said she
To wait upon my will
And throw mine upon the Tyne
And mine upon the Tidd
And what care I for your men, said she
Or throw from Tyne to Tidd
Sith you must go with me, she said
To wait upon my will.
So Maggie and the Tidd

Next morning Torpenhow found Dick sunk in deepest repose
of tobacco.
"Well you snodman, how do you feel, what made you go to bed last night?"
"I don't know I'm trying to find out."
"You had much better do some work."
"Maybe, but I'm in no hurry. I've made a discovery, Torp."
"Not really. Is this revelation due to my lectures on the Helphist?"
"How it came to me. Suddenly, all on my own accounts much
too much ago; and now I'm going to work."
He turned over a few half-finished sketches, drummed on a
new canvas, cleaned three brushes, set Binkie to bite the
tits of the lay-figure, rattled through his collection of arons
and accoutrements and then went out abruptly, declaring
that he had done enough for the day.
"This is positively indecent," said Torpenhow, and the first time
that Dick had ever broken up a light morning. Perhaps
he had found out that he had a soul or an artistic Gen-
erament or something equally valuable. That comes of
living here alone for a month. Perhaps he has been
growing out of evenings. I must look to this." He rang for
the bald-headed old housekeeper whom nothing could
astonish or annoy.
"Beaton, did you?" Torpenhow drew out a chair while I was
out of town.
"Never. Last night I dressed clothes out once; Sir, able to him really
to dress for but I brought some most remarkable
fancy young gentlemen up here after. Theatricals once or
twice. Remarkable fancy they was. You gentlemen on the
top floor does very much as you liked but it do
seem to me Sir, do you a walkin' stick down
five flights of stairs and then goes down four almost
to pick it up again at half past two in the morning -
not once or twice but scores o' times. I don't chaunce
to the other tenants. What I say is do as you would be
done by. That's my motto."
"Of course, of course. I'm afraid the top floor isn't the
quickest in the house, Sir."
I make no complaints. Sir. I have spoke to Mr. Alder
friendly and he laughed and drew me a picture
of the mess that is as good as a stained print.
It isn't the light shine of a photograph, but what
I say is never look a gift horse in the mouth. Mr.
Helder's dress clothes haven't been on him for weeks.

Here is how Alfred Noyes came to the chagrin of reading in many newspaper headlines "Noyes says Ben King inspired Kipling." An interviewer in a city where King is a local favourite thrust a copy of the poems into Mr. Noyes's hand, and suggested that he read certain passages. Mr. Noyes did so, and wishing to be pleasant, remarked, "Very good! In some ways they remind me of Kipling." "Did King write before Kipling?" queried the cross-examiner. On investigation of the copyright page it proved that he did. "Do you think Kipling might have imitated King?" was the next question. Mr. Noyes smiled and said that he did not wish to accuse Mr. Kipling of plagiarism. This was but an incident in a long interview. The resulting article in the newspaper featured at great length a statement in which Mr. Noyes was made to say that while he did not believe Kipling was a plagiarist, King had probably inspired a number of Kipling's best known poems. It was easy for the head writer to translate this into a positive statement, and still easier for a news agency to flash the headline all over the United States. It may be consoling to know, however, that the English papers are also blameworthy, and sometimes perhaps in a more intentional manner. "The Wine-Press," Mr. Noyes's latest poem, to be published in America, is a rather sensational anti-militarist work. The *Westminster Gazette*, a strong militarist journal, published two reviews of it. The first praised the poem highly, but that evidently got by the managing editor in a careless moment, for a second soon followed, which called the poem the work of a crazy man!

The publishers of Montessori's books have been collecting the humorous aftermath of her short visit to this country, and exhibit the following from a Connecticut paper:

Dr. Montessori, on sailing home, exclaimed: "Your wonderful country is one of the hopes of the world." He kindly omitted reference to our white hopes which are so far from wonderful that we wouldn't have blamed the "doc" if he had called them ludicrous.

From the *Chicago Tribune*—

THE MONTESSORI CHILD

I know some little girls and boys
Who play with blocks and other toys,
But no one offers toys to me
Except to use as "stimuli."



DR. MONTESSORI

I look at children romp and shriek;
They play a game called hide-and-seek;
They run and hide, and shout and run,
And have the greatest lot of fun.
But where I go they only play
To gather knowledge day by day,
And so absorb an education
Through "muscular co-ordination."
They gum rough letters on a board,
I learn them of my own accord;
I play at hide-and-seek with these,
And thus I get my A, B, C's.
Some children have a game called war,
They march lead soldiers on the floor;

But where I go it is enough
To know that things are smooth or
rough.

While other children call it fun
To hop and skip and jump and run,
I do these things unconsciously
To set my little spirit free.

While other children merely play,
I garner wisdom every day.
I'm never up to childish tricks.
Yes, ain't I cute? I'm only six!

• • •
From the New York *Globe*—

HOO'S HOO TO-DAY

BY JOHN W. CAREY

Who came to us to tell us why in sunny Italy the children cry to go to school to learn the rule of three? Who'd add to our curriculum of algebra and Greek a course in "Drop the Handkerchief" and one in "Hide and Seek"? Whose scheme it is to saccharise the old scholastic dope to make the student body come for same upon the lope? Who'd cart away the birch rods in a large-sized moving van and see that "Teacher" straightway quits the rôle of bogie man? Who'd clothe our schools with so much charm 'twould seem a burning shame that all of us can't go again? That Montessori dame.

• • •
We thought that every possible adjective had, at some time or other, been applied to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Claudius Clear, in a recent issue of the *British Weekly*, seems, however, to have found a new one. He is discussing the recent *Autobiography*, in an article entitled "The Heaviness of Mr. Roosevelt." He contends that this so-called heaviness is in the eyes of an important section of the public a positive merit. To quote: "Once I heard Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, who was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, tell a story about a Paisley preacher. Two old women were discussing him, and one said, 'I do like a gaucy man.'" The word is defined as

meaning plump, jolly, stately, portly. Mr. Roosevelt is a gaucy man and pleasant to behold. There is enough of him. A large eupeptic man is apt to be good tempered. He can front an east wind."

• • •

It is an open secret that "Claudius Clear" and "A Man of Kent," of the *British Weekly*, are in reality Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of the most industrious and widely read of all English bookmen. Some of Sir William's literary *causeries* have been gathered together and issued in book form with the title *A Bookman's Letters*. While by no means profound, these *causeries* are very easy and entertaining reading. For example, in one of the chapters Sir William takes up the question of "The Six Best Biographies." In his opinion these are, in order, Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Froude's *Carlyle*, and Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. Then there is a chapter entitled "Stranger Than Fiction," in which Sir William discusses the most incredible true stories in the world. For example, there is that incident which James Payn told Charles Dickens.

I was returning home one summer night through a fashionable street out of Piccadilly, when there came on a violent thunderstorm. It was very late, not a cab was to be seen, and I stepped under a portico for shelter. There was a ball going on in one of the great houses in the street; the drawing-room has a huge bow window, which was open, and now and again figures flitted across it, and the dance music made itself heard through the storm. I had been under my shelter some time before I noticed that there was another person in the street also under a portico. He was nearer to the house where the ball was going on than I was, but I could see him quite distinctly. He looked like a beggar, and was dressed in rags. Suddenly he ran across the street in the pouring rain, and stood beneath the open window, at which appeared some lady

in a ball dress; she threw out to him her bouquet, the gilt handle of which I saw glitter in the gaslight. He strove to catch it, but it fell, and I heard it clang upon the pavement. He picked it up, nodded twice to the lady at the window, and then ran off at full speed. The whole thing took only a few seconds, but made a picture that I shall never forget. I took it for granted that the man was her lover, and expressed to Dickens my astonishment at the perfection of the man's disguise. "No," he said, as though the facts were all before him, "he was not her lover; he was merely a messenger waiting for the bouquet to be thrown to him, a signal that had been agreed on beforehand." This conclusion I believe to have been the correct one; but I had forgotten, as usual, the precise date of the occurrence, and was therefore unable to discover from the newspapers whether any "incident in high life" took place about the same time.

• • •

James Payn's first success as a writer was won by his novel, *Lost Sir Massingberd*, a story turning on a man being lost and starving in the hollow of a tree. The idea was born in Payn's own imagination. He never knew of any such thing happening, but some years after the story was published it was announced in the Philadelphia *Ledger* that after a hurricane in the Miami Valley which tore down a number of old trees, and among them a large oak, there was found in the hollow of the fallen oak a human skeleton with some brass buttons and shreds of clothing and a pocketbook with a number of papers.

The man's name was Roger Vanderberg. He was a captain in the Revolutionary Army, and was captured by the Indians. He managed to effect his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his savage foes, and took refuge in the hollow of the oak. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. He chose rather to starve than to surrender to the torture of the stake, and in the uncertain light of the snows wrote entries in a diary. Here is

one entry: "November 10.—Five days without food. When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery. It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. God pity me!" The entries cover a period of eleven days.

• • •

A third story which had to do with a house in a Scottish provincial town has several points of resemblance to a story that was very widely exploited in the American newspapers a month or two ago. The house was tenanted by a widow, the heroine of the tale.

The husband of this lady was a singular character, and passionately devoted to antiquarian pursuits. He converted the upper part of his house into a museum, and built a special room for himself, lighted and ventilated in a peculiar manner. Among his other curiosities there were two skeletons, which he dusted and brushed himself. The dread of the skeletons was so great that not one of the servants willingly approached the staircase leading to the room in which they were deposited. They all united in declaring that very strange sounds were heard to proceed from the floor. By and by his wife died, and he came into possession of an ample fortune. A great change passed over his appearance. He began to be spruce in his dress, gay and courteous in his manners, and accessible to strangers. By and by he prevailed on a very beautiful young lady, a portionless daughter of the curate, to become his wife. He told her plainly beforehand that if she married him she must submit to some disagreeable restrictions, as he had made up his mind never to leave the town in which he resided; there would, therefore, be no bridal tour. The lady agreed, and she was treated with a great deal of kindness, and allowed occasionally to leave the home, though her husband never accompanied her in any of her excursions. In about ten years after the marriage the vault in which the remains of the first wife were deposited was opened in consequence of some necessary repairs. It appeared that the undertaker had abstracted the leaden coffin in which the body had been encased, and the wooden one fell to pieces, disclos-

ing the corpse. The perfect state of the body attracted attention, a face, ghastly, it is true, but still undecayed, appeared beneath the mouldering shroud. On examination, the supposed corpse proved to be a wax figure, and an outcry arose that murder had been committed. One of the magistrates of the place proceeded to the antiquarian's above, and bluntly told him the facts. After

a few minutes of strong perturbation the man exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have a living witness to prove my innocence of the crime imputed to me." He led the way to the upper floor, opened several doors, and brought out a person who was no other than his first wife. He had contrived to keep her in close confinement during this long period of her existence.

BALLADE OF BITTER REGRETS

BY W. T. LARNED

We like your MS. immensely, but we fear our readers in Kokomo—*Extract from a recently deciphered Babylonian brick.*

OFT I abide in Omar's tent,
From youth have I devoured Defoe,
The Bible is my special bent,
My masters—Kipling, Shaw & Co.
Yet am I humble. Yea, although
With prose and rhyme I pay my rent,
Sour is my wine, my cake is dough:
I do not make the slightest dent
On craniums in Kokomo.

In Utica I was not pent.
"Go West!" cried Greeley. I did go.
Varied the vagrant years I've spent
Amidst the sage-brush and the snow.
Mormon I've met, and Navajo,
With cowboy quips my speech is blent;
Nathless my noose I never throw
So it will circle, as it's meant,
And hog-tie haughty Kokomo.

Sometimes I think: Had Byron sent
His *Zoe mou, sas agapo*
To Edinboro's "lit'ry gent"
Who vilified his verses so,
Back would have come this body blow:
My Laird—Let lads of Kew and Kent
Greet o'er the verses to your jo.
Aiblins with Athens you're acquent,
But, mon, ye no ken Kokomo.

L'ENVOI

Brothers who do create, invent,
Come, listen to my tremolo:
Back by the door through which you went,
Or else—consider Kokomo.

BUILDING A PLAY BACKWARD

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S recent novel, *The Dark Flower*—which is a great work of art—tells three distinct love-stories, that happen to the same hero at different periods of his career. In order to avoid monotony, the author has employed a different chronological pattern for each of the three sections of his novel. In telling the first story, he begins at the beginning; in telling the second story, he begins approximately at the middle; and in telling the third story, he begins at the very end.

It is obvious that, so long as the novelist exhibits his events in a pattern that reveals their logical relation, it is not at all necessary that he should present them in chronological succession. In the first chapter of *Pendennis*, the hero is seventeen years old; the second chapter narrates the marriage of his parents, and his own birth and boyhood; and at the outset of the third chapter, he is only sixteen years of age. Stories may be told backward through time as well as forward. Thackeray often begins a chapter with an event that happened one day and ends it with an event that happened several days before,—working his way backward from effects to causes, instead of forward from causes to effects.

In reviewing any passage of our own experience, we are more likely to think backward from the last event than forward from the first. Retrogression in time is, therefore, a natural device of narrative; and it is not at all surprising to find it thoroughly established as a convention of the novel. What is surprising, on the other hand, is the fact that it has not yet been established as a convention of the drama.

I know of no play in which events have been exhibited in a pattern of reverted time. Of course, a present event is frequently employed as the exciting cause of a conversation which expounds

some previous event; and, in such instances, the discovery of what has happened in the past is often more important to the audience than the observation of what is happening in the present. But, in these expository passages, the past events are merely talked about and never actually acted on the stage. In *Romance*, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, a prologue in the present is followed by a three-act play which narrates events that happened over forty years before; but, in the structure of the play itself, there is no retrogression in time. More interesting, from our present point of view, is the device of Sir Arthur Pinero in turning back the clock at the outset of the third act of *The Thunderbolt*. At the end of the second act, in the house of Thaddeus Mortimore, a servant arrives with a message from his brother James. The third act, in the house of James Mortimore, overlaps the second act in time; and an entire scene is acted out before the servant is instructed to set out with the message for Thaddeus. This simple expedient, which is used in nearly every novel, seemed exceedingly surprising in the drama; but there can be no question that, in *The Thunderbolt*, its employment was both useful and successful.

Might it not be interesting to go a step farther and build an entire drama backward,—to construct a three-act play, for instance, in which the first act should happen in the autumn, the second act in the preceding summer, and the third act in the previous spring? Let us imagine a tragedy, for instance, in which, with no preliminary exposition, a murder or a suicide is acted out in the initial act. This would naturally awaken in the audience a desire to understand the motives which had culminated in the crime. Then, in the second act, we could exhibit the crucial event which had made

the murder or the suicide inevitable. Again, the audience would be stimulated to think backward from effects to causes and to wonder what had brought this crucial event about. Lastly, in the third act, several previous events could be displayed, which would finally clear up the mystery by expounding the initiation of the narrative.

Or, to invent an example in the mood of comedy, let us imagine a first act which should exhibit the hopelessly unhappy home life of a kindly and reasonable man who is married to a peevish and unreasonable woman. The heroine is pretty, let us say, and there are some seeds of poetry in her nature that flower every now and then to momentary loveliness. But, like many people who are not incapable of poetry, she abandons herself utterly to the emotion of the moment; and whenever this emotion is not pleasant, she makes life miserable for anybody who is near her. Because she is pretty, she has always been spoiled. She is selfish, she is jealous, she is vain; and whenever these ignoble motives are in any slight degree assailed, she breaks out into a violent fit of temper. Just now, in response to an insistent question, her husband has told her that she looks better in pink than in blue. The heroine, whose instinct is antagonistic, at once prefers blue; she does not see why her husband, if he loves her—he *said* he loved her—should not admit that she would look well in anything; and she proceeds to kick the furniture. The husband seeks refuge in reading *The Wind in the Willows*—whereupon she knocks the book out of his hand. Very gently he remarks: "You didn't seem like this, dear, before we were married." And on that backward-looking line the curtain falls. The second act shows them in their courtship, two years before. The romance of falling in love has brought out all the lyric loveliness that is latent in the complex nature of the heroine. Her prospective husband sees her at her best, and only at her best. Her family could tell him that she is hard to live with; but—glad enough to

get her married—they refrain from doing so. Besides, her brother is a gentleman. The hero is his friend: but what can a decent fellow do in such a dilemma? The heroine seems lovable indeed, when she graciously accepts a large bouquet of orchids, and reads aloud by golden lamp-light the forlorn and lovely little lyrics of Christina Rossetti. The hero proposes marriage: is accepted: and the curtain falls.—Would not this little comedy gain greatly in ironic emphasis by being acted backward in time instead of forward? The question, "What happened before?", is fully as suspensive as the question, "What happens next?": and, in this instance, it is by far the more important question of the two.

Though novels are frequently narrated in a pattern of reverted time, this proposal to build a play backward may seem so revolutionary that most technicians would dismiss it as impossible. But, why? The answer, of course, is obvious; but I am not at all sure that it is final. To follow a narrative forward, from cause to effect, requires a synthetic exercise of mind; and to follow it backward, from effect to cause, requires an analytic exercise. Of these two activities of mind, the analytic demands a greater alertness of intelligence, and a greater fixity of attention, than the synthetic. The collective mind of a helter-skelter theatre audience is less alert and less attentive than the individual mind of a cultivated reader. Furthermore, the reader of a novel, if his mind becomes muddled by the juggling of chronology, may always suspend his reading to turn back a dozen or a hundred pages and reread some finger-pointing passage whose significance he has forgotten; whereas the auditors of a play can never halt the performance to reinform themselves of some point that they have missed. Also, the theatre-going public abhors novelty, and never reads the programme. These arguments—and many more—are so familiar that they need not be repeated in detail. Yet something may now be said upon the other side.

To students of the history of the

drama, one of the most important phenomena of the last hundred years has been the very rapid development that has taken place, from decade to decade, in the intelligence of the theatre-going public. The average audience is at present more alert and more attentive than ever before in the history of the theatre. This point is evidenced by the fact that, throughout the last century, the technique of the prevailing type of drama has grown progressively less synthetic and more analytic. The prevailing pattern of the drama sixty or seventy years ago was the pattern that was worked out by Eugène Scribe for the so-called "well made play." Scribe devoted his first act to a very thorough exposition, and only at the curtain-fall introduced an element of forward-looking action. Then, at the outset of the second act, he started his narrative in motion; and thereafter he followed it forward in time, to the climax and the close. He never asked his audience to think backward. He worked entirely from causes to effects, and centred his suspense in the obvious question, "What will happen next?"

Contrast this utterly synthetic pattern—a formula for putting two and two together, instead of for taking four apart—with the intricately analytic pattern that was developed, forty years later, by Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen catches his story very late in its career, and reveals the antecedent incidents in little gleams of backward-looking dialogue. His method has often been compared with that of Sophocles; but there is this essential difference,—that, whereas the Athenian audience always knew the story in advance and therefore did not need an exposition, Ibsen was required to expound a series of antecedent circumstances at the same time that he was developing his catastrophe. For, instead of compacting his exposition into the first act—according to the formula of Scribe—he revealed it, little by little, throughout the progress of the play. In the first act, he expounded only so much as the audience needed to know in order to understand the second; in this, in turn, he expounded

such further antecedent incidents as were necessary to an appreciation of the third act; and so on, to the end of the play. In *Rosmersholm*, for instance, he is still expounding in the very last moments of the final act.

This method requires the auditor to think backward, and therefore presupposes a more intelligent audience than the straightforward formula of Scribe. But, very recently, that masterly technician, M. Henry Bernstein, has gone a step further in forcing the audience to observe a story in retrospectory review. Instead of scattering his expository passages throughout the play, as Ibsen did, M. Bernstein now compacts them into a single act; but, with a startling overturning of the formula of Scribe, he exhibits this act last instead of first,—setting it forth as an epilogue, instead of as a prologue, to the action.

This new formula was first exemplified by M. Bernstein in *L'Assaut*, which was acted last season in America under the title of *The Attack*. A noted politician who is running for office is accused of having committed a crime many years before. Either he is innocent or he is guilty: and this dilemma is set before us in the first act. The second act develops the presumption that he is innocent, until his innocence is publicly established by process of law. This is the climax of the play. Then, his innocence being now beyond question, the hero confesses to the heroine that he was actually guilty. This is the end of the second act. What remains to be done? We naturally demand an explanation of the circumstances which, so many years before, had led this admirable hero to commit that reprehensible crime. In his third and last act, M. Bernstein expounds the facts at length and in detail. Now we know: and the play is over. This same formula is employed much more artfully in *The Secret*, a later and greater work, which will be analysed in the present paper. At present, the point for us to notice is that M. Bernstein has turned the formula of Scribe completely upside down, and has chosen to end his

drama at the point where Scribe would have begun it.

Shall the development of backward-looking narrative stop with M. Bernstein? If not, the only possible next step will be to act out events upon the stage in an order that reverses that in which they are presumed to have occurred. The actual action of *The Attack* and *The Secret* is straightforward in chronology; and it is only in his psychological effect upon the audience that M. Bernstein appears to build his plays backward. Regarding that next step, which now seems so revolutionary, the critic can only wonder if some very clever playwright will attempt it in the future.

There are certain stories which are seen most naturally if we follow them forward from causes to effects; but there are certain other stories which can be understood most truly only if we follow them backward from effects to causes. As a matter of experiment, it would be extremely interesting if some playwright should soon set before us a story of this type in the perspective of reverted time.

"THE SECRET"

Considered as a technical achievement, *The Secret* is perhaps the most wonderful of all the plays of M. Henry Bernstein. The work of this author is already so well known in America that it is scarcely necessary to state that his plays are nothing more than *tours de force*. His plots are marvellously constructed, his characters are true to life, his dialogue is pithy and compact; and yet we always feel by instinct that he is not a great dramatist. The reason for this feeling is that he never heightens our interest in life or adds to our understanding of it. He lacks the God-given ability to make us care about his characters. We see them suffer, but we do not take them to our hearts and feel their sufferings as our own. His work is too objective, too abstract, to appeal to us as human. But, considered solely as a craftsman, he is the most ingenious artist in the drama at the present time.

In *The Secret*, M. Bernstein, for a

full half of his play, makes us think [or, rather, *allows* us to think] that his heroine is one sort of person; and then turns about, in the second half of the second act, and proves to us that she is a totally different sort of person. Amazed at the contradiction of the two opinions of her character which we have held successively, we find ourselves still groping for an explanation of this personal enigma. This explanation is afforded in the third and final act. Here again, as in *The Attack*, M. Bernstein has deferred his exposition till the end of the play, instead of giving it at the beginning. Thereby he has created what may be called an analytical suspense,—a suspense of asking not, "What happens next?"; but, "Why did these things happen?" This is perhaps the nearest approach to building a play backward which has ever yet been made in the theatre of the world.

It will be noted also that M. Bernstein has brushed aside one of the most commonly accepted dogmas of the theatre,—the dogma that a dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience. The entire purpose of his pattern is to deceive his auditors for half the play, and then to use the other half to undeceive them. A considerable section of his second act runs parallel to the third act of *Othello*, with the heroine playing the part of Iago; but as yet we have seen no reason to suspect that she is not a generous and honest woman. It is as if Shakespeare, up to the middle of his third act, had allowed us to see Iago only as he appeared to the eyes of his general—"This fellow's of exceeding honesty," and had not allowed us to perceive the error until it became evident to Othello himself.

If this pattern had been proposed in advance to any jury of dramatic critics [including the present writer], it would have been rejected as unfeasible, because of the traditional belief that no audience will submit to the necessity of altering its entire conception of a character in the middle of a play. Yet M. Bernstein deliberately chose this pattern, in defiance of tradition; and his play has pleased



"THE SECRET"—ACT II

"A considerable portion of the second act runs parallel to the third act of *Othello*, with the heroine playing the part of Iago." In this scene, as a result of the insidious suggestions of the heroine, a bewildered husband starts upstairs to fight a man whom he suspects to be a lover of his wife. Both the heroine and her husband endeavor vainly to restrain him.

the public, in both Paris and New York. Here, again, we encounter a poetical evidence of the vanity of dogma, and an indication that no principle can ever be considered final in dramatic criticism.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE"

An emphatic contrast to the compacted pattern of *The Secret* is afforded by the loose and straggling structure of *The Land of Promise*, by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. None of the incidents of the narrative are expounded retrospectively, but all of them are acted out in chronological succession. Scribe would have approved of this pattern, because it is so utterly synthetic; but to a contemporary audience such extreme simplicity seems merely dull.

In the first act, a young woman who has served for ten years as companion to an elderly lady in Tunbridge Wells is suddenly left destitute by the death of her employer, and decides to go out to Manitoba to seek support on her brother's farm. This is all that happens in

the first act: this material is not interesting in itself, and is not at all dramatic: and the critic finds it difficult to understand why Mr. Maugham did not begin his play in Manitoba, where the action really starts, and expound the material of this first act in five minutes of retrospective dialogue. Possibly he was trying to exhibit a contrast between the sheltered life of England and the cruder life of Canada; but, since his first act is utterly devoid of life, this intention has not been fulfilled.

The heroine does not like the life of Manitoba, and objects to washing dishes in her brother's house in return for her support. She is regarded, not unjustly, as a shirker and a snob by her brother's wife, a practical and earnest woman who had formerly been a waitress in Winnipeg. There is a squabble between these contrasted sisters-in-law; and in order to escape from bondage in her brother's house, the heroine impetuously agrees to marry a farm-hand whom she has always hated.



"THE LAND OF PROMISE"—ACT IV

This struggle between a girl who has been brought up in "the sheltered life of England," and her husband, who is a farm-hand in "the cruder life of Canada," "intertwines the two themes of *The Great Divide* and *The Taming of the Shrew*."

This man takes her to his own shack and orders her to be useful. A genuinely dramatic third act is developed, which intertwines the two themes of *The Great Divide* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. This is followed by an expected and commonplace last act, in which the heroine, having suddenly inherited a sum of money and being thereby granted an opportunity to return to England, decides to remain with her husband and gives him the money to save his farm from ruin.

It would not be difficult to dramatise this play. All that would be necessary would be to start the story at what is now the middle of the second act, and to develop a last act which should result from an evolution of character instead of from a fabrication of coincidence. But, in its present form, *The Land of Promise* is the poorest play of Mr. Maugham's—with the single exception of *The Explorer*—which has thus far been presented in New York.

"THE PHILANDERER"

When *The Philanderer* was about to be rehearsed in London, Mr. Bernard Shaw told the actress who had been selected for the part of Julia that she would have a very difficult task in handling the first act, "because, you know, the first act ought to be the third." If *The Land of Promise* suffers because the play begins too early in the chronological procession of the story, *The Philanderer* suffers because it begins too late. The first act is the climax of the play, and the three acts that follow constitute a lengthy anticlimax.

The Philanderer was written twenty years ago and was only the second play from the pen of Mr. Shaw. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is less adept in technical accomplishment than many of his more recent compositions. What seems a little more surprising is that the ideas which seemed so novel when Mr. Shaw propounded them in 1893 should strike us at the present time as weary and



"THE PHILANDERER"—ACT II

"The 'new woman' of the early nineties is a creature of the past, and it seems no longer funny to dress a girl up in masculine attire and show her aping the manners of men."

outworn. Ibsen is now so generally understood that there is no longer any point to Mr. Shaw's invention of the Ibsen Club, an organisation of unwomanly women and unmanly men, whose heads had been turned by the first production of *A Doll's House* in England in 1889. The "new woman" of the early nineties is also a creature of the past, and it seems no longer funny to dress a girl up in masculine attire and show her aping the manners of men. And, as to the pursuit of men by women, Mr. Shaw himself has made this idea so familiar to contemporary thought by his later and greater comedy, *Man and Superman*, that his earlier expression of it now strikes us as a feeble iteration.

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"

The revival of Bronson Howard's comedy, *The Henrietta*, should be welcomed both by elder theatre-goers, to whom it offers an occasion for renewing a pleasant memory, and by younger theatre-goers, to whom it affords an op-

portunity to acquaint themselves with one of the most important items in the history of our native drama. *The Henrietta*, which was produced in 1887, was the earliest attempt to exhibit the dramatic elements in American business-life; and to this day it remains a better drama than any of the host of plays which have been devised in imitation of it.

For the present revival, the piece has been "modernised" by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. These collaborators with a dead dramatist have done their work with taste and tact. They have cut out the soliloquies and the asides of the original text; they have introduced telephones and motor-cars; they have multiplied the figures of the financial transactions; they have made the villain a son-in-law, instead of a son, of the elderly hero; and they have softened the melodramatic mood of the scene at the climax of the raid in Wall Street: but, to all intents and purposes, they have left the original play intact,



"THE NEW HENRIETTA"—ACT II

The curtain-fall of the second act. "Considered in comparison with the best contemporary plays, this comedy, composed a quarter of a century ago, seems less related to actuality and more frankly and honestly theatrical."

to make its appeal upon the strength of Bronson Howard's own ability.

Considered in comparison with the best contemporary plays, this comedy composed a quarter of a century ago seems less related to actuality and more frankly and honestly theatrical. It would be easy to demonstrate that certain moments in the story are untrue to life; but these moments are by no means the least amusing in the comedy. *The Henrietta* was composed in a period when the best playwrights believed that the purpose of the theatre was to afford entertainment to the public. Our best playwrights now believe that the purpose of the theatre is to tell the truth about life, whether it be entertaining or not. Between these two ideals any individual is free to take his choice—according to the number of his years.

"THE LEGEND OF LEONORA"

Considered from the technical point of view, *The Legend of Leonora* is the weakest play that has been issued by Sir James Barrie since the far-off days of

Little Mary. It was written three years ago, before the author had embarked upon his present practice of writing one-act plays; but it seems to exhibit, curiously, what may be called a one-act habit of the mind.

The single act in which the essential features of the narrative are concentrated has been subdivided into two acts—the second and the third of the present production—by the expedient of dropping the curtain to indicate a pause of only a few minutes. This single act is set in a court-room. Leonora, a mother of seven children, is on trial for murder. She had been travelling in a railway compartment with her little daughter, Milly, who was suffering with a sniffy cold. A man in the same compartment had opened the window. Leonora had twice requested him to close it, and he had twice refused. Thereupon she had pushed him out of the compartment, so that he fell headlong on the tracks. After that, Leonora had shut the window. These facts are clearly evident: but the essential femininity of Leonora so charms



"THE LEGEND OF LEONORA"—ACT II

"The essential femininity of Leonora so charms the jury, the judge, the witnesses, and even the attorney for the prosecution, that they all unconsciously conspire to invent a romantic interpretation of the evidence which results in the triumphal acquittal of the heroine."

the jury, the judge, the witnesses, and even the attorney for the prosecution, that they all unconsciously conspire to invent a romantic interpretation of the evidence which results in the triumphant acquittal of the heroine.

This fantastic act is followed by an epilogue [called the fourth act] which is empty of dramatic action and of any real significance, and preceded by a prologue [called the first act] which is in itself an interesting one-act comedy but exhibits no necessary narrative relation to the court-room scene.

In structure, *The Legend of Leonora* is a thing of shreds and patches. Many passages of the play reveal the well-remembered charm of Barrie's whimsicality; but the piece as a whole is extremely thin in substance, excessively fantastical in mood, and enigmatic in intention.

"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

The interesting literary pedigree of Mr. Percy MacKaye's romance of the orient,

entitled *A Thousand Years Ago*, is told in detail in the preface and the introduction to the published text.* In the present brief review, it is sufficient to say that Mr. MacKaye has retold the traditional tale of Turandot, the Princess of Pekin, with many inventions and improvements of his own. He has used the ancient legend as a background of fantastic Chinese tapestry; and in the foreground he has exhibited the antics of a group of tattered histrions of Carlo Gozzi, who, expelled from Venice by the triumph of the realistic dramas of Goldoni, have wandered all the way to China in search of adventure and romance. The *capocomico* of this fantastic company is permitted by the Emperor of China to assume dominion for a day; and in the brief time allotted to him, he contrives to unite the Princess Turandot with that noble but outlandish

**A Thousand Years Ago*. By Percy MacKaye. With an Introduction by Clayton Hamilton. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.



"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"The *copocomico* of a group of tattered histrions of Carlo Gozzi is permitted by the Emperor of China to assume dominion for a day."

love whom she has believed theretofore to be a beggar.

A Thousand Years Ago was produced under the stage-direction of Mr. J. C. Huffman; and this production is extremely interesting as the first exhibition in the American theatre of an effort to apply the ideas and the æsthetic methods of Professor Max Reinhardt, of Berlin. The production is far from perfect. Exception might be taken to many of the colour-schemes, to some of the linear designs, and to much of the lighting; but the effort is, on the whole, appealing to the public, and should be commended as a first step in the right direction.

"THE THINGS THAT COUNT"

The peril that besets a Christmas comedy is that, the more it is fitted to the Christmas season, the less it is likely to survive it. Most people have a habit of forgetting their Christmas sentiments a short time after they have relegated their Christmas trees to the ash-man; and it is difficult to interest them any

longer in the hanging up of stockings after February rolls around.

But a little Christmas comedy by Mr. Laurence Eyre, entitled *The Things That Count*, deserves to outlive the passing of the Christmas season. It is a simple and ingratiating play; and its wholesome emotion and tender sentiment afford a needed relief from that atmosphere of moral horror which has pervaded too many of the plays of the present season.

The story is a little commonplace; but it is human and it is real. Also, the author has told it with considerable skill. Mr. Eyre is an actor, and it is therefore not surprising that his play is workman-like. The plot is straightforwardly constructed, and all the parts are adequately characterised. What is, perhaps, a little more surprising in this first play by an actor, is the author's literary gift. He writes both prettily and wittily, as the occasion requires. Though this present piece may not survive the Christmas season for which it was deliberately planned, it will be interesting to watch for future plays by Mr. Laurence Eyre.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

BY AGNES FOSTER CROSBY

FIFTY years ago this month the cities of Pittsburgh and Alleghany went to a funeral. Schools were closed, bank doors were barred and business men forgot their bargaining and trading. They mourned a common friend, for Stephen Collins Foster, born in Pittsburgh and raised in the smaller city across the river, had died in New York the week before, and his body had been sent West to be laid in the old burying ground which had been one of the many gifts of his father to the city of his birth. If a public guessing match could be had it would be interesting to see how many persons in these United States could tell offhand who Stephen Foster was, and what he did, or, to put the question inversely, Who wrote "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray," "Nelly Bly," and "My Old Kentucky Home"?

Colonel William Barclay Foster, the father of the poet, took his bride across the mountains from Chambersburg on horseback in the spring of 1817 and built

for her "The White Cottage" which later, as their family grew up, came to be the centre of a dignified and generous



FOSTER'S GRAVE IN ALLEGHANY CEMETERY



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

hospitality. This cottage still stands at the junction of Penn and Butler Streets, and there is now on foot a movement whereby the city of Pittsburgh aims to obtain the property and preserve it as another monument to her talented son. There, July 4, 1826, the same day that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, Stephen Collins Foster was born, the youngest of a family of seven.

Though never very much of a student at school, Stephen soon exhibited individual gifts. His sister, Eliza, had a much loved guitar and Stephen insisted upon picking out tunes on its strings. Also there is the story that one day his mother took him with her on a shopping expedition and while she was interested in her purchases, the child's eyes fell on a flageolet. He knew that somehow or other it could be made to sing music, and he was soon struggling through its tones and half tones. Presently his mother and the



THE OLD FOSTER HOMESTEAD, WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN. THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH IS NOW TRYING TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE PURCHASE OF THIS HISTORIC PLACE



THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME

astonished clerks were treated to a fairly true rendition of "Hail Columbia" by a seven-year-old youngster who had never had such an instrument in his hands before. His original work began when Foster was about nineteen. Then theatre-going was a much greater treat than it is in these days. Young people were thrown more upon their own resources for their entertainment. Partly to meet this need, young Foster formed a club which met at the White Cottage twice a week. There the members sang over and over again the songs then in favour, until Foster suggested that they try something original. His first offer was "The Louisiana Belle," followed the next week by "Old Uncle Ned." This immediately caught the popular fancy. Being a poet and not a business man, these songs were promptly presented by Foster to Mr. Peters, the Cincinnati publisher, when that gentleman admired them. From them and "Oh Sussanah," Mr. Peters made ten thousand dollars, while the author of them made nothing except name and fame.

Undoubtedly the best known and most popular of Foster's songs is "The Old Folks at Home." Five years after its first appearance four hundred thousand copies of it were sold. It is probably the most extensively translated song in the world. Every language in Europe has its version of it, and even in Asia and Africa the natives have thrilled to its melodies sung in their own tongues. The song was written for Christy, the minstrel, who asked Foster for something new which he might sing before publication. Again the writer's generosity and lack of business methods would have interfered with his finances had not his brother, Morrison, intervened and obtained a bonus of five hundred dollars for the privilege Christy asked. This explains the fact that the first editions of the song appeared under Christy's name as author, a mistake which was later corrected. Most of the songs which are accredited to Foster are doubly his, both words and music coming from his pen. He never aspired to be a great pianist,

but his touch on the keyboard was wonderful, and his voice sweet and true. It was, however, on the flute that he excelled, bringing from it the full rich notes that only a master can. The home life in the White Cottage was congenial and happy. Foster's devotion to his mother was the strongest influence of his life. His marriage in 1850 to Miss Jane McDowell did not turn out as happily as might have been wished. The young wife was apparently out of sympathy with his work, and while he was turning out his gems she thought he was wasting time as a dreamer and a visionary.

Very sensitive and retiring, Foster made few close friends, but he clung almost passionately to his old acquaintances. His manner was abstracted, and it was common for him to walk down the street, his eyes on the ground, seeing no one, hearing nothing but the music of his own heart. Vulgarity and coarseness were absolutely foreign to the man. Whatever may have been his weaknesses, and undoubtedly he had his share of them, nowhere do we hear aught against his bearing and manner toward a woman, no one comes forward with a disparaging story or anecdote.

It is generally supposed that no one not born and raised in the South could produce such compositions as Foster's, but except for some pleasure trips on steamboats owned by his brother, Dunning, Foster saw little and knew little of the South. No doubt many trifling incidents of these outings lingered in the poet's impressionable brain and later found expression in his songs. Not until 1900 did Pittsburgh have any monument to Stephen Foster. Then by popular subscription a handsome granite and bronze statue was raised just inside the main gateway to Highland Park. Moretti, the sculptor, has been most happy in his conception and execution of his commission and represents Foster sitting with pencil and paper ready to jot down some immortal melody, while below and beside him, Uncle Ned strums happily on his banjo, with fingers that do really look like "cane in the brake."

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

V—RECUPERATIVE BIBLIOPHILY

"NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be," says Polonius to his son. We all nod our heads in approval as we read, and then we keep on borrowing and lending, just as before. The fact is that borrowing and lending are necessary in our social and economic system: they are the one concession of that system in the direction of communism. The man who would hesitate to share the ownership of his goods with those who lack them will occasionally part with some of them provisionally and temporarily by way of a loan. The man who would die rather than ask an alms, out and out, will gladly borrow, if he can find some one to lend to him. The trouble is that all this lending and borrowing, which should be but a temporary transfer of ownership, amounts in many cases to the permanent transfer which it professes not to be. This is notoriously the case with certain small objects—umbrellas, for instance. It is unfortunately coming to be so with books. The man who is asked to lend a book nowadays thinks not so much of his willingness to lend as of the possibility of losing sight of his property altogether. He can rely neither on the mental ability nor on the general character of the would-be borrower, for these have proved no bars to the appropriation of property in books. It is not so much wilful retention as the absence of a stimulus to restitution. The borrower sees the volume occasionally and lazily recognises its ownership. "Oh, there is that book of Smith's," he says to himself; "I must leave that at his house some day in passing." If he had borrowed a horse of Smith and the sight of the animal evoked no more potent reac-

tion, he would be looked upon as dishonest. But "books are different," and it is because they are different that this article becomes the fitting climax to a series on "The Making of an American's Library." For a library, being a collection, is formed by accretion, and it is accretion in the net, not the gross, that is effective. What a man has, in the way of a library, is not what he has acquired, but that sum diminished by what his friends have borrowed.

There was a time when, if a man had no funds to buy books, he must perforce borrow from his friends, if he would read at all. Literature thus teems with allusions to book-lending and book-borrowing; to the unappreciative borrower and the borrower who does not return his loan—the man who, to quote Lord Eldon's witticism, is "backward in accounting but practised in book-keeping;" to the churlish lender and the selfish owners who refuse to lend at all—those whom Rabelais savagely terms the "rascally rabble of people who will not lend."

Leigh Hunt, in his essay on "My Books," calls himself a "meek son in a family of book-losers," and asserts that he lost half a dozen decent-sized libraries before his thirty-eighth year. He castigates, under the revealing disguise of initials, the friends who have borrowed his books, never to return them; yet he confesses that he himself never sees an interesting book on another's shelf without wishing to carry it off.

Charles Lamb classifies his borrowing friends thus: "Some read slow; some mean to read but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but bor-

row to leave you an opinion of their sagacity."

Such public or semi-public libraries as existed in those days did not lend their treasures. They opened their doors to the favoured few, and beyond those doors their volumes were never suffered to go. Now our public libraries lend books—some of them at the rate of millions of issues annually. It is an easy matter for any one to obtain books by this kind of loan. But, instead of lessening the demand for private loans, this has only stimulated it. By throwing open the doors of our large collections, we have engendered a thirst for books that we cannot wholly satisfy. And it is so simple a matter to borrow a book from a public library that the borrower cannot help resenting an attitude of greater retentiveness on the part of a friendly private owner.

Possibly a mistake has been made in calling the distribution of books on a large scale by a public institution "lending" and "borrowing." It is really co-operative use by the public—a book club on a huge scale, where the public buys its own books, pays for housing them and making them accessible, and submits to the laws imposed under its own authority to regulate their equitable distribution. Does a man "borrow" when he receives a book under these circumstances? Surely not in the same sense as when he receives it from a man in whose ownership of it he does not share. We have, however, assimilated our library nomenclature to that properly employed when one man lends a book to another. Possibly we may be able to reciprocate by borrowing the public machinery for the protection and insurance of the private lender. History presents numerous instances of attempts to systematise the lending of private books and still more of generous owners who were willing to throw open their collections to the use of friends, or even of the public. Plutarch tells us that the library of Lucullus was "open to all." Brander Matthews has gathered some rather striking instances of book-owners who

have been liberal of their store—the wagon-load of volumes sent to Dickens by Carlyle, when asked for aid with the *Tale of Two Cities*; the German book-lover whose book-plate bore the motto *Libi et Amicis*—for self and friends; the kindred motto of Grolier, *Grolierii et Amicorum*—Grolier's and his friends'. Christian de Savigny went even further in his self-abnegation, for his plate bears the words *non mihi sed aliis*, not for self but for others. In his essay "On the Lending and Marking of Books," from which these items are quoted, Professor Matthews gives it as his opinion that, while the rare or curious book should never be lent, it would be churlish to refuse to a friend "the book of to-day,—the book in print, the book of commerce, which can be had anywhere for the asking." But if any one may obtain the book so easily, why borrow it? One is tempted to sympathise with Scaliger, whose book-plate bears the scriptural motto *Ite ad vendentes*—go to them that sell. It is the book difficult to obtain elsewhere that one wants to borrow, and that the owner should be willing to lend. Professor Matthews's rules, however, indicate that he is liberal in this respect, as in most others. They are as follows:

"I never lend a book which I cannot replace. I never lend a book of reference which I may need myself while it is out. I never lend a volume of a set. I never lend without taking a receipt, signed by the borrower. I never lend a book that I cannot afford to lose. I never lend a book to a man whom I know to be untidy, or careless, or inconsiderate; but I give a liberal construction to this regulation. And by means of these rules I am enabled to reconcile my conscience to the individual ownership of books."

Then there was the eccentric English philosopher, Henry Cavendish, who completely and satisfactorily solved the problem of book-lending by placing his large library in a house adjoining his residence and throwing it open to the public on the same terms as if it had been a public library. Borrowed books were

charged to the borrowers, including himself, and their return in a specified time was insisted upon and enforced. The owner had no less use of his books than if they had been stored under his own roof. Possibly he lent them to no greater extent. But he lent them, and the public borrowed them, under conditions that protected the rights of both lender and borrowers, and ensured the return of the books in good condition. Think, if you please, what a general adoption of this plan might mean, especially if the owners of books should decide to promote efficiency and economy by pooling their property and housing it under a single roof!

Something of this kind was proposed in an article on "The Gentle Art of Book Lending," contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* (London, June, 1895), by Mr. George Somes Layard, who presented therein a scheme for co-operative book-lending by private owners. Briefly stated, his plan was to form a committee of the library-owners of a region, appoint an "honourary librarian or official go-between," possibly "some capable lady," and prepare a catalogue of the book resources of the district in private hands, which, among other things, should set forth the particular conditions under which each item was offered for use—whether by loan, outright, under the librarian's supervision, or at the owner's house. Machinery was elaborated—on paper—for dealing with each of these cases.

I cannot learn that this plan, or anything resembling it, was ever put into practice. The trouble is, of course, that it requires machinery—a central office or authority of some sort to operate it. It is futile to think of placing such machinery in the hands of unpaid amateurs, and an expert staff is costly. None of these objections applies now that the machinery for just this kind of supervision and control has been elaborated and is supported at the expense of the community in our public libraries. It is perfectly possible, with the aid of these, to realise the philanthropic impulses and to

carry out the schemes, which lack of the proper machinery has forced, in so many instances, to remain without practical expression. There is probably no town so small that it does not contain books worth borrowing. In many places the sum of such books in private hands is larger than that of all the volumes in public and institutional libraries. These books are often far more valuable than any that have been purchased, or could be afforded, by the local public library. Their owners, in many cases, would be perfectly willing to allow accredited scholars and writers to use the books, but the fact that they exist and the place where they are kept, are as safely hidden from the public as if the books were cast into the depths of the sea.

The local public library would usually be a safer place for these volumes in every way than the homes of their owners. The danger of loss from fire and from theft is less. The public library, in a small town, that should be able to receive from its citizens such an accretion as this would be fortunate indeed. That library, that town, those public-spirited citizens—are non-existent. We are individualists, one and all, where property rights are concerned, and every one of us wants his property under his thumb, not in a place where it is easy for some one else to use it. Even after he dies, instead of going to the public library by request, it and its fellows are sold and scattered among other selfish individualists, and the proceeds are given to the heirs to aid in providing them with steam yachts and motor cars. If we are to devise means to release this vast stock of books for the use of those who are able to profit by them and to turn them to the public service, we shall have, I am afraid, to do it in such a way as not to remove the books from the custody of their owners.

This means a plan like that elaborated by Mr. Layard, except that his central committee of amateurs would be replaced by the local library board. His "capable lady" would still be in the saddle, for most of our librarians are

women; but her capabilities would, without doubt, be increased by her library-school training, her years of experience, and her knowledge of local conditions and personalities. Almost every town of any size has now, in connection with its public library, machinery for informing the public what books that library has and where they are, together with facilities for using them, lending them, tracing their whereabouts and ensuring their safe return. All this machinery is administered under public auspices and its cost is met by taxation. If we are not to waste time, money and material on a huge scale, whatever is done to systematise the use of valuable private books by others than their owners and to see that those owners do not lose them, must be done by utilising this machinery.

This may be accomplished very simply and effectively in the following way: Let every owner of a book that he is willing to let others use send its name to the local public library, stating at the same time whether the borrower may take it home, or must use it in the library building, or must consult it in the owner's house. Any other conditions on which its use is granted should, of course, be stated at the same time. Cards for all these books should then be inserted in the library catalogue precisely as if the library owned them. The author card might bear also the owner's name and address, with the conditions of use, or this information might be kept in a separate index, the catalogue card bearing simply some abbreviation to denote the fact that the book was privately owned and in the custody of the owner.

The advantages of this plan would be threefold—to the public, to the library, and to the book-owner. The book-user would be able to ascertain not only what books were in the public library, on some subject in which he was interested; but what and how many books, accessible to him, were in the town. Those in the hands of private owners willing to lend were, of course, accessible to him before this enlargement of the catalogue, but he

did not know it, and even if he had known it, he might have hesitated to ask. Now the library asks for him, and his relations as a borrower with the owner as a lender are systematised and facilitated by the use of the whole machine that has been elaborated and perfected by the library to this end.

The library finds its available stock of books practically multiplied. It is able to satisfy more of its readers than before, and to satisfy just that class whose satisfaction means most to the library, doing it at a minimum expenditure of energy and with machinery already provided.

The book-owner sees certain of his books actually performing a public service. He finds that it is possible to express his willingness to lend, which has always existed in a vague form, in terms of such service. He finds the machinery for putting the books in the hands of those who will use them to advantage, ready to hand and able not only to place his property but to insure its proper care and safe return.

Moreover, not only is he enabled to lend when it is proper that he should do so, but it also becomes easy, and even necessary, for him to refuse when the conditions are unsatisfactory. When he is asked for the loan of a book, under the old conditions, it will be simple and quite proper for him to answer, if he desires to do so, that he has placed the lending of his books in the hands of the public library and that he desires to use its machinery in all cases. The borrower is put to little inconvenience, for he can reach the public library easily by telephone. The only difference is that his act is duly registered and that he is made to return the book when he is through with it, all by the operation of a system to which he is accustomed. He might have resented the charging of the book by the owner and the receipt of an overdue notice from him; but the same acts excite no resentment when performed by the library as a regular part of its administration.

A plan of this kind has so much in its

favour from all standpoints, that an advocate of it runs the danger of overlooking the special advantage that alone excuses the inclusion of it in a series of articles on the making of a private library. This advantage is its contribution toward the limitation and the conservation of such a library. Limitation, because with free permission to borrow from his neighbours, one may omit many purchases that he would otherwise feel like making; conservation, because, as we have already seen, danger of loss from such free offering of his own books is reduced to a minimum. Possibly these points need a word or two of amplification. The ideal private library is a collection of intimates. There are plausible reasons for going beyond this; but the book-lover should have himself well under control when he yields to them; that way lies bankruptcy. Most of them are less plausible now than they used to be. There is the necessity for books of reference. Every one must have a dictionary and a cyclopedia—perhaps one or two foreign lexicons. Beyond this it is hardly necessary to go. Most of us consult other reference books than these infrequently, and we may find them at the Public Library. There are the books that have been read and laid aside—candidates for the collection that have not passed muster. Why buy these at all? They may be tested by borrowing them from the Library. There is the book that is too rarely used or too costly for a small public library to buy, which tempts you for some personal reason. Do you know that each of three friends of yours, in your town, have yielded to these very considerations and have bought the book? If the plan outlined above were in force, you would know it, and your appreciation of the fact that one copy would amply supply the demand would operate to limit your purchases, to the great relief of your purse. Two of your neighbours would be wishing that they had been similarly restrained. In course of time, the co-operating book-owners of a town, in conference with the librarian of the Public Library, may find it profit-

able to work out a systematic limitation of the field of purchase, similar to that agreed upon in Chicago, and some other places, by several large libraries. In cases where it would obviously be a waste of money for more than one library to buy an expensive work, this agreement specifies the library that shall buy it, one specialising in science, for instance, another in art and a third in history. Whichever buys the work it is freely accessible to all citizens. The extension of this plan to private buyers ought not to be difficult, in places where the scheme of co-operation above outlined is already in operation; and the advantage to book-owners, individually and collectively, is obvious.

The second point—that relating to conservation—has possibly been insisted upon sufficiently in the early part of this article, but the function of the library as a guarantor of safe return needs a little more discussion. Doubtless, books lent in this way would follow Professor Brander Matthews's first rule in being chiefly those possible to replace. Only in such cases has guaranty or insurance a proper meaning. One may "insure" the Mona Lisa for a million dollars; but this does not mean that it could ever be replaced. When a man insures his life, he does not do it with the thought of avoiding death, but of preventing the loss which death would otherwise occasion. The money that he earns when alive and devotes to his family's support can be replaced, dollar for dollar, by that paid over by the insurance company. In like manner, a library cannot guarantee the return, to the owner, of the actual copy of a book that he has lent; but it can guarantee the purchase of another copy when the book is replaceable. When a book-owner, therefore, lends a book through a library, he is insured against loss with a thoroughness that would be impossible if the book went directly to the individual who is to use it. The library not only has more powerful machinery to enforce the return of the book, but it has greater resources and greater responsibility to pay for it if it proves

to be irrecoverably lost. Also, there is a strong likelihood that it will be able to recoup itself by enforcing payment from the loser.

And this insurance does not cost the lender a cent. He pays for it by his willingness to do public service—one of the few cases, if it is not the only case, where such willingness is worth actual cash. Owing to it, a man's book, lent in this way, would be safer than when locked up in his own bookcase without insurance. To equal it, the owner would have to take out policies, not only against fire, but against flood, tornado, burglary and every other imagined loss; for the library's guaranty has absolutely no limitation, except that of the time during which the book is in its charge. To wipe out this limitation also, the owner need only use the library as a permanent place of deposit; which brings us around again to the position taken near the beginning of this article. It was there hinted that human selfishness would prevent any such general abandonment of private custody. But perhaps, when the owner begins to look at the matter from this standpoint of insurance, human selfishness may turn about and pull in the other direction; who knows? The elimination of waste and the promotion of efficiency by co-operation and consolidation is in the air. The trust is an example in the field of commerce and industry. Charitable and civic organisations are combining and establishing great indexes to their work, freely accessible to all the societies concerned, so that none need try to do something already well done by some one else.

If book-owners who are willing to be book-lenders, all the more because they occasionally feel the need of becoming borrowers, will follow suit, we shall presently see the ownership of books exalted into a civic virtue. And the bibliophile will love his books more than ever, when bibliophily shall, in some such fashion as this, have become recuperative.

He who is exploring a canyon in the Far West is ever and anon tempted to

turn aside into some fascinating side canyon. The purpose of his exploration is not thwarted thereby, and, indeed, it may be aided and supplemented, provided only he returns in the end to the original valley and continues his course down the stream.

So, in the series of articles that ends here, although we have turned, now and again, to discuss side issues, it is to be hoped that these have served, in the end, to clarify and enlighten the main stream of thought, which is that an American's private library must be born of personal interest and fed upon love. We Americans are a practical people, but we are at the same time the most idealistic of nations. To buy a book because some one else likes it is not a practical proceeding, but to be guided, in purchasing, by the impulse of interest and love is both practical and ideal. And it is in accord with the recent awakening of our social and civic consciousness that what we do by and for ourselves should be considered always in its relationships with what we do with others—what we may do for each other. Hence we cannot consider our private book-buying apart from our public book-buying. The Public Library is in a position to aid us at every step and we in turn should be able and willing to aid it; for by so doing we are merely helping our neighbours.

If we are ever to give the lie to those prophets of evil who tell us that democracy is for the small nations alone, never for the great, and that as we grow, our old customs and our old laws must perforce become more and more a cloak for oligarchy and privilege—if we are ever to confound those who sneer at popular education and despise popular government, it must be by such practical co-operation as this—a demonstration that, at bottom, private and public activities are but different aspects of the same thing—that what the individual has, he holds in trust for his fellows, and what the community has it must place at the disposal of each citizen in the fullest and freest way compatible with its own existence and progress.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

V—THE NORTH COUNTRY OF NEW YORK

BY IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN," "DRI AND I," "THE TAMING OF GRIGGSBY," ETC.

UNTIL the middle of the last century northern New York was a remote frontier. It had many features of unusual interest. There were the old manor-houses of the Van Rensselaers and the Ogdens and that of George Parish—the Baron von Seftonburg—the most dashing and romantic figure in the land; there were the abandoned estates of the Count de Chaumont and the Baroness de Ferriet and of Joseph Bonaparte—that brother of Napoleon who had been King of Spain; there was the most beautiful and tremendous water highway on the continent, down which came the forests of the farther west in great rafts on their way to the mills; there, too, was a howling wilderness. Many a time in my boyhood I have heard it howl in the voices of wolf and panther. A wonderful place it was with its many lakes and ponds; with its ancient green trails, its wild life, its mighty hunters. Going down the Racquette or the Oswegatchie or the St. Regis forty years ago, one had to take off his hat to the beauty of the world, although he may never have done the like, for here were rivers walled and often roofed with pine and birch and tamarack, and bordered with lilies; and there were torches of blue iris flaming above the reeds, and wild roses crowding to the water's edge.

Most of the inhabitants of this part of the valley of the St. Lawrence got there in the westward movement from northern Vermont. They were a hardy race of men. Their fathers had been the Green Mountain Boys—a daring lot of raiders, woodchoppers, and fighting-men. They had had many enemies, the greatest of whom was the Devil. They wore

them out rapidly. They were almost wasteful in their use of enemies, but, of course, they knew where they could get others, and felt that they could afford this one extravagance. They came over the mountains and through the woods with their families in ox-carts and wagons. The old feather beds and some few sacred articles of furniture were in the carts and wagons with a kettle and a frying-pan, and some corn meal. The old family musket, with a barrel so long that one had to back up for a shot if the game were near him, furnished meat for the journey. Often they drove a cow with them so that they might have her milk with the pudding. It was a hard trip with much breaking down by the way.

Early in the last century a traveller on the old Châteauguay trail met a man going west with his ox-cart. One of the wheels had been broken, and the mover was mending it. His wife lay sick on a feather bed, under a bark lean-to. His children were shivering in a cold rain. In spite of all this the man was singing as he worked. He greeted the newcomer with a merry jest, and the latter said to him:

"My friend, how in God's name do you manage to keep so cheerful?"

"I've got to," said the mover in a low tone as he paused in his task. "Ye see, I've got to make them believe that we're havin' a good time, an' it keeps me awful busy. To-day, I can hardly believe it myself."

That was the type of man who settled the St. Lawrence Valley in northern New York. They were mostly a cheerful lot, because they had to be. Almost



IRVING BACHELLER

always the man was responsible for the moving. The wife had been the conservative member of the family who dreaded to leave the old neighbourhood for the life of a pioneer. She had generally tried to hold him back. So, it had been up to him to make her believe, if possible, that pioneering was fun. He sang, he told stories, he invented jokes, he laughed even when his courage was broken. He built his cabin of logs and battened it with moss and roofed it with rough hewn troughs, and windowed it with greased paper, and began to clear away the woods, burning the trees as they fell. The ashes were his only source of income, for he could leach water through them and boil down the lye into black salts which were much in demand.

Shut in by the mountains and the forest on the south and east, and the water boundary of an alien land on the north and west, he kept the dialect and customs

of his fathers. I remember well the mental boundaries of these people in my youth. In the east was history, in the west mystery, in the north the British, in the south the Democratic party, while above them was a difficult heaven, and beneath them a wide open and capacious hell. It was natural, I suppose, that they should indulge in profanity as well as in prayer, and I knew good men who were proficient in both directions. There were miles of whiskers in the valley those days, and nowhere was the head of the Yankee more fertile inside or outside. The men rested now and then to swap horses, and stories and political opinions, but the women were always busy, it seemed to me. They were a wonderful race of women—each a spinner, a weaver, a knitter, a sewer, a tailor, a cook, a washerwoman, a nurse, a doctor, a wise and tender mother. They went to the neighbours for a visit or an evening of frolic, now and then, but their

hands were busy even while they played, and they would knit half a stocking in the course of their fun.

Their lives were lonely. They were often thinking of the old friends and beloved scenes they had left forever, and yet they were not more than a hundred miles from them—a journey so long and difficult that they dared to think of it only in dreams. They found diversion in work. They worked and saved and sang of rest, but never seemed to be taking it. Their songs were streaked with the note of melancholy. It was like the sound of the wind in the chimney on a cold day. I used to hear them singing, in my youth, that old lyric which Robinson Crusoe was said to have sung in his loneliness:

Society, friendship and love
Divinely bestowed upon man.
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste thee again!

A few books, the *Weekly Tribune*, *Ballou's Magazine*, *Our Boys and Girls*, edited by Oliver Optic, afforded most of their amusement and consolation. The characters of Dickens and Ann Stephens, the adventures of Daniel Boone and David Livingstone, the sermons of Bushnell and Beecher, the wisdom of Horace Greeley came into the glow of the evening lamp and entered our thoughts and dreams.

These people had had to do their own sowing and reaping and threshing and milling (largely with tools of their own manufacture), their own building and mending, and with it all they had learned to do their own thinking—a highly important accomplishment. Taking thought of the morrow was the price of life. The self-made thinkers were on every frontier. The best came to be fairly well known: Wright, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Greeley, Edison, Mark Twain.

So the rank and file of our north country lived and fought the good fight. The railroad came in the middle fifties, and the young people began to break away from the farms. Some of the

young men went West or down to the oil fields in Pennsylvania. Some went away to school, living in a small room and boarding themselves. Some returned in fine boots and store clothing, with cigars in their mouths and silver in their pockets, and a new kind of fruit in their satchels called bananas. They told of wonderful adventures and narrow escapes; of a hundred dollars a month and such fabulous earnings. There was no holding the young men after that. Sundry big schools had been established in near villages. A college had opened north of the woods. Ministers and professors began to tell of the power of learning in the district school-houses. Everybody wanted to sell out and go West, but one might as well try to sell a corner lot on Mars as a farm seven miles from the railroad those days. Many rented and moved to the towns to educate their children. Naturally, the farms began to run down.

I remember returning to the scenes of my youth some thirty years ago. The old farm had been sold and resold and mortgaged and remortgaged. It was in the hands of a new American, who was willing to live on what he could not sell. He stood on the half-ruined porch looking at me as I drove in.

"Hello," said I.

"Hello," said he. "Who be you?"

I told him.

"They tell me you've done noble down there," said he.

"How've you done?" I asked.

"Jest livin'—farmin' is played out," he answered.

"Quit it," said I.

"Can't," said he.

"Why not?" said I.

"Mortgaged," said he. "What'll I do?"

"You look as if you might die without trying very hard," I suggested.

"Can't," said he.

"Why not?" said I.

"Mortgaged," said he. "With my wife and children I ain't no right to die."

At that moment a man drove in who

for many years had held mortgages on every acre of the countryside. The tenant introduced me.

"If your father had kept you here, this farm wouldn't look as it does now," the newcomer said to me.

"No," said the tenant. "If he'd stayed here the farm would have looked better, but he'd have looked a damn sight worse."

A good bit of the physical and psychological situation of that time and country is in this anecdote, and a thing to be remembered is this: They had a sense of humour which misfortune could not destroy.

So much for the rank and file of the country in which I was born. Its greatest citizen was Silas Wright, who, it was said, was busier declining offices than were other statesmen in trying to get them. He became Governor of the State, and the peer of Webster in the United States Senate, and declined the nomination of his party for President. He was a great, simple-hearted man who began his law practice in the county-seat of St. Lawrence. Every morning and afternoon he worked on his little farm in the village, and was often fetched out of the field where he was plain "Sile," to his office, where he was Mr. Wright, to talk with a client. Once a man came to see him with a grievance against his neighbour. Mr. Wright heard his story, and suggested that he should like to see the neighbour, and the latter was brought to the lawyer's office. Mr. Wright went to the door, put its key in the outside of the lock, and said:

"I'm going to shut you both in here, for I want you to be the judge and the jury in this case. When you've agreed on a verdict you may pound on the door, and I'll release you."

He was often heard to say that he didn't believe in getting twelve men for a job that two could do better.

When Governor and Mrs. Wright went to their duties in Albany, they had to drive one hundred and twenty miles to reach the railroad at Utica. Returning they rode with a load of furniture

and provisions, and Mrs. Wright carried her canary bird in her lap.

The Parishes built a baronial mansion near the shore of the river at Ogdensburg, in 1810. It was known long afterward as the old red villa. David and George Parish spent a fortune in the development of northern New York, building roads, opening mines, and establishing trade with the lakes and the lower river. George Parish whirled about the region in his coach, drawn by four horses, with relays every ten miles of his journey. In the early forties he married the celebrated Madame Vespucci, known in Washington as "the fair Florentine."

Stephen Van Rensselaer purchased his tract in 1795, and soon after built his mansion on a high point overlooking the river, where he and his family spent their summers. Henry Van Rensselaer assumed charge of the estate in 1832. The Ogdens, who bought their estate in 1792, built manor-houses at Ogdensburg and Waddington.

Ogdensburg was a famous port and trade centre, and noted for the healthfulness and beauty of its situation at the beginning of the last century. Washington Irving spent the summer of 1803 with the Parishes in quest of health and adventure.

Some French aristocrats, mostly friends of Napoleon I, bought the so-called Chassinis tract, in Jefferson and Lewis counties, soon after the French Revolution. It was a great domain, including something over 600,000 acres. Napoleon had furnished part of the money for this purchase, and looked to these wild lands as a promising place for rest and refreshment in that time of leisure which he hoped to enjoy.

There a number of the French nobility built homes and lived a grand life. Of them the best known were Joseph Bonaparte and Donatien Le Ray, Comte de Chaumont, and the Baroness de Ferriet, and Prince Lucien, son of Marshal Murat. The former built a lodge at Lake Bonaparte and a summer-house at Natural Bridge, with bullet proof sleep-

ing-rooms. One historian says that he and his guests rode about the lake in gondolas. Madame de Staël and the Duc de Broglie were also landholders in northern New York. A farmer came to a lawyer friend of mine up there and reported that in searching his title he found that it came from a man by the name of "Duck D. Brogle."

Among the visitors of these people were Thomas Moore, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, the Duc de Rochefoucauld, Comte Real, Napoleon's Prefect of Police, and Marshal Grouchy.

So, there has been all kinds of life—save that of the great city—in this land of which I have written. It is interesting, also, as the scene of the border wars.

THE PERSONAL JULES CLARETIE

BY STUART HENRY

JULES CLARETIE, now dead at seventy-three, after such a busy life, was so often to be seen walking rapidly up the Avenue de l'Opéra, with that kindly, open, humanitarian, bearded face a little upturned, typical of his frank, glad-handed, aspiring nature. One observed a figure in the usual Frenchman's modest, carelessly fitting habit, the ends of the overcoat sagging down, and the inevitable umbrella and neckcloth. A medium-sized man, with a slight literary stoop.

To wait for a word with him in the green room of the Français or on its private staircase, where one quails under the battery of shining, challenging glances from those fine-spun actresses lying in wait to waylay the Administrator for a better rôle, was to tarry for a man ever ready and apparently anxious to see you. But with no time. "Won't you kindly write and tell me what I can do for you?" would come at length his friendly response and request.

In that dramatic household you realised something of the daily hardships he underwent with so much benevolence during those twenty-eight years at the severest post of its kind in the world. What a marvel to manœuvre that highly spiced company of æsthetes and exquisites—players and coquettes—charming, spoiled children of genius and talent—perfumed with vanity, keyed-up in delicately strained tensions, intertwined in fine nets

of intrigue, and living in daily intimacy on one another's nerves!

Quite representative of the best moral elements of France, Claretie proved, however, a master in managing that be-fluttered dove-cote of petticoats. And it was the *Comédie*, too, in one of its most valued and varied epochs. He wrote, it is true, with Henry Cain *La Navarraise* for Massenet. But there was in his make-up neither lyrism nor any of that clinging feverish colour of sensual grace which appeals in a great deal of Massenet's music.

What travelling Claretie did served to keep him thoroughly French—a racial trait in French tourists. His excursions into Germany did not prevent this gracious man from maintaining a distinctly anti-German attitude in his history *La Guerre Nationale*. In his novel *l'Américaine* (1892), one fails to find anything truly American but its subject—divorce. And that was its real topic and excuse. For the Parisians at first berated us and now at length bless us for that important article of import to latter-day France.

Notwithstanding Claretie's twenty novels, his histories, his uncounted volumes of critical comment and appreciation on Paris life, art and everything else, an evolutionary Brunetière would say it was natural that Claretie's best creation should be *Brichanteau, Come-*

dian. It is apparently the only permanent and living thing that emerges from his cloud of writings.

Brichanteau, the gay, facile actor with a heart, is perhaps Claretie himself in the form of a player. Acted by De Féraudy, then flattened out to fit the *comédie de salon* and "easy to play" class, Brichanteau, matured actor of a little theatre, succeeding in his own failure, *spirituel*, diverting, rolling his r's like a performer of the *banlieu*—it is Brichanteau who lives while Claretie dies.

To compare this figure with its famous prototype, Daudet's Delobelle, born some twenty-two years before, is to see the one as on the stage itself and the other in the pages of a real living novel. Likely Delobelle will always be the greater. For Claretie, first of all and by profession a journalist, was, one may say, ever a journalist. He exemplified the touch-and-go diffuseness and impermanency of the daily newspaper. Daudet was pure literature, looking up toward the supreme and the enduring, and finishing everything down to the smallest of nervous details. Claretie hastened though rather easily, hitting the obvious spots of actuality.

Born in westerly mid-France, in the same year as Daudet (1840), he arrived on the scene in Paris when about eleven. He gradually joined with the Vacquerie sort of high-minded, upright men—be-lated Romantics who did not need to reform. They were to help overthrow the dissipated Empire and to live for the more righteous Republic—agnostic and Protestant. And so he became a journalist at twenty-one, then editor, writer of almost forgotten plays that ran a hundred nights, a universal commentator, breathing only the air from day to day. His books reflect a remarkably full picture of his time. Every new idea, movement, emotion, thrill of his epoch appear touched up in his thousands of columns. It is in his popular *La Vie à Paris*, more piquant than aggressive, that Claretie is revealed adequately as a quotidian chronicler. But compare the more

distinguished and durable *Vie littéraire* of Anatole France, which easily discovers to view a superior man of books, overshadowing the transient man of journalism in Claretie.

He was too good-hearted to be a great talent in letters. A man of literary genius, it seems, must have something mean or small about him. Claretie was never mean or small. He had the willing nature of a philanthropist, a very true love of liberty, a frankly welcome



JULES CLARETIE IN 1870

soul. And he was respected as he was beloved—a person in whom the difficult public conscience of Paris could always at length repose in confidence. Ever hopeful, confiding, looking for the best in almost all things, he remained to the last a felicitous figure, ready, conciliatory, practical. Everybody's assistant and contributor, he survived the writing of numerous prefaces for friends and the keeping track of his own pseudonyms.

One may crudely say that on the road from Romanticism Claretie became an impressionist. He first appeared in 1861

before life and letters in the presence of death at the funeral of the young and wasted Mürger. It was the end of the old Bohème, with its wan, tubercular loves. But Bohemia never had any attraction for Claretie. He was as far from it literarily in his wholesomeness of nature as he was politically from the *régime* of the debauched De Morny. Claretie's idea of Bohemia was that it lacked passion. He said that Bohemia "is not the love of liberty—it is only the caprice of liberty."

To be an impressionist, however, was not to be a psychologist, in his case. He readily passed by the difficult descents and ascents of the human soul, leaving them to younger men like France, Bourget, Barrès, with their more hesitating inclination to look closely about.

Claretie added nothing to literary fashions or style. Accordingly, perhaps, he was able to maintain at the *Comédie*

Française, as well as humanly possible, a just balance between the classic and romantic and between nearly all the old and nearly all the new. To serve well the public, the ever-changing government Ministries, the *sociétaires*, the saints and the devil, was the result of a diplomatic acrobatism which he exhibited with an approved skill of equilibrium. It was his great feat to have ridden with victory through all the wars that swept across his reign, and where he always won out with his supremely good tact and good will. Such a career as an officer of the nation, a functional administrator for half the span of a lifetime, would have killed the writer altogether in less of an adaptable, industrious and affable *littérateur*. And to his praise again be it said that such a successfully duplex example is to be found at no time in the past among his distinguished predecessors in the Rue Richelieu.

LITERARY WEIMAR

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

I

A LITTLE duchy it was, that stretched for nearly ten miles around the Pump on the market-square of its capital, from which radiated the roads which ended at numerous ducal castles set in a park dotted with caves and cascades, temples and statues. The Pump was fed by a stream, in some places wide enough to carry a ferry, in others harnessed to turn a mill. The constitution of the duchy was a moderate despotism, tempered by a chamber which might, or might not, be elected. The army consisted of a magnificent band that also did duty on the stage of the court theatre and played daily on the Aureliusplatz, and besides the band there was a right numerous staff of officers and, as the writer believed, a few men. When the performance at the court theatre was over, you could see the Duchess Dowager going

off in her jingling old coach, attended by two faithful withered maids of honour and a little, snuffy spindle-shanked gentleman in waiting in a brown jeasy and a green coat covered with many orders of which the star and grand yellow cordon of the order of St. Michael's of Pumpernickel were most conspicuous. The drums rolled, the guards saluted and the old carriage drove away. Then came his Transparency the Duke and Transparent family with the great officers of state and household, bowed serenely to everybody and again the guards saluted and the torches of the running footmen in scarlet uniform flamed brightly as the sovereign drove away. Everybody—that is everybody that was noble, for of the Bourgeois one could not take notice, visited his neighbour; for every lady had her jour fixe and everybody knew everybody. No sooner



WEIMAR. THE DUCAL PALACE

was a foreigner seen there, than the Minister of Foreign Affairs or some other great or small officer of state went around to the Hotel zum Erbprinzen and found out the name of the guest.

So Thackeray goes on to tell us that the party of Major Dobbin put up at the Erbprinz and that Becky stopped at the Elephant, and if anybody doubted what little duchy was meant, the names of these two hostelries, famous in Weimar's palmy days, set these doubts at rest. Nor is the picture of Weimar's life as seen through the lens of Thackeray's mild satire unjustly overdrawn. For as he had seen it during his momentous sojourn in 1830, so it had been some seventy years before and so it remained at least thirty years after. For when Anna Amalia, the niece of Frederick the Great and princess of Brunswick, came there in 1756 as bride of the reigning duke, the place was more like a village than a city. The roofs of the

houses were of straw or shingles. The streets were narrow and ill-kept, pools of stagnant water spreading their nauseous odours. Shepherds drove their flocks through them in day-time, and hordes of boisterous students from Jena galloped through them at night. The untitled citizens walked about with little lanterns after dark. The titled were borne about in sedans with torches lighting their way. Entrance and exit at the city's gates were attended by voluminous red tape which discouraged intercourse with the world outside. The primitive plainness of the city itself stood in marked contrast to the many castles that surrounded it like a belt of fortifications. Ten years after the arrival of Goethe, Schiller called Weimar a village, Herder an ugly bastard between village and capital, and Madame de Staël some years later happily summarised her impressions by declaring that Weimar was not a little town, but one enormous



WEIMAR. GOETHE'S HOUSE

chateau. For the palace, including the court church, court theatre, court library, gallery, museum and what not, covered almost one-third of the city's whole area, and the army of useless courtiers, military and other officials and petty bureaucrats made even Goethe painfully conscious of the fact that the court was feasting upon the country. Nor did the passing of the two sovereigns of the classical period and the death of Goethe change the time-honoured customs of the court and the people. For many decades after, the notables were still borne about in yellow porte-chaises by men in long dark blue coats and silk stove-pipe hats, and the counsellors and other dignitaries of state entered the buildings in which they discharged their important business in blue or green frock coats, high silk hats, and swung a dainty ivory-topped cane in their right hand, while behind them on a wheel-barrow followed the ponderous documents of their state transactions! And though the old clock with the Turk that struck the hour whenever the two goats at his side poked his ribs, the famous "Matz,"

no longer announced the hour of the day from the Stadthaus, the citizens still marked the beginning of spring from the day when the huzzars shed their fur-trimmed blue and donned their red coats. As late as 1859 Hebbel wrote to his wife, that he could not stand this circus for a long time, always the same mares and the same riders, Sundays in red and Mondays in grey!

II

Yet this quaint, old-fashioned, provincial, gossipy old town which had become a focal point of German culture in the eighteenth century kept attracting intellectual visitors from all over the world in the time of Hebbel's sojourn, as it had done in the time of Thackeray's visit. For a centre of activity and inspiration it was from the time when Dorothea Maria, the first of the extraordinary women identified with Weimar's greatness, became the patron of the society for the purification of the German language and the diffusion of useful knowledge, the Palmenorden, founded in 1617. Among her successors were



WEIMAR. SCHILLER'S HOUSE

patrons of art and of music, Johann Sebastian Bach being called by one of them to direct the ducal chamber music and play the organ in the court church. But the real glory of Weimar dates from the arrival of Anna Amalia, who, brought up at a court which favoured French and Italian culture and loved artistic display, endowed with rare mentality and accustomed to stimulating intellectual intercourse, made the little capital of the little duchy a Mecca of German genius. An unusual woman was Anna Amalia, and one that rose supremely to the exigencies of an unusual fate. She gave her husband two sons in the two years of their wedded life and was left, when not yet twenty-one, widow, guardian and regent. But although the country was on the verge of ruin by failure of crops, famine, epidemics and the unrest of war, she restored order and prosperity and at the end of the seventeen years of her reign had the satisfaction of knowing that her subjects had never before known such a period of contentment.

To bring up her sons, Carl August and Constantin, to be noble and efficient men and wise and gentle rulers, Anna Amalia was careful in the choice of their tutors and companions. They were Count Götz, the governor of the crown-prince, Major Karl Ludwig von Knebel, a retired army officer of unusual worldly experience and thorough classical scholarship, and Johann Martin Wieland, whose didactic novel, *Der Goldene Spiegel* (*The Golden Mirror*), demonstrated what sovereigns of civilised nations should know in order to render happy their subjects. The education of princes, the constitution of states, the customs of courts and the duties of monarchs were set forth in that work and commented upon by the liberal and polished mind of the poet of "Oberon." Men of letters had so far been little cared for at German courts; when Wieland came to Weimar literature became "hoffähig," a term for which the more democratic English language has no equivalent.

Anna Amalia was a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments. She spoke four or five languages, was well-read in their literature and was a gifted musician. Her immediate circle at the court consisted of men of extraordinary intelligence and culture. Besides Knebel and Wieland there were Einsiedel and Sekendorf, both musicians and linguists, Musäus, the director of the Gymnasium and forerunner of the brothers Grimm



THE GOETHE-SCHILLER STATUE

as collector of German lore; Bode, another versatile dilettante, musician, poet and translator of English novels, and Bertuch, a man who had been successively theologian, jurist, tutor, and head of a flourishing establishment which gave him the monopoly for all the graphic arts in Germany at the time.

With the coming to the throne of Carl August in 1775, began what is known as Weimar's "Geniezeit." For he called to the court a young sovereign in the world of intellect and inaugurated a reign of

letters, science, art and youth, unparalleled in history. For he was then only eighteen years of age, his bride, Luise, the same age; his brother Constantin one year younger, Goethe twenty-six, Einsiedel twenty-five, Bertuch twenty-seven, Knebel thirty-one, Herder, who was appointed to the court church a few months after Goethe's arrival, thirty-two, Frau von Stein thirty-three, Anna Amalia thirty-six, and Wieland alone had passed forty. No wonder that this constellation of youth and genius electrified the atmosphere of the court into an intellectual effervescence which stimulated and inspired not only its immediate environment, but sent its quickening sparks to the remotest parts of the country. This was the period of brilliant conversation in the French salons as at this little German court. The dominant note was a drastic smartness; doggerel with open and pointed allusions to those present was popular. There was pose in this as in other pastimes which partook of the nature of make-believe games. For the guests at almost all functions appeared in fanciful disguise. In summer the country residences of the court were the scenes of pastorals and idyls which would have inspired the brush of Watteau. The May festivals of the Minnesinger were revived and King Arthur's Round Table convened under the trees laden with the bloom of spring. Carl August lived for weeks at a time in a little rustic hut, opposite which, across the meadow, was the famous Gartenhaus of Goethe.

The spirit of Rousseau was in the air. Carl August and Goethe donned the costume of Werther, hardened their young bodies by strenuous out-door sports, bathed at night in the waters of the Ilm, walked and skated, hunted and camped out, galloped across the country on horseback and danced with rural damsels in village taverns. There was no lack of the feminine element at the court. One of the women most prominent in its life was Charlotte von Stein, wife of the duke's equerry, a prosaical man completely absorbed in his service

or in robust conviviality. Very human and broad-minded, though not without some little weaknesses, endowed with a mind as receptive as it was critical, Frau von Stein had an irresistible charm for young Goethe. Another strong personality was Corona Schröter, actress, painter and musician of talent and a woman of unusually pure classical beauty. Another interesting personality was Luise von Göchhausen, a little hunchback of rare intelligence, sprightly temperament and a great wit and good

indicate that the patience and admirable toleration which the duke and his circle showed all the striking personalities that flocked there, with or without a justifiable claim to genius, were sometimes sorely tried. When a figure like the Swiss apostle of nature, Christian Kaufmann, of Winterthur, appeared in the streets astride a white horse, his breast bared to the winds and his hair flowing down his back like a mane, the good citizens of Weimar who had no share in this busy life except as passive



WEIMAR. THEATRE AND GOETHE-SCHILLER STATUE

sport, who seemed immune to the shafts of satire that flew about at court and spared nobody.

The hospitality of the court was boundless and enjoyed by hosts of German intellectuals and not a few foreigners. Among the latter was the famous Abbé Raynal, the founder of the "Correspondance" of Grimm, a lively little man who talked so much that in his presence the great voices of Weimar were doomed to silence. But some entries in the records and memoirs of the court

spectators, must have been deeply shocked. Some of these representatives of the protest against conventionality which had set in arrived with a wardrobe so scanty and worn-out, that Bertuch, the financier of the court, is said to have had a separate entry in his ledger for the clothing expenses of the visiting geniuses.

The variety of interests and pursuits was amazing. Anna Amalia, who even after her son's accession to the throne remained the soul and guiding spirit of the court, knew the art of socialising



CASTLE TIEFURT

even the most recalcitrant individualists and engaging them in harmonious collaboration with their fellow-beings. Drawing-tables were set up in the halls and everybody worked with brush and pencil, inviting and offering criticism. These noble dilettanti were masters in the art of living, pursuing art, music, drama, philosophy and nature science as means to enrich life by refined pleasure. Famous painters and sculptors came there to instruct them and left in the collections of the court numerous portraits and pictures of scenes of this life. Chamber music was also cultivated. Anna Amalia played the lute and the piano, Carl August the violoncello, and the court orchestra attempted the most difficult tasks. Goethe's minor plays and his songs were set to music by Anna Amalia and Corona Schröter. Classical studies were pursued. Nature study found many adepts who botanised and geologised with Goethe, observed the celestial phenomena, experimented with electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, everything that stimulated investigation. All this wonderful activity is recorded in the

memoirs and letters of the time, for this was a great period of epistolary composition, and the brilliant talkers of the court were no less brilliant letter-writers, especially Fräulein von Göchhausen.

As a composite product of all the arts the drama appealed strongly to these versatile dilettanti and stimulated their ambition and ingenuousness as that of the professionals associated with them. Goethe himself was not only court dramatist, but also actor, prompter and stage manager. All members of the ducal family who could speak, act, dance or sing took part. The performances at the open-air theatres which had been laid out in the parks of Belvedere, the Ettersburg and Tiefurt were particularly favoured. At these performances were played the dramatic efforts of Goethe's youth and numerous festival and other minor plays of that period. But even his serious work received a strong impulse from this activity. From the life about him he drew much of the inspiration that went into his *Tasso* and his *Iphigenia* was first impersonated at the Ettersburg by Corona Schröter. Some



WEIMAR. GOETHE'S GARDEN

of his greatest works were conceived and begun during these years, though some were not finished until many years later. For his position was by no means a sinecure. The much envied "Geheime Legationsrat" had a variety of exacting duties: he was the duke's financial adviser, he studied the condition of the poor and was as much concerned about alleviating their sufferings as about maintaining the intellectual prestige of the court. He was second only to Carl August in the government of the duchy. Herder called him Weimar's factotum, Knebel the backbone of things, and all the terms applied to him seriously or jestingly seemed to fit him.

III

An epochal event for Weimar was the arrival of Schiller, who after some coming and going finally took up his permanent residence there in 1799. Goethe found in him a sympathetic appreciator

of the new ideas which he had formulated about the drama, and as the relation between the two ripened into friendship, there were few interests that they did not hold in common. They collaborated in the establishment of magazines in which they made war upon the vulgar tendencies of the time and defended themselves against the attacks of their rivals. A mutual interchange developed which influenced and inspired one as the other and stimulated them into a productivity which neither had known before. Such harmonious coöperation of its two greatest poets could not be without a profound effect upon the whole country. The Golden Age of Weimar was the work of both; they could not have been more appropriately honoured than they were by the erection of the double monument by Rietschel, which dominates the theatre square. It reflects their life at that period. The two poets, who, each in his own way, had been the elo-



MAX GEISLER, A FAVOURITE THROUGH THE LYRIC QUALITY OF HIS FICTION

quent spokesman of youth, had entered upon maturity and looked out upon the world about them with the eyes of leaders who knew their way and whose reading of life was to guide the nation behind them.

The influence of Schiller upon Goethe and the court was most wholesome. He became the ethical power before which the younger generation bowed with something like reverence. At the tea-table of the duchesses or in a small circle at his own home, he could talk most eloquently upon the vital problems confronting his time. He had no such faithful chronicler as Goethe had in Eckermann and others, but those who had the opportunity of hearing him recognised in him a great force in the general spiritual uplift of the period. There was a close intercourse at that time between Weimar and Jena, where the representatives of the new philosophy and the romantic school had their seat. Fichte, Humboldt and the Schlegels were contributors to the "Horen." At Anna

Amalia's famous first Fridays of the month, the scholars of both towns met and communicated to each other the results of scientific research or read aloud their works. On Wednesday evenings after theatre, Goethe entertained a company of seven couples which he called a court of love, and even Schiller, who had stood aloof from this life at first, learned the value of relaxation and joined in the general sociability.

But events took place upon the great stage of the world which prepared the end of old Weimar. The French Revolution with its new political and social ideals made great inroads upon the harmonious and pacific spirit of the court. Herder and a group of others warmly greeted the advent of the new epoch. Schiller turned with horror from its gospel of liberty when the revolution degenerated into terrorism. Goethe saw in all violent changes something contrary to natural evolution. Discussions of current events caused serious splits and disruptions of old friendships for reasons of political dissension became alarmingly frequent. But the political unrest did not interfere with the intellectual activity of the court. Distinguished guests kept coming and going: Jean Paul, Matthison, Zacharias Werner, Caroline Schelling, Bettina von Arnim and others. English families of wealth and culture began to settle in Weimar, until their number was large enough to support a special school for young Englishmen founded by a French refugee. One of the princes of the ducal house became infatuated with the daughter of the artist Gore, the "schöne Engländerin," as she was called by Goethe, who admired the healthy physique and the free and open mind of young England, and Carl August suggested in a letter, that intermarriage with the English would renew the blood of his people and give them straighter backs! But when the foreign intellectual proletariat began also to flock to Weimar, the authorities passed a law to restrict immigration and permitted only such Frenchmen and Englishmen to settle there whose good name

and reputation had been proved by previous visits to the old town. An event of almost historical importance was the visit of Madame de Staël, who, accompanied by Benjamin Constant, spent two months in Weimar in the winter of 1804 and brought with her a breath of the new spirit from across the Rhine. To Schiller acquaintance with that extraordinary woman was of momentous importance, for she made him realise the limitations of his environment. But the peaceful mission upon which she had come as interpreter of French and German culture of that period was soon to be obscured by the lurid glow of the torch of war. For the Napoleonic scourge was approaching and the sovereigns of the numerous little German duchies were trembling with terror upon their thrones. The disintegration of old Germany was close at hand.

Much has been made of the attitude of the French court before the Revolution; but the records of Weimar prove that this little German court shared the same spirit of light-hearted frivolity. On the very eve of the battle of Jena Anna Amalia was entertaining a Berlin composer, Himmel, and her cozy little castle at Tiefurt was ringing with the tunes of his opera *Fanchon*, among them a popular ditty voicing the sentiment: "Make merry to-day, for ye know not what the morrow may bring." The words were soon to become tangible facts, for on the fourteenth of October the tranquil atmosphere of Weimar was disturbed by the cannon peals of battle. War has no reverence for culture and, like death, respects no person. The victorious enemy did not spare the town's most cherished sanctuaries. Tiefurt was left almost in ruins. Anna Amalia had fled, taking with her her granddaughter, escorted by the faithful Einsiedel and Fräulein von Göchhausen. Frau von Stein and others were the victims of marauders; Goethe was saved from ill-treatment only by the resolute intervention of Christiane Vulpius, whom he soon after made his wife. Wieland alone, having the reputation among the



WILHELM HEGELER, HIS INGENIEUR HORSTMANN AND PASTOR KLINGHAMMER LINGER IN THE MEMORY

French of being Germany's Voltaire, received a safeguard and was under the Emperor's personal protection!

A year later Weimar returned to its wonted leisurely pace and assumed its normal aspect. But the Corsican cataclysm had wrought some changes. Herder had died in 1803, Schiller in 1805 and Anna Amalia in the spring of 1807. The princes' congress at Erfurt had brought a host of distinguished personages into that part of the country and Weimar received its share of guests. Napoleon had with him a company of French actors and Voltaire's *La Mort de César* was given with the famous Talma in the rôle of Brutus. When Cæsar said to Anthony at the end of the first act:

Sur l'univers soumis regnons sans violence
an electrical thrill seemed to pass through the audience and Napoleon remarked to Duchess Louise: "Etrange pièce ce César. Pièce republicaine. J'espère que cela fera aucun effet ici!" It is well to note that while he subjected German sovereigns to humiliations, he showed the

intellectual leaders of the country extraordinary consideration. His interview with Goethe at Erfurt is a matter of history. He insisted on meeting Wieland, and though then a very old man, the author of the *Goldene Spiegel*, that admirable manual of royal ethics, held his own in presence of the conqueror before whom kings and queens had quaked. Weimar little dreamed then, that on a winter night a few years hence, he, from whom armies had fled in terror, would hurry through its streets in his sleigh,

silhouettes have preserved for posterity many portraits of the period, were among the standing guests of Goethe's house. But the number of visitors had alarmingly increased. Every art and profession and every country of the civilised world was represented. Among the musicians to be met there were Mendelssohn, then a mere boy, Zelster, Hummel, Spontini, Paganini; among the artists the painters Kügelgen and Stieler, and the sculptors Schinkel, Schadow, Rauch, Tieck and that great Frenchman, David



JOHANNES SCHLAF, CONSIDERED THE FATHER OF GERMAN NATURALISM

himself a fugitive after his defection in Russia!

After the death of Carl August in 1828, the Goethe house became the centre of intellectual Weimar. Christiane had died some years before and Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie, presided over the place with dignity and tact. The society of the town had become slightly democratised since Johanna Schopenhauer, whose son was then studying at Jena, had opened the first salon that did not bear the stamp of aristocratic patronage. She and her daughter Adele, whose

d'Angers, whose Goethe-bust is one of Weimar's most cherished treasures. Among the writers could be counted every German of note, and many foreigners, among them Andersen, Mickiewicz and an increasing number of Englishmen and Americans.

This was the time of Thackeray's visit to Weimar. He was only nineteen when he had left Cambridge without a degree and started on his quest of experience in foreign lands. In the letters to his mother are recorded his impressions of travels in France, Switzerland and

Germany, and especially of his stay in the quaint old-fashioned little town. He had studied German before and had perhaps thought of improving it by practice, but found that the ladies of the Weimar "Gesellschaft" spoke English and French too well to give him a chance to apply his German. He was asked to attend a tea-party to meet the sage of Weimar, some prominent English residents and his particular intimates, and the reception was most cordial. He called on Ottilie von Goethe one evening and was surprised to find on her table three Byrons, one Moore and one Shelley. Nor was this a display calculated to impress the young Englishman, for she had a marked preference for England and English letters, and Byron was then at the height of his popularity in Germany. ¶ He met Goethe more than once and wrote of him, "he is a noble poet, and an interesting old man to speak to and look upon as I ever saw," and again, "It must have been a fine sight twenty years ago, this little Court, with Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and the old Grand Duke and Duchess to ornament it." He even lost his heart to a fair Fräulein of Weimar, and though his Fitzboodle pokes fun at the little peculiarities of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, he had a soft spot for it all his life and wrote many years later: "I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear old Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried." Nor is it unlikely that the subtle influence of this literary centre was quite lost upon his development. He was then still much interested in his drawing and had added many a leaf to his own sketchbook and to the albums of his German friends, some of his drawings having been praised by Goethe himself. But his interest in literature seemed subconsciously to be growing during his stay there, many writing schemes presented themselves, a translation of Schiller foremost among them, and he may have left the "Dichterstadt," as the Germans like to call it, with a

little more definite conception of the work that was his to be done in the world than he had before coming there.

With the death of Goethe in 1832 Weimar seemed for a time to lose its prestige and to be deserted, at least by German genius. The wits of the young generation called it a literary cemetery; some the Pompeii of German intellect, others the dilapidated Delphic oracle. Dingelstedt shuddered at its sepulchral atmosphere and said that it made him feel as if he were himself a sarcophagus. Yet the immediate successor of Carl August was not an unworthy heir of the great heritage of tradition and his wife, Maria Paulowna, though not an artist herself, like Anna Amalia, was a most intelligent and appreciative patroness of art. She drew upon her own private fortune to secure for Weimar the monuments of Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Wieland, and to have the so-called poets' rooms in the residential palace furnished and decorated as fit memorials. It was she, too, who succeeded in having Liszt appointed "extraordinary" Kapellmeister. Nor had Weimar lost its attraction for the hosts of foreign visitors who came to pay homage to the memory of its great dead, Bancroft, Everett, Taylor and many other Americans among them.

Her son, Carl Alexander, founded the museum and art academy and did much to make Weimar once more the cradle of a new ideal of art, letters and music. Among the writers of the mid-century frequently entertained at his court were Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, the great-grandson of Schiller, Heyse, Schefel, Fanny Lewald, Wildenbruch, who was then a very young man, and Hebel, who read to the court his "Nibelungen." These were years of great discontent and unrest throughout Germany. Weimar alone seemed untouched and was something like an isle of rest and port of safety for political refugees of all sorts. Carl Alexander showed an admirable spirit of tolerance: Biedermann, who had lost his professorship at Leipsic, was made editor of the official

paper of Weimar; Dittenberger, who had likewise come under the ban for his religious liberalism, became the successor of Herder at the court church; Hoffmann von Fallersleben, one of the most ardent bards of freedom in the revolutionary choir of 1848, lived there not only unmolested, but was very popular at the ducal palace. Richard Wagner, too, a fugitive after the Dresden riot, found a hiding-place in Weimar, and during this time ripened the friendship between him and Liszt.

Liszt had come to Weimar just as the storm-clouds of the revolution had begun to gather and had soon been followed by his friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, who took up her residence in a castle near Weimar, the since famous Altenburg. This now became the Mecca of genius as much as Weimar itself had been in the previous century. For she was a woman of the broadest culture and the most generous hospitality and of a rare catholic taste. A friend and patroness of Genelli, Preller, Steinle, Cornelius, Schwind, Kaulbach, Rietschel and Hähnel, she acquired many of their works and the Altenburg, which had already the greatest private library in Germany, had soon an extraordinary collection of contemporaneous German art. Hebbel, Heyse, Bodenstedt, Meissner and Hoffmann von Fallersleben were her guests and even Gutzkow and Dingelstedt became reconciled to the "sepulchral" atmosphere of Weimar and were among the men who settled there temporarily or permanently. To this wonderful source of lofty inspiration flocked all the great musicians of the time: Rubinstein, von Bülow, Lassen, Hiller, the poet-composer Peter Cornelius and Berlioz. Liszt resuscitated from oblivion the works of old and never appreciated composers and made known to the world those who were then struggling for recognition. His production of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* in 1850, of works by Berlioz, Raff, Franz, Gade, Cornelius and others made Weimar the centre of musical life in the world. He dreamed of a Bayreuth on a hill near

Weimar or at the foot of the Wartburg; he planned an ideal music-school for the ideal opera. But with the almost naïve enthusiasm of the born idealist he did not realise that secret forces were at work, ready to undermine his beautiful projects. Dingelstedt, the clever opportunist who was the director of the court theatre, succeeded by a skilful manoeuvre to have the budget for musical performances materially diminished, and the undeserved fiasco of Cornelius's charming opera, *The Barber of Bagdad*, made Liszt desert his place, discouraged and disillusioned.

With his departure from Weimar the wonderful life at the Altenburg came to an end. Its gates were closed and it soon became one more monument to Weimar's past glory. Upon the drama was now focussed the attention of all Germany and justly so, for Dingelstedt's redeeming quality was his indubitable efficiency as theatrical director. The performances at the tri-centenary of Shakespeare, the productions of Schiller's *Wallenstein* trilogy, of Hebbel's *Nibelungen* and *Genoveva*, and other master works, were deservedly considered landmarks in the history of the German stage. Dingelstedt's successors, von Loëns and Bronsart, also maintained the high standard which Goethe had established. Besides the model performances of Shakespeare and the German classics, Hebbel, Grillparzer and Otto Ludwig were played, and hardly one of the moderns was ignored. Nor did Liszt harbour a permanent grudge against Weimar, for he returned many years later and the "Hofgärtnerei," which was his home, once more attracted musicians and music-students from all over the world, among them not a few Americans like William Mason, and men who, like d'Albert, are now in the foremost rank as performers and composers. After his death the place was converted into a Liszt Museum.

Weimar seems destined to be the place where present and future shall worship at the shrines of the past. If the Goethe, Schiller and Liszt houses stand for the

past and present, another sanctuary is the noble link between to-day and to-morrow. It seems a grim irony that the very man who turned the eyes of his generation away from the past and had re-valued old standards of thought and taste, should after years of futile quest for a climate that should restore to him physical and mental well-being, settle in this city of the great dead. It was in the year 1897 when Friedrich Nietzsche came to live in the Villa Silberblick, situated on an elevation which commands a superb view of the country all around. There the poet-philosopher, who set his seal upon the reading of life of the present generation and in the words of Francis Grierson "imposed a new scale of moral values to the iron mandates of Bismarck and made it impossible for the German people ever again to think, write or act in the sentimental mode," died a few years later. It is the residence of the sister, Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, whose faithful devotion furnishes one of the most touching chapters of modern biography and the home of the Nietzsche-Archiv. So the quiet city on the Ilm which some one hundred and forty years ago had become the Mecca of German genius, has one more hallowed spot which is the goal of reverent pilgrimage. There is grim irony in the fact that Nietzsche, the arch-heretic who inspired the young generation with the courage to break the spell of the past, should himself have become the object of such worship as he was wont to discountenance.

It is not an advantage to live in a place so alive with the memories of the great that have gone before, that the living seem in comparison very small indeed. But the very fact that there are those who prefer to live in the shadow of the past rather than in the glare and the din of the present, speaks for them. The qualities that set these writers apart from those who feel at home only in the intellectual furnace of Berlin, the exotic hotbed of Vienna or among the genial conviviality of Munich, are either an intransigent individualism or a severe schol-

arship. For both the atmosphere of Weimar seems more congenial. It favours an isolation which makes for concentration. Collaborators on the Goethe-Schiller Archiv are Dr. Carl Schüddekopf, whose numerous works on and editions of German classics are invaluable to the student and bring very close to us Gleim, Bürger, Ramler, Lichtenberg, Heinse, Lessing and Goethe himself, and Dr. Hans Gerhard Gräf, who also enjoys a great reputation as editor and commentator. The name of Dr. Oskar Bulle, of the Schiller-Stiftung, is familiar to the readers of the old-time *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung*, the excellent supplement of which he edited until the paper had to cede to the rivalry of cheaper policies. Dr. Adolf Bartels, much attacked and maligned by the young generation for his prejudices, racial and æsthetic, has nevertheless materially aided our understanding of the erratic Silesian, Johann Christian Günther, and of more recent writers like Klaus Groth, Jeremias Gotthelf, Wilhelm Raabe, Emanuel Geibel, Wilhelm von Polenz and others, and his history of German literature is not without merit. Another resident of Weimar and representative of the more conservative spirit is Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the author of admirable monographs on Anna Amalia and Charlotte von Stein and other works that have a place of honour in Goethebibliography. History and criticism are represented by Wolfgang von Oettingen and Hans von der Gabelentz, the latter curator of the ducal art collections.

But there is also a number of writers in Weimar, rather related to the younger generation, though not identified with any of its groups and apparently bent upon going their own way. Wilhelm Hegeler, who appeared in the literary world some twenty years ago, an outsider in the then raging conflict between the old and the new, retains his isolated position. He has made great strides since the publication of his *Mutter Bertha*; his *Ingenieur Horstmann* and *Pastor Klinghammer* are figures that linger in their readers' memories and

even his recent collection of short stories, *Eros*, shows the steady development of his narrative gift. Ernst Hardt, the novelist, dramatist, critic and translator, who a few years ago suddenly became famous by receiving two prizes for his drama, *Tantris der Narr*, is another resident. In Count Baudissin, who writes under the pseudonym "Freiherr von Schlicht," Weimar has a very popular writer of military fiction, mostly of a humorous character. Max Geissler has become a favourite through the rather lyric quality of his fiction, which seems no little influenced by the landscape of the country about Weimar. All these men keep aloof from the current tendencies of German letters and have little in common with the æsthetic or philosophical fads of the hour in Berlin, Munich, or Vienna.

Yet there is one resident of Weimar, once as closely as possible identified with the revolutionary youth of the century's end. A native of Magdeburg who spent his cruel "Lehrjahre" in Berlin, then seething with new creeds and new codes, Johannes Schlaf contributed no little to the establishment of new standards and is justly considered the father of German naturalism. But though he has not become an apostate to the ideals of his youth, he has outgrown the immaturity of that period of propaganda, and on turning his back upon the metropolitan crowds has found a congenial home in the

quiet little capital which once held the classical court of the Muses. There he lives with his sister, absorbed in his work, an independent thinker and investigator in many fields. He has been the most eloquent protagonist of Walt Whitman in Germany, has translated selections from the *Leaves of Grass*, and by the translation of the life by Binns has brought the American poet nearer to the hearts of the German people. In refuting the absurd insinuations of a pseudo-scientist who had tacked an obnoxious label on Whitman, Schlaf did for him in Germany what Bazalgette has recently done in France in an excellent article in *L'Effort Libre*. Schlaf's frank secession from Nietzsche, too, is proof of his uncompromising individualism and of his moral courage; for it does take courage in Germany to-day not to share the cult of the Overman and to refuse the unqualified acceptance of a pathological view of humanity.

Thus Weimar now points to a new individualism which has the strength to turn a deaf ear to the message of prophets and to pursue its path independent of the procession of apostles and adepts. Perhaps the spirit of Goethe and Schiller still hovering about the place has caused the pendulum to swing back and has restored the just balance; for their life and their work still hold messages for the children of another century.



BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

V—"THE DUCHESS"

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

THE first grown-up novel that many people read was written by The Duchess. She shed smiles and tears over five continents, spanning the world with a rainbow. She created a school of minor writers. Her books still sell by the thousands in cheap paper-back editions (where they are classed by outsiders with the company they keep). Yet the present writer asking for one of her stories at the Public Library of New York City, was met with a blank stare. A hundred other inconsequential novels of that period and this were there, but not one of The Duchess. It is scarcely too much to say he was indignant and scandalised. Was it possible a race was arising which would not know The Duchess? Alas, inquiry convinced him this was so! That happy spirit—except for the readers of paper-back editions—had fled utterly within the portals of oblivion. And so the writer, remembering his debt of joy to this forgotten lady, thought to make a slight return for it, ere too late, by recalling for old fogies like himself her three principal stories. One old fogy was a college president whose idea of a glorious vacation consisted of a hammock, a set of Scott, Byron's narrative poems, and The Duchess. For him and all such survivors of a remote past is intended this tribute.

I

Molly Bawn, as her half-brother calls Miss Eleanor Massereene, is invited by her unknown grandfather, who disowned her mother for marrying a penniless Irishman, to visit his great country place, Herst Royal. This is presided over by Marcia, another granddaughter whose father he cut off for marrying an Italian singer; and in the house is still a third grandchild, Philip, the son

of a spendthrift, who likewise had felt the old gentleman's anger. Hating both of them and the rest of his relatives, with whom he surrounds himself because he cannot bear to be alone in the great house, the malicious old man has had the idea that the sudden appearance of another possible heir will annoy them all. Marcia snubs the newcomer, but Molly scores on her successfully and with apparent innocence (all this country-cousin and high-bred hostess business had not become so stereotype in 1878!). Molly is soon on the best of terms with everybody, and her cousin Philip promptly transfers his already frayed affection from Marcia to her. That proud beauty, to revenge herself, betrays to her grandfather that Philip is following his father's well-worn path to the money-lenders. Staying at the house is Luttrell, a young man who had visited Molly's half-brother and contracted a secret engagement with her; and she teases and flouts her lover unmercifully, making him miserably jealous of Philip's apparent success with her. This jealousy is brought to fever heat by a series of cat-and-mouse adventures, when suddenly comes a telegram announcing her brother's death. The failure of some speculations has killed him and decimated his little property. Thereupon Molly decides to support the family by singing upon the stage, and informs her lover that marriage is now impossible—she cannot burden him with her brother's family, and she will not give them up. Her grandfather offers her his fortune on condition that she relinquish them, but she refuses this also; and he disowns her, as he had done her mother. Four months later her lover sees her singing at a music-hall, the idol of the audience; but she repulses him still. The old man dies

at last, however, and is found to have left the bulk of his estate to Molly. But it is now Luttrell's turn to refuse to marry—his honour will not let him wed an heiress. In the final scene, set to all the flowers of all the Springs that ever were, she asks him to marry her and makes him put upon her finger the old ring which he had given her in the first part of the story, and which she, feeling herself unjustly suspected by him during one of his very natural fits of jealousy, had imperiously handed back to him, only to behold it cast into the fire; and she had fished out from the grate—after he had fiercely stalked from the room—with a poker and with many tears.

This, it will be seen, is a plot of the thin but tidy variety which was conventional even at that date. In itself it contains abundant opportunity for tears and smiles. The sentiment is that of its age (and who will be rash enough to say we have outgrown it?), but the continuous good humour of the story is for all time. The prattle and gaiety of her dialogue is so delightful that one fails to note that he is a third through the book before anything really happens. There are simply lively and pleasant conversations about nothing at all in the most casual and human manner. The gay cynicism of the talk prefigures that charming novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, which is a sort of glorified edition of *The Duchess*. Seventy-seven pages of shockingly fine print may seem too much of this sort of thing; but once our palates were not demanding highly spiced diet, and now that they are jaded, the taste of it comes as a refreshing change. The conversation, too, may seem a trifle insubstantial in these days, when young ladies are up on ideas and insist upon ventilating them; but in those times, be it remembered (and perhaps in these also, if we weren't so hypocritical about it), a young lady was thought to be making the best use of conversation when she exploited her own personality and whetted the gentleman's. These things Molly does to perfection, letting him seed raisins for her

and row her on the river, and while away the sunny weather in the arbour, on the strawberry bank, and at the Fairies Glen. When the plot does begin, it gets itself along by small human accidents which The Duchess herself would call *rencontres*. They are all of a humorous turn. Something gets into Molly's eye and Philip tries to take it out; her lover sees them standing so, and retires, thinking he has surprised an embrace. After the jealous quarrel that ensues they avoid each other until, meeting face to face on a narrow foot bridge, they dodge from side to side in hasty politeness, each seeking to escape, but debarring the other's progress till laughter comes to Molly's rescue.

Another time and during another desperate quarrel, Molly by chance meets her lover *en deshabille* in the great drawing-room at midnight. She repulses him again with splendid *hauteur*, but suddenly they hear footsteps and are obliged to hide together until danger of discovery is over—truly a mortifying come-down.

This same employment of laughter-making episodes is seen in all her books. Phyllis out nutting with her adored younger brother Billy, climbs a tree and spying Mr. Carrington, the gentleman who is to be the hero of the story, slides down not wisely but too well. Her gown gets caught, and the frank Billy assures her that her frantic attempts to undo it are disclosing a yard and a half of leg. The branch breaks and lands her in Carrington's arms. Again, to her lasting chagrin and mortification, she sneezes while she is being proposed to. Another time she weeps—which she cannot do in the ladylike way of her sister Dora, but must sniff and gurgle—and is forced to borrow his pocket handkerchief, as she has none of her own. The little dog which belongs to the lady who falls in love with Cyril bounds into his arms as she runs after it with sleeves rolled up to give it a bath. Lilian is balanced on a high wall singing "Barbara Allen" when she first meets her lover, and from this exalted position lands at his feet, but

not on hers; and the tall Byronic lover whom she refuses covers her with confusion because he first meets her combing the refractory hair of her Guardsman cousin.

II

"Billy, Billy! I call eagerly at the top of my healthy lungs," begins *Phyllis*. (Wouldn't you know this was The Duchess if you met it in a Russian dialect?). Phyllis Vernon is seventeen and says she lays claim to no beauty whatever, though all the rest of her family are extremely good to look at. She is five feet two, but her nose is most desirable; and a hoyden, who very much admires all her family and the elegant repose of her sister, and perceives the intense selfishness of her father and eldest brother. But she perceives also that her dear mother with an indulgent husband would have become a dreadful goose. Later on she is able to let you see that all men admire her beauty very much, but, in common with most first-person narrators, she is put to it to show the reader that a man is much in love with her and at the same time remain unaware of it herself. This is a problem which the delightful Duchess with her casual notions of art would not have tried to solve even if she had been keenly conscious of it; but a novelist who writes continuously in the present tense could hardly be thought to have exacting notions of anything. However, to return to our lamb, as The Duchess would say—meaning Phyllis. As with Molly Bawn, her engagement comes early in the book, and while she likes the man more than any one she knows, she owns to him that she knows few and that liking is not loving. Her lover, like Molly's, can join her in the merry laughter that eases awkward situations. She marries him at last only in order to escape being sent by her father on an unpleasant visit—and she is married like a frightened child. As the months pass, she is troubled at not feeling for him a romantic all-absorbing devotion; and also by the fact that everybody still pets her and calls her baby. When she gives her first house-party,

Phyllis, like Molly, has never yet been to a ball and is wild over all the bustling preparations for one. She decides that the gowns in her wedding outfit are too girlish and insists upon black velvet and diamonds in order to look dignified, and in spite of the laughter of every one carries out her plan. Lady Blanche, one of the guests, is in love with Sir Mark Gore and much vexed at his preference for his hostess. She proceeds to arouse the suspicions of Carrington against his wife. Tableaux, picnics, and other diversions serve to increase the apparent intimacy of Gore and Phyllis, and the corresponding coldness of her husband and his attentions to Lady Blanche. Returning late one night in her dressing robe from a chat in the room of her intimate friend, Miss Beatoun, she meets Gore in one of those lengthy English country-house corridors. He has just seized her hand as her husband appears, whereat she blushes scarlet in the usual guilty manner. Thus matters come to a crisis between the two, and Phyllis confesses to her husband that she never cared for Gore and has now ordered him out of the house. The house-party breaks up, but not before Phyllis has imbibed an unnamable fear that Gore has some hold over her husband. What it is she soon discovers. He knew of her husband's youthful marriage to an Italian woman he had long thought dead. This woman now appears, and Phyllis first sees her staring in through the window out of the night. Naturally this encounter shows Phyllis that she loves her husband passionately, and naturally she leaves him at once. Some months of misery she drags along at a little seaside village. Here she meets Mark Gore again and nearly plunges off a cliff to escape a kiss from his lips. Naturally, too, after the misery has been prolonged just enough (not too long, for it is very hard for The Duchess to forego her humour), her husband brings the news of the woman's death. Still believing that he has ceased to care for her, she consents after due hesitation to the second wedding, upon which he insists; but be-

lieving that he has married her only to right her in the eyes of the world, she refuses to live with him as his wife. Slowly she recovers her health, and finally her spirits, too, when she overhears the inevitable conversation which reveals that his sternness is only because she will not love him. Then she confesses to him that he has long possessed her whole heart.

Such a structure as this, weather-beaten even when it was built, affords plenty of foothold for the luxuriant ivy of The Duchess's sentimentality. But her abundant sentimentality is like her occasional melodrama—it always seems to make her impatient. She keeps wilfully blunting the edge of both with some humorous twist. Apparently she stirs them in merely because the recipe calls for them; and makes a *moue* at them (as Molly Bawn is always deliciously doing) as soon as she has done so and sometimes while she is in the act. Except that the execrable present tense gives to the passage an air of floridity it does not really possess, she holds a tight rein in that time-honoured situation so dear to the Victorian heart of which this forms the close:

"It is true?" I ask.

"It is true," he replies, and as he speaks I can scarcely believe the man who stands before me, crushed and aged and heart-broken, is the same gay handsome young man who entered the room all smiles a few minutes ago.

"If she is your wife, what am I?" I ask with unnatural calmness.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! my life! forgive me!" he cries in an anguished tone; and then the room suddenly grows dark; I fall heavily forward into the blackness, and all is forgotten.

But in her descriptions of nature—away from the human beings who at their most serious moments have their droll aspects—The Duchess is as sentimental as any Mid-Victorian could desire. The soft wind coquettes with the

flowers and steals their kisses ere they know.

It is the gloaming—that tenderest, fondest, most pensive time of the day. As yet, night crouches on the borders of the land, reluctant to throw its dark shadow over the still smiling earth, while day is slowly, sadly receding. There is a hush over everything; above, on their leafy perches, the birds are nestling and crooning their cradle songs; the gay breeze, lazy with its exertions of the day, has fallen asleep, so that the very grasses are silent and unstirred. An owl in the distance is hooting mournfully. There is a serenity all around, an all-pervading stillness that moves one to sadness and fills unwittingly the eyes with tears. The last roses of summer in Mrs. Arlington's garden, now that those gay young sparks, the bees, have deserted them, are growing drowsy, and hang their heavy heads dejectedly. Two or three dissipated butterflies, fond of late hours and tempted by the warmth, still float gracefully through the air. As she leans upon the gate, a last yellow sunbeam falls upon her, peeps into her eyes, takes a good-night kiss from her parted lips, and, descending slowly, lovingly, crosses her bosom, steals a little sweetness from the rose dying upon her breast, throws a golden shade on her white gown, and finally dies chivalrously at her feet.

This is one of her pulpiest passages, but who, pray, has not written in this style before and since? Let the Victorian great or small who is altogether without sentimental descriptions cast the first stone. It is not so very long ago since every one was pleased with this sort of thing. That it exactly suited the ordinary reader—high-class, middle-class and low-class—in the early days of The Duchess there can be no question. If you fail to remember that it did, read the following description, doubtless accurate, of a boudoir of the period and concede that the person who liked the one would like the other:

The room is a little gem in its own way, and suggestive of refinement of taste and

much delicacy in the art of colouring. Between the softly tinted pictures that hang upon the walls, rare bits of Worcester and Wedgewood fight for mastery. Pretty lounging-chairs, covered with blue satin, are dispersed here and there, while cozy couches peep out from every recess. *Bric-a-brac* of all kinds cover the small velvet tables, that are hung with priceless lace that only half conceals the spindle legs beneath. Exquisite little marble Loves and Venuses and Graces smile and pose upon graceful brackets; upon a distant table two charming Dresden baskets are to be seen smothered in late flowers. All is bright, pretty, and artistic.

But her sentimentalities—even in descriptions of nature—one feels are rather of her period than of herself. Not only does she constantly dilute them with humour, but she merrily runs amuck in their most sacred thoroughfares. The most satisfactory hour in all the twenty-four she announces defiantly is the dinner hour (surely no sentimentalist's speech), and on the very Day itself she writes,

When all is told, old Father Christmas is a mighty humbug with its absurd affectation of merriment and light-heartedness. Is any one except a child ever really happy at Christmas, I wonder? Nay, rather, is it not then that our hearts bleed most freely, while our eyes grow dim with useless tears as we look upon the vacant seat and grow sick with longing for the days that are no more? Forgive me this unorthodox sentiment, and let us go on.

And she is certainly not sentimental enough to allow Molly Bawn to change the nature of her old grandfather as did little Lord Fauntleroy—for all her witcheries, he remains snarling and cantankerous to the end. Marcia, the statuesque villainess of that book, controls herself when she is foiled in the end and sweeps majestically out; but once in her room tears off her mourning, and cries to her maid, "Get me a coloured gown and a Bradshaw!" The attitude of The Duchess toward both sentiment and

melodrama is much like Molly Bawn's when she was proposed to. She felt a mad desire to laugh, half from nervousness and half from an irrepressible longing to destroy the solemnity of the scene.

III

In her attitude toward her heroes and heroines and her villains and villainesses, however, it must be owned that she is sentimental enough to have pleased even the eighteenth century—whose taste in this respect was exacting. There is no nonsensical pretence of impersonality on the part of The Duchess. She adores her heroines and hates all ladies who threaten their happiness. These ladies must be beautiful and well-bred else they could not be likely rivals, but she manages to endow them with many unamiable traits; and any little wilfulnesses of theirs which would but add grace to the heroines, she views with hostile eyes. Florence and Marcia, one twenty-six and the other under thirty, both find their complexions in need of artificial aid. Generally they are extremely correct in outward manner and make poor Molly or Phyllis or Lilian appear *gauche*. Lady Blanche makes all who speak to her feel they have said something which should have been left unsaid; and Florence is so correct that she even manages to eat greedily without being unladylike. The voices of the villainesses are oftener *trainante* than not, the heroines (although their tones are silvery and as *riante* as their faces) being too impetuous for such slow music. You can guess the nature of all the ladies from their very names. Molly Masse-reene, Phyllis Vernon, Lilian Chesney; Marcia Amherst, Lady Blanche Going, Florence Beauchamp! Could anybody have the slightest doubt who are the heroines and who are not? All the latter set have a heartless glitter about them. It is the same with the villains. Could Philip Shadwell and Sir Mark Gore be anything else? If you had any doubt about it at the start, The Duchess's manner toward them would enlighten you at once. One confesses to

liking this trait. Now that villains are old-fashioned and one can bring an impartial mind to the matter, one sees that it was an excellent artistic device. How should one recognise a villain beforehand except by the author's treatment of him? After all, the only villain in Shakespeare who doesn't tell you he is one has since come to be almost a hero—which shows how unsafe is such procedure. It is best to label your villains if you are going to have any.

The villains and villainesses are also at a great disadvantage in respect to hair and eyes. You hear little of their having either, while the others are well-supplied. "Lilian's fair, sweet, childish face is framed in yellow hair, her low broad forehead is partly shrouded by little wandering threads of gold that every now and then break loose from bondage, her lashes are long and dark and curl upward from her eyes as though hating to conceal the beauty of the exquisite azure within." She washes her tresses and prances about the garden to dry them and to let her two lovers behold their rippling wealth. Molly Bawn's locks are so beautiful that she appears to hesitate to braid them up at night. "She sleeps with her red lips apart and smiling, her breathing pure and regular as a little child's, and all her nut-brown hair (which you have seen her before her glass shake out rippling to the waist) like a silken garment around her." Phyllis's hair, when she is encountered in the corridor by Sir Mark Gore, hangs in rich chestnut masses (so she says herself) far below her waist and two or three stray, rippling locks wander wantonly across her forehead. Though all the heroes are very closely barbered, they have somewhat heavy moustaches, which fail nevertheless to conceal the sensitive but firm lines of their mouths. As for the eyes of hero and heroine, they speak such things! Mr. Carrington's are handsome, large, and dark and wonderfully kind—eyes that let one see into the true heart beyond—and azure and luminous. The same may be said of Sir Guy's, except that though blue they resemble black.

The distinctive quality of the orbs of all these people is their eloquence—Marcia's eyes, for instance, may indeed be dark and velvety, but they say nothing. The Duchess laid herself out on Molly Bawn's equipment in this respect.

Molly directs her lover, who is trying to be stern and unforgiving, a slow lingering glance from her violet eyes. He colours and persistently refuses after the first involuntary glance to allow his gaze to meet hers again; which is of all others the surest symptom of a coming rout. There are some eyes that can do almost anything with a man. Molly's eyes are of this order. They are her strongest point; and were they her sole charm, were she deaf and dumb, I believe it would be possible, by the power of their expressive beauty alone, to draw most hearts into her keeping.

It is a pleasure to note that Molly lives up to her eyes, not only with everybody in the book (except the villainess) but with all its readers.

One trait heroines and villainesses and heroes and villains possess in common. They are used to passing sleepless nights. The ladies after covering their wounded feelings with false gayety at balls or charades, throw themselves sobbing on the bed in their marvellous gowns or pace the floor regardless of their tattered tulle until dawn comes peeping in as it flies over lawn and field and brooklet, wafting a kiss to the heroine or making more haggard the face of the other lady. The men hug their fears and sorrows until the morn surprises them, and wearied with watching they fling themselves down for a short sleep and wake in time for breakfast, not only refreshed but able to laugh at their last night's fears.

The love of these three heroines is hard to win. Born coquettes and delicious torments, they lead their men both before and after marriage a maddening dance until some blow of fate reveals to them the steadfast deeps of their hearts. The heroes, although they keep things exciting by getting furiously angry every

now and then, have a limitless capacity for loving through thick and thin, as of course they should have when heroines are so capricious. Once at a ball as Luttrell gazes upon a scene in the conservatory between Molly and the other young man (a scene the nature of which he has of course entirely misunderstood), his teeth meet in his lip and the sickly flavour of a drop of blood rouses him from an abstraction in which he has already tasted the bitterness of death. The heroes have the masculine drawback of having no painted fans to snap in their clenched fingers, and it is not surprising that they do not succeed as well as the ladies in concealing their wounded pride.

But besides these lovers, there is in each story another pair for whom your smiles and tears are asked; and their path is every bit as rosy and thorny. With them, however, it is Fate herself who plays the coquette. Molly Bawn's chief friend at her grandfather's is Lady Cecil Stafford, who has been forced by the terms of a will to marry Sir Penthony Stafford or lose a fortune. She decides to marry him, but obliges him to sign a contract of separation from her at the altar; and this he does willingly because she had led him to believe her impossibly ugly and plebeian. The malicious grandfather hearing that Sir Penthony has returned to England, invites him to the house in order to plague her ladyship. Of course they fall in love with each other, and after a comedy of misunderstandings come together. In *Phyllis*, the heroine's chief friend is Bebe Beaton, who has refused Captain Everett because he is poor and she, penniless, must make a rich marriage. He, now Lord Chandos and wealthy, makes one of the house-party and renews his suit. Naturally she refuses to marry him, although she loves him more than ever; and naturally she consents to pocket her pride in the end. In *Airy Fairy Lilian*, the fair and mysterious tenant of the cottage in the woods on the Chetwoode estate is beloved by Cyril, Sir Guy's brother. With the heroine's help, he finally succeeds in obtaining the consent of his

mother and brother to his marriage—when she gets word that the husband from whom she had long ago separated is not dead as she supposed. They have a heart-breaking scene of farewell and Cyril departs from England to live down his sorrow. It all turns out to have been a mistake, however, and he comes galloping back again to her arms. All these young ladies are beloved by the heroines and are enchantingly beautiful in a non-interfering way. And their young men are gallant and lovable, and are slapped on the back by the heroes—whose glory remains undimmed by them. Tall, broad-shouldered, and tanned, none of them possess the six-foot-one which The Duchess considers the ideal length for a hero.

IV

In *Airy Fairy Lilian*, an old book-worm and recluse whose estate is strictly entailed has left his daughter and her small income to the care of Sir Guy Chetwoode, the son of an old friend. Lilian goes to live at Chetwoode with her guardian's mother, and the young man of course falls in love with his saucy, petulant, pretty, adorable ward, who treats him with as much reserve as she can muster. Lilian's coquetties drive Guy mad. At last, after she has aroused a furious jealousy by her apparent preference for her cousin, Archibald Chesney, he snatches her in his arms and kisses her passionately. She punishes him with proud and cold disdain for weeks, and they are just beginning to feel at ease with each other when there comes an occasion for a royal row, and Lilian runs away to a friend's house. He goes to fetch her and eats humble pie like a hero. They all get up a fox-hunt; and here the despondent cousin rides recklessly on account of her cruelty to him. As Lilian has told him she hopes never to hear his voice again, she is doubly shocked when she finds him insensible; and Guy deems that her emotion on this occasion is double confirmation of their love. The mutual suspicions of the pair keep increasing, and she finally brings matters to a head by giving him a sound box on

the ear; and it is now his turn to treat her with haughty coldness. At the ball he refuses to come near her, much to her grief. But, worn out by her dances with other men and the wild gayety she has assumed, her head sinks on his shoulder as they drive coldly homeward. After this it takes only a day or two for her to consent to marry him; and after dismissing the unsuccessful cousin with dignity, the story ends in laughter at other less fortunate lovers who have all along been objects of derision.

This story, though less successful than the other two, presents, as it were, the heroine in triple distillation. The Duchess must always have exercised a great influence over her girl-readers. "She taught me how to conduct a flirtation to the firing line and emerge unscathed," said a lady to the present writer recently. Said another: "I learned from her the market-value of *naïveté*—how a certain ingenuousness would often allow you to eat your cake and keep it too." But it was Lilian who most fascinated their imagination with visions of empire, and awoke the latent ideal of all their hearts—to be alluring and tormenting and unpredictable. Doubtless there are many ladies now alive, their warfare over and their victories won, who modelled themselves on the pattern of Lilian. If nature had already done it outwardly, so much the better. "She is as straight and lissome as a young ash tree; her hands and feet, like her body, are small and well-shaped; in a word she is *chic* from the crown of her fair head to her little arched instep." If any girl looked like that and read *Airy Fairy Lilian*, it was all up with the peace of mind of every man in the vicinity. But even if she was not so fortunate as to possess a *mignonne* face, she could cultivate, until practice had made them all her own, Lilian's artful alternations of blandishment and abuse. The Duchess gave her eager pupils innumerable pointers.

This fearful threat she hurls at his head with much unction. Not that she means it; but it is as well to be forcible on such oc-

casions. The less you mean a thing, the more eloquent and vehement you should grow; the more you mean it, the less vehemence the better; the fact to be accomplished later on will be crushing enough in itself. This is a rule that should be strictly observed.

And she confirmed their innumerable notions, too, of the proper incense for their altars. "Next to a man's dying for you, the sweetest thing is to hear of a man's starving for you." Yes, young lovers of twenty-five years ago owed many torments to these teasing heroines.

The Duchess achieved no analysis of individual character (nor did her facile pen seek at any time for one), but her psychology of youthful love is very substantial, such as it is. It has neither subtlety nor individual variety, being merely April weather. But, though shallow, it is definite and true. It exhibits itself mostly in speech; and the truth and humour of her love-dialogues—overflowing with lover's perjuries and histrionics and keenly enjoyed miseries—are delightful. These love stories, being twenty-five years old, are entirely lacking in the modern quality of sex. They are thoroughly "nice," and have no suspicion of anything beyond the borders of very simple and ordinary emotions. The social life they depict, though super-elegant, is genuine. This air of unearthly elegance is greatly assisted by two devices dear to the heart of the English reader of the period—a plentiful sprinkling of poetry and of French and Italian. One is *gene*, *epris*, *triste*, *riante*, *rococo*, *débonnaire*; people grow *distrain*, murmur *sotto voce*, have *bêtes noires* and *contretemps* and *penchants*; and always there is an ormolu clock which ticks with *empressement*. No word ever affected the present writer's young imagination so much as that "ormolu"—it reminded him for some reason of a young swan. Then ladies always dressed exquisitely and their gowns bore in each soft fall of lace all the distinguishing marks that stamp the work of the inimitable Worth. As for the stories themselves, most of their crises

and dénouements are brought about by means of over-hearings of snatches of conversation or over-seeings of misleading scenes of one kind or another. Most of them, too, are spun out of the perversely unnecessary misunderstandings—incubated at high temperature and nourished on pre-digested food—which form the material of so many Victorian novels and almost all Victorian plays. The Duchess would have made an excellent playwright, indeed, in that she visualises people so distinctly, uses only that part of them which concerns her narrative, sees the clothes they wear, and hears every shading in their voices. The formula she employs—especially in respect to the relation of the double pairs of lovers—is exactly that of the plays of the period.

V

To early American readers of *The Duchess* England will always remain sprinkled with her lustrous country-houses. They bloom in the thoroughfare of the bustling world like little isles of safety into which no rumour of business or disaster or ugliness ever enters. Or rather they are situate in the Forest of Arden, where they fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world, and where the weather never reddens nor roughens, and where it only rains to allow people to get up indoor things like charades and tableaux. All the tableaux have a particular pertinence to the couples presenting them; and Guinevere and Lancelot always cause the audience to exchange knowing looks. The houses are all set in spacious parks full of antlered deer, and there are mazes of gardens in which people may get lost and all the gardens are full of riotous butterflies and wooing winds and amiable old gardeners, and there is a wide balustraded terrace on which people are always taking tea to the tinkle of silvery laughter. Ivy clammers over all the ancient walls and towers and battlements through which the old-fashioned casements peep in picturesque disorder. Inside, there are everywhere steps in unexpected places, doors leading

no one ever knows where, corridors interminable and innumerable, winding stairs, and tapestries; and a nest of conservatories one within the other where scenes sentimental and comic are always being enacted between dances at the balls they are always giving, balls to which the whole county is invited and for which the decorators come up from London. These are leisurely cosy affairs in spite of their magnitude, for couples are always wandering miles afield from the ballroom and the new partners are forever coming up to interfere with scenes and saying "This is our dance, I believe." It is a beautiful world—the world of these country houses.

And except for curates and comedians, whose love is ever unrequited (a large price to pay for either religion or funniness), the pulchritude of the people in it is well-nigh universal. It was something of a shock to discover in later life that ugly and even commonplace persons could get past the butler of a real English country house. It was like seeing Ireland after growing up on Boucicault's plays and finding that it was not all ruins and moonlight and brothels of boys and saucy, tender colleens in red cloaks and hoods. Yet pulchritude with *The Duchess*, though general, is strictly graded. There is the first pair of lovers, the second pair of lovers, and the villainess and villain—each in their order. Thus the eye is rested. Furthermore, *The Duchess* is always careful not to lay on her beauty with a trowel. She artfully bestows even on Hebe or Adonis some little humanising flaw—which acts, to be sure, as a beauty patch and enhances the rest, but nevertheless keeps the possessor from flying from all humanity. Lilian's mouth, though kissable, has unmistakable hauteur; Carrington's feet are only passable; Marcia's hands, though finely shaped, are large; Cyril has, perhaps, more mouth than usually goes to one man's share. Archibald's pulchritude she complicates amazingly. "He is tall and eminently gloomy. Nature meant him to act as brigand in private theatricals. Extremely dark, he is unmistakably

handsome. His gloom imparts a deceitful gentleness to his face, for he is in reality one of the wildest, maddest young men in London." While hands and feet and settled expressions of various varieties come in convenient, it is chiefly in the matter of mouths that The Duchess tempers a beauty which otherwise would burn and blister. She has a preference for an ample mouth and says somewhere that she does not believe that hearty laughter can issue from a small one.

And laughter is particularly what The Duchess desires. In spite of sentiment and melodrama you can never convince the present writer that she did not write her more than thirty genial books just for this purpose. As time went on her public demanded more of each, but they never squeezed out entirely the spicy pleasantness which formed the larger part of her earlier works. Her ideal people seem to be the Massereenes—"Easy, laughter-loving, never out of temper if dinner is late, not fond of early rising; they never bore you with a description of the first faint beams of dawn and fail to see any beauty in the dew at five o'clock; they are reasonable beings." The ungrateful world has laid no wreath upon her grave in the shape of a tributary article, and the only thing the present writer has been able to find about her is an interview in an old *Lady's Pictorial*. There, happily enough, a description of her confirms the idea he got from her stories—that she looked in the glass for all three of her most famous heroines. "She is a very tiny woman, but slight and well-proportioned. Her large hazel eyes sparkling with fun and merriment, are shaded by thick curly lashes. She has a small, determined mouth and the chin slightly upturned gives a *piquante* expression to the intelligent face—bright and vivacious, she looks the embodiment of good temper, merry wit and *espièglerie*." Like Lilian and Molly, she was devoted to digging and grubbing. Since in her books she detests fat people and is always making fun of them, one wonders if time brought in its revenges on this very tiny woman. Dear Duchess, is that

why your pleasant people are mostly *svelte* and your dull ones generally inclining toward *embonpoint*? Curates have always been fair game, but for the daughter of a Reverend Canon, she is surprisingly down on all the clergy. She makes most of them physically ridiculous and many of them mercenary, and all of them prosy misfits who insist on talking of school boards to flirtatious young ladies. She wrote *Phyllis* before she was nineteen and *Molly Bawn* at twenty (where is the young lady who has done better?), and both these and their successors she wrote as casually as they look. "I never have any sort of real plot," she told the interviewer, "the kind one ought to get in a novel. I get a scene, a situation, a hint, and begin to build, but I have more than once written the last chapter first and worked backward." Besides, she was selling faster than she could write, anyway, and what was the use? The American publishers bought every novel the moment she began it; and all were reprinted not only in the Lippincott and Lovell and Seaside Libraries, but in Tauchnitz.

Most of this vast swarm of readers must have been grateful readers, for the writer has never met a person who did not speak of The Duchess endearingly. Perhaps that is partly because she is associated with their youth, and with the forbidden fruit of it—for in those priggish days it was considered by mothers, freshly saturated with George Eliot, a little disreputable to read anything so sparkling and frothy. But the present writer has for the purpose of this article re-read The Duchess and found her still delightful. In the exquisite words of Curtis, he went gleaning the fields of childhood and found the scattered grain still golden and the sunlight fresh and fair. An austere writer in the *Critic* for the year of her death, 1897, chides her smartly for always gratifying the popular demand (Dear, dear, how lofty we were in those days!). "The groping couple pass through chapters of thunder, lightning, fire, flood, malaria and malice ere they are transmogrified with a halo and

furnished a clerical ticket to the connubial isles of the blest. The shop-girl, the lady's maid, the hammock-swinging dame, and even the college boy and girl swelled the ranks of her readers." All this castigation of a writer whom most people read with pleasure, who never wrote a really sensational novel or a re-

motely unwholesome one, who is full of gayety and lightness, whose pathos and sentiment, though a little obvious to us, exactly hit the taste of her age—and when *Peg O My Heart*, the precise theatrical counterpart of *The Duchess*, has been for two years considered the most charming play in New York.

WHO IS THE MAN?

BY W. L. GEORGE

AND so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot. A gloomy saying, but one which applies to men as well as to empires, and to none, perhaps, more than to those men who stand in the vanguard of literature. Of very few writers, save those who were so fortunate as to be carried away by death in the plenitude of their powers (unless, like Mr. Thomas Hardy, they drew back from the battle of letters) can it be said that the works of their later years were equal to those of their maturity. The great man has his heir in the world, one who is impatiently waiting for his shoes and assured that he will fill them. It is well so, for shoes must be filled, and it is good to know in advance who is the young giant who will one day make the sacred footprints on the sands of time.

Who are these men? Is it possible already to designate them? To mark out the Hardy or the Meredith of to-morrow? The Bennett, the Wells or the Galsworthy? It is difficult. The writer will not be surprised if some quarrel with these names, cavil at his selection and challenge a greatness which they look upon as transient. Those critics may be right. The writer does not, in this article, attempt a valuation of those whom he will call the literary novelists, that is to say, the men who have "somehow," and owing to hardly ascertained causes, won their way into the front rank of modern English letters. It may

be urged that these are not our big men, and that the brazen blaring of popular trumpets has drowned the blithe piping of tenderer songsters. But, if we view facts sanely, we must all agree that there are in England six men, of whom one American, who hold without challenge the premier position among novelists: Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Theirs is a special position: there is not one of them, probably, whose sales would create envy in the bosom of Mr. Charles Garvice or of Mrs. Barclay; nor are they of the super-hyper class whose works are issued in wisely limited editions and printed in over-beautiful type. They are, in a very rough way, the men of their time and, a very little, the men of all time. Whatever be their greatness or their littleness, they are the men who will, for the University Extension lecturer of 1950, represent the English novel in a given period; they are not the most literary of their contemporaries; they have not more ideas than some of their contemporaries, and all of them have their faults, their mannerisms and their lapses, but yet, in a rough and general way, these six men combine more ideas with more style than any who are beyond their group. "Somehow" they stand at the head, and the writer makes no attempt to criticise them, to class them: he has even named them in alphabetical order.

Now not one of these men is under forty; two of them are over seventy; one approaches sixty. They must be replaced. Not yet, of course, though some of the young begin, a little rashly, to cast stones at those mature glories. But still, some time, faced as we are with a horde of novelists, not less in these islands than fifteen hundred, we must ask ourselves: Who are the young men who rear their heads above the common rank? Which ones among them are likely to inherit the purple?

II

In such an examination we must not ask for achievement, for by young men is meant those who have not passed, or have but lately passed thirty. That they should show promise at all is remarkable enough, and distinguishes them from their forbears: while Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Conrad published no novel at all before they were thirty, and Mr. Wells not much more than a fantastic romance, the young men of to-day tell a different tale. Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Oliver Onions, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, are a brilliant little stable, and have mostly tried their paces many years earlier; theirs have been the novels of the twenty-eight-year-old, in one case, at least, that of the twenty-six-year-old. They have affirmed themselves earlier than did their seniors and yet quite definitely.

The short list defies challenge, even though some may wish to include an obscurer favourite, some other young, intellectual novelist or a more specialised man, such as Mr. Algernon Blackwood, or Mr. James Stephens; still the classification is a very general one, it is almost undeniable that those are the men among whom will be recruited the leaders of to-morrow. Indeed, the writer has neglected some aspirants, relegated them into a class which will, in a few years, give us the inheritors of certain men of high literary quality who, owing to accident, to style, or to choice of subject,

have not laid hands upon literary crowns. But that is inevitable. The seven men selected are those who show promise.

By promise is meant a suggestion that the young man will become a big man, that is to say that, in ten years or so, he will be the vehicle of the modern idea through the style of the time; he may not be very popular, but he will not be unpopular; he will be quoted, criticised, discussed; briefly, he will matter. Now the writer does not suggest that the seven men named will inevitably become big men. There is not room for seven big novelists, but it is among them that, in all likelihood, the two or three leaders will be found. And then there is the dark horse, still, perhaps, in some university, in America or in a colony, perhaps in a factory or a shop, who may sally forth, swift as a comet, and destroy our estimate; as he writes, the present scribe has at least one such dark horse in his mind. But we must reckon on the known in such a valuation, and it is submitted that we know nothing beyond this list.

The manner in which these men will express themselves must not be determined too absolutely. The literary tradition is changing, and a new one is being made. If the future is to give us a Balzac or a Fielding he will not write like a Balzac or a Fielding: he will use a new style. That is why there is very little hope for those who competently follow the tradition of the past. If a *Madame Bovary* were to be written to-day by a man of thirty it would not be a good book; it would be a piece of literary archæology. If the seven young men become the men of to-morrow, it will be because they break away from the old traditions, the tradition of aloofness and the tradition of comment. They do not rigidly stand outside the canvas, as did Flaubert and de Maupassant; nor do they obviously intervene as did Thackeray. If they look back at all it is to Dostoevsky and Stendhal, that is to say, they stand midway between the expression of life and the expression of themselves; indeed, they try to express both,

to achieve art by "criticising life;" they attempt to take nature into partnership. Only they do this to a greater or lesser extent; some do little more than exploit themselves, show the world in relation to their own autobiography; others hold up the mirror to life and interpose between picture and object the veil of their prejudice; and one of them is almost a commentator, for his prejudice is so strong as to become a protagonist in his drama. All this is to be expected, for one cannot expect a little group of seven, which enjoys the high honour of having been selected from among fifteen hundred, to be made up of identical entities. Indeed, all must be contrasting persons: if two of them were alike, one would be worthless. And so each one has his devil to exorcise and his guardian-angel to watch over him. They must, each one of them, beware of exploiting themselves overmuch, of becoming dull as they exhaust their own history, of being cold if they draw too thin a strand of temperament across the object which they illumine. But these dangers are only the accidents of a dangerous trade, where a man hazards his soul and may see it grow sick. If we wish to measure these dangers, we must then analyse the men one by one, and it will serve us best to divide them into three groups: self-exploiters, mirror-bearers, and commentators. These are not exact divisions; they overlap on one another; one man denies by one book what he affirms by a second. But, in a very rough way, these divisions will serve: hesitations and contradictions indicate, indeed better than achievement, the tempestuous course of promising youth.

III

Though, broadly speaking, the seven young men are profoundly interested in themselves, there are four that attach especial importance to the life which has made them what they are. Messrs. Cannan, Walpole, Beresford and Lawrence, capable though they be of standing outside themselves, are, without much doubt, happier when they stand inside. The writer does not know in extreme de-

tail where they were born or what they suffered, any more than he knows when they will die, but it demands no great sagacity to reconstruct, for instance, Mr. Walpole as a man who went to Cambridge, taught in a school, and later wrote books; likewise Mr. Beresford, as one who struggled up against poverty and physical infirmity into a place in the sunshine of letters; Mr. Cannan is still more emphatically interested in the reactions of his own harsh and sensitive temperament, while Mr. Lawrence, a little more puzzling, is very much the lover of life, telling us tales of his mistress. This is not, perhaps, because they take these facts that lie nearest to their hand as the argument of their play. Each one of them has shown by some excursion that he was capable of jerking the earth off its axis, the axis being, with him as with all of us, his own personality. Thus Mr. Cannan, in *Peter Homunculus*, presents in Meredithian-wise, a picture of the development of a very young man, a rather romantic though metallically brilliant young man predestined by nature to have a bad, but very exciting time: that is Mr. Cannan. And, more clearly still, in *Little Brother*, he takes himself up again, himself wondering in Cambridge "what it's all for," as Mr. Wells would say, wondering still more, and still more vainly, when he enters London's cultured circles from which he escapes through an obscure byway of Leicester Square. And then again, in *Round the Corner*, it is, a very little, Mr. Cannan in Manchester, incredulously examining, and through Serge commenting upon the world. Were it not for *Devious Ways* one would be inclined to think that Mr. Cannan had nothing to say except about himself, and indeed, it is disquieting to think that the book which saves him from such a conclusion is inferior to his subjective work. Still, it is not altogether a bad book; it is not the sort of book with which Mr. Cannan will bid for fame, but it represents the streak of detachment which is essential if this author is to show himself able to stand outside his own can-

vas; moreover, in *Round the Corner*, Mr. Cannan was infinitely less limited by himself than he was in his previous books. The praise that has been showered on this novel was a little perfervid and indiscriminate; it was not sufficiently taken into account that the book was a little congested, that the selection of details was not unerring, and that the importation of such a character as Serge laid the author open to the imputation of having recently read *Sanine*; but, all this being said, it is certain that *Round the Corner*, with its accurate characterisation, its atmospheric sense and its diversity, marked a very definite stage in the evolution of Mr. Cannan. Though refusing to accept it as work of the first rank, the writer agrees that it is an evidence of Mr. Cannan's ability to write work of the first rank: he may never write it, but this book is his qualification for entering the race. So far, Mr. Cannan has taken himself too seriously, one might almost say, too dramatically; those sufferings, misunderstandings, isolations and struggles of his youth have been to him too vivid and too significant. For a long time his picture fogged his vision; he could not see himself for himself. But, as chastening age touches him, he appears to view more sanely the epic of his own life and more wholly the epic of the life of others. If he will consent to be yet less the actor and more the spectator, he will probably succeed in becoming the playwright.

Mr. Walpole does not, so definitely as Mr. Cannan, view the world in terms of his own life. It is, no doubt, because his personality is otherwise tinged: he is less angry, less chafed, and it may be that because he is of the softer Southern breed, he has no share in the dour aggressiveness of Mr. Cannan's North country. And there is a variation in the self that Mr. Walpole paints: it is not what he is, or even what he thinks he is, but what he would like to be. In his chief work, by which is meant the most artistic, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, the writer shares with us much of the wistfulness he must have felt in his early

manhood, but Mr. Traill is not Mr. Walpole; if he were, he would have recurred in other novels; he is the simple, delicate, and passionate young man (passionate, that is, in the modest English way), that Mr. Walpole would like to be. This we know because Mr. Walpole loves Traill and sees no weakness in him: now, one may love that which one despises, but that which one admires one must love. No lover can criticise his lady, if his lady she is to remain, and thus, in his incapacity to see aught save charm in his hero, Mr. Walpole indicates the direction of his own desire. Yet, and strangely enough, in *The Prelude to Adventure*, there is a suggestion that Mr. Walpole would be gladly be Dune, haughty and sombre; in *Fortitude*, that he would be Peter Westcott, have his fine courage, his delicacy and his faith. He asks too much in wishing to be Proteus, but, in so doing, he puts forward a claim to the great seats, for he tells us his aspiration rather than his realisation. Indeed, if it were not that *The Prelude to Adventure* is so very much his life in Cambridge, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* his career in a little school, *Fortitude* his life under the influence of London's personality, he would not come at all into the class of those men who make copy of their past. And it is a feature of high redeeming value that in *Maradick at Forty*, he should have attempted to make copy of his future, for, again, here is aspiration. Mr. Walpole will succeed if he can increase his detachment and widen the fields which he surveys. Schools and Cambridge: these are tales of little boys and their keepers; literary London: that is the grasshopper and its summer singing. He needs to develop his philosophy toward broader horizons, to embrace business and politics, the commonness of love, and the vital roughness of the world.

IV

In Mr. Beresford we discover a closer identity between the man and the mask, though he has written two books where he does not figure, *The Hampdenshire*

Wonder, the tale of an incredible child, and *Goslings*, a fantastic commentary upon life. Mr. Beresford is more at his ease when he tells his own tale. In two books, *The Early History of Jacob Stahl*, and *A Candidate for Truth*, Mr. Beresford has exploited himself with extraordinary eloquence; he has the sense of selection, he is not crabbed, and he informs with fine passion those early years through which fleets a splendid woman figure, realised by none other save Mr. Wells. In these books Mr. Beresford shows that he knows love, and isolation, and pain: those other young men with whom we are concerned know these things, too, but hardly one of them so deeply. Mr. Beresford's merit is that he is more ordinary, thus that he is less unreal than the passionate persons his rivals are or would be. Yet, if this were all, it might not be enough, for a tale may be told twice but not more often; if, in the first part of *Goslings*, Mr. Beresford had not shown how closely and incisively he can picture the lower-middle class, analyse its ambitions, sympathise with its hopes, his would be a limited scope. He needs to go further in this direction, to extend his criticism of life through more of those people and more of their fates, while he himself remains outside. He must choose: Jacob Stahl, that is Mr. Beresford, is a charming creature whom one would gladly know; but Jasper Thrale, expounding the world, is not Mr. Beresford, for he is a prig. Mr. Beresford must run on two lines: one for himself alone, and one for the world as he sees it.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is not in the same class. Once only can he have been autobiographical; either in *The White Peacock*, or in *Sons and Lovers*, for he could evidently not have been, at the same time, the poetic son of a collier and a cultured member of the well-to-do classes in a farming community. Probably it is an open secret that Mr. Lawrence is closer to the Nottingham collier than to the rustic who made hay while others played Bach. But Mr. Lawrence is so little autobiographical

that it does not matter very much whether he be one or the other; it is not his physical self he puts into his books, but the adventures of his temperament. It is an extraordinary temperament, a mixture of rough Northern pride with wistful Northern melancholy. His characters, and this applies to George and Lettice in *The White Peacock*, to Sigmund, in *The Trespasser*, to Paul Morel, Mrs. Morel and Miriam, in *Sons and Lovers*, are always battling with adversity for the sake of their fine hopes, are held up by their pride, and divorced a little from commoner folk by the taste that takes them to Verlaine and Lullu. If it is Mr. Lawrence to whom every flower of the hedge and every feather of the strutting cock cries colour and passionate life, if it is for him that the water-meadows are fragrant and the star-lit nights endless deep, it is not for him that the characters live, but for us: he takes his share, he leaves us ours; he inflames his characters, then allows them to act. Indeed, if no fault were to be found with him on mere literary score, Mr. Lawrence would be more than a man of promise: he would have arrived. But his passion carries him away; he sees too much, shows too much; he analyses too fully, discovers too many elements. It may be urged that no artist can see or analyse too fully. But he can, if he discovers that which is not there. Mr. Lawrence, having found gold in the dross of common men and women, is inclined to infer that there is too much gold in the vulgar. Being convinced of this, he tends to be too urgent, almost hectic; his people are as flames, feeding upon mortal bodies and burning them up. His peril is excessive sensation. He needs some better knowledge of affairs, more intercourse with the cruder rich, with the drab middle-class, so that his brilliant vision may by its dulling become tolerable to meaner eyes. He needs to discover those for whom music hath no charms, and yet are not base in attitude.

Mr. Lawrence, who exploits his life not over-much, affords us a necessary transition between those who are inter-

ested in little else and the second group, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Onions and Mr. Swinnerton, who have, with more or less success, tried to stand back as they write. Of these, Mr. Compton Mackenzie is the most interesting because, in three volumes, he has made three new departures: *The Passionate Elopement*, a tale of powder and patches; *Carnival*, a romance of the meaner parts of London and of Charing Cross Road, and lastly *Sinister Street*, where he links up with those who exploit only their experiences. Evidently Mr. Mackenzie believes that a good terrier never shakes a rat twice. Had *Sinister Street* been his first contribution to literature, Mr. Mackenzie would have found his place indicated in the first group, but as he began by standing outside himself it must be assumed that he thought it a pity to let so much good copy go begging and that he came to the legitimate conclusion that he was quite as well entitled to talk about himself as about other people. He is a man difficult of assessment because of his diversity. He has many graces of style, and a capacity which may be dangerous of infusing charm into that which has no charm. He almost makes us forget that the heroine of *Carnival* is a vulgar little Cockney, by tempting us to believe that it might have been otherwise with her. There is a cheapness of sentiment about this Jenny, this Islington columbine, but we must not reproach Mr. Mackenzie for loving his heroine overmuch: too many of his rivals are not loving theirs enough. Indeed, his chief merit is that he finds the beautiful and the lovable more readily than the hideous. His figures can serve as reagents against the ugly heroine and the scamp hero who began to be fashionable twenty years ago. His success, if it comes at all, will be due to his executive rather than to his innately artistic quality, for he often fails to sift his details. In *Sinister Street*, we endure a great congestion of word and interminable catalogues of facts and things. If he has a temperament at all, which the writer believes, it is stifled by the mantle in which he

clothes it. It is not that Mr. Mackenzie knows too much about his characters, for that is not possible, but he tells us too much. He does not give our imagination a chance to work. Yet, his hat is in the ring. If he can prune his efflorescent periods and select among his details, he may, by force of charm, attain much further than his fellows, for he has not chosen to include himself within his work. He will have to include just those things and no others which can give us an illusion of the world.

V

In direct opposition to Mr. Mackenzie, we find Mr. Onions. While Mr. Mackenzie gives us too much and allows us to give nothing, Mr. Onions gives us hardly anything and expects us to write his novel for him as we read it. There are two strands in his work, one of them fantastic or critical, the other creative. Of the first class are the tales of *Widdershins*, and *The Two Kisses*, a skit on studios and boarding-houses. Even slightly more massive works, such as the love epic of advertisement, *Good Boy Seldom*, and the fierce revelation of disappointment which is in *Little Devil Doubt*, do not quite come into the second class; they are not the stones on which Mr. Onions is to build. They are a destructive criticism of modern life, and criticism, unless it is creative, as it is in Mr. Wells's novels, is a thing of the day, however brilliant it may seem. Mr. Oliver Onions can be judged only on his trilogy, *In Accordance with the Evidence*, *The Debit Account*, and *The Story of Louie*, for these are creative works, threaded and connected; they are an attempt and, on the whole, a very successful one, to take a section of life and to view it from different angles. If the attempt has not completely succeeded, it is perhaps because it was too much. It rests upon close characterisation, a sense of the iron logic of facts and upon atmospheric quality. There is not a young man, and for the matter of that an old one who is, more than Mr. Onions, capable of parting the souls from

his characters' bodies. There may be autobiography in some of Mr. Onions's work, but there is in his trilogy no more than should colour any man's book.

Yet Mr. Onions has his devil, and it takes the form of a rage against the world, of a hatred that seems to shed a bilious light over his puppets. His strong men are hard, almost brutal, inconsiderate, dominant only by dint of intellect, and arrogant in their dominance; his weak men are craven, lying, incapable of sweetness; and even strong Louie is so haughty as almost to be rude. And all this appears in the very style, so much so that, were it not for the cliché, the writer would quote Buffon. The sentences are tortured as if they had been born in agony; the highly selected detail is reluctant, avaricious, as if Mr. Onions hated giving the world anything. And yet, all this culminates in an impression of extraordinary power: Mr. Onions is the reticent man whose confidence, when earned, is priceless. He lays no pearls before us; he holds them in his half-extended hand for us to take them if we can. A little more tenderness; a little more belief that men can be gentle and women sweet; a little more hope and some pity; and Mr. Onions will arrive.

Of Mr. Swinnerton, who also stands outside his canvas, the writer is not so sure. He made, in *The Casement*, a very subtle, almost elusive picture of the life of the well-to-do when confronted by the realities of life, but did not succeed emphatically enough in the more ponderous effort entitled *The Happy Family*. There he was too uniform, too mechanical, and rather too much bound by literary traditions. But Mr. Swinnerton has a point of view, an attitude toward life; the writer could not define it, but he is conscious of its existence, and in a man of promise that is quite enough. For a man with an individual attitude will make it felt if he has the weapons of style with which to express it. Now Mr. Swinnerton shows very great dexterity in the use of words, felicity of phrase, and discrimination in the

choice of details which will enable him to embody such ideas as he may later on conceive. He has only to fear that he may be mistaken as to the size of his ideas; like Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, he may be too much inclined to take as the plot of a novel an idea and a story in themselves too slender. Under modern publishing conditions he may be compelled to spin out his work: as his tendency is to concentrate, he may find himself so much hampered as to lose the chief charm of his writing, viz., balance. He has shown charm in his earlier work, some power in *The Happy Family*; these two qualities need blending, so that Mr. Swinnerton be no longer two men, but one.

Brief mention must be made of Mr. Perceval Gibbon. Of his novels, one only, *Souls in Bondage*, showed remarkable promise, but his later work, with the exception of a few short stories, was a little disappointing. In his first book there was colour, atmosphere, characterisation and technique, but there was also passion. The passion was not maintained in later years. Other qualities were still there: none better than he can to-day translate the dusty glare or the dank warmth of the tropics, the languor, veiling fire, of its men and women, but the vision is a little exterior. Mr. Gibbon needs to express his point of view, if he has one, to let us see more clearly how he himself stands in relation to the world. This does not apply to Mr. de Selincourt, that cousin of Mr. Swinnerton. His point of view is one of aloof vigour. To a great charm of style he adds selectiveness; in *A Daughter of the Morning*, the characterisation is inwrought, just as in *A Boy's Marriage* it is passionate. And again there is Mr. C. E. Montague, all bathed in the glamour of George Meredith and Mr. Henry James. They are difficult to class, these three; to reject their candidature may be too much, so fine are their qualities; and yet, to inscribe them upon the roll may be undue, for they have not the raw massiveness, the air that one wants to find in boys who are about to be men; they

are too particular, too much inclined to look away from the world and to concentrate on some microscopic section of the soul. To enlarge without loosening, that is what they need to do, and it is no easy matter.

Lastly, and by himself, there is Mr. E. M. Forster, who has been forgotten a little in a hurry, because he has not, since 1910, felt inclined to publish a novel; but he is still one of the young men, while it is not at all certain that he is not "the" young man. Autobiography has had its way with him, a little in *A Room With a View*, and very much more in that tale of schoolmasters, *The Longest Journey*; but it was *Howard's End*, that much criticised work, which achieved the distinction of being popular, though it was of high merit. This marks out Mr. Forster and makes it certain that he can climb Parnassus if he chooses. In *Howard's End* Mr. Forster surveyed the world in particular and also in general; he was together local and cosmic; he was conscious of the little agitations and artificialities of the cultured, of the upthrust of the untaught and of the complacent strength of those who rule. And, over all, hung his own self as the shadow of the wings of a roc darkening the countryside. It is because Mr. Forster has seized a portion of the world and welded it with himself that the essence of him may persist and animate other worlds. His attitude is one of tolerance; he prays that we may not drift too far from the pride of body which is the pride of soul. Mystic athleticism: that seems to be Mr. Forster's message; and as it is essential that the man of to-morrow should be a man of ideas as well as a man of perceptions, it is quite certain that, if Mr. Forster chooses to return to the field, he will establish his claim.

One word as to women. The time has gone when we discriminated between the work of women and of men; to-day, "Lucas Malet," Miss May Sinclair,

Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and Mrs. Dude-ney, must take their chance in the rough and tumble of literary criticism, and the writer does not suggest a comparison between them and the leading men. For this there is a very good reason: the young women of to-day are promising work of an entirely new kind. They have less style than their precursors and more ideas: such women writers as Miss Amber Reeves, Miss Tennyson Jesse, Miss Ivy Low, Miss Bridget MacLagan have produced, so far, very little; they can be indicated as candidates, but much more faintly than their masculine rivals. With the exception of Miss Tennyson Jesse, they write less, and less easily; they are younger at their trade, more erratic, and the writer would not venture to analyse them further on the slight evidence we have of their capacity. It is enough to mention them, and to say that, so far as women are showing indications of approximating to men in literary quality, these are the women who are likely soon to bear the standards of their sex.

To sum up, the writer suggests that the rough classification he has made among the seven young men must not be taken as fixed. Some are more autobiographic than evocative; some are receptive rather than personally active, and yet others have not chosen between the two roads. Yet, taking them as a whole, with the reservation of the possible dark horses, these are evidently the men among whom will be found the two or three who will "somehow," in another ten years, lead English letters. It will be an indefinable "somehow," a compound of intellectual dominance and emotional sway. We shall not have a Bennett for a Bennett, nor a Wells for a Wells, but equivalents of power, and equivalents of significance, who will be intimately in tune with their time and better than any will express it.

WHAT A GOOD COOK BOOK SHOULD BE*

BY CALVIN WINTER

It is a curious fact that, in the whole range of publications, about the rarest thing to find is a satisfactory cook book, one that really meets the needs of the people who have occasion to use it. At first sight there seems to be no valid reason for this; why should cookery be a vaguer or more abstruse science than chemistry or mathematics? Why should baking and boiling and frying be harder to expound than addition, subtraction and multiplication? Why should the compounding of a griddle cake be a less intelligible process than the formula for nitro-glycerine? And, of course, the answer is simple enough: the whole trouble with the majority of cook books lies neither in any inherent difficulty of the subject itself, nor in a lack of knowledge on the part of the author or compiler, but simply in a fundamental lack of unity of purpose or method, an absence of any effort to maintain a given standard of simplicity or to reach a certain definite public. Text-books and manuals on almost every other imaginable craft or art are graded: a cook book, like an encyclopedia, aims at omniscience, it would fain satisfy everybody. And the result is that we have the utter anomaly of the same book being used by the ambitious little bride, vainly struggling over incomprehensible terms, the tired "general housework," who secretly pre-

fers her own way of cooking, and the experienced hostess, in search of some new and intricate concoctions. Furthermore, most cook books are in the nature of scrap-books, made up of items gleaned from a hundred different hands and flung together, with little or no attempt at editing. It is small wonder that our grandmothers set such store by their own manuscript collections of recipes, for they at least were old and well-tried friends, couched in terms that had no ambiguity.

Now, if the question were asked: What constitutes a satisfactory cook book? the answer would naturally include a number of requirements. First of all, whatever its scope, it should be so constructed and so indexed that you may find out at once whether or not it contains the item you are seeking. There are few things more exasperating than to seek, let us say, for the recipe for a simple kidney stew, and pursue the elusive chase somewhat after this fashion: "Kidneys: see Veal;" "Veal Kidneys, see Beef Kidneys;" "Beef Kidneys, page 321;" page 321, "Kidneys and Bacon en Brochette." After all, the simple stew that you wanted isn't there, it is nowhere in the book. The most successful device for ready reference is the encyclopedia cook book, that does away with indexes altogether; you turn to the item you want, in its alphabetical position, and it either is there or it isn't.

Secondly, with the exception of the occasional high-priced and pretentious volumes bearing the name of some famous *chef*, a cook book should be written on the assumption that it is destined to be used chiefly by persons knowing little or nothing about cooking, and who are going to look to it for enlightenment. There was once a certain famous professor of mathematics in a New England college, of whose erudition there was no

*Around-the-World Cook Book. By Mary Louise Barroll. New York: The Century Company.

The Economy Administration Cook Book. By Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins. Hammond (Ind.): W. B. Conkey Company.

Easy Meals. By Caroline French Benton. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

The Housekeeper's Handy-Book. By Lucia Millet Baxter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

question; but his students always had the utmost difficulty in following his demonstrations partly because his portly personage hid many of the operations from view, and partly also from his habit of performing a certain part of the calculations in his head and merely setting down the results. The average writer of household recipes is much like this erudite professor, who naively assumed that what was so simple to him must be equally simple to his hearers. How many a novice has recoiled in despair from a rule for cake which concludes laconically: "mix, put in a quick oven and bake until done!" A white sauce is a simple thing to make and a simple thing to show others how to make; yet the present writer has never yet seen a cook book in which the rules for making it were stated so succinctly that a person knowing nothing of cooking could at the first attempt produce a sauce that was not a hopeless mess of starchy lumps!

A good standard for clearness is set by the method of giving at the head of each recipe a list of ingredients and quantities, arranged in the order in which they are to be combined. The question of time also is an important item: "cook until tender," is lucid enough, but if winter beets require three hours' boiling and are not put on until five o'clock, there won't be much left of your steak or chops by the time the desired state of tenderness is acquired. Lastly, the ideal cook book, one that has not, so far as the present reviewer knows, even actually been compiled, would give graded series of recipes, offering a succession of different ways of producing practically the same result, only with different degrees of difficulty and different degrees of expense. For instance, plebeian, every-day mashed potato can be provided in all the different degrees of glorification, from two minutes' rubbing through a sieve, with a pinch of salt and a penny-worth of butter, to a three-hour process with eggs and cream that make the resultant substance worth almost its weight in gold.

The foregoing thoughts were suggested by an inspection of a group of volumes which represent the present season's contribution to the culinary art. First of all, there is the *Around-the-World Cook Book*, by Mary Louise Barroll. Being, as the title-page explains, the gleanings of a naval officer's wife during her enforced wanderings through many strange countries, it has both the defects and advantages of this method of compilation. On the one hand, it contains scores of admirable recipes, for which one might hunt in vain in the ordinary, conventional volume: Louisiana gumbo, Puchero from the Argentine, Venetian eggs, Ginger-ale julip, are items taken at random which stimulate the imagination and the palate. On the other hand, since the volume is the result of a process of accumulation, there are gaps in its information that make it impractical as the main household cook book, however helpful it may be as a supplementary source of suggestions.

The *Economy Administration Cook Book*, edited by Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins, is comprehensive enough. Indeed, its contents is so encyclopedic as to be almost bewildering. But it has to a glaring extent the fault already referred to, that of an utter lack of unity of method. It is a fault inevitable in any book constructed on the principle of having each recipe or group of recipes contributed and signed by different persons,—one and all of them in the present case being wives of Senators, Congressmen, judges, diplomats, and other distinguished figures in Washington society. One notable shortcoming in a majority of these recipes is a failure to hint how many persons the quantities given are designed to feed. For instance, Madame Ali Kuli Khanom, wife of the Persian Chargé d'Affaires, starts off her directions for making Persian *chelou*, with "four pounds of rice, one-fifth pound of rock salt, and three-quarters of a pound of butter," quantities that suggest the commissary department of a regiment rather than a private family. But the book also has its good side: there

is something in it for every one, and on the whole, it lives up to the first word in its title,—the recipes are in the main not extravagant.

Easy Meals, by Caroline French Benton, may be fairly described as a cook-book done in verbal shorthand. It is all right as a collection of timely hints for the person who already knows quite well how to do ordinary cooking. Here, for instance, is the recipe for Breast of Veal: "Have the butcher make a pocket in it, stuff with highly seasoned bread crumbs and roast; serve with gravy." Fancy the helplessness of the young wife, struggling with her first veal roast in which the butcher has forgotten to make the required pocket! Shall the stuffing be wet or dry, shall she season it with onion, or merely thyme, sage and summer savoury? How is she to make the gravy, and how long will it take the miserable thing to roast, anyhow? Perhaps, somewhere within the pages of these *Easy Meals* the answers to these questions lurk, but it takes too much time to find them.

The Housekeeper's Handy Book, on the contrary, deserves a kindly word of appreciation. The author, Lucia Millet Baxter, has evidently put a certain amount of personality into it,—and personality is not a bad quality in discussing matters pertaining to the palate, as M. Brillat-Savarin delightfully taught us years ago. "A salad is not a success unless it is as attractive to the eye as to the palate;" "The secret of a sandwich is in the making;" such are the common-sense asides that this author flings in now and again, just as a reminder that she is something more than a mere clipper of other

people's recipes. And what a comfort it is to have the succinct statement at the end of a paragraph: "These quantities are intended for four persons." It would be misleading, however, not to mention that the scope of this brisk little book extends beyond the kitchen and includes chapters on "Help in the Laundry," "Toilet Ideas," "Needle-work," and "Emergencies." Altogether, it is a sane and useful little volume, and is, moreover, equipped with a good index.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South, by Martha McCulloch-Williams, is a book which belongs in a different class from the foregoing. It is not meant to serve as a household cook book; it is simply a special monograph on just one aspect of the subject, an attempt to preserve before too late certain fast vanishing and inimitable secrets of culinary art which justly made the old-time Southern cooking famous. The writer handles her subject with a pardonable enthusiasm, and the volume may be read extensively, with a certain pleasant watering of the mouth over the imaginary delights that it conjures up,—delights as varied as the toothsome savour of roast 'possum and the cool and tinkling joy of a properly iced mint julep. In conclusion, one cannot do better than quote from this author's preface the following common-sense axioms of cookery: "You will never get out of pot or pan anything fundamentally better than what went into it. Cooking is not alchemy; there is no magic in the pot. The whole art and mystery of it is to apply heat and seasoning in such fashion as to make the best and the most of such food supplies as your purse permits."

MORALITY IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE attitude of the American reading public toward the moral standards of popular fiction is curiously illogical and inconsistent. We seem to pass through a sort of rhythmic alternation of what we may call a high protection of prudery and a free trade of outspokenness. For a season, nothing seems to shock anybody, and then comes the backward swing of the pendulum, and for a time everything seems to shock everybody. We turn our story magazines into just so many correspondence schools of eugenics, and then seek to banish the innocent betrothal kiss from our moving pictures. And, of course, there is a certain degree of rhyme and reason behind our inconsistencies. What really determines the extent of the reading public's self-consciousness regarding problems of sex and kindred topics in fiction is not the quantity of the author's frankness, but the quality of the author's art. In point of fact, a story that is imbued with the unmistakable truth of life does not shock people, no matter how grim, or cruel, or repellent it may be. It may horrify us, it may grip us with its tremendous poignancy, it may make us lose sight of its sinfulness, because we can for the time being think only of its pitiful human weakness,—but it will not shock us. The privilege of shocking people is left to that negligible type of fiction which coquettes with vice, with the impudence of a pert soubrette.

Unfortunately, it is the negligible sort of fiction which very largely finds its way into print in response to any transient tendency, any fashion or fad of the hour. Let the fact once be noised abroad that there is a demand for automobile stories, or golf stories, or sex stories, or innocuous, anæmic stories warranted quite proper for the home and fireside,

and presto! two or three things happen forthwith. To begin with, a quantity of hastily written stories are turned out with more industry than skill; and necessarily they are an inferior type of work, because the spirit behind them is that which produces merchandise rather than art. And secondly, writers of the more conscientious class, who will not deliberately cater to a special market, promptly ransack their stock of rejected manuscripts and cull out a few which seem to fit the need of the hour, and once again send them forth on their travels. It is a common experience, within the circles of the Literary Shop, to hear some such advice as this given: "I say, Tom, why don't you send that unprintable story of yours to the So-and-So Magazine? Some of the things in their last number just went the limit!" And similarly, when the reaction sets in, all the vapid, bloodless fiction that has persistently been rejected, and quite properly so, for the previous eighteen months, rushes its way into the pages of the popular magazines, until its inanity makes decent respectability rather sick of itself.

The plain fact is that moral cleanness in itself is just about as poor a reason for accepting a story, if that is all the story has to offer, as open indecency would be. If you are hiring a butler or a maid-servant, you naturally wish them to have clean hands, but if they had no other qualifications for the position, clean hands would not make them satisfactory servants. But if instead of a butler, you wanted a gardener, the fact that his toil-hardened palms were still grimy with the soil would not deter you, if he was in other respects satisfactory. And, if we apply the comparison to current fiction, we reach the real reason why readers revolt alternately against the fiction that

is unnaturally whitewashed and that which is too wantonly besmeared with pitch: it is because, behind their daub of white or black, they have so pitifully little to offer.

When we stop to think of it, a large proportion of the big stories of the world's literature are, at last analysis, sex problems, variations of the eternal triangle. Yet no one thinks of them in precisely that way, because the minds which conceived and wrote them were healthy minds, with a natural, normal outlook upon life: in writing of men and women, they handled the simple, basic emotions quite frankly, because these emotions are essential factors of life, strands interwoven into the very warp and woof of it. They recognised that the problem of sex is one which no novelist has the right to ignore, for the writer who omits it, or slurs it over is necessarily lying about life. But it is equally true that sex is not the whole of life: and the real trouble with the over-subtle modern analyser of passions is that, in his exclusive interest in just a few strands of life's fabric, he tries to weave his pattern out of these strands alone, forgetting that human nature is a far bigger and finer and more intricate thing.

It is curious how unmistakably truth carries its own conviction, and how it breaks down and sweeps aside narrow, petty conventionalities. Supposing that in real life some one whom you know, the man across the way, or in the adjoining apartment, has killed his wife for infidelity. Unless you are a most exceptional and rather unnatural person, your first impulse is, not to say, "how unpleasantly immoral! Please don't tell me about it." No, you think what a painful, pitiful tragedy it is, and you want to know the facts, all of them, because this is no made-up, story-book melodrama, but the grim, tremendous truth of life, truth that comes so close and is so real, because it happened next door. And the same thing holds good in all really big fiction, the only kind of fiction worth writing and reading,—the fiction that brings the comedies and

tragedies of life so near that we accept them as the truest things we know, true as the truth which happened next door. In the world's great novels, it somehow never seems to be the author who has made some of his characters virtuous and others vile,—it is the characters who have made themselves so. The author has simply broken the news to us,—like the man who stopped us on the steps to tell us of the murder next door.

"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"

The book which immediately suggested the foregoing line of thought is the latest story by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, entitled *The Devil's Garden*. Mr. Maxwell is always an interesting and stimulating writer, and it is high time that he was accorded in America the widespread recognition that has long been given him in England. It seems to be the consensus of English critical opinion that this new volume is his biggest, strongest achievement, and strong it undoubtedly is. There are other works of his which the present reviewer prefers, notably *In Cotton Wool*, which was also strong, besides being structurally a more artistic and symmetrical piece of work. In *The Devil's Garden* Mr. Maxwell has taken certain liberties with his scheme of construction that do not wholly justify themselves, and the reader has a right to feel unfairly treated,—and yet, by this means the author achieves effects which could have been gained in no other way. The story opens quietly in a little English village. William Dale, the village postmaster, stolid, dictatorial, over-burdened with a sense of his own importance, has incurred the disfavour of the department because in too zealous execution of his duties, he ejected a disorderly soldier from the post-office. The incident might easily have been passed over; a word of apology would have satisfied the local authorities; but Dale, doggedly insistent that he was in the right, appealed over their heads to the General Post-Office, and now he has been suspended from duty and summoned to London, to un-

dergo a searching investigation. Every one but Dale realises that the result is likely to be serious for him, it may even mean dismissal. His wife, Mavis, begs him to appeal to Mr. Barradine, ex-cabinet minister, who is the big man of the neighbourhood, and who in the past had been very kind to Mavis and her aunt. But Dale will not listen; he was in the right and his case must stand on its merits. So he goes to London to face his ordeal, and before long, as his trial drags out its tedious course, even his slow mind grasps the fact that he has no friends, that everything he says is twisted against him, in short, that he is practically judged in advance. And then, all of a sudden, at the eleventh hour, the door opens and the elderly, bent figure of Mr. Barradine appears. A few compliments are exchanged with the chiefs of the postal department, a cordial endorsement of Dale's admirable qualifications is given, and on the hint that lenient treatment of Dale will be regarded as a personal favour to Mr. Barradine, the charges are dismissed and Dale finds himself reinstated, with a two weeks' leave of absence into the bargain. Exultant at this unexpected turn of affairs, he returns to his hotel, and finding that Mavis, anticipating his telegram, has already come and is waiting for him, he promptly plans a hilarious celebration, including dinner at a fashionable restaurant, supplemented by the wild extravagance of champagne and theatre tickets. Nothing could be more simply and minutely true than even the most casual detail of this evening, so commonplace as an average human experience, so momentous and exceptional an experience in the narrow, methodical life of William Dale. Slow and methodical is the account of every minute, the feeble little jokes that passed as wit of a high order, thanks to the happy exhilaration begotten of the unaccustomed stimulant. Then at last the couple are back in the seclusion of their hotel room, and Dale is thinking that he had never before fully appreciated his wife's prettiness, when Mavis, suddenly sleepy from the wine

and the heat, lets fall a few unguarded words that bring about a cataclysm. "What train did you say you took this morning?" asks Dale, in a voice she never heard before. And as she stumbles and contradicts herself, the man's suspicions increase, and then, his slow wits begin to piece the facts together, and his questions multiply, and before long blows follow and punctuate the questions, measured, deliberate blows, calculated to wring forth the last syllable of the woman's confession. "Are you going to kill me, Will?" she gasps, and he answers, "Probably, but not till I've had the truth." And so he does have the truth, sordid, pitiful, and yet in a way pardonable, if the man could ever be made to see from any angle but his own. As a mere girl, she had been sold to Mr. Barradine, and it was not until he tired of her that her aunt would listen to a suggestion of her marrying. Since her marriage, she had been unfailingly true to Dale,—until now. But she foresaw that Barradine was their sole hope, the only person willing or able to save Dale his position,—and Barradine made his own terms. Well, after the hideous night at the hotel, Dale sends his wife home alone; what he means to do with her, whether kill her, divorce her or try to live down the memory, he does not yet know. Then, after a week of suspense, the little town of Rodchurch is horrified by the news that Mr. Barradine is dead; he was out riding, on a new and mettlesome horse, and evidently was thrown and dragged, for his face was battered almost out of recognition. It is possible that one reader out of three would at this point have suspicions that Mr. Barradine's death was not accidental. But as chapter succeeds chapter, and the even tenor of life goes on in the Dale household, this momentary suspicion is likely to be dismissed. The author's plan of construction from the hour of Barradine's death is to see Dale only from the outside, only as his wife and acquaintances see him; not for an instant do we hear him think,—until in the last chapters, the point of view shifts, and

we relive all these later years of his life, suffering with him all the tortures of remorse that have never given him one moment's peace. Of course, he killed Barradine, and the curious psychological fact that made his chief difficulty was that, from the moment of Barradine's death he ceased to hate him, ceased to resent what Barradine had done, ceased to feel any bitterness toward his wife. Yet he knew that he must keep up the pretence, must feign resentment, and delay reconciliation. Children come to him, and prosperity and local positions of honour and responsibility, — and through it all he bears the burden of his secret, hourly expecting the discovery that never comes. But finally, on the threshold of middle age, he discovers that, like Barradine, he has his human weaknesses. There is a young girl who loves him, and for whom he in turn conceives a mad, reckless passion, which is held in check by just one thought, "I should be no better than Barradine; I should destroy my only justification for killing him!" So, instead, Dale pronounces sentence of death upon himself; and a kindly providence gives him an opportunity of passing out of life in the performance of an act of bravery that enshrines him as a hero in the memory of a world that has not understood.

"HIS FATHER'S WIFE"

There is a suggestion of Eden Phillpotts in this new volume by Mr. J. E. Patterson, entitled *His Father's Wife*. It deals with the humble, primitive farming and fisher folk, living laborious lives amid the flatlands and marshes of their island home between the mouths of the Crouch and the Thames, in the face of the grey North Sea. The story is quite simple: the chief actors are three in number, Aaron Rugwood, early left a widower, and his son, Roger, and adopted daughter Barbara. Roger and Barbara grow up like brother and sister, and the initial cause of all the misery that follows is that they mistake their love for each other for the love of brother and sister. Besides, Roger has another

love, almost as strong as that for Barbara,—and that is his love for the sea. And so, he is away from home, on long voyages; and when he comes home from one of these voyages, determined to speak out his heart to Barbara, he is too late, for she is already promised to his father. If Roger had been wise, he would have sailed away again, and stayed away; but instead, he yields to the urging of his father and remains at home to help on the farm. There is nothing new in the situation; it would be easy to draw up quite a list of kindred stories of a young couple awakening too late to an understanding of themselves and fighting bravely to remain loyal and honest. But it is greatly to Mr. Patterson's credit that he has handled his theme with dignity and honesty and a wise understanding of the subtle undercurrents of human nature, and has never once faltered on his steadfast progress toward the inevitable tragedy of the end.

"THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM"

The Lure of the Little Drum, by Margaret Peterson, enjoys the prestige of having been singled out by the judgment of Joseph Conrad and William J. Locke as the prize story in the twelve hundred and fifty dollar competition. The book has novelty of situation and gorgeous colour effects of the far East, and because of this one can readily understand its appeal to at least one of the above-named judges. None the less, it is an unpleasant book, a morbid book, and one that leaves a distinctly disagreeable aftertaste. The scene is India, the principal characters are Gerald Hamilton, his wife Esther, whom he rashly married against all advice, knowing little of her antecedents, and a native prince, Ishut Khan. The lure referred to in the title is the insistent rhythm of native music, the endless beating of little drums that once heard, refuses to be forgotten. Upon Esther, this rhythm has an almost hypnotic effect; at sound of it, she finds herself responding to some call of her blood,—in much the same way that she finds herself responding to the

magnetism of Ishut Khan. She fights against this spell, she even tells her husband in a veiled and guarded way, that she is afraid of the Hindoo and afraid of herself. But the husband does not take her seriously enough; and so, one night the lure of the little drum is too strong for her, and she steals out of her husband's home and goes straight to Ishut Khan, and the doors of his harem shut her in. Gerald, as it happens, falls seriously ill, knowing nothing of his wife's departure; and when he recovers, his relatives tell him that she has died of cholera. Meanwhile, her brief madness has changed to hatred and loathing; and Ishut Khan, whose pride will not brook a white woman's scorn of his dark skin, vows to ruin her beauty, and proceeds to torture her with a barbaric deliberation and method that make this particular scene one of the most repellent in recent fiction. The whole history of Esther's degradation in the harem, her suffering, her escape, and her final agony may be an extremely accurate picture of horrors still possible in the East; but it is a record that one reads with averted eyes and a heartsick reluctance. It may be strong, but it is quite unnecessary.

"SNOW UPON THE DESERT"

Snow Upon the Desert, by S. MacNaughton, is another story of Anglo-Indian life, but it comes like a breath of fragrant air, in contrast with the preceding volume. The book is awkwardly constructed, concerning itself at the start with secondary characters and scenes to an extent out of all proportion to their importance. Indeed, there is only one aspect of the book that really counts, and that is in so far as it is a study of the personality of just one woman. Mrs. Antrobus is the most beautiful English-woman in India, also she is almost the most talked of. Married to the wrong sort of man, a stoutish, selfish, heavy sort of man, determined to go his own way and quite willing that his wife shall go hers, Mrs. Antrobus realises that it is hopeless to look to him to protect her against herself. She has long played with

fire, believing herself to be immune; but two events combine to break her will and to make her fear herself. There is a young English officer, with a record for distinguished service, whom it pleases her vanity to keep dangling after her like a faithful dog. This officer is about to be sent away on a dangerous mission, and for some motive or mixture of motives, perhaps just vanity, perhaps because she is lonely, perhaps because of a nascent fondness for him, she begs him not to leave her,—in consequence he plays the coward, resigns his commission, and then later, realising his disgrace, commits suicide. Then, there is another man, a close friend of the poor suicide, who scorns the very name of Mrs. Antrobus, until one day he meets her. After that, he forgets that he has ever scorned her, knowing only one thing, that whatever the world may say against her, and however black the evidence may look, he for his part can never believe anything of her but what is good and fine and true. To the end, Mrs. Antrobus remains an enigma; we see her through the eyes of many men and a few women; we see but very rarely into her heart, and then only as through a glass, darkly. Did she love the man who believed all good things of her, and was it her great fear of falling from his high estimation that drove at the end upon her last, strange Odyssey? The author does not tell us, or at least in a manner so deliberately cryptic as to baffle conjecture. And yet we are glad not to have been told more. From first to last, Mrs. Antrobus is a woman of mystery, and half the charm of the book would have vanished through an indiscreet lifting of her veil.

"THE DOMINANT PASSION"

The Dominant Passion, by Marguerite Bryant, is best explained by the words which the author puts into the mouth of one of the characters, who is addressing the artist, the central figure in the story: "You people who are servants of this Dominant Passion of creation don't seem to have any medium. When *It* is there, there's no room for

anything else, when *It* is gone, you are at the mercy of everything." Andrea Bradon, the artist in question, may best be described as a vampire. He ruins the career of his only son, Lawrence, who has divine gifts as a musician, because he wants to keep the boy near him, where he can use him as a model, and draw inspiration from him. Over and over, he keeps the boy for hours posing, until he faints from sheer fatigue, and until his exhaustion is read in lines of suffering that are precisely the lines which the artist has diabolically striven to produce. He almost ruins the life of his cousin, Anthony, who has married Honor Passfield, the novelist. Without loving Honor, Andrea is curiously sensitive to her influence; until he met her, he had done nothing great in his art, he had simply given brilliant promise. It was Honor, her sweet, strong personality, that taught him the power of simplicity in colour and purity of line. Therefore, when her husband Anthony, forced to live in Italy, where he is studying the causes of pellagra, acquiesces in Honor's wish to return to England, the only spot where she can find inspiration for her books, and Honor herself, secretly hurt at his willingness to let her go, is too proud, as the years pass by, to ask him to take her back, Andrea, intrusted by her husband with a message for her, refrains from delivering it, because he wants to keep her near him, and use her as a stepping-stone on which to gain the heights. And lastly, he almost ruins himself, his reputation, his joy in life, because when Honor learns through Lawrence of his duplicity, and Andrea avenges himself upon his son by one crowning act of cruelty, Honor rejoins Anthony in Italy, vowing never to see Andrea again. From the moment that she casts him off, Andrea begins to deteriorate, his work becomes steadily worse and worse, over-elaborate, full of affectation and pretence. He knows that there is just one thing for him to do, and at any cost, and that is to make his peace with Honor, to buy her forgiveness, no matter to what depths of hu-

mility he must descend. She is right in despising him, in casting him off; but by doing so, she has crippled an artist's soul, blighted a genius,—and this, he feels sure, is a greater punishment than she meant to inflict. There are certain compelling qualities about this volume that make one not only eager to read it but to argue about it afterward. Nevertheless, it leaves the impression of being rather overdrawn and exaggerated. Andrea's repentance and regeneration somehow fail to carry conviction.

"MONTE CARLO"

Monte Carlo, written by the wife of Mr. H. DeVere Stackpoole, is a diverting and somewhat irresponsible little volume, full of the sparkle of blue waters and golden sunshine, and the tumultuous and unrestrained gaiety of the Riviera in the height of the season. The central idea of the book is the conflict that goes on in the heart of a young woman who has been brought up in the narrowest possible manner in a secluded English town, and then suddenly has rebelled and made a runaway match with an artist. Bohemian life in Paris has already lost its first glamour, and her recognition of her own blunder has given her material for a first novel which happens to have hit the popular taste. At all events, her first cheque for royalties is sufficiently large to make a trip to Monte Carlo quite a reasonable and practical thing to do. Unfortunately for the young wife's peace of mind, her husband, a bohemian by instinct as well as by training, comes across a theatrical troupe, good-hearted but unspeakably vulgar; while the young woman herself happens to meet some prim, conservative people from her own birthplace, and is just telling her woes and begging them to intercede with her father, when all her plans are brought to naught by the inopportune arrival of her husband, accompanied by the boisterous, much be-painted ladies of the theatrical troupe. From this point on, the story develops into a swift and bewildering comedy of errors, in which an Austrian spy, hard

pressed by the French police, makes numerous hair-breadth escapes, and finds time to pay court, between whiles, to the unhappy young wife, and to involve her in a scandal that threatens to end in the divorce courts. In the end, the young husband, who has tried to forget his wife's supposed perfidy, by reckless gambling, breaks the bank at Monte Carlo, comes away richer by some four thousand pounds, and sensibly decides to seek a reconciliation with his wife, to forswear bohemia, and find an eminently respectable home somewhere not too far from London. All of which combines to make a story not too serious nor too frivolous, but just blithe enough and sensible enough to afford an hour or two of very pleasant entertainment.

"HOME"

The anonymous novel entitled *Home*, which has attracted no small amount of attention during its serial publication in the *Century Magazine*, affords an instance of those curious similarities which quite unconsciously come about every now and then. It is vastly improbable that the author of *Home* ever even heard of a story by the Hungarian, Maurus Jokai, called *Timar's Two Worlds*, and translated more than twenty years ago under the title of *A Modern Midas*. Timar, the hero of the Hungarian novel, is unhappily married to a haughty and exacting young woman, who regards him as socially beneath her. One day, while exploring the wilder stretches of the lower Danube, Timar comes across a hidden island, inhabited by an old woman and a young girl, her daughter. The two live in archaic simplicity; and soon Timar has been accepted as one of the family, without the formality of any ceremony or even a curious inquiry as to his birthplace, his connections, or his

place in the world. Happy in his new life, Timar soon gives up even an occasional visit to his wife, planning his final departure in such a way as to let it be supposed that he is drowned. With all his wealth left behind him, and no possessions save the work of his two hands, a young woman who loves him, and before long a child, Timar finds in this second world a happiness that he never knew in the first. Now, *Home* is a rather crowded story, including the destinies of several proud old American families, handicapped by a fatal inheritance of overfondness for wine and women. But the central interest is furnished by the career of a young man, unhappily married, as Timar was, who by a sheer trick of destiny is convinced that his wife loves another man, and who consequently proceeds to forget his sorrow in exploring the upper reaches of a South American river. Here, as in the case of Timar, he disappears from civilisation under circumstances that lead to the belief that he has been drowned; and here, still again like Timar, he meets with a beautiful young girl living alone with an old woman in a state of sylvan simplicity. The man is happy. He has left all his wealth behind him; he has no possessions save what may come to him through the work of his two hands, he has a young woman who loves him, and before long he has a child. He is happy in his second world, as he never had been in his first. But unlike Timar's *Two Worlds*, the sylvan paradise in South America is destined to an early and overwhelming cataclysm, and the man justifies the title of the volume by returning and finding a tardy contentment in his first world. *Home* is eminently worth reading, whether you are acquainted with Jokai's novel or not. But the chance resemblance is interesting.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

THEODORE DREISER'S "A TRAVELLER AT FORTY"*

EPICURES affirm that our American dishes are but partly cooked and swim in a good deal of water. Our American travel books may likewise be said to be so often half-baked and served with a good deal of diluted language. Our public seems exceptional in having a fondness for voyaging volumes written by persons avowedly ignorant of their subject. Offered an informed tourist book and an uninformed one, the Yankee is quite likely to choose the latter, seeing perhaps a chance for more heedless diversion in it. To readers knowing nothing of Europe nor wanting to, but wishing to know about Mr. Dreiser, his imposing-looking volume will strongly appeal. He professedly carried little across the waters and brought it somewhat laboriously back. At least one may say that the reader is not greatly enlightened or inspired. The author has merely written of himself *à propos* of Italy, Germany and so on. The indications here about his own original personality overshadow the features of his European scene.

Such a frankly superficial volume helps contribute to the generally uninformed and inartistic state of our gulping-down reading public. To stir about among parboiled facts and in half-stewed impressions, leaves our western world as ignorant about and prejudiced against things foreign and foreign life as it was beforehand. To visit Italy without poetry or imagination, Germany without music, Holland without art, France without gayety and humour, is to start with a strong handicap. Features to be regretted may be shown by the two following small examples. We are told

*A Traveller at Forty. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The Century Company.

that the Seine at Paris is "not so wide as the Harlem River, which makes Manhattan an island." The significant fact is that the Seine is considerably narrowed by splendid embankments to deepen it for an immense volume of commerce of which our Harlem stream is almost as innocent as its banks are bare of civilised attention. Again, in Germany. "I should say that any nation that to-day chose to pick a quarrel with Germany on her home ground would be foolish in the extreme. It is the beau ideal of the aggressive, militant, orderly spirit and, if it were properly captained and the gods were kind, it would be everywhere invincible." This is a neglected array of English that sounds at first like meaning something worth the time, but in reality is not even resonant emptiness. Of course Mr. Dreiser, in his serious intellectuality, is not properly here. But the above instances illustrate the misfortune of the considerable production of our tourist books by greatly advertised writers who have not lived with their subjects, but whom the public is none the less importuned to read. There is nothing more likely to be misleading than first impressions, yet it is a popular American fallacy that somehow because an author is little educated in his theme, he is therefore at least innocent of harm.

To speak of something more vital, Mr. Dreiser exemplifies his German origin, it would seem, by being drawn to consort in Europe with the underside of life, as so many German and Russian writers have accustomed us. Instead of bringing to notice men who are worth while or entertaining, he acquaints us rather with those who can guide through night haunts of immorality, have sex on the brain or desire to "lick" foreigners. And for the women of Europe we are freely offered examples from the various tenderloins who, even for their class, do

not propose much in the way of edification or esprit. With his oddly oblique look toward life, desiring to know of vice neither for the purpose of reforming it nor for dissipation, Mr. Dresier appears here as a victim of a morbid curiosity which is never satisfied because never fully gratified. While he mentions on the ground, in passing, names great in art, what his readers feel he is really thinking about at the time is whether some ordinary lady of the pavement is waiting for him and diagnosis around at the public bar. Not that he is to leave her or himself any worse. Nor any better, it must be added. And he has come away from Europe without apparent regret or consciousness that he missed the fine flower of those civilisations. It is partly because the destructive forces—the forces of evil—so strongly attract him.

Due to his burdened German air of unhopefulness, his best art as a prominent and promising novelist is born of the obliquities of his nature, his viewings through thickened colours, the characteristically *gauche* and discouraging formlessness of his circumambient world. His mind suggests the idea of an imposing darkened interior of a vague edifice where the light comes in coloured or gloomy. The superb brilliance of noontide, the noble loftiness and wholesome charm of sightly human kind and human endeavour out in the open, are likely to be lost to view for him in the shadows of a haunting, creeping, slouching night. His frankness and honesty in the present volume are virtues, but virtues which are not unmixed sources of pride or satisfaction. What he observes that is not helpful or beautiful serves small purpose save as an outlet for the course of his own inclinations. In his dominant in-brooding, his first law is unto himself. He is a moraliser recognising secondarily an obligation to society or his fellow-men. It is natural to such a temperament that destruction figures distinctively. Unfortunately, the habit of enlarging on the uncomplimentary phases of foreign life only aids in keeping nations apart and

mutually contemptuous. To seek out and exploit much of the undesirable in foreigners, is to encourage the curse of high and ever-widened national barriers. To cultivate and proclaim the best in other peoples, is to bring all a whit closer together in a worthy entertainment of sympathy and enlightenment.

Stuart Henry.

II

EVERARD MEYNELL'S "LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON"*

The honest medical practitioner of Preston in Lincolnshire, who saw how his son, Francis Joseph Thompson, "failed to be a priest, failed to be a doctor, failed to be a soldier, failed even to be a shoemaker, nay, a shoeblack, and might have failed as a caller of cabs but that Mr. Wilfred Meynell discovered in the tramp a mighty poet," may be excused if he "was more amused than gratified at seeing his son's name suddenly coupled with those of Shelley or Keats or Tennyson." A share of the pity that belongs to the poet belongs as well to his father, who had not even the satisfaction of knowing that his parental crown of thorns was one day to blossom into an immortal wreath for his offspring's brow.

If luckless in all else, Francis Thompson enjoyed that greatest of blessings—a good biographer; no poet dreaming, as he did, of an enduring fame, could ask a greater favour than a *Life*, clear, intimate, and honest, an interpretation comprehensive and sympathetic with his intricate moods, such as Everard Meynell has devoted to Thompson's memory. From the pages of this, the first coherent account of the poet's hidden career, we gain sight of a rather unprepossessing child wrapped up in his moods at home and, later, something of "a butt" at the boarding school attended also by the equally strange, if more rebellious, "Jack or Paddy Hearn," metamorphosed

*The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

courageously into "Lafcadio." It was a harsh school, if we are to believe the reports of these sensitive alumni; but, according to the judgment of more robust graduates, it was an excellent turning-out establishment for little Britons of the most approved pattern.

A weakness of will, inherent and indulged, destined Francis Thompson to walk "the Street of Bitterness," and after six or seven years spent at a pretence of studying medicine, he showed himself absolutely unfit to meet the ordinary duties or even the common fellowships of his kind.

Mr. Meynell quotes Stevenson's query, "Whither go all unpleasant medical students—whence come all worthy doctors?" Thompson, certainly, must have been unusual among the matriculates of Owens College, in Manchester; he haunted art-galleries and poetry-shelves of public libraries, and rarely appeared for lecture, *quix*, or dissection. The doll, called Eugenie after the beautiful ex-Empress of the French, was now forgotten for a Manchester plaster-cast of the Melpomene of the Vatican. Without fear or awkwardness, to this passionless ideal he could pay a knightly courtship, unconscious of his tall figure, his shoelaces untied and dragging on the streets. "Had she beheld me," he could write in later years, "she would have denied, have contemned my gaze. Between us now are years and tears; but the years waste her not and the tears wet her not; neither misses she me nor any man." It was during these years at Manchester the poet might also be found, day after day, idling on the edge of the cricket fields, the memory of which came back to him in the enchanting lines of his

It is little I repair to the matches of the
Southern folk—

although, as a rule, an American mind stops puzzled and awed before the solemn earnestness with which the British are prone to invest their writings on sports.

The absolute text of these years is to be found in De Quincey's *Confessions*

of an *English Opium Eater*—a volume given him by his mother shortly before her death and the favourite book of his schooldays. His biographer points out the beginning of his use of this drug during a severe illness, and the remarkable coincidences in his inner experiences with those of Coleridge. We might add that these, as they occur in their lives as well as in their writings, are to be found equally in Edgar Allan Poe. Thompson, like De Quincey, a student at Manchester, "long a dingy den of opium," attempts in vain to qualify for the army after failing to pass his college examinations; Coleridge, another victim of drugs, also attempted and failed in the physical tests for the soldiery. Edgar Allan Poe seems to have been more successful, as he is supposed to have served for some time as a private in the Marine Corps. With De Quincey, Thompson shared other London fortunes; "two outcast women were to these two outcast men the sole ambassadors of the world's gentleness and generosity." "The brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing" who rescued Thompson at his bitterest period, disappeared immediately on realising that his genius was recognised and he had found friends who might not understand her pity for him. This is the one episode in all Thompson's history that gives even the slightest colour to an implication that he was vicious or degenerate in any sense whatever.

Without influence he had found it impossible to procure any wage at all commensurate with his education; his only acquaintance with literature was when he waited on "noted authors" for a short time in a lunch room in Panton Street. He collected books in a sack for a general bookseller; and he was soon in rags and shelterless, save for some fame-haunted bench along the Thames Embankment or the airy alcove of a doorstep. Through it all he seems to have remained clean in mind, if not in body, submerged in the dregs of outcast and criminal London. He found most of his companions opposed to Atheism; "only once did any one try to cheat me," he

confessed, although even murderers were of the company. When in luck he would sleep in the oblong boxes without lids containing a mattress and a leather apron or coverlet, that are the fashion, he says, in all Refuges.

A charitable boot-maker, named McMaster, hailed him on the street, took him into his shop and home, and accomplished a temporary reform in the poet who, however, lapsing again—not to secret drinking as his benefactor and most of the world believed, but to opium, brought on his final dismissal by letting fall one of the window shutters on a customer's foot. Discharged uncomplaining to face the still deeper horrors of starvation and gathering disease, helpless as a poor fawn turned away from a sheltering menagerie—he strove to sell matches and sometimes managed to gain a sixpence by running to call a cab near the London music-halls. "Even before he was knocked down by a cab," says his biographer, "the heavy traffic of Covent Garden harassing the straggler in the gutter, may well have been to him a type of danger and fears." Those who know his splendid visions in which rolling wheels and champing horses are not infrequent, will therefore take new interest in such passages as those declaring he

Suffered the trampling hoofs of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and bled
of strength
I waited the inevitable last.

and, again, where in his essay on Shelley, he says of the poet of "Adonais": "He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun." Such phrases were written with some memory of the great Acheronian flood of cabs at midnight, and the lightfooted rivals plunging among them and snatching the "tips" from the very jaws of death or from under his own very nose.

The rescue of Francis Thompson by Wilfred Meynell, the appearance of his first poems in the pages of *Merry Eng-*

land, his gradual rehabilitation if not his entire reform from his abuse of drugs, are now commonplace facts of literary history. Mr. Everard Meynell puts the keystone to this biographical edifice with materials never to be questioned, and an interpretative authority to which every future student of Thompson's life and works must alway defer. It is when we come to the chapters dealing with Thompson's poetry, and the elucidation of its philosophical origins and bearing, that we find his volume particularly valuable. Everard Meynell is a poet writing of a poet, under the eyes of his father to whom the world owes the discovery of one of its greatest modern singers, and under the inspiration of his mother, Alice Meynell, herself the greatest living poet of England. Therefore, his study of Thompson's poetry is a study important to all poetry, in a day when men seem wearying of a paganism slimed with the name of materialism, when the message of Thompson seems dropped from a prophet's chariot mounting over the gutters of London. In a way, the volume may be said to constitute a textbook for the poet with a future in the age "when the Lord-God is the literary fad," and the apostles of the diseased and disordered are "folding their tents like the Arabs," "though," as Thompson himself says, "poetry's Book of Genesis is yet unwritten which might be written, and its Moses is desired and is late. An art not unworthy the Seraphic Order and the handling of Saints. For the poet is an Elias, that when he comes makes all things new. It is a converse alas, and lamentable truth, that the false poet makes even new things old." This point, which is too discursive to be treated properly in a brief review, will reward the reader and practitioner of poetry who apply themselves to Mr. Meynell's pages; they are studies in the higher reaches of poetics and art philosophy, and if, in groping, one treads upon the heels of religion, he may as well awaken to the fact that he has left the eighteenth century behind him.

Mr. Meynell goes very thoroughly

into the question of Thompson's vocabulary, of his origins in the mediæval hymnologies and in Crashaw, Coleridge, Shelley, and Coventry Patmore; he registers also some opinions of his poet regarding other divinities of our time. "Metrically," declared Thompson, "Poe is the lineal projector of Swinburne, and hence of modern metre at large—an influence most disastrous and decadent, like nearly all his influence on letters. Tennyson is too pictorial. Picture verges on marches of sister art painting. Feminine, only not so entirely so as Swinburne; still has remnants of statelier mood and time. Metre, beginning of degeneration, completed in and by Swinburne." The brief period of Thompson's journalistic trials was marked by service and generous praise of others; if he desisted from his purpose of a work to point out the moral continuity to be found in *The Idyls of the King*, it may have been on learning that Tennyson had already given his approval to such an interpretation in the essays of Condé Palen; another American, Madison Cawein, is in Thompson's debt for praise, and younger Englishmen that shared his encouragements are Sturge Moore, Alfred Douglas, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and Alfred Noyes. He was broad enough to appreciate Newbolt's "Admiral's All," Owen Seaman's parodies, and Arthur Symonds's "teeming felicities." Aubrey De Vere he found grandiose, although he does not seem to have altogether admired his cold intensity; he had no enthusiasm, it may be noted, for *The Yellow Book*, or Oscar Wilde, D'Annunzio, Kipling, and Maurice Hewlett.

Thompson's later years were passed in desultory residence in London with attempts at service to Grub Street, or in monastery hospices such as those of Pantasaph and Storrington, where the spirit of Catholicity, which is not at all synonymous with mediævalism, as many of his critics seem to imagine, took ever a stronger hold upon him and gained for him in modern parlance the free-and-easy name of "Mystic." Years ago Brune-

tière wrote, *longe et late*, upon the error of confounding the mystic in literature with the mystic of theology, and it seems hardly the moment to arraign *The Life of Francis Thompson*, written with an entirely literary intent, for not establishing a scholastic and not quite necessary distinction. Thompson himself, as Mr. Everard Meynell tells us, was wary of the word "mysticism"—which a reviewer in a recent number of *America* states, as "one of the most secret and profound of the sacred things of the Catholic Church, is not to be prattled of in literary coteries."

The end came and found Thompson a gaunt figure out of some canvas of El Greco of Toledo; he had lain for ten days in the London Hospital of Saints John and Elizabeth; consumption, and not laudanum poison, was his fatal disease; and the last books in his hand were his prayerbook, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, and the *Many Cargoes*, of W. W. Jacobs. There was also a cheerful lay-sister with the keys, who said: "I hear he had a very good death."

Thomas Walsh.

III

CLARE HOWARD'S "ENGLISH TRAVELLERS OF THE RENAISSANCE"*

This book, embellished by quaint prints and portraits, is a valuable contribution to social history—which, in the form of extended specialised survey at least, has unfortunately so little engaged the researches and pens of English writers. Such surveys as we have, too, are singularly lacking in just the quality this book eminently possesses—perspective. Here is a clear account, carefully laid out and well-organised, of an activity of great importance not only to English society and diplomacy, but to English literature. This enormous subject the author has sifted wisely. Though not without the tone of over-modesty and anxious acknowledgment of minor obligation which characterises the thesis,

*English Travellers of the Renaissance. By Clare Howard. New York: John Lane Company.

she allows us to forget that this is originally an academic exercise. Having thoroughly digested her considerable scholarship, she relaxes as far as possible, even to a pleasing playfulness. The book, thus, is readable as well as valuable.

From the earliest times, says Miss Howard, Englishmen had gladly seized upon any reason for travel. One of the first books printed in England warns the pilgrim to the Holy Land not to embark without "a lytell cawdron, a fryenge panne, dysshes, platers, cuppes of glasse, a fether bed, a matrasse, a pylawe, two payre sheets and a quylte, a cage for half a dozen hens or chickens and a half bushel of myle sede to feed them." Erasmus himself stated that the pilgrimage to Jerusalem was nothing but the love of change. This thin disguise of piety gave place to a substantial desire for learning and intellectual companionship as a motive for travel in the sixteenth century.

It was the widespread custom of Elizabethan and Jacobean gentlemen thus to complete their education. Travel was the only means of acquiring modern languages and history, together with physical and social accomplishments. The desire to study foreign governments, too, sent abroad with every ambassador young gentlemen who on their return diffused a certain mysterious sophistication to the envy of home-keeping youths. The English, like the Germans, suddenly woke up with a start to the idea that they were barbarians on the outskirts of civilisation and (as in Chicago of to-day, says the author roguishly) sent their youngsters hustling for culture. But the development of the individual was (in the innumerable travel essays of the period, at least) less important than his increased usefulness to the state.

Yet there were always many protests against this exodus of the young men. The Frenchified traveller, returning with such finicky refinements as perfumes and pick-tooths was laughed to scorn; and the proverb "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate" was not without

foundation. Too often he became a vicious mocker railing on both Pope and Luther; and the books are full of sinister warnings against "the Siren-songs of Italy." A great deal of the common animosity to returned travellers with their foreign clothes was inspired by commercial jealousy; and there was also the insular prejudice which still is so pronounced a characteristic of the English middle and lower classes. Such feelings were fostered by staunch Protestant parents, who had indeed much ground for their fear of Inquisition and Jesuit. Italy, both during and after the Spanish war, was far from safe for Englishmen and Protestants. Furthermore, free-booters and marauders lurked everywhere. The conception of travel given by Fynes Moryson is a sort of chase across Europe with the tourist doubling and turning and diving into cover like a fox. Many warnings are sounded, too, against the wonderful cunning of inn-keepers, who not content with robbing by day, often robbed and murdered by night. Added to all this, the strange diet and the small-pox were such risks that it was customary to wager three to one against a man's return.

Even with the Tudor enthusiasm for letters, there had never been the slightest danger of pedantry; but the typical Stuart traveller went abroad, generally only to France, merely to learn the graces with a view to making his fortune at Court. People who visited Holland, however, had loftier reasons; they went to see its many curiosities and rareties and its advanced public institutions, its conspicuously elegant streets and clean inns. It was after the Restoration that the idea of the Grand Tour began. Courtiers who had lived long in Paris were ever bewailing "the haughty and boorish Englishman," until even sensible natives began to be ashamed of their manners and sent their youngsters over to learn better. Italy and Germany had now become safe; and accordingly one no longer settled down in Paris, but drove in a post-chaise through all the principal towns of the Continent. The

aim of travel had now largely become to see and to be seen. Boys were sent abroad very young, and their governor was an important person. Soon he became an arbiter of what was modish for country families whose connection with the fashionable world was but slight. The Grand Tour naturally cost more than Elizabethan travel, but fashionable people generally considered it cheaper than remaining at home. Chesterfield, though a Georgian, was thinking of the days of his youth when he admonished his son to avoid the society of Englishmen abroad and not run the risk of corrupting his newly acquired manners with evil communications.

In the eighteenth century, when England took her place in the fore of nations, the always latent protest against foreign influence became downright contemptuous. Addison had been full of smug reflections on English superiority, and Locke set forth the fallacies of the Grand Tour in his *Essay on Education*. The whole scheme, indeed, became discredited after its adoption by social climbers. Other disintegrating causes were at work also. The Georges had no idea of rewarding polish and refinement; the French Protestant refugees in England could teach French as well as the Paris tutors; the foundation of chairs of modern history in the colleges by George First—all these things were removing the necessity for the Grand Tour. Walpole and Gray in their tours showed that the romantic spirit was supplanting the humanistic, and that the advent was at hand of the Byronic tourist who cared only for the unruly aspects of nature. The attitude of the Georgian traveller was very different from the eager acquisitiveness of the Renaissance—an attitude which is largely resuscitated again in the wanderlust of the nineteenth century. But in spite of kindred Elizabethan and modern ardour, the sorrows of beef-eating Englishmen among the Continentals have always been poignant; and Englishmen have never been willing to allow other diets to other climates, or indeed, other customs to other

people. The tone of Georgian travellers, concludes Miss Howard in this interesting account, has not only fallen from the high motives of earlier times, but is pronouncedly peevish in its materialism.

Graham Berry.

IV

ROYAL CORTISSOZ'S "ART AND COMMON SENSE"*

It is always a bit presumptuous for a layman to criticise a specialist; it is safer perhaps to interpret and record an impression made by such a volume as *Art and Common Sense*. And to the layman this volume of essays will especially appeal. Critics and artists seem to have little respect for each other, since each is often the victim of either his temperament or his mental attitude: Mr. Cortissoz, while recognising the claims of each for consideration and suggesting that the layman become acquainted with their respective views, offers him an easier path, bewildered as he so often is before the cant and phrases of both. With a fundamental desire to open the great treasures of beauty to intelligence and to emotional preception, the author marks a safer channel in waters uncharted for many of us with frailer barks. Common sense is the compass—and for harbourage he bids us recognise painters as human beings, not demi-gods, whose works must primarily be approached in a human way and with an open mind. This is the keynote of his own method and the striking characteristic of his suggestive volume. Though he is also too finely attuned to technical subtleties for him to neglect continual mention of this language of art, yet he warns against an observance of technique as the *ne plus ultra* of painting. Artists with nothing to say in terms of beauty are often gifted with "manner," and "manner" not matter becomes their God. Then, too, Mr. Cortissoz, himself erudite, has no great sympathy with much of so-called scientific criticism, since that offers dust in-

*Art and Common Sense. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

stead of revealing beauty. Jauntily he says, "let prejudice and pedantry go hang. Beauty is all." This then is the angle from which he continually views art—and not as a mere impersonal expression. Rather is it the gift of men whose humanity must never be lost sight of. This departs much from some recognised schools of criticism, but it must be confessed it makes of his book a warm document with blood instead of metaphysical abstractions. The catholicity of his taste reminds him there are all kinds of technique, all kinds of genius tinctured with our common humanity. He is intolerant of nothing but insincerity, has little patience with cant and waxes satiric at postures. *Art and Common Sense* is the expression of a sane, normal man, keenly alive to the virtue of life reacting upon art, full of enthusiasm, quaintly humorous and withal as discriminating as he is stimulating to those who may seek the secret of enjoying beauty.

There is unfortunately no definite scheme in the arrangement of the subjects; one skips back and forth amid the centuries, which may be the author's sly way of reminding us that there are common bonds among all artists. The range is very wide, and space compels comment only on certain chapters. It is obvious when one passes over the praises of Ingres, that Mr. Cortisoz, in spite of an arresting reserve, is personally best satisfied when contemplating Velasquez, "the most isolated of painters." Yet the Spaniard's distinction and impeccable taste, his use of the *chiaroscuro*, his critical imagination, his psychological penetration, his haunting beauty and command of values, does not entirely conceal from Mr. Cortisoz his lack of creative imagination, of drama and of religion. One finds here a splendid example of the author's acumen:

Modern painters talk of motion in art as though it were worth recognition only in representations of impetuous action, like the charge of a cavalry regiment or the leap of an acrobat. Velasquez saw that all life

is necessarily movement, that repose is only movement suspended, and his figures are not arrested in space, they are but pausing of their own volition, a distinction upon which the whole theory of motion in art may be said to hinge. Breathing, thinking, alive with all the sensations of concrete beings, his kings and councillors, huntsmen and *enanos*, buffoons and soldiers, hesitate there on the canvas ere they step from their frames with something of the weird immobility which De Quincey has described in his essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth." The spectator is aware in the painting of Velasquez, as the English writer was aware in the great scene of the tragedy, of a moment's veil between the petrification of a deathlike solitude and the ringing sounds of a world thickly peopled. No painter has ever surpassed Velasquez in this poignancy of realism, and I am inclined to say that no one ever equalled him. No one, at any rate, ever presented his interpretation of nature with so little of subjective annotation, with so little rhetoric of technic. The Spaniard was content if he set down what he divined in the man before him.

In connection with this same painter, Mr. Cortisoz is very caustic over the recent attempt by Mr. Grieg to attribute the famous Rokeby Venus to another artist: "If Velasquez did not paint this exquisite picture, then it must have been executed by another master of the same name."

Continuing his inquiries into Spanish art, the author feels that, aside from a certain mystical genius, El Greco's present esoteric vogue will not last; though Goya, the "ineffably worldly-wise satirist," will continue to rest upon the plane of a great psychologist. Among the moderns he is enthusiastic over the draughtsmanship, dazzling colour and sumptuous sunlight which Fortuny combines with his perfect simplicity of design. Sorolla's sunlight, too, attracts the critic, and also his marvellous movement, though once the Spaniard paints in the shadow he seems to lose his *élan*. Zuloaga interests him less—in spite of a certain piquancy and masterly composition the paintings are clogged with a

mass of detail and possess little imagination or taste. One of the most charming sections of this chapter is devoted to Daniel Vierge, the greatest of modern pen draughtsmen, whose illustrations of *Pablo* and *Don Quixote* are classics in their *genre*. One is grateful to Mr. Cortisoz for revealing so feelingly the pathetic story of this artist who, while in the height of his genius, was paralysed, so that he had to learn all over to draw with his left hand. But it was thus given to Vierge to reach the heights twice—for his uncanny capacity to externalise character as “uncompromising renderings of fact” was coupled with a skill in depicting backgrounds against which they moved as by magic.

There is something of a Jeremiad in his chapter on “Contemporary European Painting.” The *salon* is not interesting: “The average French picture suggests that modern taste has been transformed into a part of the nervous system and is concerned altogether with sensation, not with principle.” The workmanship is, on the whole, good, but French art is stationary. The one bright light is Albert Besnard, the virile decorative colourist. Mr. Cortisoz senses that most of the other painters are bound by a formula, or busy imitating some master’s original accent, so that they are concerned in forcing nature into a mould—like the foggy canvases of Eugene Carrière. In Italy, Segatini, though not of the giants, is interesting mainly because of his sincerity. Menzel has left no successor in Germany. There the artist “continues to fill his canvas with crude garish colour and turgid drawing. As for beauty, for sensuous charm, for grace and subtlety, they have suffered unmitigated shipwreck.” Stuck, of the Secessionists, has warm imagination and a remarkable pictorial faculty, but, like the others of his school, does not understand colour. Turning to England, the author sees no great painter there except Sargent—and he is an American.

It would be informing to quote at length from Mr. Cortisoz’s frank admiration of this princely painter who is

a modern with “a vein of conservatism.” It is Sargent’s sanity and naturalism, his effulgence, his detached intellectual curiosity and his grasp on his generation which appeal to the critic. In fact, this sketch, so full of anecdotal material, with that on his great co-patriot Whistler, are among the most satisfying in their complete impression. Just as one gains the sense of the courtly gentleman in Sargent touching all he does with dignity, so Whistler’s quintessential refinement and taste hover over the magic of his paint. Dainty picturesqueness, virtuosity, esoteric charm and versatility were his—also a moving beauty, as one gathers from his two famous paintings: “Carlyle” and the “Portrait of the Artist’s Mother.”

Those rank him with the old masters. The others, if they formed his sole legacy to the galleries of the world, would keep him among the men just below the best. The reason is obvious the moment one puts prejudice aside and looks at things as they are. The mark of the great picture in every epoch has been a mark of organic balance. The painter has realised his conception with absolute felicity. Nothing could be added. Nothing could be taken away. Everything in the picture—composition, drawing, modelling, colour, the personality of the sitter, when the picture is a portrait—contributes to one end, and that is a unit of beauty. Can it be said of any of Whistler’s portraits of young women that they fulfil these conditions as the portrait of his mother fulfils them? He may have denied a thousand times our right to interest ourselves in his mother’s personality. Long after her name and his, perhaps, have vanished from the frame, men will look on this canvas and prize it as the portrait of an individual.

Somehow it seems quite natural, after reading this, that Mr. Cortisoz should have little sympathy with the Post-Impressionists, Cubists and Futurists. Cézanne, with his love of colour, made some “lucky hits;” Gauguin and Van Gogh gave evidences of a colour sense—but otherwise the author concedes them little of real significance. Matisse, in

spite of a *flaire*, paints with an "underrated complacency." His *Panneau Rouge* is a "feeble impertinence." Genius, as the critic continues, will out, and yet

if Matisse were the demigod he is assumed to be, there would be at least some hints of an Olympian quality breathed through his *gauche* puerilities. Picasso, too, the great panjandrum of the Cubist tabernacle, is credited with profound gifts. Why does he not use them? And why must we sit patient, if not with awe-struck and grateful submissiveness, before a portrait or a picture seemingly representing a grotesque object made of children's blocks cut up and fitted together? This is not a movement, a principle. It is unadulterated "cheek." . . . It is the dull sterility of this so-called "movement" that offers the chief point of attack for those who resent its intrusion into the field of art. Let the Post-Impressionists and their loquacious friends wax eloquent among themselves as to what constitutes beauty and what they may mean by the theories through which they assume to develop its secret. Their debates are worthless so long as they go on producing flatly impossible pictures and statues. The oracular assertion that the statues and the pictures are beautiful and great is merely so much impudence and "bounce."

Many will recall, however, the stir these paintings made at the Armory exhibition, and lest one forget the importance of that memorable event, Mr. Cortisoz contributes many analyses of the other painters represented—especially in relation to American art. On the whole, he considers it was a "stirring exhibition." He has words of praise for Alden Weir, whose genius has been fertilised by French Impressionism. He has gained his place by a kind of "unconscious accretion," which directs his work more and more toward beauty and charm. The author is generous, also, to the Independents, on whom he offers the fatherly advice that "they cannot live by technique alone." In spite of the fact they have no "alluring dreams" and little invention he finds them genuinely

robust, painting with zest, skill, energy and truth. Indeed, one gains the impression from many of these comments, as well as from his illuminating discussion of the architecture as exemplified by Burnham, Richardson, McKim and Morris, that American art has held its own, and is strongly assertive in many directions potential with possibilities.

Mr. Cortisoz's book, which is more than a record of opinions here stated, will shatter some of our pet illusions; but his own critical imagination is such that he does not rob the altars without offering new realms of beauty for us to approach. To gain even this much, if nothing else, is gratifying to the layman groping amid his own timid uncertainties of taste and selection.

George Middleton.

V

"THE LIFE OF ETHELBERT NEVIN"*

Mr. Thompson's book disarms criticism at the beginning. Almost all his life he knew Ethelbert Nevin intimately and this orchid-like volume is but a tribute—and a very exquisite one, withal—to that friendship. It is never critical but accepts what Nevin wrote as well-nigh perfect; nor, on the other hand, is it ever mawkishly sentimental; and it is not really a "Life" at all. What it does is to show us, largely through his own letters, charming pictures of Nevin in the various stages of his career—small boy, student in Boston and Berlin and then through the long struggle so much lighter in the case of this man than in that of most artists. For Nevin's music, almost from the beginning, fell on willing ears. Much topographical detail is glossed over, or omitted altogether, while Nevin the son, the husband, the father, the friend and the musician are lovingly and reverently dwelt upon. On the whole, Mr. Thompson's book is distinctly one that should make its appeal

*The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. From his letters and his wife's memories. By Vance Thompson. Boston: The Boston Music Company.

to the composer's many friends rather than to the curious public.

And yet, like all biography, this tells a story that is interesting in itself. Born at Vineacre, his father's fine old country-place near Pittsburgh, Nevin early decided that music should be his life-work. His youthful ambition, to become one of the great pianists—was never quite fulfilled. He was, to be sure, an exquisite performer, but it was after the manner rather, of a Watteau, of an Austin Dobson. And so with his compositions. Loved and popular though they are, they do not seem to be made of the sterner stuff. To-day, twelve years after their composer's death, one hears them rather in the concert room than in the home, played more often than not by the young girl. To her, perhaps, the appeal of "The Rosary" is irresistible, but it is not so easy to forgive the astonishing eulogy by Madame Schumann-Heinck, which Mr. Thompson quoted with evident approval. Nevin himself, however, may have known better what he was doing. At any rate, in a letter to his wife he speaks of "That mean little *Narcissus*. . . . That nasty little *Narcissus*."

This is not the place for criticism of Nevin. It does not seem fair, however, to rank him with the greatest—not, for example, with MacDowell. He was ambitious, and had he lived he might have risen to greater heights. But he died at the age of only thirty-nine after a life, the most productive years of which were spent abroad—in Berlin, Paris, and at last in Italy. And so, in a way, it seems pitiful to find him writing in his diary: ". . . I have a horror of being a 'successful drawing-room song-writer,' with nothing else to back it up." He had much to "back it up" with; but was it enough?

But let us return to Mr. Thompson. It is a loving work that he has accomplished, a difficult one, and he has done it well. His is an intimate picture of a charming personality and of a sincere artist. The book is illustrated with interesting photographs and musical examples, but printed as it is on Cameo paper

and bound in a curious brown silk, it presents a queerly exotic (yet not wholly inappropriate) appearance.

Alfred A. Knopf.

VI

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD'S "THE TOURIST'S SPAIN AND PORTUGAL"*

As for a speaker, so for a writer, is it supremest art to stop when one's audience wishes to hear more, to stop before the slightest suggestion of satiety has made itself felt. Mrs. Wood has revealed herself as possessor of this art, in that her first book left the reader with a very acute desire to hear more from her. And she manages to keep the appetite awake after each book, even in the difficult art of writing guide books, or books of travel, which shall be practically useful and yet have the certain something that renders them worthy of being read for the sake of the reading, not merely for the knowledge they impart.

In this third volume she has done for Spain and Portugal what she did so well before for Russia. Although this volume does not pretend to be more than a practical guide-book, it is written with a personal charm and sprightliness that have come to be recognised as this author's particular qualities. And, as before, she closes the book when we would like to have heard more. For we get only slight tantalising glimpses of the New Spain that is forming itself slowly out of the stagnation of arrested development, when the Old had outworn itself, and the New Day had not yet dawned.

The practical portions of the book are excellently arranged, tabled in such a way that the desired information can be located at once. Then, in the body of the narrative portions, the writer has adopted the useful Baedeker device of small type notes on steamer and rail connections, and side-excursions between the points of interest which have been described at length. This keeps the story

*The Tourist's Spain and Portugal. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

coherent, but does not overload it with detail.

One could wander through the Iberian Peninsula very pleasantly, guided by this little book. And one feels inclined to linger wherever the author wishes, whether it be among the wonderful Velasquez paintings in the Madrid Gallery or in front of some country tavern where the black-eyed youths and maidens are dancing. There are Murillos mentioned at which the art lover's eyes will glisten, and, in view of the excitement occasioned by the Sorolla Exhibition in New York, it will be interesting to hear the following remarks:

Sorolla's huge vogue abroad is received with scepticism by his compatriots. They allude to contributory causes, and turn from this adept, who has done something new, to admire the works of confrères, who, though less original, are more seriously regarded in their own country than he.

Mrs. Wood brings so much personal interest and enthusiasm to everything she writes about, that it can hardly be said she favours one place more than another. And yet when one has closed the book, the pages about beautiful Cadiz, the White City by the Opal Sea, come back most often to the memory. We feel we have almost seen it ourselves, there has been so much ardour, so much reflected enjoyment poured into the writing about it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VII

E. T. COOK'S "THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE"*

Sir Edward Cook defines the purpose of his detailed and interesting life of Florence Nightingale as an "endeavour to depict a character as well as record a career." This double purpose the author achieves admirably. One feels that Miss Nightingale herself would have been grateful for both the spirit and the

*The Life of Florence Nightingale. By E. T. Cook. New York: The Macmillan Company.

manner in which it is done. The biographer, in fact, quite demolishes the popular conception of Florence Nightingale as a delicate aristocratic "Ministering Angel" distributing flowers and gentle words among the sick and dying in hospitals and on the field of battle. He replaces this sentimentalised vision by a vigorous and true portrait of a vital human personality, endowed with constructive, creative powers and real administrative genius. She is revealed to us as a woman of high purpose, believing implicitly in her "Call" to the service of humanity, but with little tolerance of any faith which did not express itself in works; a woman with tender, deep sympathy for all the sufferings of humanity, but impatient of sentimentalising reformers. Endowed with a passion for efficiency, she devoured statistics and facts, basing all her plans for betterment in any direction on careful investigation and detailed information. She had, apparently, "the infinite capacity for taking pains," but her insistence on a mastery of detail never inhibited her power to conceive the larger vision which they should serve. Details were obedient servants to her administrative genius. It was this rare combination of gifts which led Queen Victoria to say of her: "Such a clear head! I wish we had her at the War Office."

The author says that his book is "a biography and not a history." But, at least in his account of the earlier years of Miss Nightingale's life, we discover her a pioneer in the history of the Emancipation of Women. In reading these chapters one finds it almost incredible that such tremendous changes in woman's relation to the work world should have transpired within the lifetime of one individual. To-day the vocation of nursing is generally accepted by the most conservative as eminently suited to females even of gentle birth. But in her youth, Miss Nightingale's desire to become a nurse was met with much the same consternation and determined opposition by her family, that one would expect to find to-day if a

young woman of high social position and wealth suddenly announced her intention of becoming a scullery maid. Miss Nightingale's family had wealth and social position: they gave to her all the advantages and opportunities which any young lady of her day could be expected to desire; education, travel, association with distinguished people and unending festivities both in town and country. Although Miss Nightingale heartily enjoyed all this as recreation, to contemplate it as her life-long occupation, began to pall upon her when still very young. Later this whole mode of life seemed unendurable, useless and futile. She felt that she lived in a gilded cage. Conscious within herself of latent powers, she endeavoured to satisfy her yearning for work with constant study. Thus she struggled to adjust herself to her parents' wish that she find happiness in the same life which rejoiced her sister's heart.

The following quotation from Miss Nightingale reveals how unendurable she found this life of idleness, "*This table d'hôte of people*," as she called the country house parties. Also it shows the futility of her family's efforts to cure her of her longing for work through foreign travel and social diversions.

The thoughts and feelings that I have now I can remember since I was six years old. It was not that I made them. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for, consciously or not. Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything. . . . My God, what is to become of me? . . . O weary days, O evenings that seem never to end! For how many long years have I watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach ten, and for twenty or thirty more years to do this. Oh, how am I to get through this day, to talk through all this day is the thought of every morning. . . . This is the sting of death. Why do I wish to leave this world? God knows I do not expect a heaven beyond, but that He would set me down in St. Giles, at a

Kaiserwerth, there to find my work and my salvation in my work.

When she was thirty she made the following entry in her diary, which suggests how limited the field of opportunity was for a gentlewoman in 1850: "I had three paths among which to choose. I might have been a literary woman, or a married woman, or a hospital Sister." The reasons which Miss Nightingale herself gave for her refusal to marry one for whom she had a deep attachment, show the many-sidedness of her nature, and also reveal her ability to read herself unerringly.

I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that I would find in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming. But would it? I could be satisfied to spend a life with him combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. . . . To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life, without hope of another, would be intolerable to me. Voluntarily to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide.

It would seem from this note that in England, in the year 1850, there was little idea of the possibility of both marriage and work for a woman. Miss Nightingale was one of the pioneering spirits who, like Brand, had to give to their ideal all or nothing. She chose to give all to her work rather than give up the thought of work. She felt she must answer this inner urge to work and to express herself, even though she had not yet found the channel for her gifts. At thirty Miss Nightingale, however, reached the decision that she could no

longer yield the direction of her life to her parents, dearly as she loved them. Through diplomacy and determined effort she brought them to consent to her study of nursing. From the moment she entered the hospital of Kaiserwerth, life took on new zest for her. She found renewed joy in life through her joy in work.

Thus it was that when the call came for her to go to Crimea, as the Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment in the English General Hospital in Turkey, she was prepared to undertake the task and to execute the work with such brilliant success. She returned from the Crimean War a figure of national prominence. But the Crimean War experience was in no sense the culmination of her career. Miss Nightingale herself regarded it merely as a beginning for the larger work to which she devoted the remainder of her life. She used the knowledge gained in this experience to secure improved conditions for the care of British soldiers, both in time of war and in peace. Her interest in the welfare of the British soldiers led to extended efforts for better sanitation in India. For forty years this question absorbed much of her time, and she regarded it as her most important contribution.

The work which to many, however, may seem her most far-reaching service was that in the field of nursing. Her biographer says she was the founder not of nursing, but of modern nursing. Up to her entry into this profession it was, generally speaking, on the plane of domestic service. It was regarded as a profession into which untrained females, who were not qualified for any other particular service, might enter. Some one has said, a little skill in poultice-making was a sufficient endowment. As might be expected from such low standards, the character of those who entered the service, aside from those in the religious orders, was far from high. It was generally accepted that nurses were, on the whole, dissolute and loose. Miss Nightingale realised that nursing was an

art and must be raised to the standard of a trained profession. This she brought the public to perceive. On her return from Crimea a Nightingale Fund was raised as a testimonial to her services in the war. Out of this fund she established a training school for nurses which became a model for similar schools in many countries. Through these avenues as well as through her personal example and her book, *Notes on Nursing*, which went through many editions and was translated into many languages, she, more than any other individual, helped to place nursing on its modern basis.

Owing to the fact that she was a semi-invalid after the Crimean War, nearly all this later work had to be carried on through other individuals. She had to conserve all her forces and therefore denied herself to nearly all people except those who aided in the execution of her plans. She found it necessary, as she said,

To make an art of life. That is the finest of all the Fine Arts. And few there be that find it. It was the one thing wanting to dear —. She had the finest moral nature I ever knew, yet she never did any good to herself or any one else. Because she never could make Life an Art. I used sometimes to say to her: Do you mean to go on that way for twenty years packing everybody's carpet-bag? . . . I am obliged by my ill health to make Life an Art—to be always thinking of it. Because otherwise I should do nothing.

She had endless appeals made to her, of course. Many of these she turned over to her devoted Uncle Sam to answer. The notations as to how the demands should be met reveal, in a vivid way, the keen humour and quick perception she possessed.

On the letter from a lady working at Clever, who "loved and honoured" Miss Nightingale and looked forward to seeing her some day, the docket is: "Dear Uncle Sam: Please choke off this woman and tell her that I shall never be well enough to see her either here or hereafter." Another docket on a letter from a woman is:

"Choke her off; my private belief is she merely wants a chance of getting married." To a reverend gentleman who had "a secret cure": "These miserable ecclesiastical quacks! Could you give them a lesson? What would they think of me did I possess such a discovery and keep it secret." . . . To a pious lady who sent a tract: "Please answer this fool, but don't give her my address." Miss Nightingale disliked tracts. She received great bundles of them for distribution at Scutari. "I said I had distributed them," she once confessed, "whether to the fire or not I did not say."

In the later years of her life she became blind, and thus had to be read aloud to, which she had unutterably detested in her youth. Her biographer says she never tired of hearing certain passages from Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*. On December 5, 1907, when memory, sight and mental apprehension were rapidly failing her, she received the Order of Merit "in recognition of invaluable services to the country and to humanity." She was the first woman ever to receive this honour. On March 16, 1908, the Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her, and although she signed her initials to the city's roll of honour, it is doubtful if she knew what she was being asked to sign. On August 13, 1910, she fell asleep at noon and did not wake again.

Fola La Follette.

VIII

RUDOLPH HERZOG'S "THE STORY OF HELGA"*

This book comes as a reminder of the truth that in dealing with the literature of another country we must not confine ourselves solely to a study of the master-minds, nor of those youthful high-soaring talents to whose exuberance of vigour the Bold seems to symbolise the New, to whom frankness often stands for truth. There are in Germany writers of many grades of ability who are as careful of

*The Story of Helga. From the German of Rudolph Herzog. Translated by Adele Lewisohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

their choice of subject, and their treatment of it as any New England school-teacher could demand, who write for the Family Table and whose books any modern maiden can allow her mother to read. Of course, we do not look to such writers for anything new or striking, for any epochal stride forward in literary evolution. But they do their work well, and give pleasure to many. They fill a want in Germany as here. And Germany can afford it, for she has so many others who are not afraid to write as fancy dictates, and can still hope to sell their works.

The oddity about this book, however, is that its subject is one which often tempts the outspoken "modern" novelist, for it is one in which the heights and depths of human nature in a woman's soul can be touched. It comes as a decided novelty to find a new story dealing with the private life of a famous opera singer which does not present one picture, or touch one chord that would make the reading of it undesirable for the immature mind. Helga Nuntius can certainly count herself among fortune's favourites, unless, indeed, she suffered because romance came into her life so late. But her professional career had indeed fallen among roses. No struggles, no buying of place at the price she might not have cared to pay, no unpleasant suggestions, no envy nor intriguing, everything smooth as a summer sea. She comes to the conservatory, the professors say they can teach her nothing more. She studies faithfully for two years (in spite of this verdict), makes an instantaneous hit, is married and carried off from one highly paid engagement to another by a prodigy of a tenor who wants her because their voices blend perfectly together. But Helga grows weary of laurels shared with a husband who does not approve of emotion because it is bad for the voice in the long run. Life as a succession of express trains palls on her and she leaves Robert Braun, who certainly behaves like a gentleman and a kind-hearted business man of a tenor. Then love comes to her, and she

realises that even her beloved art can shine the brighter and have the deeper meaning when coloured by the light of emotion. It is all very charming and the gentle sentiment of the original is well rendered into English. The story is very much on the surface, but sometimes it is pleasant to spend an hour with the sweeter fallacies of life and to forbear to name in exact terms the depths below. We have any number of such stories written by our own people. But it does not come amiss to read the same sort of message from another nation at times. If it gives nothing absolutely new, it gives a great deal that is very agreeable.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

IX

CHARLES VALE'S "JOHN WARD, M.D."*

It does not need the virgin blankness of the title-page to tell the reader that this is a first work. Such recklessness of material, such spendthrift piling up of thoughts and ideas, is a sort of literary wastefulness which one indulges in only once. When experience teaches the craftsman the importance of elimination, the writer has already begun to realise that if he wants to keep on writing he must save something for the future, must not say all he knows in one book. The wastefulness in this novel is of a character which speaks well for the writer's power, however, and gives rich promise for his future when he shall learn economy. It is not an over-abundance of incident, the story moves on the inner plane rather than in the superficial external detail. But it is very much over-written in a way that sometimes interferes with the sweep of the narrative, that hampers the orderly unfolding of a mental conflict of an unusual character. Unnecessary detail is underscored and enlarged upon, and the moments chosen by the author for his own philosophic utterances are not always well chosen.

*John Ward, M.D. By Charles Vale. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The very nature of this philosophy shows a mind which feels keenly and strives to reason on what it feels, but which has not yet reached that maturity that distinguishes, in reflection, the essential from the unessential, the true from the trite. In fact the book is so youthful in spots, and yet so powerful at times that it is decidedly interesting to the thoughtful critic. For it seems to give promise of a new talent with a future power of performance that may prove worth while.

As to the story; it deals with some incidents in the life of John Ward, physician in a mining community. Dr. Ward is a younger son of a noble family, but feels himself mentally estranged from his kin and his class. He has chosen the life of helpfulness in his arduous profession, and yet this very life brings him in contact with the woman who shakes his soul to its very depths. She is of his own class, but is not free when they meet. She has chosen to go her own way in life, as a very modern woman. Although she is unmodern enough to theorise about herself from the point of view of the standards of her class and to insist that she is "not normal" when she is merely a very normal woman who objects to being eternally a "lady." There is so much that is very youthful (or inexperienced) in the descriptions of their talk in moments of emotions, and in the portrayal of Ward's feelings, that it is only the real power in the writing, crude as it is, and crudely overlaid, that keeps it safely beyond the borderland where it might provoke a smile. Yet when we have read it, we forget the detail that is hampering and we remember only the emotion that grips. Ward's strange gift of second sight is an element of importance in the story and leads him at last to renounce the woman he loves, even when the tie that binds her to another is cut by death. Ward's grandfather, Lord Daventry, is hardly human, but his remarks are often delightful. Most of the minor characters, and even the principals in off moments, speak quite naturally. It is only in moments of

stress that they cease to be human beings and become talking machines. It would be very much worth the author's while to study dialogue with some of the best dramatists of the day. As a rule, the more excited we get, the shorter are our sentences and the more simply human

are the sentiments expressed. If at all, most people have leisure for rounded periods only occasionally. And epigrams are an after-dinner delight, but not a staple in our mental culinary department.

J. Marchand.

THE GREY WOOD

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE grey wood stood,
Windy and whistling, with its winter dream;
Its leafy hood,
Tossed at its feet, shuffled into the stream.

Across its breast
Was drawn a band of crimson and of gold,
While in the west
The sunset's sullen fires, in rage, grew cold.

It gave a cry,
Then tossed its arms and let its huge head sink,
As 'thwart the sky
The wild geese drew their harrow, black as ink.

Then up and down
It moved its shaggy shoulders, and was still;
Slipped on a gown
Of mist and sat there, dimly, on the hill.

Till, silver-bright,
Out of the east there came a lamp of fire;
And in its light
It breathed again, and doffed its grey attire.

But all night long,
Wringing its hands, I heard it wail its love,
Weird, wild, and strong,
Unto the moon that moved cold-eyed above.

Then, nearing dawn,
I heard a dripping and looked forth to see:
The moon was gone,
And wood and sky were weeping wearily.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART II—BETROTHAL

EVEN in the days of her extreme youth, Queen Victoria, owing to the fact that she was the reigning Sovereign, had to know much that is generally concealed from the young concerning the private lives and careers of their relatives. This is made abundantly clear in the extracts from her Majesty's private diary which have already been published.

In these intimate records, written by the girl Queen herself, we see that Lord Melbourne early decided never to treat his Royal mistress as a child. When she asked him a question he evidently answered her truthfully; and she must have asked him many questions concerning that group of princes and princesses who, even then, were already known as the "Old Royal Family." They were Queen Victoria's own aunts and uncles; and over those who were still living when she came to the throne she possessed, as Sovereign, very peculiar and extended powers. It was inevitable that they should play a considerable part, if not in her life, certainly in her imagination; and yet we hardly ever find them mentioned in the work she directly supervised and inspired—the life of the Prince Consort. Her fear, her contempt, her horror, of the way they had conducted their lives, her dread lest even their innocent follies, and their sad tragedies of the heart, should be repeated in the lives of her own sons and daughters, were perhaps only revealed to trusted friends in her old age.

It may even be doubted if Queen Victoria ever communicated to Prince Albert certain of the facts which had necessarily to be made known to her. Whether she did so or not, the course she very early set herself to pursue—a course, be it remembered, in which she persisted at a time when she seemed to lack courage and energy to go on even with life it-

self, that is during the years that immediately succeeded the Prince Consort's death—proved how determined she was to secure that the lives of her children should be entirely different from those of their great-uncles and great-aunts.

That her daughters, and later her granddaughters, should marry early, and make marriages of inclination; that her sons' wives should be chosen among princesses young, charming, sympathetic, and personally attractive to each prince concerned—this was one of Queen Victoria's chief and most anxious preoccupations. She may have tried to guide inclination, she undoubtedly tried to arrange suitable alliances, but in no single case did she ever seriously oppose a marriage based on strong attraction.

In that matter Queen Victoria was a typical Englishwoman. To her mind, a union between a young man and a young woman based on any other foundation save strong mutual love and confidence, was vile; and all through her life she wished ardently to ensure that those marital blessings which fall comparatively often on ordinary people, but comparatively seldom on members of the Royal caste, should be the lot of her immediate descendants.

It was natural that the Queen, with that eager enthusiasm which was so much a part of her character, especially in this still radiantly happy period of her life, should have welcomed the thought of a marriage between her eldest daughter and the future King of Prussia. She had formed the most favourable opinion of Prince Frederick William during his brief sojourn in England in 1851. He was a man of high and honourable character at a time when such virtues were rare among the marriageable princes of reigning families, and his parents were regarded by the Queen and

Prince Albert as among their dearest and most intimate friends.

The Prince of Prussia had spent some time in England after the Berlin Revolution of 1848, and on parting from Madame Bunsen, the wife of the Prussian Minister, he had exclaimed: "In no other State or country could I have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety through which I have gone." During his stay he had become intimate with the Queen and Prince Albert—indeed, the Queen, as was her way when she trusted and admired, had grown to be warmly attached to him. She regarded him as noble-minded, honest, and cruelly wronged; and, what naturally endeared him to her still more, he showed great confidence in Prince Albert, apparently always accepting the advice constantly tendered him by the Prince.

All through his life Prince Albert had seen a vision of a Germany united under the leadership of Prussia, and it was delightful to him to learn that it was now open to him to enter into a close relationship with one whom he naturally believed destined to play a supreme part in the regeneration of his beloved fatherland. It is not generally known that Prince Albert had written a pamphlet entitled *The German Question Explained*, in which he propounded a scheme for a federated German Empire with an Emperor at the head. This pamphlet must have been either privately printed or withdrawn from circulation, for not even Sir Theodore Martin, when writing the Prince's life, could procure a copy.

This suggested marriage of the Princess Royal opened out to her father the fair prospect of being able to bring about by his counsel and assistance the realisation of his disinterested ambitions for the future welfare of Germany. The then King of Prussia was already sick unto death; the Prince of Prussia had now passed middle age; everything pointed to the probability that within a reasonable time Prince Frederick William would become ruler of Prussia and, incidentally, overlord of the German peoples.

There is good authority for the truth of the now famous story of "La Belle Alliance."

In 1852 the Princess of Prussia came to England on a short visit to her aunt, Queen Adelaide. The then Prussian Envoy, Baron von Bunsen, while waiting to be received by the Princess, turned over in her sitting-room some engravings which had been sent by a print-seller; among them was that of a painting of the farm-house at Waterloo named by the Belgians, "La Belle Alliance." In the same room was a portrait of the Princess Royal and one of Prince Frederick William. The Baron placed the two portraits side by side over the engraving, and when the Princess entered the room, he silently pointed out to her what he had done, and she saw the two young faces above the words, "La Belle Alliance." "A rapid glance was exchanged, but not a word was spoken," wrote Baron von Bunsen's son many years after.

As for the young Prince himself, when the question of his marriage had to be discussed, it was natural that his first thought, as also, it is clear, that of his mother, turned to England—to that affectionately united Royal family who were the envied model of all European Courts. The feeling of that day is indicated by a curious caricature, which was largely reproduced on the Continent. It shows a huge pair of scales. In one scale, high in the air, stand huddled together the then reigning sovereigns of Europe; in the other, touching the ground, proudly alone, stands the slight figure of Queen Victoria. Under the cartoon runs the significant words, "Light Sovereigns."

England alone among the nations had had no trouble worth speaking of in '48, and among the Princesses and Queens of her day it was believed that Queen Victoria alone possessed the faithful love of her husband.

The greatest obstacle to the marriage, though neither Queen Victoria nor Prince Albert suspected it, was the King of Prussia himself. It is plain that at

no time did he favour the suggestion, and that at last he yielded was in response to a strong appeal made to him in person by the young Prince. But, even so, the King desired the matter to be kept secret as long as possible. He did not even tell his Queen, and his own immediate circle and Household only heard of the betrothal when it was being widely rumoured in the German newspapers.

General von Gerlach came to the King one day with a sheet of the *Cologne Gazette* and indignantly complained of the "absurd reports that were being spread about." It was said that the young Prince was going on to England from Ostend for the purpose of proposing for the hand of an English Princess. The King laughed aloud, and observed: "Well, yes, and it is really the case," to the amazement and consternation of von Gerlach.

While the matter was being thus discussed at Berlin, the Princess Royal was kept in absolute ignorance. But the Crimean War and the subsequent visit to France had quickened her sensibilities, turned her from a child into a woman, and made her in a measure ready for the event which was about to occur. It should, however, be plainly said—the more so because later historians have blamed Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the matter—that neither of her parents was willing even to consider the idea of any immediate betrothal. On the contrary, they wished that the two young people should meet in an easy friendly fashion, and thus have a real opportunity of becoming well acquainted the one with the other.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia arrived at Balmoral on September 14, 1855. He allowed some days to elapse, and then, on the morning of the 20th, he sought out Queen Victoria and laid before her and Prince Albert his proposal of marriage. That proposal the parents of the Princess Royal accepted in principle, but they requested him to say nothing to their daughter till after she had been confirmed. It was their wish that, for some months at any rate,

the young Princess should continue the simple yet full life of unconstrained girlhood. It was therefore suggested that the Prince should return in the following spring. The Queen also stipulated that the marriage should not take place till after the Princess Royal's seventeenth birthday.

After this interview with Prince Frederick William, Prince Albert wrote to Stockmar:

"I have been much pleased with him. His prominent qualities are great thought, straightforwardness, frankness, and honesty. He appears to be free from prejudices, and preëminently well-intentioned; he speaks of himself as personally greatly attracted by Vicky. That she will have no objection to make I regard as probable."

Prince Albert wrote the following day to Lord Clarendon, who was then Foreign Minister, informing him that he might communicate the news to the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, and to no one else. "Pam" was pleased to approve, declaring that the marriage would be in the interest, not only of the two countries, but of Europe in general.

Queen Victoria did not fail to communicate the important secret to her beloved uncle, King Leopold, observing that her wishes on the subject of the future marriage of her daughter had been realised in the most gratifying and satisfactory manner. Indeed, she spoke of the joy with which she and Prince Albert for their part had accepted the suitor, while she reiterated that "the child herself is to know nothing till after her confirmation, which is to take place next winter."

The days went on, and a sincere effort was made to keep what had taken place from the knowledge of the young Princess. Letters of warm congratulation arrived from Coblenz, as well as a very cordial message from the King of Prussia. Prince Frederick William's relations were quite at one with the Queen and Prince Albert as to the propriety of postponing the betrothal till after the Princess Royal's confirmation.

But the plan so carefully made was not destined to be carried out. The Prince was very much in love, and, as the Emperor of the French truly observed in a letter to Prince Albert: "On devine ceux qui aiment." It was impossible to keep such a secret, and one which so closely concerned herself, from a girl as clever and mentally alive as the Princess Royal. What happened is best told in Queen Victoria's entry in her diary on September 29th:

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so, and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Gironch, which led to this happy conclusion."

A few days later her father wrote to Stockmar: "She manifested toward Fritz and ourselves the most childlike simplicity and candour. The young people are ardently in love with one another, and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man have been on his part touching." To Mr. Perry, his English tutor at Bonn, the Prince declared that his engagement was not politics, nor ambition, "It was my heart."

At the time of her engagement the Princess Royal was not yet fifteen, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place in two years and three months.

In one respect the Princess was singularly fortunate. In the majority of Royal marriages, the bride has not only to make her home in a country where everything will be foreign to her, but she is sometimes even ignorant of the language, manners, and customs which she will have henceforth to adopt as her own.

The Princess Royal, however, had to undergo no such sudden initiation. To her Germany was in truth a second fatherland, if only as the birthplace of her beloved father. She had been as familiar with the German as with the English language from her birth, constantly writing long letters to German relations and friends, and keeping up—to give but one instance—a close correspondence with her parents' trusted friend, Baron Stockmar, who had for her the greatest affection and admiration.

In a letter quoted in his memoirs Stockmar says: "From her youth upwards I have been fond of her, have always expected great things of her, and taken all pains to be of service to her. I think her to be exceptionally gifted in some things, even to the point of genius."

This familiarity with the German language was very well as a foundation, but Prince Albert considered that there was much to build on it. The whole of the Princess's education was now arranged solely with a view to the life she was to lead as wife of the Prussian heir-presumptive. In addition to giving her, for an hour every day, special instruction in German political and legal institutions and sociology Prince Albert made her henceforth his intellectual companion, preparing her as if she was destined to be a reigning sovereign rather than a queen consort. Not only did he discuss with her all current international questions, but he read her the long political letters he received daily from abroad, and discussed with her what he should write in reply.

It was indeed a mental training which, particularly in those 'fifties which now seem so remote from us, would have been deemed only appropriate for the cleverest of boys in a private station. But Prince Albert had long known that his daughter was a good deal cleverer than most boys, and he was really running no risks in subjecting her to this intelligent preparation for her high destiny. As much as he could, he taught her himself, and such teaching as was entrusted to

others he supervised with conscientious care.

In one of his letters to his future son-in-law, the Prince wrote: "Vicky is learning many and various things. She comes to me every evening from six to seven, when I put her through a kind of general catechising. In order to make her ideas clear, I let her work out subjects for herself, which she then brings to me for correction. She is at present writing a short compendium of Roman history."

In order to give the Princess a clear picture of German policy—or rather of German policy as Prince Albert then hoped it would become, that is, broad and liberal in conception and aim—he set her to translate a German pamphlet published at Weimar. This essay by J. G. Droysen, entitled *Karl August*

und die Deutsche Politik, would be counted rather stiff reading even by experts. But the Princess seems to have done her task admirably, and the proud father sent the manuscript to Lord Clarendon, who was genuinely impressed by the way it had been translated. He wrote back to the Prince:

"In reading Droysen I felt that the motto of Prussia should be *semper eadem*, and in thinking of his translator I felt that she is destined to change that motto into the *vigilando ascendimus* of Weimar."

The statesman added the further tribute to the young translator: "The Princess's manner would not be what it is if it were not the reflection of a highly cultivated intellect, which, with a well-trained imagination, leads to the saying and doing of right things in right places."

(To be continued)

Of the India made familiar to hundreds of thousands of readers through Kipling's stories, Dr. Arley Munson, the author of "Jungle Days," a vivid record of the experiences of an American woman physician in India, will tell in a series of elaborately illustrated papers beginning in the March issue of THE BOOKMAN. The first paper will deal with Anglo-India. It will tell of Simla, the Simla of the Gadsbys, of Mrs. Hauksbee and of Mrs. Reiver, will lead the reader round Jakko Hill in the trail of the Phantom Rickshaw, thence travelling on to Lucknow and Lahore, the latter Kim's native city.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending December 3d:

1. Threads of Gray and Gold. Reed.
2. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
3. John Barleycorn. London.
4. Old Greek Life. Mahaffey.
5. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
6. Mexico. Baerlin.
7. Critical Period of American History.
8. Panama Canal. Hall.

For the week ending December 10th:

1. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
2. African Camp Fires. White.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
4. Human Mechanism. Hough.
5. Foods and Their Adulteration. Wiley.
6. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.
7. Crowds. Lee.
8. Plays. Strindberg.

For the week ending December 17th:

1. John Barleycorn. London.
2. Three Gifts of Life. Smith.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
4. African Camp Fires. White.

5. My Life. Keller.
6. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
7. Poems. Noyes.
8. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.

For the week ending December 24th:

1. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre.
3. Across Unknown South America.
4. Threads of Gray and Gold. Reed.
5. Ethics and Modern Thought. Eucken.
6. Technique of the Drama. Freitag.
7. Poems. Tagore.
8. Principles of Accounting. Klein.

For the week ending December 10th:

1. Method and Methods in Teaching English. Goldwasser.
2. Moving Pictures. Talbot.
3. Civil Engineers Pocket Book.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Out of the Dark. Keller.
6. My Wanderings. Barnebee.
7. Village Life in America. Clarke.
8. The Jpyous Guard. Benson.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of December and the first of January:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.
4. Joan Thursday. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Sadhana. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.40.
3. The Gardener. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Crescent Moon. Tagore. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The House in Good Taste. De Wolf. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
3. Across Unknown South America. Savage-Landor. (Little, Brown.) \$10.00.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Tinder Box. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Through England with Tennyson. Huckel. (Crowell.) \$2.00.
3. My Beloved South. O'Connor. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
4. In Thackeray's London. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

2. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnson. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Valley of the Moon. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
3. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) \$10.00.
4. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.50.

JUENILES

1. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Mother Westwind. 3 Vols. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$3.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
4. Memories of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.00.

JUENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

2. The Goody Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
3. Boy Mechanic. (Popular Mechanics.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. On the Seaboard. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. European Dramatists. Henderson. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.50.
2. A Book of Short Plays. Macmillan. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. Gift. Rogers. (Stewart and Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
2. The Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead) \$2.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

DENVER, COL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
2. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. India. Loti. (Duffield.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Helen over the Wall. Gilchrist. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Uncle Sam, Wonderworker. Du Puy. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. Down Among Men. Comfort. (Doran.) \$1.25.

4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Jane Stuart Twin. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.20.
3. Mark Tidd. Kelland. (Harper.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Back Country Folk. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Publishing Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$12.00.
3. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Irish Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) \$1.25.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. The Master's Degree. McCarter. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. The Poems of Alfred Noyes. (Stokes.) \$3.00.
3. In Thackeray's London. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.
4. Harvest Home. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Happy Prince. Wilde. (Stokes.) \$3.75.

3. Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.
6. Peg o' My Heart. Manners. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Works of Rabindranath. Tagore. (Macmillan.)
2. The letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
2. Mother Goose. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. Jack the Young Cowboy. Grinnell. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Collected Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$3.00.
3. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
3. The Wind in the Willows. Graham. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Peg o' My Heart. Manners. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
4. New Orleans: The Place and the People. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) \$1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote? Sams. (Neale.) \$1.35.
2. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Crowell.) 50 cents.
3. Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
2. Messmates. Stevens. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Vision of Joy. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.35.

6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

2. Boy Scouts Official Library. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) \$2.00.

2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.50.

3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

4. Fifty Years of My Life. Roosevelt. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

2. The Young Homesteaders. Lincoln. (Wilde.) \$1.00.

3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

4. Van Cleve. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

2. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) \$10.00.

3. My Life with the Eskimo. Stefansson. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.

4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) \$1.35.

3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

2. To the River Plate and Back. Holland. (Putnam.) \$3.50.

3. The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. Thompson. (Boston Music Co.) \$2.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

3. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.

6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

2. Collected Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$3.00.

3. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.44.
2. The Railroad Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Tales of Two Bunnies. Pyle. (Dutton.) \$1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.44.
2. The Lion Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. Memoirs of Li Hong Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Some Polynesian No. 22. Frank. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. (Kidd Mead.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
2. Boy Mechanic. (Popular Mechanics.) \$1.00.
3. Strike Three. Heyliger. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.44.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Waverley. Mitchell. Century Co. \$1.35.
5. The Day Flower. Galsworthy. Scribner. \$1.35.
6. The War Game. King. Harper. \$1.35.

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1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.
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4. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.
5. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.20.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) \$3.00.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) \$1.30.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

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1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
2. Boy Mechanic. (Popular Mechanics.) \$1.00.
3. Strike Three. Heyliger. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

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3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Waverley. Mitchell. Century Co. \$1.35.
5. The Day Flower. Galsworthy. Scribner. \$1.35.
6. The War Game. King. Harper. \$1.35.

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FICTION

1. Stanford Stories. Field and Irwin. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
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4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
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4. The Valley of the Moon. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
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5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Briggs.) \$1.40.
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3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
4. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Cleveland & Goodchild.) \$1.25.
5. } Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
- } Behind the Beyond. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) \$1.25.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Briggs.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (McClelland.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Briggs.) \$2.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Training for Efficiency. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt & Peck.) 50 cents.
4. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Army Boy Series. Kilbourne. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) \$1.35.

5. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Holt.) \$1.20.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. Germany. and. the. Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Goody Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
3. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

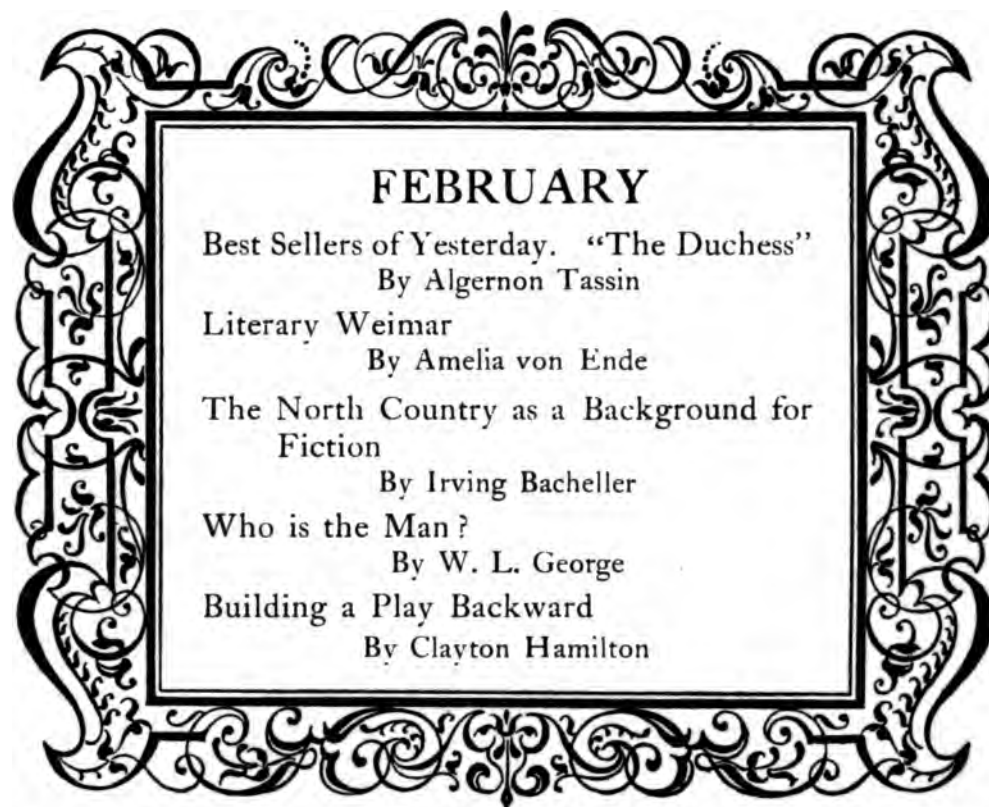
	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	305
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) \$1.40	209
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35	208
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) \$1.25...	110
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) \$1.35	97
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35	69

NOTE: In one of the lists for December *The City of Purple Dreams* was credited to M. Wilson Craig. Mr. Craig drew the frontispiece. The author is anonymous.

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1127

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Lords of the Realm of Fiction

By Lily Young Cohen

This paper is the second of a noteworthy series of twelve critical literary studies by Miss Cohen that will be published in NEALE'S MONTHLY during the present year. The first paper of the series, "Apostles of the Commonplace," was published in NEALE'S MONTHLY for January. In that study she shows how William Dean Howells and his apostles have so spread the uninspired doctrine of the commonplace that the term "realism" in American letters has become a word of evil import. In "Lords of the Realm of Fiction" she shows how great is the gulf that separates realistic and imaginative literature.

Crawling Under Racial Barriers

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This is the second part of Professor Beverley's contribution to "Our Jungle Man" series. The author now offers a solution of the Negro problem in the South. The first paper of "Our Jungle Man" series was published in NEALE'S MONTHLY for October. To this series prominent Negroes as well as prominent Caucasians have contributed.

The Walls of Concarneau

By George K. Baker

The first instalment of this novel, which will run serially the greater part of this year, was published in NEALE'S for September. Brodered on the historical fabric of the struggle of the devoted Bretons, who in the year 1489 held Brittany against the French for the young Duchess Anne, the story keeps the reader alert, with its wild warfare of the fifteenth century, with its clash of arms and clank of mail. Mr. Baker's first romance, "Haliefa," is justly considered great; but "The Walls of Concarneau" is among the few great stories of imaginative literature of our language.

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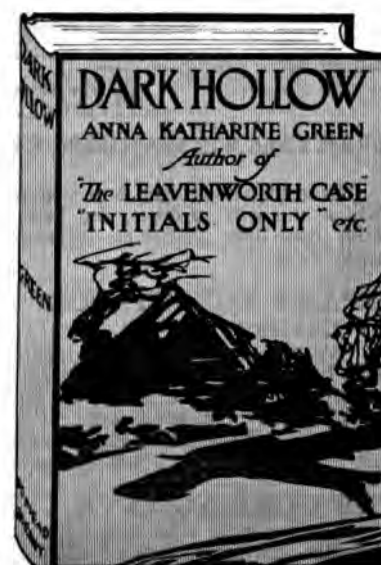
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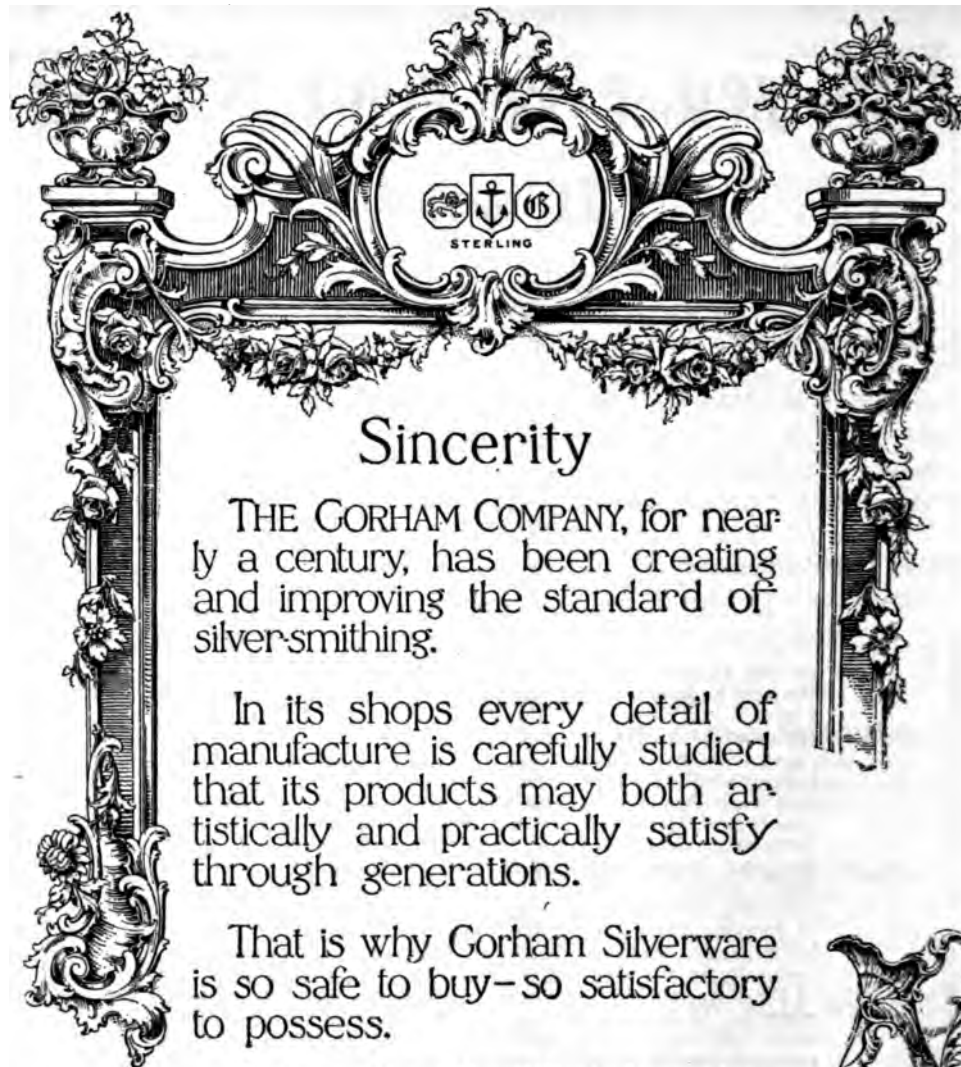
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management. He spent a year in the chief cities of Great Britain and the Continent, and was aided in his investigation by police authorities and private agencies. The resulting volume is declared to be the only first-hand and authoritative presentation of conditions and methods in Europe ever published in English. The book has been issued in England, and arrangements have been made for translation into German and French.

...

Little, Brown and Company, who are the publishers of A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior*, have taken over and are republishing Mr. Hutchinson's first book, *Once Aboard the Lugger*. This is the novel that gave the author of *The Happy Warrior* a place among the younger English authors. It is not a sea story, as its title would appear to indicate, but a comedy of English life, containing a romantic love story.

...

At a recent sale in London of an American amateur's collection, the famous *Compleat Angler* (1653) sold for \$2,800. The *Etched Work of Whistler*, issued only four years ago, brought \$215.

...

The mention of *Little Women* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is like a welcome breath of fresh air after reading, in the January *Smart Set*, George Bronson Howard's *The Parasite*. We are ready to concede to the tale a certain cleverness, but we have not found any one yet who can make head or tail out of the plot. And, after all, it does not greatly matter. Our resentment against the little men is not that they touch upon unwholesome subjects, but that they handle them so crudely. It is a very far cry indeed from Milton to Lazard, of *The Parasite*, to George Duroy of Maupassant's *Bel-Ami*.

...

The cost of living is continually mounting, as most Americans know to their sorrow. The standard biographical dictionary known as *Who's Who* formerly cost \$2.50, whereas the issue of it for 1914, which is just out, is priced at \$3.75. There is, however, justification for this increase in the fact that in the last ten years the work has more than doubled in contents. After all *Who's Who* is not a luxury but a necessity. It was the original publication of this character and it remains the most useful of them all.

A literary editor called up another literary editor last week and asked him if he had read James Stephens's latest book, *Here Are Ladies*. "No," came the reply over the wire. "Well, you most certainly should," the man who had put the question said. "Why, just think, I have bought, *actually bought and paid* for six copies for Christmas presents. And when *I buy* books you may be certain there's something in them." "Yes," agreed his friend, "with the stacks of stuff that comes to us gratis from the publishers, a book has to be out of the ordinary to get us to part with hard cash, doesn't it?"

A similar instance is reported to have occurred with some Tagore enthusiasts who, though they were swamped with publications sent them for review, paid money for copies of *Sadhana*, *The Crescent Moon*, *The Gardener* and *Gitanjali* to give away.

• • •

In connection with his chapter on Christianity in his new book, *My Life with the Eskimo*, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson tells the following amusing story to illustrate the effect of the Christian civilisation upon the Eskimo: "One day my man Ilavinirk said to me: 'The people of Kotzebue Sound were formerly very bad, but they are all good now. In my father's time and when I was young they used to lie and to steal and to work on Sunday.' 'But,' I asked him, 'don't they, as a matter of fact, tell lies now occasionally?' 'Oh, yes, they sometimes do.' 'Well, don't they really, as a matter of fact, tell about as many lies now as they ever did?' 'Well, yes, perhaps they do.' 'And don't they, as a matter of fact, steal about as frequently as ever?' 'Well, possibly. But they don't work on Sunday.'"

• • •

The Macmillan Company will have ready the first of next year a new book by Robert Hunter. It is called *Violence and the Labor Movement*, and it deals with the mighty conflict that raged throughout the latter part of the last century between anarchists and socialists for possession of the soul of labour. It tells of the doctrines and deeds of such famous characters as Bakounin, Netchayeff, Kropotkin, Ravachol, Henry, Most and Caserio. It seeks the causes of outbursts of rage such as occurred at the Haymarket at Chicago in 1886 and are now being much discussed as Syndicalism, Haywoodism and Larkinism. It is a dramatic historical nar-



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rative in which terrorism, anarchism, syndicalism and socialism are passionately voiced by their greatest advocates as they battle over programmes, tactics and philosophies.

Wonders will never cease. A pretty but modest book, *Japanese Flower Arrangement*, written by an American woman and illustrated by Japanese artists, has not only sold out the first edition in three weeks, but an entire edition has been bought by Kelly and Walsh, Yokohama publishers.

...

In connection with the recent publication of David Grayson's new book, *The Friendly Road*, it is interesting to note that a Grayson reader in Florida plans to organize a club of open-air lovers, to be called "The Graysonians." The creed of the society is as follows: "To be a Graysonian is to be fond of the open air, to love the stretching road, the sun on the shoulder-blades, the golden gleam of the autumn leaves—to slip away once in a while from everything and to go a-wayfaring with joy for a comrade."

...

Miss Helen Keller, after speaking with her teacher, Mrs. Macy, several times in and near New York, has started West on an itinerary which takes her all over the South, West, Middle West, and with many cities in Canada. In these lectures, Mrs. Macy speaks about three-quarters of an hour, and Miss Keller for fifteen or twenty minutes; and then the audience is usually given an opportunity to ask questions, which are passed on to Miss Keller through Mrs. Macy.

"Do you play any instrument?" was one of the questions put to her at a New York lecture.

"Only the hand-organ," came the quick reply, throwing out both hands.

Just how she gains impressions of and from the outside world through her fingers is told in her notable little book, *The World I Live In*.

...

From the Porch, a new volume of essays of a reminiscences character, by Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's eldest daughter, has just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. In them she recounts meetings with many of the literary figures of the Victorian era, including Dickens, Carlyle, and George Eliot.

She is best known as an author under the name of Miss Thackeray, and has written over a dozen volumes of novels, tales and

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biographical essays. Some of her best known novels are *Old Kensington*, *The Village on the Cliff*, and *The Story of Elizabeth*. She excels in delicate and thoughtful portraiture of character, and her stories are also notable for their caustic and shrewd comments on life and conduct. Her books have been popular, and she has won quite a following for herself in this country, which will welcome any new volume from her pen.

The title of the volume signifies familiar reminiscences and recollections spoken or written on the porch of a cottage belonging to Lady Ritchie at Freshwater on the Isle of Wight, a picture of which appears in the volume.

• • •

It is sometimes facetiously remarked that • Egypt is ruled by Thomas Cook and the English. Here is a cosmopolitan land in which England is confronted with tasks quite as intricate as she has ever faced in dealing with the natives of Bengal and Madras. Not even Singapore can show such a meeting place of so many different races, with so many diverse and exacting rights. Merchants from Bombay, South American coffee traders, Eastern Jews, tricky Levantines, nomads from the desert, rub shoulders with the London business man in the streets of Cairo and Alexandria. Added to the problem of this mixture of races, there is the mixture of languages to perplex the British Government. How different is the point of view of the ruled classes from that of their rulers is illustrated by the following anecdote which Mr. Cooper tells in *The Man of Egypt* (Doran), concerning Mehommet Ali. Fearing there was going to be rioting in the Arab quarter of Cairo, and knowing that the British Consul was coming to visit him, he determined to crush the discontent without palaver. The consul on arriving at the palace next morning expressed surprise at seeing forty dead bodies hanging in regular rows by the roadside with a sign affixed to them, saying that these men had spoken evil of the government. Here is the explanation which the Englishman received from the enlightened Egyptian: "I sent word last night to the head of the police that he must hang forty persons by daybreak this morning. I told him to pick out two score of the biggest scoundrels he could think of in the slums of Cairo. I dare say they had spoken, or would have spoken, disrespectfully of the government. If they did not, they are a good riddance;

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Publishers of THE BOOKMAN

Friends of THE BOOKMAN may be interested to know that during 1913 the number of BOOKMAN subscribers has increased about 25%. In other words, where we had four readers last year we now have five. We accept this as an indication that THE BOOKMAN is becoming not less interesting but more interesting, and thereby finding more friends. Our success so far is spurring us on to make THE BOOKMAN for 1914 the best that has appeared in the twenty years of the magazine's history.

and, at any rate, we shall hear no more of popular discontent under my rule."

How simple the problem of the New York "gunman" if he could be exterminated in this simple way.

...

Cynthia Stockley, whose novels, *Poppy*, *The Claw*, *Wanderfoot*, are published by the Putnams, is a South African by birth, but of Irish parentage. She lived all her early life in the Free State, spoke the Boer *Taal* and several native languages. During the Boer War she had a husband and brother fighting for the English and two half-brothers on the side of the Boers. She herself, in spite of being Irish, was for the English, for, though she had many friends among the Dutch, a thorough knowledge of the Boer character had taught her that South Africa would never come into its own under their retrogressive methods of government.

Cynthia Stockley's home is in Paris. She has an apartment in the Latin Quarter with a studio attached. It is in the studio that she works—a big, bright room with books and pictures and old oak furniture against the walls. Running down the centre of the room is an enormous oak table black with age and beautifully carved, that was once used in the refectory of a Breton monastery. Round it are some quaint oak seats, which came from England and are called "coffin stools," because in the sixteenth century every old-fashioned house had a pair of them to rest the coffin of the dead upon.

One end of Mrs. Stockley's table is always a-litter with papers, typewriter, etc., but the other end is kept clear for impromptu meals, which are not only shared but often prepared by other artists and writers living in the same building or the same street. Rue Boissonade is, indeed, a famous street for artists and writers, both English and American. Richard Miller, the American, whose pictures in the Luxembourg Gallery are so well known, has a studio there. Constant Lounsberry, the poetess and playwright, lives on the same side of the street; Leslie Rosenthal, the artist, and Beatrice Irwin, the authoress of *The Pagan Trinity*, likewise live in the street. Round the corner in the next street is Marie van Saanen, and the authoress of *Marie Claire*. The Chicago artist, Harry Solomon, lived in the studio which Mrs. Stockley now occupies. The

street is an *impasse*, with an old Jesuit monastery and gardens at the end of it. Right in the middle of the road is a tree that was planted by Victor Hugo.

...

An elaborate exhibition, illustrating the processes by which a book is made, has appeared in the Exhibition Gallery of the Scribner Bookstore since immediately after New Year's Day. The purpose of this exhibition is to answer the great popular curiosity about book-making by a series of pictures and objects, accompanied by brief explanations, which follow the work of producing a single book from writing to shipping. It is obviously impossible to put before the public, in the limited space of a bookstore, most of the actual objects used in manufacture,—and so a large part of the exhibits are photographs representing the progressive stages of manufacture and arranged according to their order. The first photograph is, therefore, a picture of the author at work in his study; the next two show the two different parts of the monotype machine in operation, and so the series continues through the electrotyping, printing, binding, etc. But wherever possible, the actual objects have themselves been framed and arranged progressively to accompany the pictures. For instance, in one frame is a galley proof parallel with a galley of type. In another is shown the print of a picture on copper, before etching. Another frame contains an electrotype of a single page in three different stages; another, the wax mould upon which the copper that forms the electrotype is deposited by electricity. Other frames contain the successive proofs of the illustrations, showing the printing of the different colors and then their combination. In fact, the pictures, objects, and explanatory notes are so designed as to make as clear as possible the entire manufacture of a book illustrated with colored pictures.

A little illustrated pamphlet called "The Story of the Making of a Book" has been prepared to supplement the exhibit. But it is complete in itself, for it gives a full account of the processes by which a single book is made. To those who are curious on the subject, even though they cannot visit the exhibition itself, it will have some value, and Charles Scribner's Sons will, therefore, send a copy, free of charge, to any one asking for it.

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THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: A MEMOIR

Strangely enough, no biography has ever appeared and very little is known about the woman who, as the mother of Kaiser William II of Germany, one of the most remarkable and interesting men of to-day—the most remarkable, many would claim—possesses certainly some claim to distinction. The present Kaiser has always been called “much more the son of his mother than of his father.” THE BOOKMAN is fortunate in being able to offer to its readers the biography of the Empress Frederick—eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, a central figure at Berlin for fifty years, the enemy of Bismarck and the mother of the War Lord of Germany. Of this biography it may be said that it is intimate, thoroughly authentic, and extremely interesting. It will appear serially, beginning with the January number.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

This series, which began in our October number, with Mr. Will N. Harben speaking for Georgia, will be continued in 1914. Mr. Meredith Nicholson, author of *A Hoosier Chronicle*, etc., will talk for Indiana; Mr. Irving Bacheller, who annexed a section with the writing of *Eben Holden*, will talk for that section—Northern New York; Mr. Thomas Dixon will discuss North Carolina as literary material, especially as it was in the reconstruction days described in *The Leopard's Spots*, *The Clansman* and *The Southerner*; Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln will tell of the Cape Cod atmosphere, made familiar to readers in *Cap'n Eri* and other volumes.

The Bookman for 1914

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

By Edna Kenton

Illustrating the fallacies, big and little, of the conventional idea of the relation of men and women to each other, as embodied in literature, Miss Kenton has written a series that will be of great interest to women, and particularly to the New Woman. Revising her reading of English classics from the point of view of the New Woman—a point of view with which Miss Kenton heartily sympathizes—she has prepared for THE BOOKMAN a series with such suggestive and alluring titles as:

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By Ruth Kedzie Wood

The observations of a charming writer whose *Tourists' Russia* and other guide books are well known to travellers.

BALZAC THE BUSINESS MAN—A New Light

By Francis Wilson Huard

Based on recent discoveries which have grown out of the launching of the new edition of the novelist's works which is being printed at the Government Printing Office in Paris. For this new edition the Institut de France placed its Balzac treasures at the disposal of the publisher on the condition that the work of revision and annotation should be done by two men especially fitted for the task. These men were Marcel Bouteron and Henri Longnon. The work of making the illustrations was intrusted to M. Charles Huard. To this labor M. Huard devoted two years, during which he was materially aided by Madame Huard, who is the author of the present article and, incidentally, a daughter of the American actor, Francis Wilson. The two had access to Balzacian material which hitherto had been kept from the world, followed industriously Balzac's footsteps about France and beyond French borders, and made use of old prints and costumes illustrating the Paris of Balzac's day and the fashions in dress adopted by her men and women. As a result of these researches Madame Huard has been writing a series of papers about the author of the *Comedie Humaine*; none of them, however, we think, presenting him in a more strikingly new light than *Balsac the Business Man*.

The Bookman for 1914

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

This series of papers by Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, also began with the October issue, and will be continued into 1914. These papers are frankly designed as constructive. Their object is to help the man or the woman who is a real reader to build up a real library—the library which, however humble, will be the library of genuine service, and not the library of mere show. The first paper, "Books as Roommates," and the second on "The Art of Browsing," have already appeared. The third paper in this issue deals with "A Literary Laboratory." Papers still to follow are:

The Boy and the Book

The boy whose only books are school-books will end by hating both book and school. The well-selected library at home may end by making him love the one and at least tolerate the other.

Recuperative Bibliophily

Henry Cavendish, the eccentric English scholar, placed his library in an empty house in a by-street and invited the public to step in and use it. Few owners of books have thus reduced the art of lending to a science, especially its final and most important stage, which is the art of recovery.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

"The Annals of Literature," writes Miss Caroline Ticknor in her preface to *Hawthorne and His Publisher*, a book which recently appeared, "contain the record of various memorable friendships which have existed between authors and publishers. The names of Scott and Constable, 'Tom' Moore and Longman, Browning and George Murray Smith are permanently linked together." Of these memorable friendships, of the encouragement and suggestion which grew out of them and led to permanent achievement, a series of papers will be written by Mr. Algernon Tassin, whose articles last spring and summer on the *Grub Street Problem* attracted so much favorable attention. The friendships enumerated are only a few of those which have existed and have contributed to literature. Thackeray, as well as Browning, owed much to George Murray Smith. Du Maurier, when asked how he could reconcile his professional dignity with the drawing of the label for the bottles of the Apollinaris Company, an enterprise in which the publisher held large interests, replied, "I would do anything for George Smith." The anecdotes linking author and publisher are not confined to mid-Victorian days. There are stories on the subject to be told of such men as Rudyard Kipling, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Robert Hichens, Arnold Bennett, William Dean Howells, General Lew Wallace, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mark Twain, Owen Wister and Jack London.

The Bookman for 1914

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY-ONE

Last May we published the first of this series. It dealt with the San Francisco group and was from the pen of Mr. Bailey Millard. The title is frankly figurative; the idea is simply to tell reminiscently of interesting literary personalities in the years when endeavor was ripening into achievement. There will be several of these papers in the near future. Of an interesting Chicago group Mr. Floyd Dell is writing, while Mr. Richard Duffy will tell of the men of budding promise in New York with whom he was thrown into contact in the last two or three years of the nineteenth century.

LITERATURE AND THE LAW

I. Famous Books in Copyright Suits

II. Famous Authors on the Witness Stand

"Famous Books in Copyright Suits."—Few people are aware how many famous books have figured in court, in connection with points of copyright law. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for instance, settled the point that a copyright does not carry with it an exclusive right to make translations. Other well-known books that have caused litigation are *Carmen*, *Ben Hur* (a suit against a moving picture company), *Trilby*, *The Wandering Jew*, *Lady Audley's Secret*, *The Little Minister* and *Peg Woffington*. Special interest also attaches to suits brought and lost by Mark Twain and by Rudyard Kipling. "Famous Authors on the Witness Stand."—Many famous authors have at one time or another figured in cases to which they may or may not have been a party—Zola, of course, comes at once to mind, because of his connection with the *Affaire Dreyfus*; but there are a score of other instances, similarly interesting, if less well known—for instance, the case in which Conan Doyle cleared a prisoner from an unfounded charge by applying the methods of his own Sherlock Holmes.

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Glimpses of Kipling's India, by Dr. Arley Munson

These are fascinating glimpses into the real India of *Kim* and of *Plain Tales from the Hills* by an American lady who, as the author of *The Story of an American Physician in India*, has already won deserved distinction. Her intimate knowledge of native life, gained by her entrance as a woman physician into the homes of her patients, has furnished rare material for her facile pen and for the wealth of illustration which accompanies her article.

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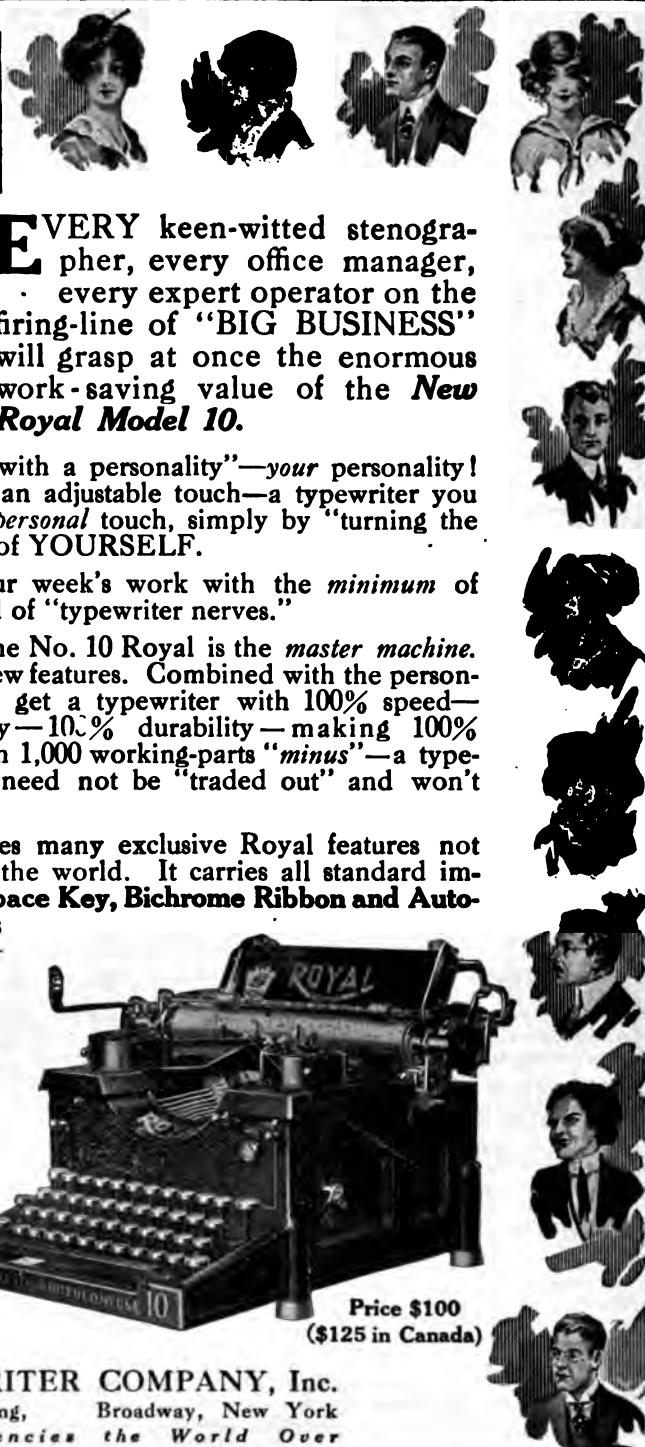
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